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1775

THE TREASURE SHIP

**BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.**

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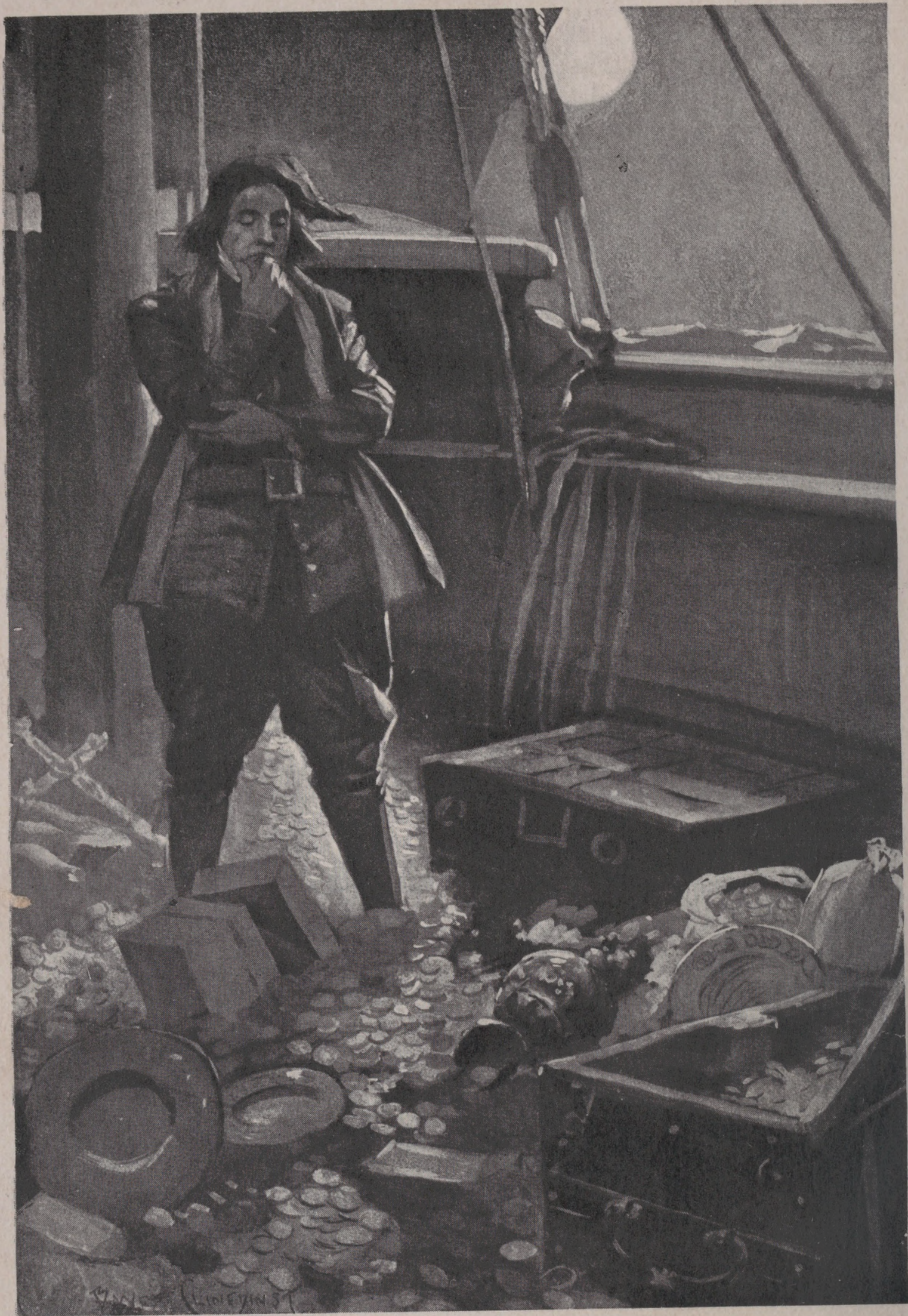
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D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.







What a sight was that !

(See page 200.)

# THE TREASURE SHIP

A Tale of Sir William Phipps, The Regicides,  
and the Inter-Charter Period in Massachusetts

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AUTHOR OF

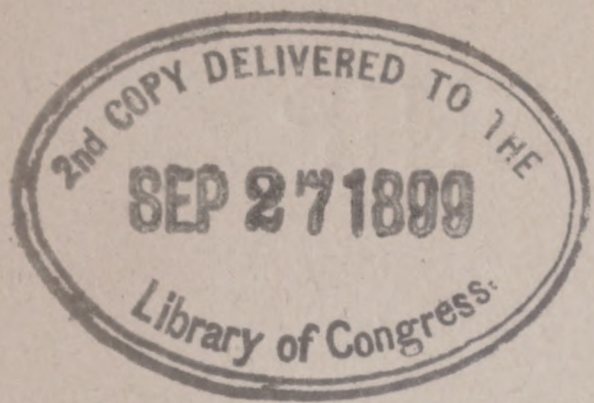
THE PILOT OF THE MAYFLOW, TRUE TO HIS HOME,  
THE WAMPUM BELT, IN THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN, ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST  
AND OTHERS*



NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1899

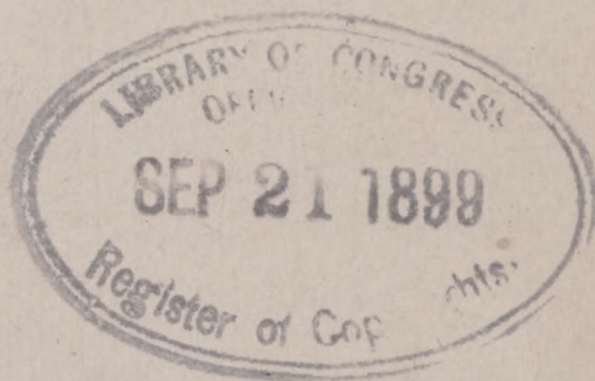


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## P R E F A C E .

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THE history of Sir William Phipps, which was an old New England wonder tale, is very remarkable beyond the facts that a poor boy found a treasure ship and was knighted for honesty, restored to the colonies their chartered rights, and became a governor of New England under the new charter. Wealth and fame, even when honestly won, are not the greatest of successes in life. Character is everything, and character building is the greatest of all things. In Sir William Phipps we have a hero who struggled not only against poverty in youth, but against evil tendencies in his own nature in mature years to make his surprising wealth as a fortune finder, and his high position at court, a means of building a true and noble private character for the public good, which was more than to find a ship of gold.

We have chosen this fortune finder for the hero of this book, which is the ninth of the series of the "Creators of Liberty" books, because it represents both character building and pictures the Intercharter period of colonial

history, in which period appeared for the first time a little republic in America; for then, after the colonies had proclaimed liberty, and imprisoned Randolph and Andros, their council became for a brief period a congress, and the venerable Simon Bradstreet, the president of that council, was, in a representative sense, the first president of a republic in America.

The history of this Intercharter period is one of remarkable American stories. It includes the Charter Oak, the hidden judges, witchcraft, and heroic deeds for liberty. The struggle for the charter was the first American revolution in America for independent rights.

The period brings to view, in Simon Bradstreet, one of the most beautiful characters in colonial history. This man, who was governor of the colony when nearly ninety years of age, and a member of the colonial council when more than ninety years of age, and in whose family American literature began in the work of Anne Bradstreet, the poetess called in England the "Tenth Muse," possessed a great, true heart and a clear political vision. He opposed the Indian war, and persecutions for witchcraft, and he was the prophetic patriarch of his times.

One loves to write of such a gracious leader. It has been said that Samuel Adams "organized the Revolution." It may be said that Simon Bradstreet saw the vision of American liberty which Samuel Adams brought into form.

The book is fiction, but aims to be true to the spirit of history; it puts facts into picture.

Sir William Phipps, the fortune finder and character builder, and Simon Bradstreet, the lover of justice and mercy, and the prophet of the republic, were both "creators of liberty," and the book as an interpretation stands between *The Pilot of the Mayflower* and *The Patriot Schoolmaster*.

Stories of witchcraft do not properly belong to young peoples' historical fiction, but no true picture of the times of Bradstreet and Phipps could be drawn without them. The hero of the broad-axe not only secured for New England her new charter, but stopped the great delusion of the period when he saw it as a delusion.

The author is grateful to the public, and especially to schools, that this series of books has been so kindly and generously received. He has sought to make this a character-building book, and to picture, through facts in the form of fiction, a memorable period of history.

He would call the attention of young lovers of history to the notes at the end of the volume. The one taken from Sparks's *American Biography* is a notable page of history.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

*June, 1899.*





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# THE TREASURE SHIP.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ALL THINGS POSSIBLE.”

A ROUGH, rude, hearty boy was wandering over the hills overlooking Casco Bay. He was one of a family of twenty-six children; his father, a gunsmith, who had emigrated to the green Maine coasts from Bristol, England, was dead, and this boy's lusty arm had become the defense of his mother against hunger, savages, and wolves. He tended sheep, roamed over the hills, and dreamed that he would one day build a ship and push out into the ocean beyond Casco Bay, and see the many shores of the world that were washed by the blue ocean.

He had never learned to read and write, but he had a soul full of faith, feeling, and a sense of justice.

Thoreau has said—

“If with fancy unfurled  
You leave your abode,  
You may go round the world  
By the Marboro' Road.”

This boy read the world in the great sheep pastures of the Maine hills that were free to the few settlers along the coast.

His name was Phips—he spelled his name differently after he had been touched by the silver sword of the English king and made a knight. He was Phips now, plain William Phips. He was born in Woolwich, Maine (then Nequasset), on the Kennebec, February 2, 1651, and as twenty children had come into the family before him, his birth was not a notable event in the rude settlement in the tall pine woods.

The world seemed to promise this boy nothing; he was fatherless, poor, a companion of sheep. His dog was his brother, and he could only learn of the world beyond the great pine forests of the lakes through his mother's heart.

The other boys, of whom there were probably twenty-one, found their way to the frontiers and the sea, but William's heart was true to his mother's needs. He loved to hear her talk of old England, and of the town on the New England coast called Boston. He drank in Old Testament tales like those of Samson, David, and Elijah.

One day he returned from his wanderings with his sheep, and sat down beside his mother, with his dog by his side. She was spinning. He seemed to wish to say something very earnestly. The dog saw the expression on his face and barked.

“That's right, speak for me, Rover,” said William.

“What did you wish to ask me, my son?” said the wrinkled woman, holding her wheel.

“Was there ever another family as poor as we?”

“Oh, yes, many.” The wheel turned again and stopped.

“Did ever an empty-handed boy like me make his way in the world?”

“Yes, many,” said the spinner, holding her wheel.

“Who?”

“Columbus, and many of the early navigators.”

“How, mother?”

“They had faith, my son. Faith is will, and will is power.”

She rose and leaned over the arm of her rude chair, and said:

“Faith will give you everything that it is good for you to have. It will give any one that under the Divine will. But, William, William, faith without character is nothing. It is faith that obeys the spiritual laws that God has written on the heart that has power. Obey the law of right within you, and you may do anything in the world that is good for you to do. A man who does right in all things and is ‘diligent in business,’ may ‘stand before kings.’”

The dog barked again. He seemed to know that the good woman had spoken wisely.

Then the widow turned to her wool wheel. The great

wheel began to go round and round, and the spindle to turn and buzz.

It was near night, and the red sun was going down over the green walls of the pines. But she must work on.

“Light the pine knots,” she said, and her wheel went on round and round.

Suddenly the door rattled. William took down the cross beam. Old Captain Webber stood there—he who made voyages to Boston on the coast.

“I’ve come, widder, to bring you sad news,” said he. “Alarming news. Have you heard?”

The wheel stopped.

“Captain Holme is dying, and he’s troubled about Princess Pine—she that was carried away by the Indians.”

The dog howled and leaped about. He seemed to read disaster in Captain Webber’s tone of voice.

“What do you tell me?” said the widow. “Captain, sit down.”

“No. Captain Holme can not last long. He wants a witness to his will. William is young—he will live long and *much* as I sometimes think. Come, William, go with me, and mount up behind me on the horse. It is full nine miles there.”

The two rode away, now through valleys, now up hills that looked down upon the sea.

“Watch the bushes,” said Captain Webber, “as we pass along. The bushes have eyes—they have had eyes,



sharp eyes, and evil ones, since the pirates were on the coasts.”

The boy kept his eyes on the ravines and thick bushes. A bush might hide an Indian's form with a draw-bow and poisoned arrow.

## CHAPTER II.

### BURIED TREASURES.

NIGHT settled on the forests as the two rode along, and the moon arose over the pines.

Something that Captain Webber had said seemed to linger in the boy's ear, and he became silent. Suddenly he said:

“ Captain Webber? ”

“ I hear you,” said the captain.

“ Captain Webber, you spoke of the time when there were pirates on the coast. They were sea robbers, weren't they? ”

“ Yes, William.”

“ And they buried treasures on the coast among the rocks? ”

“ So they say.”

“ And if one could find a treasure like that, to whom would it belong? ”

“ To the one who found it, unless it were discovered on deeded land, which would not be likely. Why do you ask that, William? ”

“I am poor.”

“Yes, that you are, William. You may well say that.”

“And empty handed.”

“Yes, you are that, my boy.”

“Suppose I could find a hidden treasure on the coast; it would help mother, and she has a hard time spinning, spinning, spinning, and growing thin and gray. I pity her when I hear the wheel going early and late. Did the sea robbers ever bury any treasure on the New England coast, captain?”

“That I can not say, my boy. They say that Captain Cromwell sunk chests of gold on the coasts—Cromwell, who gave a sedan chair to Governor Winthrop. They tell strange stories about such treasures. There was an old couple who lived near the coast and they were very poor. One night the old man dreamed that a spirit came to him, and told him where there was buried treasure, and that he could have it if he would dig for it at midnight without speaking a word. The next night he dreamed the same dream, and the next night the same spirit showed him the chests of gold under a thatch patch, and said to him, ‘This is the third time that you have had the same vision, and a third dream of the same thing becomes true. But,’ added the spirit, ‘you must dig without speaking a word.’ The man went to the thatch patch at midnight, and began to dig. His spade at last struck an iron chest, and he was so excited that

he stopped to rest. Just then when he was frustrated, his cat, which had followed him, leaped down into the hole behind him, and he said 'Scat!' Then the tide rushed up the beach and filled the sand hole, and washed away the thatch patch, and he could never find the place again."

"I would never have spoken a word. Not I. Where was that place, captain?"

"Heaven only knows. If I only knew where it was, do you suppose I would be telling you the story? I would go there and dig for it myself. Cromwell gathered gold from the Spanish Main."

They rode on in silence. The great moon rose over the sea, and filled the gray-blue sky with a light almost as bright as the day.

"I wish I knew where that place was," said the boy at last. "It would not be wrong for me to own a treasure that belonged to no one, and that would do no one good as long as buried."

"Bless your heart, no; but thousands have dreamed the same dream as you are dreaming now, and it was wasted time all that they spent in dreaming. Your fortune, boy, is in your two fists. You will dig your gold in life by hard labor; that is the way true gold comes."

There was another long period of silence as the two rode rapidly along the trail. Afar was heard the howl of the timber wolf. There was an atmosphere in the night way for waking dreams. There are times when

waking visions anticipate one's life and destiny. What Captain Webber had said awakened some hidden faculty in the boy's soul—some strange faculty of success. Many have such faculties that are aroused in a kind of prophetic and mysterious way before they are brought into exercise.

The boy was reasoning.

“Captain Webber?”

“I am listening.”

“You are rich.”

“I own ships.”

“How did you gain them?”

“I started out in life as a ship carpenter.”

“But you did not continue to be a ship carpenter?”

“No; when I had laid by a hundred pounds I began to build ships, small craft at first.”

“And then what did you, captain?”

“Why, I built larger craft, of course. All men of any energy and enterprise do that!”

“And what next, captain?”

“I traded along the coast. Then I built a ship, and sent her over to England, and began to trade for the colony.”

“Pardon me, captain, but why did you not remain a ship carpenter?”

“Boy, the purpose of life is to grow. A man must make the most of all that is in him, and he must do it honestly if his gains would last. I have not a dollar that

I have not earned. Unearned wealth, as a rule, does a young man no good. My father left me no property, and I never went fortune seeking. I made all the faculties in me to grow; they reaped."

"Captain Webber, why should I not do what you have done?"

"What, boy, by fortune finding?"

"Yes, if one were to look for lost things, that belonged to no one, and had a gift for such a thing, why should he not become a fortune finder? All discoverers of gold, silver, and gems are fortune finders. Some of them found their fortunes by accident, and some had an instinct and a genius for it."

A white owl hooted.

"I don't wonder a white owl should hoot to hear such a speech as that. 'An instinct and genius for it.' Where did you pick up such words as those? You have never been to school. More's the pity. But, boy, as your thoughts go roosting in the air, let me tell you something encouraging. The richest treasures do not lie hidden on the land, but in the sea. Think of the Spanish treasure ships that have been wrecked off the reefs of the Bahama sea, ships that went down in cyclones where the waters over them in a few hours became clear! If I were looking for treasures I would search for them!"

"Why not I, captain?"

The words rang out, and caused another white owl

to fly away, looking like a traditional ghost in the shadowy air.

“You? You haven’t any ship!”

“I can build one!”

“But you haven’t so much as an adze.”

“I can buy tools!”

“You can? Where will you get your money?”

“I will become a ship carpenter.”

The captain stopped his horse.

“Boy, give me your hand while we rest. I like your spirit. I will take you into my shipyard, and give you an adze and a chance in life. Only, my apprentices run away, and go to sea. I don’t believe you would do that?”

“No, Captain Webber; I can not help being born poor, but I can help doing anything that would dishonor an honest name, and I never will do that. If you will take me into your shipyard I will never run away, and I will always be true to you, and you shall never have any cause to be ashamed of me. My father was an honest man, and that I will be. My father left me this arm; it is strong, and I will use it. It shall make the axe fly for the future. I have had sense enough to tend sheep well—I never lost any—I will use that same sense in the shipyard. One day I will have an education if it is to be had, and I will make friends by work and honor!”

“Good, good,” said the captain. “There is a Bible

text that comes to me here—it is this: ‘Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.’ Think of that, William, ‘he shall stand before kings!’ There’s no knowing what you may come to. Kings!”

The two rode on in silence again.

There came to the boy another waking dream. He had gained the promise of an adze. The adze would bring him a little money, and a little money tools, and tools the building of boats, and boats could be sold for the construction of a craft. He would own a ship. He would go in search of treasure. He heard in fancy his mother’s wheel, spinning, spinning. Then in fancy he went in search for treasure; he found it in his dreams, and then he could not hear his old mother’s wheel spinning any more.

They reached the home of the esquire at midnight. The will was made the next day.

All life follows suggestion. The boy Phips had received the first suggestion of his destiny. He had dreamed his young dream of life; he would henceforth use all his energies to make it true.

They rode back by the sea. The ocean stretched before them into bright and shadowy distances.

The boy’s soul was filled with a new delight. He would become a ship carpenter. A boat would carry him to the sea; a sloop to the ocean; a vessel to England.



There was a king in England. Did the diligent stand before kings now as in days of old?

He reached home and rushed into the cabin of logs, saying:

“Oh, mother, my fortune is made!”

The poor woman stopped her wheel and stared.

“Oh, William, would what you say were true in our need! What has happened, my boy?”

“Captain Webber has promised to take me into his shipyard, and give me an adze and a trade. These hands and this heart shall do the rest.”

“William,” said the old woman, “there is no telling what good may come to you. You have a hot temper; Heaven help that! But you also have an honest soul, and you are willing to work.”

The woman's eyes filled with tears. Then the wheel went on, and the boy sat down to the table to his porridge, and ate his simple meal with a map of his life in his mind.

Suggestions make ideals, and an honest will makes stepping-stones of obstacles. Horizons lift before the step that advances. He can who thinks he can.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE SHIPYARD.

WILLIAM PHIPS was eighteen years of age. We will change the spelling of the name at the proper place.

He was "empty handed," he could not read or write, but the son of an English family, born in the New World, has been seen to have an environment that developed all his powers. The pine hills of Maine had given William not only bodily vigor, but a bold and worthy ambition. The stars taught him on the hills at night; the sea seemed to beckon to him. It has been said of such a boy that were he to be shipwrecked on a rock he would draw up earth from the sea, and make the rock a garden. We build from within.

It was a high day to him when he entered the shipyard on the Kennebec. He went there to help build the craft that were to be launched to find the harbor of Boston and the docks of London.

The shipyard rose over the river near the sea. Around it were great oaks and tall pines, for ribs and masts of ships that were to breast the waves. The strokes of the





Telling of the wonders of the world.

axe here began at early morning and lasted until the red sunset. Ships were here built that leaped into the sea like things of life to begin the commerce of a new world.

The giant boy worked well. He was happy in his work, for he somehow felt that there was destiny in it. Books he could not study, so he gained all the information possible from the workmen. He was a simple student of life, and observation was his teacher.

There were a number of apprentices in the shipyard. Most of them were restless fellows, who longed to break away from their apprenticeships and go to sea before their legal time. Such told sea stories at the noon hour as they sat under the odorous pine trees, the fishhawks screaming overhead.

One day two ships appeared in the mouth of the Kennebec under the English flag. They had been partly disabled by violent storms on the coast, and had come to the shipyard to be repaired. The sailors on these ships were idlers while the repairs were making, and some of them told such marvelous stories of the wonders of the world to the apprentice boys, that two of the boys formed a secret plan to become stowaways, or, as that not uncommon thing at that day was called, "to run away and go to sea."

One of these boys was a bosom friend of William Phips. His name was Silas Keif.

One evening in summer, after a long, hard day's work,

the three boys were lying on the sand hills overlooking the waters over which the moon was rising.

“Phips,” said young Keif, “we have a secret to tell you. Will you promise never to give it away?”

“Did you ever know me to betray any one’s confidence?” asked William stoutly.

“No, and that is why we give ourselves away to you.”

“William, we are going to slip our moorings.”

“What do you mean?”

“You will keep your word?”

“Yes.”

“We are going to hide ourselves in one of the English ships on the night before she sails away. The sailors say that we will be protected when we appear before the captain outside on the coast. We have the matter all planned. There are *three* empty casks on board of that ship. We are to hide in two of them.”

William Phips sat silent.

“I said that there were *three* of them,” said Silas Keif.

“I heard you,” said William.

“And one of those casks will sail away empty unless you will occupy it. Have you heard the stories that the sailors tell of the Spanish Main?”

William started up and stood like a giant in the shadows.

“Oranges grow there,” continued Silas. “Pineapples and bananas. The breadfruit trees there will supply the people with food for a lifetime. They do not have to cut wood there; the sun heats the land like a fire. They do not have to buy clothing there. Barks and fibers and feathers are all the covering one needs. Gold is plenty there. We two will remain there always, or come back rich! We will secure the third cask for you. Will you take it?”

William Phips swayed to and fro. The sand slipped under his feet, and he caught hold of a pine bough over his head to steady his tall form.

“You violate your word,” said he, “by going to sea in that way. One must be true to his word.”

“Word? What word? A forced promise to be a slave for three years? I do not mean to be a slave any longer than I am able to set myself free.”

“But the shipyard will learn you what you can not learn on ships.”

“What?”

“How to build ships.”

“We will learn on the sea how to command ships that apprentices have builded. Eh, William, apprentice, what do you say to that? Shall we secure the third cask for you?”

William Phips swayed to and fro, holding on to the pine bough.

“If I were to do that I would be untrue to Captain Webber.”

“And what of that?”

“Captain Webber is my friend.”

“And what of that, apprentice?”

“I could never be untrue to a friend, or violate any promise that I had made to a friend or an enemy. I promised Captain Webber that if he would give me a chance in life in his shipyard that I would never run away, and I never will. Whatever I do in life my soul shall be true. But I want to go to the Spanish Main, and some day I will go, but I will not go under a cloud of any wrongdoing. I can not go. To be untrue to Captain Webber would rob me of my highest hopes of life.”

“How so?” asked Silas.

“What would be the use of wealth without treating one who had befriended you as you would wish to be treated were you the befriender? I *am* going to the Spanish Main some day, but I must start right.”

“William Phips,” said Silas, “you are a fool.”

“Say that again.”

“You are a fool.”

William Phips's anger arose. He let go the pine bough and dealt Silas a lusty blow and felled him to the ground.

The act seemed to increase his rage. He beat his



would-be friend cruelly, and then stood above him defiantly.

“William Phips,” said Silas, at last, “you speak fine words about honor, and yet you have abused a friend.”

“You called me a fool. No one shall call me that.”

William Phips turned to go. He did not feel happy. He saw *himself* in his true character that night: that he had inherited a high sense of honor, but an unreasonable temper. Would these two traits of character follow him through life?

He wandered about the pine woods alone. He threw himself down on the resinous pine needles, but he could not rest.

He got up and walked rapidly to his old home. There was a light still burning in the cabin, although it was late at night. He entered the family room, and there he told his mother the story of his temper, but not the one of the casks.

The old woman began to shake.

“I tremble for you, William,” she said, “for my soul sees. God has given you a giant gift of a true heart; it is a true heart that wins the world. But William, William, you have a hot head, and there is a spirit of murder in a hot temper. Your true heart must overcome your hot head. O William, William! a ship with a single leak will go down.”

“Perhaps I can overcome my temper, mother, as I grow older.”

“‘Perhaps’—there must be no perhaps. You *must* do it, William. One fault will ruin a whole character. William, no one masters others until he is master of himself, and it would do you but little good to make great gains in the world unless you were your own master, so as to know how to use them. No one was ever noble, William, who was a slave to any passion. William, listen. ‘Know ye not that to whom you yield yourselves servants to obey, his servant ye are whom ye obey?’”

She was a Puritan mother, and she was quoting from memory from the family Bible, which William could not read.

He resolved that night to become his own master, but, alas! he was to fight one of the hardest of his battles of life with himself; and it would be many years before William Phips would become the master of William Phips.

He returned to the shipyard the next day, and met Silas generously.

“I *was* a fool,” he said to his young companion.

“Then you will take the third cask on the night before the ship sails?”

“No, I would be a fool if I did that, but I was a fool for letting my temper rise. I’m sorry; let us strike hands again.”

He turned to his work.

His axe flew. He was at peace with himself again. The world was all covered with bright hills and waters to him now. The river led to the ocean, and the ocean rolled to all the shores of the world. Stroke, stroke, flew the axe, and no arm in that shipyard made a heavier stroke that day. Ought he to have told?

The English ships sailed: two boys were missing from the yard.

Captain Webber came to the young carpenter to inquire about them.

“Where is your friend Keif?” said he.

Stroke, stroke, stroke.

“You kept your word; you did not desert me.”

Stroke, stroke, stroke.

“And it is ever true to you that I will be, Captain Webber.”

Stroke, stroke, stroke. The chips flew so fast that the good captain asked no more questions. He went away, saying to the master of the shipyard:

“There’s a boy that I can trust; he makes the chips fly, but it is a hard battle that I think he will have to fight in the world. An arm that makes the chips fly like that will be likely to make a way in life somewhere, if the boy be but one of the twenty or more boys of James Phips, the gunsmith!”

William not only made his axe to strike heavily, but neatly, and from the axe he went to the saw and plane,

and from the hewing of a beam to the building of a boat. He made a rude boat, and then a better one, and he at last built a craft that would bear him out of the Kennebec to the open sea.

His father, James Phips, coming from Bristol, England, had been accustomed to tell wonderful tales of the wreck of the Great Armada. What a world must lie beyond the ocean to which led the Kennebec! Would William's lusty arm one day find a way to it? He had not only every obstacle to fight against, but himself also to control. See him there in that lonely shipyard, "empty handed," without any learning, but with a hot temper! Life has a hard look for thee, lusty William, but thou hast a noble form, a strong will, and a true heart, and the stroke of thy axe in the shipyard has a ring that prophesies an effort not to build ships only, but to build thyself.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN BOSTON TOWN—DR. INCREASE MATHER'S WONDER TALE.

HIS apprenticeship ended. He was free now. Ships went from the Kennebec to Boston, and one day he sailed away from the coast of Maine, and in a few days beheld a town rising from a harbor full of green islands. It was Boston, a rude town then, but full of worthy people from the old country. The town had hardly passed its first forty years in the wilderness.

He went into the town to see if he could find employment there. It would be easier to seek the Spanish Main from this port than from the little settlement on the Kennebec.

He had set his open face and honest heart toward the world to seek his fortune. Boston, as humble as it was, was a wonder to him.

The town was a place of hills. Fox Hill rose out of the marsh; Centry Hill (Beacon) was a little mountain; Windmill Hill (Copp's Hill) was still covered with bushes; and Corn Hill (Fort Hill) was probably a place of pastures and springs. A pond was there, and a green with

great trees, and a giant elm. There was an open market, a school, and a jail. Tuthill's windmill was there, the fans going round and round. The town had a fence, a gate, and defenses against the wolves and Indians. Graveyards were here. Some of the graves were covered with great stones to protect the bodies from the wolves.

On the green was a boulder of rock. It was said that if one would go at night around this rock three times, and repeat the Lord's Prayer backward three times, he might have whatsoever thing he wished. The Wishing Stone was at last broken up on account of the superstition.

Samuel Cole kept a tavern in the place. The houses associated with the names of Governor Winthrop, Rev. John Cotton, Rev. John Wilson, Captain Robert Keayne, Governor Bellingham, and other men of note were pointed out to him.

The streets were somewhat erroneously said to follow the "wanderings of William Blackstone's cow," of a former generation. William Blackstone had settled there for a time, but he had removed to Rhode Island, and became a friend to Roger Williams's colony. He planted orchards and used to bring apples on a bull to preaching meetings, to give to the young people and the Indians. His tomb is to be seen at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in the yard of one of the great mills, and the Blackstone River will doubtless forever keep in mind his name. He was

a hermit. He left England on account of the "Lords Bishops," and Boston on account of the "Lords brethren," and found a long solitude near the falls of the Pawtucket, where he planted his orchards and generously shared the fruits of them with his friends on the tributaries of the Narragansett Bay.

William's mother had instructed him as to the duty of religious worship, and he seems to have gone to church on the first Sunday of his arrival at the town. A patriot pastor was in one of the pulpits then, and one who has never received due recognition for his work in the cause of human liberty. This minister was Rev. Increase Mather, a son of Rev. Richard Mather, the Dorchester minister, and a brother of the famous Samuel Mather. He had a son, Cotton Mather.

Young Phips would have received some odd encouragements to church-going had he not been already favorably inclined to seek what is best in life. The stocks and the pillory stood in a public place, and the former was designed to assist the memory of any adventurers inclined to idle away the Sabbath. No profane conduct was allowed to go unnoticed or unpunished in Boston at this time.

But our young hero met with another encouragement to the performance of his religious duties quite unexpected.

There was a natural spring in a delightful nook near

where the Old South Church now stands, where afterward was Spring Lane. The good women went there to draw water, and, as there were no daily papers at that time, to interchange the news of the day. It was a charming place in summer time. The green hills lifted their domes above it. The water ran cool along the violet margined ways.

Among those who came there at the cool of the day was a widow by the name of Hull.

It was early evening, after the work on the wharves and on the ropewalk was over. The women had gathered with their pails about the spring, and William Phips, tall, lank, and curious, but with a very handsome, manly face, sidled up to the spring to hear what the women had to say.

Widow Hull appeared among them, young, handsome, and buxom, kirtled, and with a heart full of sympathy for everybody and everything. She saw the tall, resolute boy leaning awkwardly against the tree, and said to him cheerily:

“You are a stranger here?”

“Yes, I am new to these parts.”

“Where did you come from, my friend?”

“From Nequasset.”

“From the Kennebec? I myself came from Saco. My father was Captain Roger Spencer. You may have heard of him.”



Young Phips took off his hat, bowed this way and that, all confusion.

“Yes, a great captain; he was that. All the sailors honor him. I feel so awkward, lady, I hardly know what to say.”

“Come, sit down by the spring. We are kind of relations, being both from Maine. Have you any friends here?”

“Not a friend, lady. I wish I had one woman friend to take an interest in me. A young man is better off for having one woman friend. Don't you think so, lady? Men can't make a stranger feel quite as much to home as a woman can.”

“Are your father and mother alive?”

“My mother lives near the shipyards on the Kennebec.”

“Have you any brothers and sisters?”

“Ay, yes, lots of 'em, lady!”

“How many?”

“Twenty-six in all—so they say. I have twenty brothers.”

The widow raised her hands.

“What do I hear?” said she.

She beckoned to the women at the spring. They gathered around her, and she repeated the young sailor's story, while they all raised their hands in a circle, and one after another exclaimed:

“Oh, my soul!”

The widow dipped up a pail full of water and turned toward her home.

William followed her, hat in hand, saying:

“It would make me feel good to carry your pail for you, lady.”

“Well, then, my brother from Maine, you may take my pail, and feel as good as you like. I just love to make folks happy.”

She looked very handsome in the twilight as she said these words. When the two reached the house the widow asked the sailor to take a bit to eat with her.

There he was treated to the fruits of the Bahamas—  
oranges and limes.

After the refreshment the widow said to the family,  
“Now we will read the Bible together.”

Phips turned red, and repeated, “Together?”

“Lady, may I speak to you alone?”

“Yes, my friend. What do you wish to say?”

“Oh, lady, *I* can not read!”

“What! a handsome, lusty, brainy young man like you? But you ought to know how to read. If you will come to see me every evening while you are in port I will teach you. I would feel that I had done a right good work to teach a likely young man like you to read.”

His heart bounded.

He returned each day to study.

There was a bowery street in Boston town overlooking the sea. Over it rose a tall house with gables. It towered stately and grand above the rest of the houses, as though it had some mission distinct from the rest.

After his lessons William Phips and the widow used sometimes to walk through this street, which was called then the "Fair Green Lane," afterward Chatham Street.

One day as they were walking, William stopped to admire this stately house. Some strange impression came upon him.

"I will some day own that house, or build one like it," he said, "and *we two* will live under the green gables in the Fair Green Lane of Boston town."

"Your imagination climbs, my boy. But you have a good heart to think of me in such a dream as that."

"But think what you are to a friendless sailor boy!"

To young William Phips Boston town was a wonder. The simple town house was in his eyes an extraordinary structure, and he could hardly have imagined Guildhall, London, to have been more magnificent, or the dome of St. Paul's, London, to have been nobler than the spire of the old North Church.

But as misled as he was in wandering about the short and simple streets, he really did meet some men whose learning and character would have done credit to any place and any age. Among these was Rev. Increase Mather, afterward president of Harvard College, whose

son, Cotton Mather, was one of the promising young students of the place. Dr. Increase Mather was a man of great learning; he had a great heart as well, and a vivid imagination, and an impressive dignity, which corresponded with his character.

Through the good woman who had befriended the young adventurer from the Kennebec and attended the North Church, where Increase Mather preached, young William Phips came to meet this grave good man. He was probably attracted to him less on account of his high position and great learning than because he could preach in the Indian language, which must have been to the young ship carpenter a more interesting accomplishment than his perfect mastery of classical languages and literature.

The widow belonged to a family of hardy seafaring men, and she knew many tales of the sea. She had sometimes spoken in his hearing of Sir Francis Drake, who had commanded a ship called the Golden Hynde, and who gathered in this ship of a magic name great treasures from the Spanish Main. When William questioned her in regard to this wonderful man, who harvested gold from the sea and the ports of palms, he found that she only knew a part of this voyager's marvelous history, and she one day said:

“Oh, William, wait until Dr. Mather comes; he will tell you all about the Golden Hynde. He understands

English history; he was educated in England. He could tell you a hundred tales of the English admirals—all about the Armada; he knows a *sight*.”

Young William’s imagination glowed. When would the wonderful doctor, so full of duties even in the small town, make his parish call?

He came one day, with his big clerical gear and simple dignity, and he brought his scholarly son, Cotton Mather, with him. This son was named for John Cotton, Boston’s first minister, who was his grandfather.

It was a summer evening, and the company sat down in the spare room by the open window, where wild roses were blooming in the fading light.

The doctor, after cheerful salutations, bent a benevolent face on William.

“My son,” said he, “you have the appearance of a man who can make himself useful in the world.”

Did William’s ears hear rightly? He sat bent over, but when this favorable expression fell upon him from the doctor he straightened up, and looked like one growing into a giant. He turned red; he knew not how to answer; but his reply surprised both the doctor and the widow:



*Increase Mather*

“Reverend sir,” he said, “I ought to make myself useful to the world, because I can.”

“That is well said, Master William. Such a reply ought to make you *Sir* William some day.”

The young carpenter seemed to grow again at these words. It is expressions of faith in young men that make them grow outwardly and inwardly.

“I like what you said,” continued the doctor. “Like the rowers in Virgil, you may be able to accomplish something in life because you are seen to be able—*possunt quia posse videntur.*”

William had never heard of the story of the valiant oarsmen who were cheered from the shore; he may have never so much as heard of Virgil before. What could he have known of the Latin poets?

But he acted wisely again; he bowed in silence, showing an innate sense of the conduct due to such a situation.

The doctor returned to the classical story, and turning to the widow, said:

“They were ‘*able because they were seen to be able.*’” He then bent a hopeful look on William again.

“They were seen to be able,” he repeated; “what think you of that, my son?”

William knew not how to answer at first, but after a short silence he ventured:

“Doctor, pardon me if my thought is wrong—I have

not had experience in the world—but would it not be noble for one to succeed in life when he is *not* seen to be able?”

The doctor of divinity laughed aloud so that he shook his wig. When was a doctor ever known to have laughed aloud before in New England?

“You have well spoken again, my son. Be able, if you are seen to be able; row hard, if you are cheered from the shore; but be able, if you are *not* seen to be able, and are not cheered from the shore, as Columbus was: *he* had but a doleful departure when he set out upon the sea from Palos. Trust in the ‘God who made thee, my boy, even if the seas are silent.’ You can succeed because you can. I wish that I could help you, my son—I wish that you could have the advantages of an education that my own son, Cotton, here has.”

William sat up in his chair. Resolution fired him. He would try to make himself as useful a man in the world as this same “own son” Cotton. It flashed upon him that will and perseverance are success. Then he recalled that Sir Francis of the Golden Hynde was poorly born. He grew taller yet, and said:

“Reverend sir, may I ask you a question? It is history.”

“I am glad, right glad, my son, that you seem eager to acquire knowledge. What is your question?”

“What is the story of Sir Francis Drake—he who

commanded the Golden Hynde? *She* has told me a part of it."

The doctor leaned his hand on his side.

"Well, now it seems strange that you should ask me that. Sir Francis—ah, yes—Sir Francis was born in a hut on the Tay and he died in a palace on the Tavy, and he was such a persevering young man in his day that he became the glory of the English navy. I am not making poetry, my friends."

"A hut on the Tay." At these words William's giant right hand arose in the air. "A palace on the Tavy." At these words William looked at the young widow, and his left hand arose. He sat in this strange position to hear the rest of the story.

"His father," continued the doctor, referring to Sir Francis, "was a yeoman, and he had twelve sons."

Down came William's right hand upon his knee.

"That's *me*."

The doctor looked very much surprised at the strange words in provincial speech.

"He mingled with seafaring men in his boyhood," said the doctor, "and he learned all he could from the sailors about the world of the sea."

"I will," said William.

"He became an apprentice boy to a man who owned a bark, and he himself made short voyages at sea, over to France and up the north. When his master died he



left his apprentice boy his vessel, and Francis began to sail the sea, and to venture far from port. The young man heard of a great sea captain who had won great treasure on the Spanish Main."

"I am hearing the like now," said William.

"I see you are paying good attention to my story," said the doctor. "The sea rover of whom Sir Francis heard was named Hawkins. Sir Francis went to Plymouth, England, and took up his abode there, that he might meet Hawkins. Now this same Hawkins was a spoiler of the Spanish Main. May you never be like him!"

"May any doubloon burn through my hand if I should ever get one in any mean way!" said William. "I will never be mean on the land or on the sea."

"Well spoken," said the doctor, laughing again at the youth's enthusiasm. William listened to this English wonder tale as though it were a story of his own life—as though there were a prophecy in it. There seemed to be something magical in the very air of the place.

The doctor continued his wonder tale:

"Francis Drake, the young sailor, joined Hawkins, and went with him to the golden Spanish Main, to whose ports came mule trains laden with the treasures of the Andes. Spain clad herself in gold at that time, and she dazzled the courts of Europe. The voyage was disastrous this time, and Francis returned poor in purse, but he had

learned much. Knowledge is the way of success—the royal road.

“But Hawkins sailed again for the Spanish Main, and about the year 1570, I think it was, Francis Drake obtained the sanction of Queen Elizabeth to search for treasures on the Spanish Main.”

“How did he get to Queen Elizabeth?” asked William eagerly.

“Will power goes in a straight line,” said the doctor. “It will find a way—purpose is a wing that mounts over all. You can not stop the wind or the will. All things go down before a long current. In 1572, about one hundred years ago, or more, Sir Francis came upon the town of Nombre de Dios, and found it enriched with a caravan of gold. It was Spanish gold, and so, after the rules of war, was English prey. He became suddenly rich, but he carried his treasures back to the queen in honor.”

“He did,” said William, clapping his left hand on his left knee. “That’s *me*.”

The doctor lay back in his chair and laughed again. It was not often that he had been seen in such a merry mood.

“Now,” continued the doctor, “I must tell you something about Francis Drake that is not a scandal to him, but to the church.

“It greatly excited the people to have him return to

Plymouth with ships of gold. All the people ran down to the sea when they saw his flag lifting in air.

“Well, one day he returned on Sunday. The people were in the church listening, it may be, to a sermon on the imperishable riches—a subject good for their souls. It was August—a sleepy time for a sermon on riches to those who had little of the goods of this world. Suddenly there was a buzz in the church. The clerk said ‘Francis Drake,’ and he went out. Then those in the nearest pews said ‘Francis Drake,’ and they went out. And the whisper went around ‘Francis Drake, Francis Drake,’ and one after another went out. The good minister must have been greatly surprised. At last they had all gone, even, I imagine, the little old woman who opened the pews. The minister, or rector, saw the sails of the Golden Hynde afar, or in some way learned what was coming. He dropped his gown off him, and jumped down from the pulpit, and followed his congregation and the crowd. I hope that this condition of the Plymouth people did not represent the English church in that day, especially if the rector were preaching on riches.

“Francis Drake, on enriching himself at Nombre de Deos, had crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and seen the Pacific. His heart glowed with rapture, and a great vision rolled before him.

“‘God grant me a ship to sail on that sea!’ he exclaimed.

“The queen gave him a fleet to sail on that sea. What a voyage he made, to Chili and Peru, capturing Spanish galleons; to port San Francisco, taking possession of the coasts in the name of the Queen of England! Then he swept across the Pacific for Java, then across the Indian Ocean and around the Cape of Good Hope. He arrived in England again on Sunday, 1579. It was in September. I hope it was not during the hour of service.

“Then there was given to him a fleet of twenty-one vessels to wage war on the sea against Philip II of Spain.

“Philip was preparing an armada of so great ships and so many in number as nothing on the sea could withstand. It was called the Invincible Armada. It came down on the English coast, certain that it would destroy the English navy.

“And who should Queen Elizabeth put in command of her navy in this fateful hour?”

William Phips could stand silence no longer. He shouted:

“Francis Drake!” bringing his right hand down on his knee.

“Right, right again,” said the doctor. “He was made the vice admiral. And the storms of God and Drake’s navy swept the great Spanish Armada from the sea. And when the queen beheld the great destruction, she was greatly rejoiced. She had seen how brave he was long before, and had gone down one day to meet Francis Drake on his own

ship. Francis kneeled at her feet at that time. She then touched him with a scepter, and said:

“‘ Rise up, *Sir Francis Drake!* ’”

That made him brave for the future.

“ Doctor, that’s *me!* ”

The doctor laughed heartily again, and the young widow joined him. Young Cotton Mather sat there in a mood of amusement and wonder. Ah, my goodly son of the great doctor of Boston town, will the time ever come when thou shalt be proud to write the biography of this rough lad listening to thy father’s story, and place before the name of the carpenter sailor the name of *Sir William Phips?*

“ I am glad to have met your *boy,*” said the doctor to the young widow. “ There is coming a struggle for the chartered rights of the colony, and we will need strong men then. May William be one of them! ”

“ I ought because I can,” answered William, rising up. The young sailor went to bed with visions.

Stories make visions of life. Many a man repeats in himself the favorite story of his early days.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE AFFRIGHTED SETTLERS.

WAS William ever to be a ship carpenter again?

No; larger plans had begun to fill his mind since he had married the widow and become one of the congregation of Rev. Increase Mather, and was beginning, under the help of his good wife, who was his schoolmistress, to read books.

He saw the great shipyards on the Mystic, and the need of good sound lumber there with which to build ships and houses. Happy is the young eye that sees some need in the world, and has the will to seek to supply it. That kind of a young man promises to be honorably successful.

Young William engaged to some master builders to secure a vessel and to transport lumber from Maine to Boston. He was probably the first lumber merchant between Massachusetts and the province of Maine.

The purpose of life, as has been said, is to grow. William Phips had grown during the last year, wonderfully grown, as a giant grows.

So he went back to Maine joyfully. He secured a ves-

sel for the transportation of lumber to Boston, and went to a large lumber camp to begin his new life. He was full of honorable ambitions, and among these was a desire to prove himself worthy of his good wife, his schoolmistress, and to purchase for her a tall house on the "Fair Green Lane," overlooking the sea whose waves went everywhere.

A strange thing happened.

His ship was moored in the harbor before the camp, and was loaded with lumber as fine as Maine ever grew or the new town of Boston ever saw.

Suddenly a duty confronted him, that called him to decide between self-interest and a service he owed to his fellow-men.

The Indian war was approaching in New England. The hostility of the Indians to the colonies was filling Massachusetts and Rhode Island with apprehension. King Philip was preparing for a mighty struggle against the pioneers.

In the province of Maine the Indians had arisen against the coast settlements, and were resolved to exterminate the white adventurers.

A band of Indian warriors came sweeping down to the lumber camp before which the vessel of the young trader lay moored. Their red fires lit the sky at night; they gathered scalps from the unprotected homes in the clearings. The women and children came flying for

their lives to the lumber camp. But they were not safe there.

The women gathered around William Phips.

“Captain Phips,” said they—he was a captain now—  
“Captain Phips, human life is more than lumber. We shall perish here. For the sake of our lives, and for the children’s sake, throw overboard your lumber, and take us away. Take us to a town with a fort and protection—take us to Boston—anywhere. Give us our lives!”

Captain Phips looked upon his little craft that he had hoped to see bring delight to the shipmasters of Boston and joy to the helpful widow.

Then his better nature, his great nature, rose within him. What were his interests to such human needs as these?

He must face life rightly.

“My men,” he said to his crew, “throw overboard the lumber!”

“Long live Captain Phips!” shouted the men.  
“Heaven make a pathway for him!”

They threw the lumber out of the craft, and the women and children found a refuge from the scalping-knife on board.

Captain William Phips sailed away empty-handed, but with many hearts enlarging his soul by their good wishes, for good will helps life.

“You did well, William,” said his good wife to him



on his return. "Now, since you were true to *them*, I am sure that you will always be true to *me*."

"That I will, and we will yet live in a tall house in the Fair Green Lane, if I did lose my first shipload of lumber. I will go back again."

We are not writing a novel, but a book for young people, else we would dwell longer here. We have only to say, that in less than a year William Phips had not only learned to read, but had become the husband of the generous-hearted young widow, which were two long steps forward in the career of life which had entered into his early visions.

He took another step. He gained the friendship of Rev. Increase Mather. So he had now a good wife and a good friend, and

he sailed away to Maine, to tell his old mother and some of his many brothers the joyful news of his good fortune.

"It matters little how hard I have to work," said his mother, "if I am only blessed in my children."

She loved to hold her wheel and talk with William now, for he would soon be going away, and his thoughts went out beyond Boston town to the wide, wide sea.

Good Increase Mather began to feel that he had in him a most promising parishioner.



S Bradstreet.

The young captain began to make the acquaintance of some very notable men, among them one of the very best men that ever lived in all the colonies—Simon Bradstreet.

We must here tell you something of this man and his lovely wife, for this man's life is destined to form a part of the story of our hero, who is already preparing, as the reader can see, for no common career. He walks firmly now.

It is a pleasure to write of beneficent Simon Bradstreet, who loved everybody, who hindered nobody, who was in public service nearly seventy years seeking the public good always. He married Anne Dudley, the first poetess in America, the daughter of Governor Dudley.

He was opposed to war. He thought that national troubles could all be settled better without bloodshed than by it. He opposed the war against the Dutch, and he thought the Indian war need not have been brought about had the colonies been true to the principles of justice and mercy. He loved the Dutch colonies and wished to see them prosper; pitied the Indian races, and he desired to see them civilized rather than slaughtered and exterminated. In the witchcraft delusion, he regarded charitably alike the witches and the "bewitched." He saw that they all were victims of contagious nervous disorders, of a wrong suggestion and a diseased imagination. His character grew more and more beautiful with age.

He was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1603, and died in Salem, Massachusetts, on March 27, 1697. He was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and became a steward of the Countess of Warwick. He was appointed a judge in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and came to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630. He was one of the founders of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and of Andover, in the same State. He was the governor of the colony from 1679 to 1686, when the charter was annulled.

This short history somewhat anticipates our story, but the facts given may best be learned here.

Lovely Anne Bradstreet, a woman everpraised, but a beautiful influence in her own time, and in all times! John Norton, a literary man of her times, once said that if Virgil himself had read Anne Bradstreet's poems, "he would have thrown his own away," which shows how far partial judgment may go. But Anne Bradstreet's poem entitled *Contemplations* will long be read by choice souls. New editions of her poems still appear, one of the most notable of which is *The Poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672)*, edited by Charles Sliot Norton.

Anne Dudley Bradstreet was born in 1612, and was married at the age of sixteen. She came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony with Winthrop and his companions on the ship *Lady Arbella*. She was a student of the classics and English poetry, and these haunted her in her young life in the pioneer cabins on the bright waterways of the New

England woods. She seems to have lived in Ipswich, Andover, and Boston. Her residence in North Andover, Massachusetts, is still to be seen in the region of glorious elms. The plain colonial house there, with its New England characteristics, was built by Governor Bradstreet in 1666 to replace a house which had been burned, and is said to have been the home of Anne Bradstreet for a long period until her death in 1672. Her family numbered eight children. It was here amid the majestic trees and bright waters that her poems were written. She was probably buried in the Dudley tomb in the old graveyard on Washington Street, Boston, where was also interred John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians.

Increase Mather began to take a benevolent interest in William Phips when he saw the spirit that was in him.

“I wonder at the young man,” he said to his son Cotton Mather. “He is eager to learn everything, and one has only to acquire the alphabet to do that. But there is one kind of education that he needs—it is a larger association with the best minds. Men who are eager to become useful and influential build themselves out of others. Let us help to give him a chance.”

The young man had a lively imagination, and he replied:

“Yes, there is a remarkable spirit in Captain William; it is plain to be seen. We are planning to ride over to North Andover to-morrow to meet Assistant Bradstreet.

We shall be entertained by the family poetess. Let us ask him to accompany us. He never has read any poet but Milton; he likes history. To enable him to hear the poems of Mistress Anne Bradstreet read for an hour in the groves where they were written would be to give him a new lesson in life."

"You have well said, my son. Yes, we will invite him to go with us. We build ourselves in building others. I am glad to see that you read life in that way. You are favored with the best instruction in the colony; he must learn wisdom from life and experience. We will help him to make his life useful. A scholar like you he can never be."

Increase Mather looked proudly upon his son, whose scholarly attainments were already a source of pride to Harvard College. The youth had the air of a scholar. He had indeed been differently trained from Captain William; but there are more schools of opportunity than those opened to the well-born. Some eyes learn by looking for the best things everywhere.

The next day Increase Mather, and his son Cotton, and Captain William set out on horseback for Andover. It was a mid-June morning—a time of dews, robins, and roses, the full-tide of the year. „

They rode over a new way, where Malden and Wakefield or Reading now are, amid wild oaks, pines, and maples, with here and there bowery ponds. They came to

hills that were shaded by glorious elms, where orioles, or the "English robins" flashed in the sun, and sung merrily about their pouched nests. The air seemed all bloom and life; here and there were clearings where were houses with open doors and windows, with orchards and meadows. The ancient woods were beautiful.

They were heartily welcomed by Assistant Bradstreet. Increase Mather had begun to fear that the rights of the colonies were about to be abridged by the crown, and he engaged the assistant in earnest conversation on the subject, while the children of Anne Bradstreet entertained Captain William and Cotton Mather under the elms.

They talked of Milton's *Comus* as a new light in poetry. Poor Captain William! His views were common indeed beside those of the cultured family of Anne Bradstreet and the brilliant student.

Mr. Bradstreet and Mr. Mather presently joined the young party, who tried to engage Captain William in conversation.

"Pardon me," he said to the company. "I am not read in the poets, but I can feel poetry. I was not born to be a scholar. I think that all that I can be in life is to feel and to do, and to overcome myself and rise, as yonder bird is rising, on slow wings."

An osprey was slowly drifting into the purple sky on its far way to the sea, its white breast shining in the sun.

"There is poetry in what you say and in what you see,"

said Mr. Bradstreet. "The bird on the way to the sea is a poem to you. So you are with our family, Captain William."

"Mr. Bradstreet, it is little favored that I have been in meeting souls like yours. I would be glad to hear some one read one of Mistress Bradstreet's poems, which were written, as I hear, in this place."

The whole company went out to an oak grove overlooking the Merrimack, to a place where Mistress Bradstreet loved to retire and to write. The green leaves were full of midsummer sunshine.

Anne Bradstreet's life, which had begun while Shakespeare was yet living, had but recently ended. What a life it had been! She had been the companion of Lady Arbella Johnson on the voyage to New England, an exile from the oaks of castles to the oaks of Indian cabins and the thatched houses of pioneers!

Simon Bradstreet read that day her poem entitled *Contemplations*.

To Captain Phips the scene, the poem, and all, were like a dream.

Rude as he was, he did feel the force of that bright hour and of the beautiful thoughts of the first American poetess.

As Mr. Bradstreet read the sailor's soul seemed to catch fire. What was he among intellects that could reason like that?

He listened as the Assistant read to try to discover if poets had any message for his barren soul. He lay upon the moss like one on the sands, while the warm west winds rippled the leaves and the river. Assistant Bradstreet read in a beautiful voice from the poem written here:

“Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm,  
 Close sate I by a goodly River’s side,  
 Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;  
 A lonely place with pleasures dignifi’d.  
 I once that lov’d the shady woods so well,  
 Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,  
 And if the sun would ever shine there would I dwell.

“While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,  
 Which to the longed-for Ocean held its course,  
 I markt not crooks nor rubs that there did lye  
 Could hinder ought, but still augment its force.  
 O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race  
 Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
 Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.”

As he paused at this beautiful passage, Increase Mather enlarged upon it, saying that all things were possible to the soul under the Divine will.

Captain William wished to speak.

“Your face shows that you have something that you would ask,” said Mr. Bradstreet.

“Mr. Bradstreet, do you think a man may be all that he wishes to be, if Heaven so please?”

“Yes, my friend; the prayer of the man of Luz, and



of the prophet of Sinai, seem to have changed the very purposes of God. 'I will not let thee go,' said the one to the angel, 'unless thou bless me.'"

"I feel the force of what you say, but I have slow and heavy wings."

Mr. Bradstreet read on:

"The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,  
Sings merrily and steers his Barque with ease,  
As if he had command of wind and tide,  
And now become great Master of the seas;  
But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,  
And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort."

The company talked long; then Mr. Bradstreet turned to the silent young captain, whose soul he saw was struggling with his lot, and asked his view on a passage of the poem that he had read.

"Sir," said he, "I was not born to influences like these. My work in life must come to these two hands. There is little poetry there."

"I like thy spirit well," said Simon Bradstreet. "The colony will have need of such as you."

"Many can speak well," he continued, "but few can do well. Downy beds make drowsy persons, but hard lodgings make open eyes."

Captain William listened as to the voice of a prophet. He rose from the moss, and stood there like a giant under the trees.

“Simon Bradstreet, I will be a man. I can *serve*. Service is power.”

Increase Mather placed his hand on his shoulder and stood beside him, and Simon Bradstreet bent a fatherly look on the two men.

Reader, will Increase Mather one day introduce this rude sailor to the King of England, or will Captain William one day present Increase Mather to his Majesty? Which will it be? The two stand there side by side.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CAPTAIN MOSELEY AND HIS WIG.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PHIPS now engaged more largely in the lumber trade. His little vessel was a pioneer of an immense business between Boston and Maine, which has not yet ceased, and probably never will.

One day on returning from a trip, he saw the red flag flying over the courthouse and the green. Presently there was a roll of drums, and he beheld more than one hundred men marching through the street. He met Lieutenant or Deputy Bradstreet on the Green, where were gathered a large number of people.

“What has happened?” said the young captain to the Deputy Governor, who wore an anxious face.

“There has been an Indian outbreak. People in Swansea have been slain. I have feared it; I have seen it coming for a long time. It might have been avoided.”

“But how, Governor?” asked Captain Phips.

Simon Bradstreet's face clouded.

“Friendly hearts do not wage war, or fall upon innocent people and leave their heads on poles. Captain Phips,

the news is fearful. There has been no war in Penn's colony. We have done the Indians wrong, Captain Phips. The Plymouth people did Alexander wrong. They did wrong in their treatment of the Indians, who, as they supposed, murdered John Sassamon."

William Phips saw how deeply the old man felt, and asked:

"What did they do, Governor?"

"Oh, it was superstition, superstition," said Governor Bradstreet. "They believed that the body of a murdered man would bleed if his murderer cast his eye upon it. Now that is superstition, all superstition. They led the Indians who they thought had committed the deed to John Sassamon's body, after it had been dead for weeks. They said that the body bled. It did not, or only as any decaying body might send forth fluid. It was superstition, superstition. They executed the accused Indians in the past on such testimony as that. Captain Phips, we have fallen on evil times. Superstition grows. They say that there are witches among us, people who sell their souls to the evil one, and who can cast an evil eye. Oh, my young captain, these things trouble me.

"But the Indians are upon us. We must defend ourselves now. I would that we had civilized them! The people say that I am a too liberal man. They will see things differently some day."

The men under Captain Moseley went marching by.

They saluted the Deputy Governor, and Captain Moseley stopped to speak with him.

“Halt!” The men stood still.

It was a fiery day in June. The trees were covered with fresh green leaves; wild roses bloomed around the frog pond, and there were swallows darting through the air among the shadows.

The houses about the training ground were low and scattered.

As Captain Moseley stopped to talk, he wiped the perspiration from his face, and lifted his wig.

Captain Phips had not seen a wig before, and he thought the movement a very comical one.

“Hot,” said Captain Moseley. “This is what I call a hot day. I have sailed all over the Spanish Main, and that in summer, but it is hotter sojering here than privateering there. Did you ever sail on the Spanish Main?” he asked of Captain Phips. He used the name of the Spanish Main for the sea and not for the main.

“No, no; but I wish to learn all I can about the Spanish Main. I shall hope to meet you on your return from the war.”

“On my return from the war? That may never be. I can fight Indians as well as pirates, but Indians and pirates can fight too. If I ever do return unscalped, I will be glad to meet you and tell you all I know about the Spanish Main, and the Indian war!”

He faced his men.

“March!”

The company of more than a hundred men marched on.

“Unscalped!” said the good Governor, comically. “There is one man in this country who will never be scalped, and that is Moseley. He will tell you all about the Bahama Islands on his return. Moseley is a great talker.”

The drum beat died away in the breathless air.

Captain Moseley, the Indian fighter, had gone out to face the scenes of Bloody Brook and the destruction of the Indians in their winter lodges on the Narragansett. He was a rough old sea dog, and proved as merciless on the land as on the sea.

He returned from the Indian campaign in a year, but not all of his men came back with him.

His return was a triumph. And among those who hailed him was Captain Phips.

“So here is my young sailor again, well and hearty, but not so am I.”

“You are not scalped, captain,” said Captain Phips.

“No, no, hearty; no, no. But let me tell you know I saved my head in one of the hottest fights that I ever had. I raised my scalp (wig) to the Indians—sky-high! How they turned their heels to the sun! They thought that I was a wizard, and could take off the top of my head!”

He tapped the young man on the shoulder, and said:

“Come and see me. You should be a sea rover. You would reap a fortune from the sea. Come up to the house some night, and I will tell you sea stories. Souls of all the saints! what sights I have seen on the water!”

Here was a man that Captain William Phips must know. The old Jamaica captain might have heard of Spanish galleons that had been wrecked or other craft that had gone down. Captain Moseley was a very interesting character in Boston town at this time, since he had fought the Indians and not been scalped.

There are several stories of Indian frights caused by the removal of a wig, but the one of Captain Moseley was the first that we have met. It was a time of wigs, and it was not the bald alone who wore them.

Indian prisoners were brought to Boston. Captain Phips saw them as they were marched past the Common in ropes, under the menace of guns. He had so caught good Governor Bradstreet's spirit that he pitied them, and would probably have treated them mercifully had he possessed the power to do so.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LITTLE JOE CONE.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM'S generous heart had not yet overcome his fiery temper—the weakness which had so distressed his old mother on the Kennebec.

Genius is a nervous force, and is usually accompanied by tendencies to defects and even to degeneracy. Some one has said that “genius is a compensation for defects.” However this may be, most men of genius have found in themselves obstacles, evils, and great temptations to be overcome, and it is only those who have overcome tendencies to degeneracy who have become truly great.

“Men

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as men may undergo,  
Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault.”

William Phips had grown in many ways, but his hot temper still mastered his giant form. An insult, real or imagined, would turn his blood to heat, and nerve his arm to strike a brutal blow.



He had a young friend among the sailors whom we will call Joe Cone. This boy's mother was a widow, old and withered. Her gray hair blew in the wind as she passed along Salem Street by the sea, for she seldom wore a bonnet, except in severe weather.

Joe Cone, or "Jack," as he was sometimes called, was a warm-hearted, merry boy; he was given to saying droll things, and doing things as comical; but whatever might have been his thoughts, he was true to his mentally weak mother, whom he said was a little "touched in mind." The woman loved him: he was her only son, and her only hope as well, for she was very poor.

One day William Phips was down on Long Wharf, amid the rising tides, among the sailors. He was talking of his dreams of voyages to the Spanish Main—by which he implied not the Spanish mainland, which is the true meaning, but the islands belonging to the Spanish vice-royalties.

Joe Cone listened to Captain William's expectations with winking eyes.

In the midst of one of his schemes Captain William paused to look around to see what effect his speech had had on his hearers.

Joe Cone was still winking.

"Now let me tell a tale," said Joe; "one about a condor that was all over white, and that flew about with a

mountain of gold all on her back, and planted islands in the sea. She fled, and she flew——”

The sailors were listening with open mouths and sparkling eyes.

If there was anything that William Phips could not endure, it was to have his schemes of life ridiculed. His temper rose hot and reddened his forehead.

“Stop right there, youngster. Do you mean to call me a fool?”

“No need to do that,” said the merry boy; “what would be the use of it?”

“Then you mean to give these folks to understand that you regard me as a fool. Take that, and that!”

He dealt the boy two heavy blows and laid him on the ground.

Joe Cone rose up bleeding and started to go home, saying strangely:

“Wait; I know of one who can cast an evil eye——”

Suddenly his mother appeared gliding along the wharf past the kegs and barrels, her hair streaming in the wind.

“An’ what has he done to ye, Joe?”

“Only struck me—let us go—I was only in fun, and he lost himself. Come with me, mother.”

But the old woman’s temper itself took fire.

“I could stand it if he were to strike me, but not to have him strike you, Joe. You, who have always been true to your shattered mother.”

She glided down to William Phips, shaking her withered arm.

“Wot have you been doing to my b’y (boy), you giant from the wild woods? Oh, I would be ashamed to strike a youngster like that, who is always true to his mother! Look at me, William Phips. The only mother he has—no, that is not what I want to say—the only son that I have in this hard world. An’ you struck my b’y; I’ll remember—I’ll remember it of ye to my latest day. I haven’t any force left in this withered old arm, but I have force here,” and she touched her forehead. “When you have made a cause for the judgment day, William Phips, it is sure to come—it will come. There are hawks in the air, William Phips, and they will whoop down some day. Beware, William Phips! I can bide my time—there’s nothing but time left to me now. But I can wait, and I can see, and I can hear.”

She turned with a wild, half-insane look in her eyes. She ran along the wharf a little, and then looked back again.

“You struck my b’y, who was always good to his mother!”

She shook her withered arm again, and looked helplessly but revengefully upward.

The sailors pitied her. William Phips’s anger was gone now; he, too, felt for her, and saw what a foolish mistake he had made.

“I was a fool,” he said, “to strike the shaver. But I was not a fool when he called me a fool, and I did not know that his old mother was nigh. I would not hurt the heart of an old woman. But it can not be helped now.”

He went home with a heavy heart. William Phips did not know how to control William Phips.

In his trouble he went to Dr. Increase Mather, and told him the story of the episode on the wharf.

The doctor answered his questions, and gave him some hard advice.

“The Master says,” said he, “that we should not only forgive our enemies, but if we remember that any have aught against us we should seek their forgiveness. Before you can expect forgiveness of Heaven you must first ask the forgiveness of Joe Cone. Will you do that, William Phips?”

“Yes, I will,” was the manly reply.

William Phips met Joe Cone on the wharf the next day, and said:

“Joe, you angered me. I am sorry I struck you. Let us be friends again.”

“That we will,” said Joe Cone generously. “But mother, poor mother—her heart is good, but her senses are not all there as they used to be. She will never forgive you. She sets her heart on me. It would make her storm if she knew I had spoken with you. I will do the best I can to bring her round.”

“Joe, I am sorry that this happened,” said William Phips again.

“I see you are—I am sorry, too. I am sorry for mother.”

The two went out on the sea in a boat, Joe saying as they moved into the harbor:

“I would not have mother know that we went out together.”

The two had lively fishing that day, but the poor woman, Jane Cone, hoed in her garden, talking to herself, and nursing bitter feelings toward the giant arm that had struck her “b’y.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A STRANGE SOUND IN THE AIR.

“AN evil eye.” The words that Jane Cone had spoken haunted young Phips’s memory, for the sailors were superstitious in these times, and superstition was growing in the colony.

It was a time of signs and wonders. Many people seemed to live in a kind of inward world; and some to keep company with evil spirits and to become one of them.

The wife of William Phips had strong common sense and a clear vision, and her soul rose above the superstitions of her times.

There was an outspoken man in the town, who failed to agree with the people in many opinions, named Pierre Calef. He was a friend to Simon Bradstreet, and he had no sympathy with oppression or injustice of any kind, and he scorned superstition. He thought honestly, and spoke his opinion boldly.

For there was a strange nervous delusion growing like a cloud in the moral sky of the colonies.

In Governor Winthrop's day a poor woman by the name of Margaret Jones thought that she had the gift of healing. She brought about cures by a kind of magnetic touch, and the use of simple herbs, which she thought had magic properties, and which often produced the effects which she claimed for them. A suspicion arose that she was dealing in forbidden arts which came from familiar spirits or powers of evil. It was suggested that she was a witch, and the suggestion grew.

I could not write out in a book for young people the things that poor Margaret suffered from the suspicion that had fallen upon her, and which may be found in the ancient records. Suffice it to say that she had a sharp tongue.

She was arrested, tried, and hanged. Grave Governor Winthrop records that on the day that she was executed "there was a very great tempest in Connecticut which blew down many trees." How grateful should we be to science when we recall that a Massachusetts governor should ever make in his journal such a record of superstition as that!

Mr. John Hale, of Charlestown, was twelve years old when poor Margaret, the healer, was executed. He was one of those who visited her in her prison on the last day of her life. His account of the visit is enough to excite tears of pity, even at this late day. He says:

"The first [witch executed] was a woman of Charles-

town, Anno 1647 or 1648. She was suspected, partly because that, after some angry words passing between her and her neighbors, some mischief befell such neighbors in their creatures [cattle] or the like; partly because some things supposed to be bewitched, or have a charm upon them, being burned, she came to the fire and seemed concerned.

“The day of her execution I went, in company of some neighbors, who took great pains to bring her to confession and repentance; but she constantly professed herself innocent of that crime. Then one prayed her to consider if God did not bring this punishment upon her for some other crime, and asked if she had not been guilty of stealing many years ago. She answered she had stolen something, but it was long since, and she had repented of it, and there was grace enough in Christ to pardon that long ago; but as for witchcraft, she was wholly free from it, and so she said unto her death.”

In 1651, about the time of Captain William's birth, another unhappy woman named May Parsons was brought to trial in Boston. She seemed likely to die under the charge, and so her time of punishment was hastened. Mary was executed, and the suspicion that all people who acted queerly were witches or bewitched grew; and we are sorry to say that the clergy believed the spreading delusion.

The case of poor Margaret, the healer, became a wonder tale.



As the woman died declaring her innocence, there were many tender-hearted people who long pitied her, and who thought that she was not willfully an evil-minded woman, notwithstanding her sharp tongue.

Mistress Phips used to treat such matters with her clear sight and decided opinion. Captain William began to inquire about these strange cases, of which he had heard little while in Maine.

“I would not believe witch testimony in a court of law,” said Mistress Phips in one of these conversations; “and I would go to such a person as poor Margaret in her cell, and attend her to her place of execution, no matter what the magistrates or the clergy might say. I have the courage that dares to protect one against any injustice, whatever or wherever it may be. ‘Judge not that ye be not judged.’ ”

“That is a strong spirit that you have, my woman,” said Captain William; “but be prudent. If you talk like that to some people, you may be accused of being a witch some day. Good men and great men hold that there are witches. Most people in the town, except Pierre Calef and you, favor that opinion. I have no learning—I have to follow others in most things; but if I had the power, it seems to me, no one should ever be led out to death on witch testimony. Certainly, not an old woman.”

“Good! good!” exclaimed Mistress Phips. “William, I am proud of you; those words bespeak a good heart and

are worthy of you. ‘Certainly not a woman!’ William, the time may come when you will have more power than you have now. I have lost a part of my property, and sorry I am for your sake. I want to see you grow into a man whose soul will be as strong as your body. Suppose they should accuse me of witchcraft some day?”

“I would know then that others had been falsely accused.” He added: “I have no mind to cope with such things; I lack perception. I can not learn to write.”

“I will try again to teach you how to write your name well. You may need that some day for signature to documents—I hope not for witch documents—who can tell?”

They sat down by the table. Captain William took a quill pen and dipped it in ink of nut-gall and vinegar. Here is his autograph as it is reproduced in Appletons’ Cyclopædia of American Biography:

*William Phips*

Pierre Calef was a friend of Mrs. Phips, whom he used to call the “Widow Restore.” He called upon her often, and volunteered to advise after the manner of the times. He liked her, but thought that she had more heart than judgment, and that the former needed not unfrequent correction, and, in such cases, he never failed to offer his “apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

“Restore?” Why did he give her this curious name?

It was a name that expressed her character. It was a time of stocks, pillories, and whipping-posts, and when she found some misled person exposed in public she would remind the clergy or the magistrate scripturally that true duty was to "restore such a one in the spirit of meekness." Hence her descriptive name.

William Phips used to return from his daily work with nimble feet, for it at once became his delight to study with his wife. He wanted little other society than her and his books.

They would sit together by the open windows where the morning-glories swung, in the long summer twilights, reading, oblivious to everything around them.

While they were thus occupied Pierre Calef sometimes passed by, and on more than one occasion he stopped and looked in at the door, and sat down on the step, and said absently:

"A cup of thanksgiving will be returned some day."

The young sailor heard it. What did it mean? It formed in his quick imagination a picture, like that of the legend of the Holy Grail. It was suggested to him as to one of the old knights of the Round Table, that he might gain a "cup" that would be a blessing to some one, perhaps to his good wife herself.

One night Captain William came home troubled. His wife noticed his mood, and asked:

"Why are your thoughts wool-gathering to-night?"

“I did a mean act a while ago, and it troubles me. I struck Joe Cone—little Jack. I have an awful temper, and can not contain myself sometimes.”

“The failure of the whole of life usually comes through some small fault like that, and one’s best friend is he who helps one to overcome that fault. William Phips, I am the best friend you have in all the world, except your mother. What did the Cone boy do?”

“What could he do beside such a man as I? He threatened me.”

“What did he say?”

“He said, ‘My mother can cast an evil eye.’”

“Poor Jane Cone—she is a little touched in mind, it is my opinion. But if you did the boy wrong, go to him like a man and say you are sorry.”

“I have done that, and we are friends again; but his mother passes over to the other side of the way when she meets me; then she turns and looks back. The sailors say that she can cast ‘an evil eye.’ What do you mean by ‘casting an evil eye’?”

“It is an unlucky influence. Some people think that a person who hates you can wish you evil in such a way that the wish comes to pass.”

“How?”

“How? Good and evil wishes seem to walk the air. We are helped by those who like us, though we do not see the good will, and injured by those who wish us ill, though

we may not know it. An ill will followed long may produce disease in the soul against which it is directed. So many people reason."

He dropped his eyes.

He started again suddenly. A strange sound was in the air.

The widow stopped in her work.

"And what was that?" he asked.

"I heard it," said Mrs. Phips. "There it is again!"

A low, chuckling sound, prolonged as with an evil suggestion, seemed to come back from the still, night air. The sound was like the voice of one in deep sorrow, a hurt tone, and one implying a purpose of revenge.

It was repeated.

"There, I heard it again. Farther away," said Captain William.

The two listened. It did not come again.

Sounds have souls. This peculiar sound seemed to affect the imagination of Captain Phips.

"How do we resist an evil eye?" he asked.

"Oh, by counter influences. Do not let us talk of it. I do not think that there is any influence that can harm an honest soul."

He had learned to read very well now.

One day, as they were sitting by the door, Captain William lifted his eyes again toward a house in full view that seemed to rise out of the flowery garden in the lane.

The lilacs were blooming there, and the red robins were fluttering in the great elms.

“That is called Green Lane, is it not?” he asked.

“Yes, the Fair Green Lane—the Fair Green Lane of Boston town.”

“That house is the best in all these parts?” he continued.

“Yes, William.”

“It has the tallest chimneys, hasn’t it? And the biggest gables? I just like to look at it and dream.”

“What do you dream?”

“That I will build one like it for you some day.”

“You keep telling me that. You have a good heart in the main, but why do you wish to build a tall brick house for me?”

“You have done a great deal for me, and I ought to have grateful thoughts about you. There is one thing more I wish that you would do for me—will you teach me arithmetic?”

“Yes; I was about to offer to teach that to you.”

“I will learn arithmetic, and then I will sail away. Did you hear a strange sound in the air last night? I’ll try to make it all right with Mother Cone before I go to sea.”

He learned arithmetic. He would study history now.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A HUNTED MAN.—A QUEER DUEL.

IN May, 1660, Parliament called Charles II to the throne. The leaders of the Commonwealth under Cromwell were now in danger of arrest and execution, and among those whose lives were thus put into peril were the military judges who condemned Charles I to death. Three of these are known to have sought refuge in America. They were called the Regicides.

One of these was General Edward Whalley, a high officer in Cromwell's army, who had issued the command for the execution of Charles I. He had been in the great battles of the Commonwealth, and was one of the powerful minds of his day. With him came General William Goffe, his son-in-law. Whalley made his home in Cambridge, and became one of the conspicuous men of Boston town.

Goffe was not only looked upon as a patriarch of liberty, but was noted as a skillful swordsman and fencer. It was thought to be death to encounter him in a combat; no one could stand before his sword, which seemed to be wielded as by a magic arm.

In the summer of 1660, soon after the arrival of the regicides in Boston, a very odd event happened on the Common, so curious that it became a New England fire-side tale.

There came to the town a "champion," as he was called. He was a fencing master. He erected a platform on the Common among the green trees, and challenged any one to meet him in a contest with swords.



Charles I.

A stranger, who had newly arrived in town, walked through the Common and heard his proud challenge and boastings. He listened to his challenge to old swordsmen for a time, and then said, greatly to the surprise of the crowd around him:

"I will accept your challenge."

The fencing master looked down with surprise on this strong, grave man.

"Have you handled the sword before?" he asked.

"I have handled the sword before on greener fields than this."

"When will you meet me?"

"To-morrow at this time. Here in this place under the trees."

The news flew through Boston town. The military



men heard of it. In the early morning the old people, the children, the military men, and even the dogs came flocking to the place under the bowery trees.

The fencing master was there in gay attire. He marched to and fro alone, filled with pride, and anticipating the moment when he would show his dexterity.

The crowd waited the appearance of the grave stranger who had accepted the challenge.

There arose a great hooting. The grave man was coming—but what a figure he presented to the people!

Instead of a sword, he held in one hand a mop full of dirty water which he lifted high in air. Instead of a shield, he had a small, round cheese, covered with a piece of cloth. He approached the gay fencing master with an unconcerned step, and the people more and more wondered what he would do.

He stopped at last at a little distance from the fencing master, and said:

“I am ready—draw.”

The fencing master drew his sword and leaped forward, his sash and spangles flashing in the air.

The grave man lifted his cheese and caught the sword in it, and then, amid an outburst of derision, mopped the proud champion's face with the dirty water.

The champion drew his sword out of the cheese, and

shrunk back in amazement, his dirty face calling out peals of laughter from the people.

“Engage!”

The champion flashed his sword in fury. He thrust forward, but his sword met the cheese, and not the broad breast of his antagonist. The latter again applied the mop to his face.

The champion started back again, knowing not whether to be angry, or to laugh with the crowd.

“Who are you?” he cried.

“Engage!” said the grave man. “I have only been playing with you. I will now take my sword, and make a thrust at you.”

“Who are you?” shouted the champion, filled with terror at this challenge, now that he saw his skill. “You must either be the devil or else Goffe or Whalley, for only they could ever surprise me.” \*

The grave man was General Goffe.

And among the people who witnessed this “duel,” as the affair was called, was our lively, facetious little friend, Joe Cone.

Goodman Blake, stage driver, now conducted a rude coach and saddle horses to the Connecticut Valley. He stood there under a branching oak in the cool, with his sagacious dog Oliver, whip in hand.

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\* These were the words, or words like them, of the fencing teacher. The scene is historical.



A remarkable duel.



Goodman Blake had been a coachman in London, and he came to Boston soon after the "Restoration," as the coming of Charles II to the throne was called. He left England because, as a coachman and the driver of a public coach, he had assisted some of the old heroes of the Commonwealth of Cromwell to escape from the country after they were in danger of being arrested for treason. He brought Oliver, his coach dog, with him. If the dog could have spoken he might have told of more than one illustrious name that he had heard secretly spoken in England. The dog seemed to be republican in his politics, and was named for Cromwell. Dogs could remain republican now that royalty had returned, which men could not. The dog Oliver was liked for his name in the colonies, where people thought rather than talked politics.

A tall man who seemed to be waiting attracted the dog Oliver's attention. The animal walked around him in circles, looking up to him, and the circle narrowed every time he passed before him, and at last the dog, seeing the stranger regarded him kindly, lay down at his feet. Had the old coach dog in England seen this man before?

The dog acted as though his master, Goodman Blake, had some time met the stranger kindly, and whatever his master wished Oliver sought to do.

The man took out a snuffbox and opened it. The box gleamed. The dog started up and sneezed. A strange

smile seemed struggling to light up the stranger's face. It half came and then vanished, leaving an odd expression, which little Joe saw, and would not easily forget.

The grave man of the half smile had a silver pipe of the form of the times of Elizabeth. This also attracted the attention of Oliver, and seemed to excite the dog's wonder. Oliver sat up and looked at it intently.

There was something friendly in the attitude of the dog that Joe could not understand.

Presently the stage driver called "Oliver," and the dog obeyed, but seemed reluctant to leave the stranger. Had he anywhere protected him? Joe thought these matters very strange, and hastened home with nimble feet to tell his mother about them. But *he* had seen on the Common another figure whom many excited eyes did not see. It was the man, grave and tall, who seemed strange to such things and scenes as these, whose face had lighted up with a reluctant smile. Joe described him to his mother as the "tall man who waited under the trees; who tried to smile, but couldn't make it. He seemed to be like one going to heaven backward," said Joe. "I shall never forget how grave he looked when all else looked funny. He spoke to one man only, and to him he said something about 'Cornet of Horse.'"

Who was this man?

Of the one hundred or more military judges appointed by the House of Parliament for the trial of King Charles I, seventy-four entered the court, and sixty-seven passed judgment upon the King, and fifty-nine signed the warrant for the execution of the King in 1649. Of these fifty-nine, twenty-four died before the Restoration. Twenty-seven of the remaining judges were arrested on the restoration of Charles II, and nine were executed in horrible ways. Sixteen of the judges fled, and of those Major-General Edward Whalley and Major-General William Goffe and Colonel William Dixwell are known to have sought refuge in New England, to have been concealed in out of the way houses, in hidden rooms and in caves of the woods.

The greatest of these judges was Edward Whalley, of a noble family of political power, fortune, and fame. He belonged to the family of Cromwell, and on the coming of the contest between Parliament and the King he espoused the cause of Parliament in behalf of the rights of the people. He proved himself a hero in the battle of Naseby in 1645, and was made Cornet-Colonel of Horse. He again won fame at Worcester and Dunbar. His cousin Cromwell arose to the supreme power, and made him a major general. He entered Parliament and counseled the death of the King. His daughter married Major-General William Goffe, a regicide, as those who voted for the death of Charles I were called. He came with General

Goffe to America, and the two arrived in Boston on July 27, 1660. They left London shortly before the King was proclaimed, and felt themselves safe in New England under the charter.

He was the man who had waited under the trees.



## CHAPTER X.

JOE CONE.

MERRY Joe Cone was a true-hearted lad. His attachment to his mother touched the hearts of the sailors. She was indeed a troubled character, but Joe so defended her that all people came to love them both.

She would say to Joe:

“I must go and wander; trouble dwells in houses. I can't stay with you no longer.”

Then she would go away into the great pastures and woods and pick berries, “teaberries,” wild strawberries, blueberries, wild cherries.

She would come home at night, and say:

“See what I have brought you, Joe. I have had you in mind all the day long; but I couldn't stay here, for trouble dwells in houses.”

One day she did not return, and Joe went out to look for her. It was a summer night. The air was alight with fireflies, and the night-hawks like dark shadows crossed the moonlight in the spaces between the trees.

He found her at last. She had fallen asleep under a

haystack. He did not awaken her, but lay down beside her, supperless.

He brought her home in the morning, her hair full of hay. He met kindly Increase Mather on his sad way.

“Where have you been, my boy?” asked the grave minister of the kindly heart.

“To find mother. She wanders. She fell asleep by the way. You do pity us.”

“Yes, yes,” said the minister. “I do pity you, and you teach me a lesson, Joseph. There is no situation in life, however hard, that we may not glorify by treating it in the right spirit. You have a golden heart, Joe, and there is a diamond in it which will shine in the world beyond the flood.”

Joe did not understand. He looked happy that the good man had spoken so kindly to him; the minister's tone of voice meant more to him than his words.

So he took his mother by the hand, and led her home.

There was a rude highway from Boston to the Hudson River that branched away to the Connecticut Valley. A part of it came to be known as the Bay Path.

From time to time a lumbering stagecoach went a little way from Boston toward the Connecticut Valley. It connected with saddle horses. The queer vehicle had been built by Goodman Blake in imitation of an English coach.

The coach was high, and was hung on great straps of

rope or leather. It had two portals, one on each side, over which were painted the King's arms. The driver's seat was high above the horses, and the lower part of it was covered with a great leather boot under which was placed the mail bags, to be transferred to the saddle horses. Here, too, usually rode the coach dog, to guard the bags when the driver was at the taverns or "ordinaries," of which there were several along the long way. The coach was painted red, yellow, and black. It had four horses, and its coming and going made a kind of holiday in Boston town.

Traveling in the colony before the time of William and Mary was very hard, and vehicles were crude affairs. There were few stagecoaches in England up to this period, and none in Boston after the manner of the picturesque conveyances that ran over new roads after the Revolution. There were few private coaches in the colonies in the seventeenth century. People rode on horseback over the new and blazed roads, and in towns they were transported from one residence to another and to market in sedan chairs. The roads were so rough that coaches could not go long distances from towns. When coaches first began to run, they had to be taken to pieces at rivers, and passengers were ordered by the driver to "lean out" to the "right hand," or to the "left hand" to keep the "balance of the coach" in shelving and rocky ways.

The mails were conveyed on horses, and the mail bags were called "postmantels."

Ladies at this time rode on pillions behind the men. There were "horse blocks" before many houses in the town and country-blocks by which women could conveniently mount horses.

When a woman sat on a pillion and carried bundles and bandboxes, she made a very queer appearance. Except temporary vehicles for short ways, riding on horseback was the only means of conveyance not only for men and the mails, and for all baggage, but for old people, women, and children. The evolution of the sedan chair into the electric car is one of the illustrations of the progress of the three centuries.

So when, a hundred years before the date of stage-coaches, Goodman Blake manufactured a temporary vehicle to go a short way over the post route to the Connecticut Valley, the carriage was a wonder. It connected with a "relay" of horses at a near public-house, and its trips at first were unfrequent.

But Boston had one private coach that was as interesting to the people as a circus at a later date could have been, and from the days of Elizabeth, England had had "royal coaches," about which wonderful tales were told. And when primitive vehicles began to be constructed for public use people hailed them in the streets, and cats ran home at the sight of the commotion, and dogs barked after

them. A dog usually went with them, and a dog accompanied the postillion with the "postmantels."

Queer, as it would seem to-day, were some of the things that were carried on horseback over these post routes, whose course was marked by blazed trees, and whose rivers had to be forded: spiders, cranes, spits, lanterns, warming pans, spinning wheels, reels, and even "bleeding pans," for doctors bled people for many diseases in those days. It has been said that lovers used hollow tubes called "courting sticks," in the Connecticut Valley, so as to talk privately in the presence of old people before the same fire. These were certainly never articles of merchandise, but wolf skins for warming one's toes in church were, and kettles, of which the brass one was deemed a luxury.

The Indian mills had not gone then. At the few places of public entertainment were dishes of samp, hominy, hasty pudding, and succotash. The tails of flying wolves were to be seen in the pine covers. Thatch covered the houses, and a cheerful sight was the smoke that curled up from the stone and clay chimneys.

People hailed the postillions as they passed along. Every man wisely looking for a letter from the "old country" or from colony towns. Few letters came from anywhere, and after the arrival of the agents of the crown, Randolph and Andros, all letters were regarded with more or less suspicion.

The faces of Indians peered suddenly from savins or

temporary lodges, as the post passed by. Goodman Blake could have hardly foreseen how all of his service would change or to what a noble life the old postillions were opening the way.

The post driver, Goodman Blake, had a warm, cheery heart, and he sometimes gave a boy a ride out of Boston town.

He met little Joe one day, in the great oak room of the Boston tavern, and said to him:

“It is a hard time that I hear you are having, Joe. The selectmen ought to do something for you. Travel between the colonies is getting brisk now, and I am not so spry as I used to be. I don’t climb down nimble no more as I used to do. How would it do for you to go with me? I need a boot boy to help me about the trunks, to be civil to women, to hold the horses, to help tackle up, and to transfer things from the coach to the saddles. I couldn’t pay you much, but I would give you a trifle besides your keep.”

Joe’s eyes sparkled. He could hardly have been happier for a moment had he been told that he was a lost heir to a throne. To ride with Goodman Blake, up in the air, above the sleek horses, was the height of joy to the heart of a Boston boy. To ride on a horse through the wilderness way was as great a delight.

“Do you mean it, honest, Goodman Blake?” he said.

“Of course I do,” said the old driver. “I need a

boy, and I like to remember a boy that is true-hearted, and is brave, and has things that can't be helped against which he has to contend."

A shade fell on the sunshine of Joe's face, and he said:

"But, Goodman Blake—mother—it would not do for me to leave mother; she wanders. She can't help it—her mind isn't like other people's. It isn't straight. It goes away from her. I would rather go with you, Goodman Blake, than with any one else on earth. I would rather go with you than go to sea. I might get the Healy girl to stay with her. How it would please mother to have me go! I would like to go for her sake."

The Healy girl was an unfortunate dwarf, who had been injured in her youth by a disease called the rickets.

"Well, try it for the fall season, Joe. Go and talk with your mother."

Joe returned the next morning to the tavern, bringing his mother with him.

"An' it is that good you are," said Jane Cone to Goodman Blake. "Yes, Joe can go; he can go with you, Goodman Blake, though I would be loath to have him out of my sight with the King, he is that good to me. Oh, I would be proud to see him riding all up there in the air, and the boys and girls all shouting, and the dogs running and barking, and the roosters' legs all going like drumsticks, and the pigeons flying, and the great whip going

clack, smack, whack, about the harness! Yes, Joe can go."

Joe went. When he mounted the high box beside Goodman Blake for the first time in Boston town it made many good people rejoice, because Joe had always been so good to his mother.

In this way Joe learned the way between Boston and New Haven.

Joe loved this life. He felt a keen joy when the coach rolled out of the town, and the horses with postmantels and baggage emerged from the woods, and high hills, or when a great valley opened before his view. He liked to see the crows fly and caw; the squirrels run along the rocks and the rabbits leap across the ways, and the quails hide and the partridges rise on whirring wings. Little Joe's heart was happy with Goodman Blake and Oliver.

There were some strange travelers over the new highways in these rude times.

One day, in bright October, an incident happened that excited little Joe's wonder. Two men entered the coach at a house just outside of Boston. One was old, the other younger; they were both noble looking. The older one was muffled, and little Joe came to allude to him as the "muffled man."

There was one other passenger in the coach, Pierre Calef, whom Joe knew. The travelers had no great trunks, and yet Goodman Blake filled the back of the coach with barrels and boxes, and he hung upon the out-



side of the coach a placard like a modern one—"No room to-day."

Little Joe began to ask questions about the "muffled man," but Goodman Blake only answered:

"One can't tell when people are traveling about so. Don't bother me no more about the 'muffled man.' He'll leave us at New Haven, and we are not likely to ever see him any more."

Joe was not to be quieted.

"But suppose he should be somebody in particular—the 'muffled man'?"

"Well, suppose he should, boy?"

"He has no bags. Why? And all these boxes are empty. Why? When I get down and when we change to the horses, let me ask him if he is anybody in particular?"

"No—no—no; never ask questions of travelers—that isn't our business. The only thing to ask of a traveler is for his fare. You may ask him for that when we arrive."

The "muffled man," who had left the vehicle outside of Boston for the service on horseback, rode easily all the way, as if he were used to a horse. On his arrival at one of the settlements a sedan chair was offered him, but he declined it.

A very peculiar incident happened when he first dismounted. Oliver, the dog, went to him and made friends

with him. Dogs have an instinct of friendship. The "muffled man," as seeing that the dog was noble and sagacious, spoke to him in a tone that the animal understood. As often as the "muffled man" dismounted Oliver ran to him. The "muffled man" seemed to take a strange pleasure in saying "Oliver, Oliver!" He spoke as though he had been used to the name; that somehow it had a peculiar meaning to him.

Joe wondered at these things. There seemed to be some great mystery about the "muffled man."

He lost the "muffled man" at New Haven, but he had to call the dog Oliver away from him as they parted.

It was a queer mail service that they had in those days. Joe emptied the contents of the postmantels on the table in the waiting room in the public-house, and that was all. People came for the letters, paid their postage on them to the coachman or innkeeper, and went away. Those were simple times indeed!

Once, on returning from the valley, the postmen encountered a drifting snowstorm. The sky at noon turned gray; the sun went out, and a whirling, blinding snow filled the air. They reached an ordinary. They started for Boston the next day, the horses plunging here and there in the snowdrifts.

They came to a lonely house in a clearing among pines bowed down with ice and snow, when they were arrested by a strange sight. The house was nearly buried in a

snowdrift, and from a scuttle on the roof an old woman, in a cap with a flying border, was waving a birch broom and crying "Help!"

They stopped and dug the drift away from her door, and found there a lame old man and two children who were sick of the canker-rash. The woman believed that Providence had sent them to her in her distress. Houses at this time were sometimes found buried in snowdrifts.

One day, near winter, little Joe came to Goodman Blake with a troubled face.

"I hate to tell it," said he, "but mother is wandering again. The Healy girl can't control her no longer; no one can take care of her but I. She wanders in the woods gathering sticks and gets lost, and it is becoming cold. I will have to leave you and pick oakum, or get work in the ropewalk, or down by the sea. It takes but little money for poor mother and I. I do hate to leave you."

"That is a right heart that you have, Joe. Heaven bless such as you! But, Joe, you have learned the valley road, and you could take the saddle horses to New Haven yourself. You know how it is all done. If I should ever be took sick, or if anything should happen to me, I should fall back on you to drive the coach, even if you have to take your mother with you."

So Joe turned back to his simple home, where he and his mother passed the winter in oakum picking.

"It is sorry I am to be a burden to you, Joe," Jane

Come use to say to him, when she felt the pinch of their hard lot.

“But,” said Joe, at such reflections, “God is good to me; I can feel it. He knows all, and Dr. Mather *himself* is very good to me.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN THE JUDGE'S CAVE.—A CATAMOUNT.

WHILE the post horses were stopping at New Haven upon one of the weekly journeys, Goodman Blake and Joe made a detour some miles from the city, into a sparsely settled country in the wilderness, to a place called West Rock, a rocky hill overlooking the sea. Little Joe was at a loss to know why Goodman Blake wished to make the journey, but that was not a matter for him to ask. He was glad at heart to be with the happy-hearted stage driver wherever the way. They came to a house called Sperry's, for such was the name of the family who lived there. It was near Milford and Guilford. Good-woman Sperry, the head of the family, was found at home, and she welcomed the coming of the stage driver, with whom she seemed to share some experience in common.

“I am glad you have come,” said the good woman; “it is all so dark.”

Little Joe's ears quickened. What did the woman mean by its being “all so dark”? It was bright October

weather; the sun flooded the woods, and the woods were red and golden.

“Is Cornet here?” asked Goodman Blake.

“No, no; *they* have gone; haven’t you been told? No wonder, when it may be peril, and one knows not what to think or where to stir. ‘Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday.’ Mr. Davenport preached a sermon from that text.”

“Why did Colonel Cornet leave the place?”

“He saw a catamount.”

Joe’s ears tingled. He wished to ask questions, but Goodman Blake raised his hand forbiddingly.

The two talked on in the blind way.

“Where is your husband Richard?” at last asked the driver.

“Down to the mill; ride down there and see him, and leave the boy with me.”

Goodman Blake rode away, leaving Joe with Mrs. Sperry. Soon a lad, Mrs. Sperry’s son, came in from the field. Joe’s tongue was loosened now.

“*Who* was it that saw the catamount?” he asked.

“Oh, that interests you,” said Mrs. Sperry. “It was the woodman who was here last year. My boy here will remember him. *He* used to carry his food to him in a basin and leave it on a stump in the field. There were two.”

“Two woodmen or two catamounts?” asked little Joe.

“One catamount, or panther, and two woodmen.”

“Did the woodmen cut wood?” asked little Joe innocently.

The good woman who was frying dough stopped. She seemed to be arrested by her conscience, or prudence. She at last turned over the dough with a wooden spoon, and said:

“They were surveyors.” She did not look quite contented with this answer.

“Did they live here?” continued Joe.

“Sometimes, in stormy weather.”

“Did they live in the woods?”

“Yes, yes, little chatterbox. They lived up on the hill overlooking the whole country in a cave.”

Joe's ears tingled again. He beat his heels on the chair. Something began to haunt his mind. He at last could restrain himself no longer.

“Can I go up on the hill and see the cave?”

The good woman gathered herself up resolutely, and stood silent.

“Yes,” she said; “I do not see why not. They are not here now—the surveyors. Dick,” she continued, “go up with him and show him the cave where the surveyors used to stay nights, when you carried food to them.”

The two boys ran up the high hill together, as if they rejoiced to have met each other.

They came at last to some rocks, and dried branches of evergreen fell over an opening in one of them. Dick led the way through the branches into a room. The aperture was some three feet wide and five feet high. The room was in the midst of seven broken rocks. These rocks were some twenty-five feet high and one hundred and fifty feet round. They were covered with thick trees.

“No one in the wide world would ever find such a place as this,” said Joe. “They might hide the murderers of the King here, and no one ever would find them.”

The cave was shadowy, but full of the odors of pine. A black fireplace was there.

“How did the catamount appear to the surveyors?” asked Joe, sitting down on a pile of stones.

“I will tell you all I know,” said Dick. “One night in June I heard the dogs barking around the house, and soon a man came running down the hill to the door. He looked like one of the old patriarchs. I heard him come in and tell mother that two eyes like fire had appeared to him at the mouth of the cave, and that the ‘creature’ had cried and cried, and pierced his soul. The ‘creature’ had gone away crying, crying, just like a child. And when the voice had gone into the woods, he had run for the house; but the other surveyor had not followed him. So father got up early in the morning, and went



back with him to the cave. After that the surveyors went away. They were strange men; they acted as though they were hiding. The Indians used to see them in the woods."

"Were the surveyors felling trees?"

"No, no; it always seemed strange to me—and father never talked much about them."

A very strange thing happened in the cavern. Oliver, the patriotic dog, had followed the boys joyfully. He was the first of the light-hearted party to rush into the cave. He immediately began to bark there in a strange way, as though he had found something, or was on the scent of something which he recognized.

The boys lifted the dry pine boughs so that the light broke upon the hollow within.

There was a stone fireplace in the cavern. On one side of it was a stone hearth, and along the edge of this hearth Oliver began to run his nose, and then to leap about wildly.

Presently he dug down into the earth beside the rude hearth with his feet.

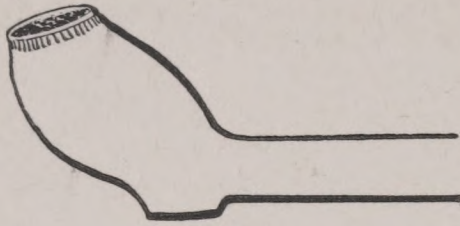
He threw up something at last that gleamed.

It was a silver pipe of the curious angle of the pipes of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Joe started and threw up his hands as he saw it.

The dog held it firmly in his teeth, and sat on his

haunches, with the pipe in his mouth, making a comical figure indeed.



“I have seen a silver pipe like that before,” said Joe.

“Where?” asked his companion.

“An old English judge had it—or one like it; it was on Boston Common, on the day of the duel between the mop and cheese and the sword.”

Oliver rushed back to the house to meet Goodman Blake, carrying the silver pipe in his mouth.

Goodman Blake did not laugh when he saw Oliver with the silver pipe in his mouth. He looked puzzled and surprised.

“This is serious,” he said at last.

“What?” asked little Joe.

The boy received no answer. Goodman Blake took the pipe away from the dog, and it was not seen again.

The two boys went out of the cave and looked toward the far sea and over the great wilderness. A running spring was near. A few miles away lay New Haven, a town of humble houses. The place, called West Rock, was a little west of New Haven, and in 1661 there were only two houses westward from West Rock to the Hudson River.

Instinct sees strange things sometimes which come true. Somehow, he could not tell how, Joe at once associated the surveyor who had seen the two shining eyes of the catamount on the June night, with the "muffled man." Strange things were happening in New England in these altered times, now that there was a king in England.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHO WAS THE MAN WHO HAD LIVED IN THE CAVE?

JOE CONE and his mother continued to pick oakum together evenings, though Joe worked in the long ropewalk during the greater part of the year.

Joe had told his mother of his visit to the cave on the top of the windy hill where the surveyors had made their home. They had talked much about the matter, and had wondered why the old stage driver had visited the place, or why he had wished to see the miller of the farms in the wilderness after he had arrived.

One evening Joe stopped in his picking of the tarred sticks of rope, and turned his head wisely several times, with a look of new intelligence.

“Mother?”

“What, Joe?”

“Something has come to me. I saw the swordsman who came to the Common with the cheese and wiped the face of the gay fencing master with a mop. There was a tall man who stood waiting under the trees at the time. Mother, the muffled man in the carriage looked like *him*.”



“He was a judge—he was a relative of Oliver Cromwell, so the folks say; let me call home my thoughts, Joe, so that they will run clear in mind. What makes you think that the looks of the muffled man favored those of the companion of the swordsman who wiped the face of the gay fencing master with a mop?”

“He had an iron look, mother, but when he smiled that look went away with an expression no one else in all the world could have. I saw him smile when the swordsman outmaneuvered the fencing master, and he smiled when he paid to me the road fare. The money came *hard*. It was the same smile—there could never be another like it.”

The two sat thinking. Presently Joe said:

“Mother, I recall something more. On the Common he said: ‘I have not been a Cornet of Horse not to know how to handle a sword.’ When he arrived at New Haven he asked for a horse. ‘Can you ride?’ asked the stable-keeper’s son. He answered, ‘An old Cornet of Horse ought to know how to ride.’ Now, mother, let us reason. No man but the judge could ever have lifted that smile out of a face of iron.”

“How queer you are talking, Joe!”

“And, mother, few men would twice use the expression ‘Cornet of Horse’ in the same deep, awful voice. The same man might. What is a Cornet of Horse?”

“That goes beyond me, Joe. The man who appeared

on the Common was one of the judges of the King. I have been told that he was the very judge who ordered the King to death."

She dropped her oakum.

"Joe, something is coming to me. What do you suppose it was that I heard Increase Mather say after meeting in the Old North Church? It was only yesterday. He said, 'Five of the judges of the King are not exempted in the new order. They are to be found and executed. Sir Edward Randolph thinks they are here in the colony.' I heard him say that, Joe. The man of the coach may have been one of them. Be silent, Joe, and show your wisdom. Randolph might summon the driver before him; then he might send for you, Joe. Where would you be then, and where would I be, if they were to take you away from me, Joe?"

"Mother, a suspicion comes to me. How may we know but the surveyor, who saw the panther's eyes breaking through the bushes at the opening of the cave, was the same man—the friend of the swordsman, the Cornet of Horse, the muffled man? They all may be the same judge, and the judge may be hiding from Randolph. He may have acted as a surveyor for a time. He could have seen any stranger approaching from the cave on the hill.

"That was a queer cave, mother. Let me tell you how I felt when I was there. I felt as though there had been some mystery about it. I could feel it in the air. Why

should a surveyor select a high windy cave in which to live, when the mill was only a few miles away? Why should he not have lived at the mill or in one of the houses at Milford? Why should his food have been taken to him in a basin, and left on a rock? A spirit of the air seemed to tell me that the mystery had a history, and mother, mother, the ways of the mystery seem to come to me. That was the judge's cave."

"But who was the other one with him there?"

"Some attendant, perhaps; it may be that he was another judge or the swordsman. Who can say?"

"Where do you suppose they are now, Joe?"

"Hiding in the wilderness."

"Don't you never speak of these things, Joe. Another thing comes to me now. Increase Mather said that the crown had offered a reward for the finding of the hiding-place of the judges. They say that Randolph favors the taking away of our charter. If he were to do that, all of the property here would go back to the crown, and the people would all be dependents on the throne."

"I would not betray the hiding-place of the judges, if I knew it, for all the gold in the King's treasury."

"There you are again, Joe. The ring of the steel is true. Ah, it is a blessing to be the mother of such as you. I have had my blessings in life. I would let this old hand wither in the flames before I would betray the judges if I knew where they were. That's you, too, Joe.

Edward Randolph would not be here seeking to deprive us of our rights if Cromwell had lived. I don't know many things, Joe, but my heart was in the old Commonwealth of England; those were blessed days, and my mind was unclouded then. The judges were the protectors of the people. I would guard their caves in the wilderness and keep the panthers away nights, if I knew where such places were. Let us talk low, Joe. Troublous times have come, and they say that doors and windows have ears."







A royal ship brings a proclamation.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A PROCLAMATION.

THERE sailed into Boston harbor one day a royal ship bringing a proclamation.

The proclamation called for the punishment of all who should harbor any regicides who might have sought refuge in the colonies.

The judges themselves, if found, would not only be executed, but, probably, tortured before their execution. They would be brought to London, tried, condemned; if their punishment followed the example of others, they would be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution; they would be partly hanged, let down and disemboweled, their members would be quartered, and their heads set on pikes.



Oliver Cromwell.

The proclamation filled New England with terror. What would good, humane, true-hearted Simon Bradstreet do now? The judges disappeared from Cambridge, and

where they went and where they were hidden became the great secret of the New England colony.

To hide these regicides was treason; to help them escape was a crime; to know where they were was a secret over which hung the death penalty.

Only a few could be admitted into such a terrible secret as this. But those who were intrusted with the secret had hearts true to liberty. In the twenty years of this secret no one was found so base as to betray his trust.

The regicides of Cambridge had suddenly disappeared from sight, as though the very earth had swallowed them up. Where had they gone?

There was one man who must have known their wanderings. It was Simon Bradstreet.

In these dark days young Captain William Phips came sailing into port, bringing a ship loaded with lumber.

He received a strange message. It was to visit Assistant Bradstreet secretly at his home in North Andover. Why was he called there? And by Simon Bradstreet? What was happening that demanded so great secrecy? Simon Bradstreet had been appointed a few years before to go to England to congratulate Charles II on his accession to the throne in the name of the colonies, and this magistrate of the humane heart and beautiful manners had gone there, and made a good impression for the colony on the King.

There are times when true hearts know whom to trust. This was one of them. When secrets are to be kept the hearts to keep them must be few and true.

William Phips went home to announce to his wife that he had been called away by the Deputy Governor.

Mrs. Phips started up, and asked:

“Did you know that a commissioner from the King had landed here?”

“No. Who is he?”

“He is a fox. His name is Randolph—Edward Randolph—Randolph the fox. He has a face like a fox. It is the heart that makes the face. Do you want to know what I think brings him here? He is a treason hunter. He is secretly looking for the regicides, of whom it is said that there are more than two in the colony. What will Simon Bradstreet say when Randolph, the regicide hunter, shall ask him questions face to face? Where do you think the two judges are now?”

“I do not know. Some creatures go to their holes when they hear the hunting horn.”

“Well, the hunting horn has sounded clearly enough now. Do you want to know what this same Randolph has been saying? It is this: ‘It is not for the interest of the King that the people should thrive!’” \*

William Phips leaped to his feet.

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\* Randolph's own words.

“Is that his spirit? Such a man would deny us our chartered rights. New England will be no longer a Company, but a colony. I wish I were rich and had power.”

He went to the door.

“I have wished to be rich,” he said, “that I might purchase for you the house in the Fair Green Lane. The best house in the town is not good enough for such a woman as you. Now I wish I were rich for another purpose. I would use my power against such a man as that. ‘It is not in the interest of the King that the people should thrive!’ Then I stand for the people against such an agent of the King.”

A patriotic spirit had begun to glow within him. It would grow.

The next morning he took a horse for North Andover. Strangely enough, he found Captain Moseley in the same way.

“Where are you going, captain?”

“To North Andover.”

“So am I.”

“A commissioner has arrived in these parts.”

“So I am told.”

“His name is Randolph.”

“Sir Edward Randolph.”

“He bodes no good. He says that the Company has become too large for a colony—that we should be a province.”

“That means that our power to elect our own magistrates should be taken away, and that we should be ruled by a Governor, appointed by the King.”

“He thinks that we thrive too much as a colony for the good of the throne. He is our enemy. He is hunter for treason. The Indian war is over, and we seemed to be the masters of the colony when this man arrived.”

“Are you going to Governor Bradstreet’s?” asked Captain Phips.

“I have been asked to go there.”

“So have I.”

They rode on. Arrived at the place, they were met by some of the leading men of the colony, who seemed to be in great perplexity.

They were led into a great oak room, and the cross-beam was placed across the door.

They discussed what would happen to the cause of liberty in the world, not what would befall their own estates, were the charter to be taken away.

William Phips listened. He was young and could only express himself awkwardly in the presence of public men. But he could feel. His forehead reddened and his cheek burned. He was called upon at last to speak, after all the others had spoken.

He arose and stood with bowed head and twisted legs.

“If *this* skipper could only find a treasure ship for the

King, he might get a hearing then where he could do some good."

The grave men raised their heads.

He stood there awkwardly, swaying to and fro.

"Young captain," said the host of this board of advice, "if you could buy the whole of North America for one penny, and had not that one penny, what would you do?"

"I would get that one penny."



## CHAPTER XIV.

### RANDOLPH, THE FOX.

THESE are exciting times. Each year becomes more alarming.

The little foxes were disappearing from the New England woods, but a great fox indeed now appeared in the person of Edward Randolph, to whom we have referred.

He first began to trouble the colony in June, 1676, and his mission then could not have failed to excite the interest of Captain Phips. He came ostensibly to demand of the Massachusetts Bay Colony that she should give proof and defend her title to the province of Maine.

When he beheld the prosperity of the colony it filled him with jealousy for the crown. The Bay Colony was happy and prosperous and becoming rich; she elected her own governors and made her own laws. She was what was called a theocracy, or a people governed by God, after the ancient Hebrew example. Only church members could vote. The people elected the church ministers, and these in turn largely governed the opinions of the people. The pulpit at this time was the supreme power; it controlled

the conduct of the magistrates. But as the people consented to this influence, believing it to be ordained by Heaven, there was contentment everywhere until Edward Randolph arrived.

He saw that the crown might derive great revenues by the taxation of these people. He saw also that, notwithstanding their submission to the King, the colonists were at heart loyal to the principles of the ancient English commonwealth, and he suspected that several of the military judges of Charles I were hidden here in woods, caves, or secret rooms in secluded houses.



Charles II.

What a service he would appear to render to Charles II could he discover the hiding-place of these regicides! What glory such a disclosure would bring to his name!

He determined to bring New England under the direct government of the throne; to serve the King by seeking to oppress the colony, and take from it its chartered rights.

He became the enemy of New England. His influence with Charles II caused him to be regarded by the magistrates of the colony with apprehension and terror.

He went away to England to report that the colony needed a more rigid government. He reappeared in New England in 1678 to begin strong measures by requiring the

colonists to take a new oath of allegiance, and to cause them to enforce the navigation laws. On his second return he began to show his hand, which was to reduce New England from an independent colony, protected by a liberal charter, to a province, which would be directly governed by an agent of the King.

There was one place in New England about which people spoke cautiously at this time. It was the Hidden Farms. It was not known that fugitives were hidden there then, but it was suspected that such had been the case of the regicides who had suddenly disappeared from Boston.

One day, as Captain Phips was resting at home, we may imagine another message to have come to him. It was to repair to the Hidden Farms to meet the Deputy Governor again.

“You handle a schooner well,” said Mr. Bradstreet.

“I hope to handle one better at some future time,” said the young captain.

“The woods of Maine are wide,” said the Deputy Governor.

“Too wide for any but the Indian hunter,” said the captain.

“Do you know of any place of friendly Indian lodges on the Kennebec?” asked the Governor.

“Any Indians may be made friends by treating them well.”

“That is well said, my young captain. Some of us have an old friend who is sick, and we might have to remove him to some place where human foxes have not yet disturbed the shy little animals of the forest. Do you comprehend?”

“I comprehend. There is a great fox now in the colony—I comprehend.”

“I am about to send messengers over the Bay path to make some inquiries about my friend’s health. Will you remain on the Hidden Farms until they return? I may then have a duty that I will wish to intrust to you. You brought off the settlers well when the Indians fell upon them. You showed yourself a man on that day, William Phips.”

“I was not born for myself alone, Governor.” \*

“And you held the lives of others on *that* day to be above all private interests.”

“I did not think of that at that time, Governor. I simply did my duty.”

“You are a destined man, William Phips.”

“Do you say that, Governor? Let me tell you the secret of my heart. I have long felt what you now say. When my friends tried to hold me on the shores of the Kennebec I said to them, ‘I am born for better things than to remain a builder of other people’s boats.’ How

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\* William Phips’s own words on a like occasion.

they laughed at me! Governor, I am not proud—Heaven forbid. I have nothing but my two hands, and a wife.”

“You have no common hands, captain.”

“No, Governor, no. There is destiny somehow and somewhere in these two fists.”

He doubled his hands, and stretched forth his arms like a giant.

“And you have no ordinary wife.”

“You speak true again. She is a captain’s daughter. She believes in me; that is what makes a man rise, to have his wife believe in him. I have promised her that I will one day gain for her the tallest of the tall houses in the Fair Green Lane. I will one day build her a house of brick there among the best of the gabled houses. You may laugh at visions, Governor, but my day dreams are from God. Some men can see what they can do, and do it. I am a man like that, Governor. I will wait here until the messengers return. Your will is my law; I believe in you, even as my good wife believes in me. I will make her proud of me some day.”

“William Phips, we have fallen on perilous times. But you are one of the true New Englanders of New England.”

## CHAPTER XV.

### OAKUM PICKING.

“AH, Joe Cone, Joe Cone, you are a lovely boy, and you left the top of the stage to be a comfort to your poor old mother, whose wits are gone, and who is led about hither and thither by she knows not what any more.

“Joe, Joe, there is worth in a heart like yours; it is a purse of God from which the needy draws out in their need. You will have your reward, not here, it may be, but in some better world than this.

“The people all love you, Joe, and a good name is worth more than riches. I was good to my poor old mother when I was young, and I am getting my reward in you. Every good thing that we do finds its reward here or elsewhere. Oh, Joe, Joe! now that you have left the post, we will have to go on picking oakum.”

So said poor Jane Cone in one of her sane moods. She had been a sympathetic and worthy woman in her early days; then “restless spells,” as she termed her condition, came over her, and at last reason failed her at times. She

had a very noble character when she was herself, but when she lost herself her tongue was sharp.

Picking oakum was a common employment among poor people at that time. It consisted in picking to pieces old ropes to be used for calking ships. Some of these old ropes were tarred, and the work was difficult. Great quantities of oakum were used in shipbuilding and repairing, for the ships then had wooden walls, and not iron plates, to stand the warfare of the storms at sea.

So night by night the two would sit by a tallow dip, and pick oakum, and earn enough money to pay the miller and the market man.

When they were thus at work the poor woman's old self would come back again, and she would talk long and earnestly with little Joe.

One evening Joe said to her:

“There has come into port a young man from Maine; he lives with the young widow in the vine-covered house.”

“What is his name, Joe?”

“Phips—William Phips.”

“He is the one who struck you, Joe. I keep him in mind. I know where he lives.”

“He thinks there is gold hidden in the sea, and he wants to go to find it.”

“Maybe he will go some day. Sometimes dreams are wings, and turn into things. But he might get the gold without contentment. Sometimes people become rich by

wanting things, and sometimes by not wanting things at all. Let us be contented to take our work as the best thing that God can give us—you and I, Joe. I would be happy, Joe, and would be willing to work my hands off for you, if only I had my wits.”

“Ah, but I wish I had one doubloon, mother !”

“And what would you do with it, Joe?”

“I would get two doubloons with one doubloon, and those would get four, and those eight, and at last I would have a thousand; and then I would build a house for you, mother, and buy a cow.”

“That is a lovely vision, indeed. But let me tell you the story of the visionary man and his dog Trusty. This was how it was:

“The visionary man had a dog Trusty, and the dog was a knowing dog, and he barked every time that his master spent money for things that were not good for the man’s soul. The man only spent money when Trusty did not bark. But the dog barked and barked, until he left the poor visionary man nothing but his porridge and what he gave away. But the man had health, and his fame spread, and his money multiplied, and he was happy. One day his dog died. Then he made his gold fly, and he lost his health, and his good name, and his contentment and everything. It is not all to be rich; it is not always good, Joe.”

They picked the cut pieces of the tarred ropes by the wavering light. They worked on in silence.



“I will never have much to give away,” at last said Joe; “but I can give myself to those who need me most; that I can, mother. I never shall find any gold on the rocks of the sea, or ships of gold; such things are not for me. But there is one thing that I can do.”

“An’ wot is that, Joe?”

“I can make up for all that you have suffered by an honorable life. People will say then that ‘he had a good mother.’ ”

Jane Cone started up.

“Ah, Joe, Joe! you fill my heart with delight, Joe. They will say that ‘he was the son of afflicted Jane Cone,’ and that ‘he was always good to his mother.’ Yes, Joe, you may never be called to gather treasures from the sea, but you can give yourself to need, as you have to me. Oh, Joe, Joe! I wish I could die right now for the love of you, so that I may never be a burden to you more. It is enough to be the mother of such a boy as you—I want nothing more. There are some blessings in life that are so good that one don’t want to live after them. To think that you have had the heart to leave the coach for me—that is enough. You go to bed, Joe, and sleep. I will stay up and pick oakum for you. Kiss me now; put your arms around me tight, and then go.”

The boy locked his mother’s neck in his arms, and then sought his bed.

Jane Cone picked the ropes by the pine-log fire.

At eleven the candle dip went out, but she picked the ropes.

At twelve the fire went down, but she picked the ropes.

At five in the morning the boy awoke. He found his mother finishing her work.

“See wot I have done, Joe. I have picked the whole pile. It is a right happy night that I have had!”

## CHAPTER XVI.

### GOVERNOR LEVERETT'S STRANGE FAMILY STORY.

THE heroism of Captain William Phips in rescuing the colonists in the town in the province of Maine from the Indians at his own loss continued to make him friends among the best people of Boston town. It is by the loss of self that we make the gains that last, and selfishness gives us nothing that we can keep. The best society of Boston town—and by the best we mean the people of character—liked to recognize the young sailor who could give up his own interest to others' good. He was rough and unschooled, but he had ennobled himself by his generous deed. The true heart will always find a place in the best company in the society of all faithful people, and so it was with young Captain Phips.

There were noble people in Boston in those old times, people loyal to all that is highest in the soul, and among these was Governor John Leverett, afterward Sir John Leverett. He had a beautiful face which his worthy soul had formed. His father was an alderman of Boston, England, a man of credit and property. John Leverett re-

ceived a liberal education, became a merchant and a man of means. He was an intimate friend of Cromwell, and became an officer in the parliamentary army. For some years he was the agent of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in England. He was one of the most illustrious of the fathers of New England.

He was the colonial Governor during the Indian war, and knew all the secrets of the administration of the war. Simon Bradstreet was associated with him as assistant and Deputy Governor, and Captain Moseley acted under him in his bold campaign in the Indian war.

Governor Leverett had a strange family story. He told it with awe at times to his guests. It was such a story as deeply impressed such people as Increase Mather and Cotton Mather, Increase Mather's son, who were inclined, with all their great learning, to superstition.

Captain William Phips was ignorant of story books. A marvelous story was a revelation to him, and if it came from a man of consequence like Governor Leverett, he hardly more doubted it than as though it had been spoken from the skies.

One day Captain Phips was invited to a reception which was to be given to Governor Leverett. He returned to his home. He sat down by his wife, and said to her:

“Do you think that the days of miracles are over?”

“God will always work miracles through law. He

does not violate His own laws. Why do you want miracles? We know that if we obey the spiritual laws in us we may have faith to overcome the world; what more do we need? The only thing worth living for is righteousness, and I do not care to see an angel descend from heaven. Such a thing would add nothing to my faith."

"My good wife, do you believe that the stories that the Mathers are telling of the wonders of the invisible world are true?"

"I do not know, but I do believe that it is 'eternal life to know God.' I do not desire anything further; I am content with simple faith."

"Do you know that Governor Leverett is telling a story to his friends that is as wonderful as that of Abraham and the angel? I am not like you. I doubt. I would like to see an angel descend from heaven with my own eyes. Wife, I have come home with something to tell you. Governor Leverett has invited us to pass an evening with him. I am going, and you must go with me, and I shall ask the Governor to tell me his great family story. I want props to my faith; I am not a religious man as I ought to be."

"Oh, William, William, the faith of people who seek marvels is an unsteady basis of character, I am thinking. But how good it is in Governor Leverett to invite us to pass an evening with him! He is growing old. Let us go. You need such influences as his."

Captain William and his wife found themselves on one autumn evening in the grand reception room of Governor Leverett. They were welcomed by the beautiful old man graciously, and entertained in the almost royal way that marked the hospitality of an old Boston merchant. There were stately chairs about the great dining table, and services of silver on the sideboard. The table was loaded with the luxuries of many lands. Governor Bradstreet was there. Captain William wondered that a Maine ship carpenter like him should have found his way to such a board.

After the evening dinner, which was like one of state, Captain William ventured on the inquiry which was nearest to his heart, very cautiously.

“Governor Leverett,” he said, “I was a very hard-working boy, and was not well schooled, and I have lived a rough life since. My faith is not steady as my wife’s is. I have been told that an angel came down from heaven during the Indian war. You were Governor then. Is the story true?”

The Governor looked into the young man’s face solemnly, and his face beamed with a serene faith.

“The Angel of Deliverance,” said he.

“And what was the Angel of Deliverance, and where did he appear?” asked Captain Phips eagerly.

The Governor moved back so as to lean his arms on the table. The candles were snuffed, and the Governor said:

“The days of wonders have not ceased in New England; we are living again as in the days of old.

“There is a town in the western woods called Hadley. It leads off the Bay path. The river winds there (the Ox Bow) amid great trees. The trees of the forests are like giants there, the meadows are green as ever were the pastures on the Jordan. Beautiful is the town of Hadley.

“The Indian warriors of Philip went down to the towns on the west, shrieking the war whoop as they went. Wherever they found the settlers' cabins they left ashes. You could follow them now by the chimney stacks that rise black and cold where red blood was shed.

“The people of Hadley had heard that the Indians were on the warpath, killing men, women, and children, driving away cattle and burning the houses of the pioneers. They appointed a day of fasting and prayer, and they assembled in the church on the day appointed, bringing their guns with them.

“In the midst of the meeting sentinels came running into the church crying: ‘Arm, form! The Indians are upon us!’ The people ran out of the church. The militia formed, and marched out for the defense of the place, but were driven back. The people felt that their hour had come, and that they would soon be given over to slaughter and fire. But strong men prayed. In the midst of the terror and the prayers the most wonderful thing

happened. A patriarch appeared in the streets. None saw him come. No one seemed to ever have seen him before. He was dressed like a chaplain of the army of Cromwell. His hair was white, his beard was flowing, his face was grand and beautiful. Only a celestial visitant could have had such a face as the people of Hadley say he presented.

“ ‘ Rally and follow! ’ he shouted. He drew a sword; it was the sword of the Lord. The people rallied under the lead of the messenger from heaven. They drove back the Indians and saved their homes. Then he disappeared. None saw him go. None knew whither he went. No one as far as I can learn ever saw him again. The people met to give thanks. They called that captain that came and vanished, the Angel of Deliverance.”

Captain William sat in silence with staring eyes. He presently said:

“ I wish that I knew that that story was true! ”

Governor Bradstreet sat in silence. Captain William wondered that he did not speak. He had followed Governor Leverett in the succession of colonial governors, and he was a very religious man; but he was one whose steady faith in truth was little influenced by superstition.

The people rose from the table. Governor Bradstreet led Mrs. Phips into the reception room.

“ Do you think that that was an angel? ” asked Mrs. Phips on the way.





The "Angel of Deliverance."



“Well, madam, I have my theory. It was an angel, but not such a one as the Governor supposes. A great secret has been intrusted to me, and I do not like to hurt my brother's feelings by telling it to him now, for he is growing old. You shall be told more of this story, if we both live, and the colony can hold its charter.”

There was something about this story that Governor Bradstreet knew that Governor Leverett did not seem to comprehend. What was it? Mrs. Phips's curiosity was deeply awakened, and her heart fell when she thought of how disappointing might be the effect of such a story on the mind of her husband should it ever be proven not to have been quite true.

She only said:

“There might have been an Angel of Deliverance at Hadley on that day, and he not have been a visitant from heaven.”

It was a period of mysteries in New England now. People were looking for signs for faith, and Captain William hardly knew whether to hold to the opinions of his wife or to be influenced by what was called “the wonders of the invisible world.”

After returning home the young captain said to his wife:

“I wish to believe that story, don't you?”

She hesitated.

“Don't you wish me to believe it?” he added.

“Ah, William,” said she. “You have a hot temper which you have not yet overcome. I would rather see you overcome that than to believe any marvelous story! Obedience to God’s will is the true way of light. Obey, and you shall know—seek not for signs.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CHARTER.

EDWARD ANDROS arrived in Boston in 1686 to consolidate the colonies.

After his arrival strange meetings began to be held in the colony. Andros had been a favorite of the Duke of York, and had accompanied the royal family into exile; he was a most accomplished man, of pure personal character, but a slave to the royal power. He ordered the charters to be taken away from the colonies. He forbade printing in the colonies; he appointed his own council, and he and his council made laws, and imposed taxes, and commanded the army. Randolph had prepared the way for this tyranny.

The people saw their slavery coming in the days of Randolph. What were they to do? For them to meet in public now to protest against such acts became treason. They had a number of public men who became giants in their struggle for the charter. Two of these men were Simon Bradstreet and Increase Mather, and young William Phips had become a rude advocate in the cause.

It is in the early days of the eighties. There is to be a meeting of the magistrates to consider their interests. The leading men of the colony are to be present.

It is to be a grave meeting, a reverent one. Is the dream of liberty of old forever to vanish from the shores of New England?

We may suppose Mather to be there, the venerable Simon Bradstreet, and young Phips among the men of lesser consequence.

In the midst of their discussions a tall form appeared, with a dark face, an evil face. It was Randolph, called the Fox.

He bowed like a courtier to the magistrates as though he were doing them a favor by bowing at all.

How royal he looked!

“And may I ask your president, as the agent of his Majesty in the colonies, what may be the purpose of this meeting?”

Simon Bradstreet answered:

“Sir, we have assembled to consider what we may best do to protect our estates.”

“What estates, may I inquire?”

“Our lands.”

“You will have none after your charter is taken away.”

“No lands?”

“No lands. They will be forfeited to the King.”

“But we will have our titles to land.”

“The titles came to you by the charter from the King. The charter of the King will be valueless when it is taken away.”

The venerable form of Increase Mather rose.

“Sir, with all due respect to the office of the viceroy of the King, may I ask if the people of New England may not regard as eternally sacred their titles to their houses and estates?”

“Sir, I will answer you respectfully, as you are the chosen minister of a body of people of this town; but I will answer you firmly, and with the dignity of my office. Listen.”

The room was still.

The Fox's eye twinkled. He seemed to delight in the awe of the silence.

“Sirs, all of your titles will become null and void with the loss of your charter. Do you not know—where are your senses? Do you not know that the colony will be as charterless as it was before it received any patent at all?”

A young man started up.

“We protest against such injustice and tyranny.” It was young Phips.

“You protest, do you? And what and who are *you*? Have I not said that it is not in the interest of the King that the people should thrive in their own rights, but only in *his* right?”

“Friend,” said Simon Bradstreet mildly, “are not our titles to our Indian deeds to the lands for which we paid the Indians forever sacred?”

“Sir, the Indians were brutes, and their signatures to your deeds have no more value than the scratches of a bear’s paw!” \*

“Then what remains to us?” asked Increase Mather.

“Remains? remains? Why, reverend sir, it remains to you to serve the King, who can do no wrong.”

Increase Mather bowed.

“That we will do, but we will do it in another way. Sir, we will endeavor to serve not only the King but the colony, and that by appointing an agent to the court of the King himself. The people will send a voice across the sea to appeal to the conscience of the throne! The King, you say, can do no wrong.”

A terrible thought was this—a bold plan.

The charter was not yet taken away. Under it was the right of the colony to hold public meetings, and to appoint an agent to the court. Should the people do this?

The thought of losing their charter filled the colony with terror. The form of Randolph was looked upon as an evil genius as he passed about the streets. He filled the atmosphere with hatred that he inspired. But what did he care? He gloried in his delegated power—power

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\* Randolph’s own words.



was sweet to him, power for evil as well as good. He was the colony as long as he could hold the good opinion of the King.

There followed a secret meeting at the Hidden Farms, among the oak embowered hills and great elms, beyond the wide sea meadows. The fathers of New England met there to discuss the peril.

A great fire blazed on the hearth of the long oak room. Before it stood a table, and around this table sat down grave men.

A copy of the charter was there, and it was unrolled before the eyes of these sedate and venerable men.

“Read the charter to-night,” said Governor Bradstreet to young Cotton Mather. The latter was a young man of such wonderful gifts, scholarly attainments, as to command the respect of the most eminent councils.

The young man arose. How fine he looked in the light of the candelabra and the gleaming fire! He was the master of an eloquent tone of voice, and he poured forth the grand words of the beloved charter in the silent air:

“Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.

“To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.



*Cotton Mather*

“WHEREAS, our most deare and royal Father King James of blessed memory, by his Highness’s letters patents beareing date at Westminster the third day of November, in the eighteenth year of his reign, hath given and granted unto the Councel established at Plymouth in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America, and to their heirs, successours and assignes for ever.

“And to elect and constitute such officers as they shall think fitt and requisite for the ordering, managing and dispatching of the affaires of the said Governor and Companie and their successours: AND TO MAKE LAWS AND ORDINANCES FOR THE GOOD AND WELFARE OF THE SAID COMPANIE; AND FOR GOVERNMENT AND ORDERING OF THE SAID LANDS AND PLANTATION, AND THE PEOPLE INHABITEING AND TO INHABITE THE SAME, AS TO THEM FROM TIME TO TIME SHALL BE THOUGHT MEETE.”

As he read a sound broke the silence. A panel beside the chimney moved and stood still. The council started, and all eyes were fixed on the panel.

He ceased reading. The panel moved again.

“Read on, my son,” said Increase Mather.

“And our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby for us, our heirs and successors, ordaine and grant, that from henceforth for ever there shall be one Governor, one deputy Governor, and eighteen Assistants of the same Companie, to be from time to time constituted, *elected and*

*chosen out of the freemen of the said Companie for the time beinge, in such manner and forme as hereafter in these presents is expressed. Which said officers shall apply themselves to take care for the best disposing and ordering of the generall business and affaires of for and concerning the said lands and premisses hereby mentioned to be granted, and the plantation thereof, and the government of the people there."*

As he pronounced these last words the panel of the recess near the live coals on the hearth slid back, and disclosed a wider opening to that mysterious apartment which was made to meet the necessities of perilous times like these.

"Read on, my son."

He read on; the document was as long as it was noble. The men gave to it their ears, with eyes fixed on the panel.

"That it shall and may be lawful to and for the chief commanders, governours, and officers of the said Companie for the tyme being, who shall be resident in the said part of New England in America by these presents granted, and others there inhabiteing, by their appointment and direction from tyme to tyme and at all tymes hereafter, for their speciall defence and safety to incounter, repulse, repell, and resist by force of armes, as well by sea as by land, and by all fitting wayes and meanes whatsoever, all such person and persons as shall at any tyme hereafter

attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment, or annoyance of the said plantation or inhabitants: And to take and surprise by all wayes and meanes whatsoever all and every such person and persons, with their shipps, armour, munition, and other goods, as shall in hostile manner invade and attempt the defeatinge of the said plantation, or the hurt of the said Companie and inhabitants.”

At these words, the panel opened, and behind it stood a man who stepped forth into the room. He had been a soldier. His eye was piercing, and his beard was white and long. Was he Colonel Dixwell, the last of the regicides, a recluse who had long dwelt at New Haven under another name?

He spoke.

“’Tis the last time. An old soldier speaks for the last time. He who now speaks will soon leave the prison of this world. There are young men here, and there are old men here who are young in their age. You may keep your charter if you can hold the heart of the King. A hundred fortresses is the heart of the King. The question for you to ask to-night is, Who is there among you who can command the heart of the King, by love and gentleness, and bring into his will all the nobler impulses of his life?”

“The right of petition will always be left us,” said Dr. Mather.

“I would I had influence in a day like this,” said Captain William.

“Your day may come,” said the doctor.

“My day may never come to have influence with the throne. What am I? But yours is already here. If the charter is taken away, you will be the choice of the people to carry the cause of the colony to the King!”

The colony under the charter had the privileges of a republic. The Plymouth Colony was a Pilgrim republic. The Massachusetts Bay Colony was practically a republic. Since the days of the Roman republic there had seldom been such freedom given to the people. Under this charter the Massachusetts Bay Colony grew, prospered, and was contented and happy. The Folk Mote, or Town Meeting, arose, and the people governed themselves in the name of the King.

But the throne became jealous of the freedom of the people to rule as the colony became large and important. The agents of the King began to report to the throne that the colony was a danger, and that the power of the people must be restricted.

So reported Randolph, as we have shown. So reported Governor Andros. The English agents of the King became jealous of the power of the people. What was to be done? The people lived within their charter rights. There was but one thing to do—that was to take away the charters from the colonies.

The struggle of the colonists to retain their charters was the first movement in America toward a republic—the first revolution for liberty.

The young reader should understand this situation in order to follow the fortunes of good Governor Bradstreet and William Phips.

The struggle of people for their natural rights did not begin in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the days of good Simon Bradstreet and resolute William Phips. It dates from Runnymede, 1215, when the barons compelled King John unwillingly to sign what is known as the Magna Charta, beginning: "John by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitania and Earl of Anjou," and declaring that "we have granted to all the freemen of our Kingdom all the underwritten liberties." When John Lackland with all these titles signed that charter on the sunny field of Runnymede, near Windsor, on the 15th day of June, 1215, the crown fell from his ambitious head and the scepter from his bloody hands. The barons, as it were, became a republic. The people, too, began to see that all men had equal rights, and to struggle for the same freedom that the barons had won.

The Habeas Corpus Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles II, 1679, enlarged these liberties, and provided that wherever "any persons shall bring any habeas corpus directed unto any sheriff he shall cause to

be brought the body of the party so committed (into court) and shall certify the true causes of his detainer or imprisonment.”

In 1689 was passed the Bill of Rights, and the English King was made to awaken to the fact that he was no longer the sovereign of the people, but the protector of their liberties. But the privileged classes still bore rule. The principle of equality of all honest people and of true liberty was yet to appear in America.

The first charter to the English colonies in America was granted by James I in 1606. It granted the London and Plymouth Companies the right to settle anywhere on the North American coast, to be governed by a council appointed by the King, and to make their own laws under this authority.

The Pilgrim Fathers procured from the Plymouth Company a grant to settle on a tract of land within its jurisdiction.

On the 9th of March, 1628, a charter was granted to these settlers which contained the true principles of republican liberty. This charter provided that the government should be administered by a governor and eighteen assistants to be elected by the freemen. Under this charter fell the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### TREASURE SHIPS.

THE wife of William Phips was indeed a noble woman. Honor, to her, was the life of the soul, and integrity of character the glory of the soul. She would have gone to the stake like a martyr before she would have made any compromise with her conviction of truth. She had taught William books; and she sought to make him a noble, incorruptible man.

He made a number of short voyages, and he heard more and more of treasure ships.

He used to come home to his wife and tell her of his dreams of finding treasure ships. Ships of gold seemed to fill his imagination.

One evening in the New England May-time he sat down beside his wife at the door.

“Sir Francis Drake,” said he, “used to go back to England with ships loaded with chests of gold.”

“And at last one of his ships returned with chests of gold, but without Sir Francis Drake. He had found a deep sea grave.”



“Yes, but he ‘harvested’ the Spanish Main, as Dr. Mather says, and his name is one of glory. Would you not be proud to see me find a treasure ship? Think what I would do for the Colony then!”

“It would make me happy beyond anything on earth to have you rightly gain a fortune. But, William, William, not one dollar that did not come from honesty and integrity would I ever see you have. There is the gold of man and the gold of God, and there are riches that do not enrich. It is only honest gold that will last; all other gains are fools’ gold. Sin gives us nothing that we can keep.”



“That is true, wife; I never would burn my pockets with a dishonest dollar; it would be a millstone to me. Wife, I have had many plans for recovering lost treasures in the sea. I have another; it will startle you.”

She looked into his face.

“I am going to England!”

“And what will you do there, William?”

“I will find a way to see the King.”

“The King?”

“The King. Yes, my old mother told me long ago that

a man who was diligent in his business 'should stand before Kings.' There are words that follow you. These do me."

"How could you, a common sailor, get to the King, William?"

"I can get to him through William Penn, or some one in favor with the court; through such a one I can be brought to the ear of King James. The King wants money—that is the royal want."

"That is a bold thought, indeed. And what would you say to the King?"

"I would ask him for ships to search for treasure."

"For treasures for the royal treasury, and not for yourself, William?"

"If I were to find treasures for the King, the King would reward me. Francis Drake found treasures for the royal purse, and did not Elizabeth say to him, 'Rise up, Sir Francis Drake?'"

"What dreams you have for a young sailor from Maine! How do such things come to you, William? These dreams may come true. All things are possible to the soul of faith. But William, William, is your purpose honest? That is the question. Is your purpose honest? No matter what a man may gain, outside of honor everything is dust, William?"

"Well?"

"Suppose you could go to England, and find there some one in favor with the court?"

“That I will, wife.”

“And suppose that you could interest the King in an expedition to the Spanish Main to search for treasure ships?”

“That I will do, wife.”

“And suppose you could find a lost treasure ship, in whose chests were a hundred thousand pounds?”

“That is what I am going to do, wife. My faith tells me that I will.”

“And suppose, William, that you could keep those hundred thousand pounds for yourself, what would you do?”

“I would carry back every doubloon to the King, just as I signed the agreement to do, and I would trust to the honor of the King to reward me. Like makes like, and my honor to the royal treasury would make the lords of the treasury treat me with honor. Honorable men are treated like honorable men; a man of true coin passes for what he is worth.”

“You would carry back every doubloon, just as you agreed?”

“Just as I agreed, wife.”

“Oh, William, William, it does my heart good to hear you say that, it makes my soul rich. William, whatever may be in store for you, you are rich in soul now.”

The wind came in from the sea, and rustled the young leaves that lined the Fair Green Lane on the hill.

They looked up to the shady slope.

“William,” said his wife, “you know what you promised me.”

“A brick house in the Fair Green Lane.”

“Yes, you are good in your thought toward me. A brick house in the Fair Green Lane. But what you have said to me now gives me more satisfaction than all the houses on the hill could do, or any house that you could build for me.”

“What was that I said?”

“That you would carry back every doubloon that you found in the sea just as you agreed. I would never wish a brick house on the hill unless it were bright with honest gold.”

“And such a house I will build for you. Trust in me. You believed in me when no one else did, and true to you and to my own soul will I ever be on land and sea. I will gain honor by honor, and you shall one day have your reward for all your trust in me.”

The west wind was scattering the peach blossoms over the young grass, in which the daffodils were blooming. The apple boughs were reddening, and whitening, the cherry. The lilacs tossed in the scented air. The lumbering stage-coach, if such it may be called, came rolling into the town and stopped before the inn. He rose and said: “I must go and see if I have any letters.”

He went toward the inn.

His tall form towered above the men he met on the street. His wife watched him.

He walked more erect than ever before. A high purpose of soul changes every act of a man. He walks royally who is conscious of integrity; and William Phips set down his foot firmly on a straight line that May evening, after he had told to his good wife his purpose in life, and shared with her his resolution to follow, in all things, integrity of soul. He was a knight now in honor. Would this man ever wear the star of a knight, indeed? We shall see. Purpose is destiny, O young sailor of Boston town!

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE CHARTER OAK.

THERE stood in some fair meadows at the place where now is Hartford, Connecticut, a great oak tree, that was very old; perhaps more than half a century old when the first settlers arrived in the Connecticut Valley. Its trunk was large enough for a dwelling. It had, no doubt, sheltered scenes of Indian history unknown to any white historian, or to the traditions of the Indians themselves. It was a monarch of the forests where trees were giants, and it became a sacred tree to the white inhabitants of the Connecticut Valley from the first expeditions to the place.

It was in the prime of its vigor then. The people made a kind of almanac of it. They used to say, "When the leaves of the great oak are as large as a mouse's ear, then plant corn."

It prophesied the coming of an early or late spring, of a like summer and winter. It was a temple more than a tree. The town of Hartford grew up around it.

The people of Connecticut had received a most liberal

and gracious charter from King Charles. Under it they made their own laws and elected their own officers, were happy, and became prosperous. They were loyal to the crown of England, and were proud of their allegiance to their mother country.

Their contentment was disturbed by the appearance of Randolph the Fox among them. He who thought that "it did not serve the interests of the King that the people should thrive."

In 1686 Randolph had been made the Viceroy of all New England. He demanded the surrender of the charter of Connecticut, and as the colony was in no mood to comply with his autocratic demand, he proceeded to Hartford to overturn the government.

It was a mid-autumn day when Andros, the agent of the Viceroy, marched out of Boston at the head of a gay, royal troop, whose banners drifted on the serene and mellow air. Randolph felt himself to be the King of New England now. Governments here must bow at his bidding, for he acted in the name of the King.

The colonists had long expected the coming of Andros. They had resolved not to surrender their charter; but how were they to defend it? Their military force was small, and Randolph might come marching down from Boston at any time with a powerful force of disciplined men.

Andros was an enemy to the rights and privileges of

the people, and worked hand in hand with the Viceroy. Randolph ordered Andros to seize the Connecticut charter.

In June of that year, on a certain day a remarkable scene occurred in the Connecticut Assembly at Hartford. The delegates felt that their charter was in peril.



*Andros*

One of the delegates on that day arose and said:

“Let our eyes look upon the charter that is so precious to us all. Let it be brought into the court.”

To this the assembly agreed.

The secretary went to the place where the patent of Charles had been deposited, and came into the assembly holding it in his hands. It had been deposited in a mahogany box. The secretary took it out of the box and unrolled it before the Governor.”

The assembly gazed upon their declaration of rights in reverent silence.

“Put back the parchment into the box again,” said the Governor, “and leave the key on the box.”

The secretary obeyed.

The original charter was secretly taken out of the unlocked box, and a duplicate copy of it was made, and this duplicate copy was put into the mahogany box.



Andros, at the head of sixty armed men, arrived at Hartford on October 31, 1687 (old style). He found the assembly in session. He demanded the surrender of the charter in the name of the Viceroy and the King.

The assembly held its meetings in the Puritan meeting-house, and it was near sunset when Andros arrived.

“Bring the charter into the assembly,” demanded Andros.

The secretary obeyed.

The mahogany box which contained the duplicate and not the real charter was brought into the room and placed upon the desk.

Most of the delegates may have believed this to have been the original parchment.

A delegate arose and appealed to Andros, probably describing the sacredness of the document to the hearts of the colonists. It was twilight now, and the days were short. The delegate became eloquent, declaiming on human rights and popular liberty.

It grew darker.



The Charter Oak.  
From an old print.

Candles were brought in. The speech was now spoken, and Andros stretched out his hand to take the charter when the lights were extinguished.

All was confusion.

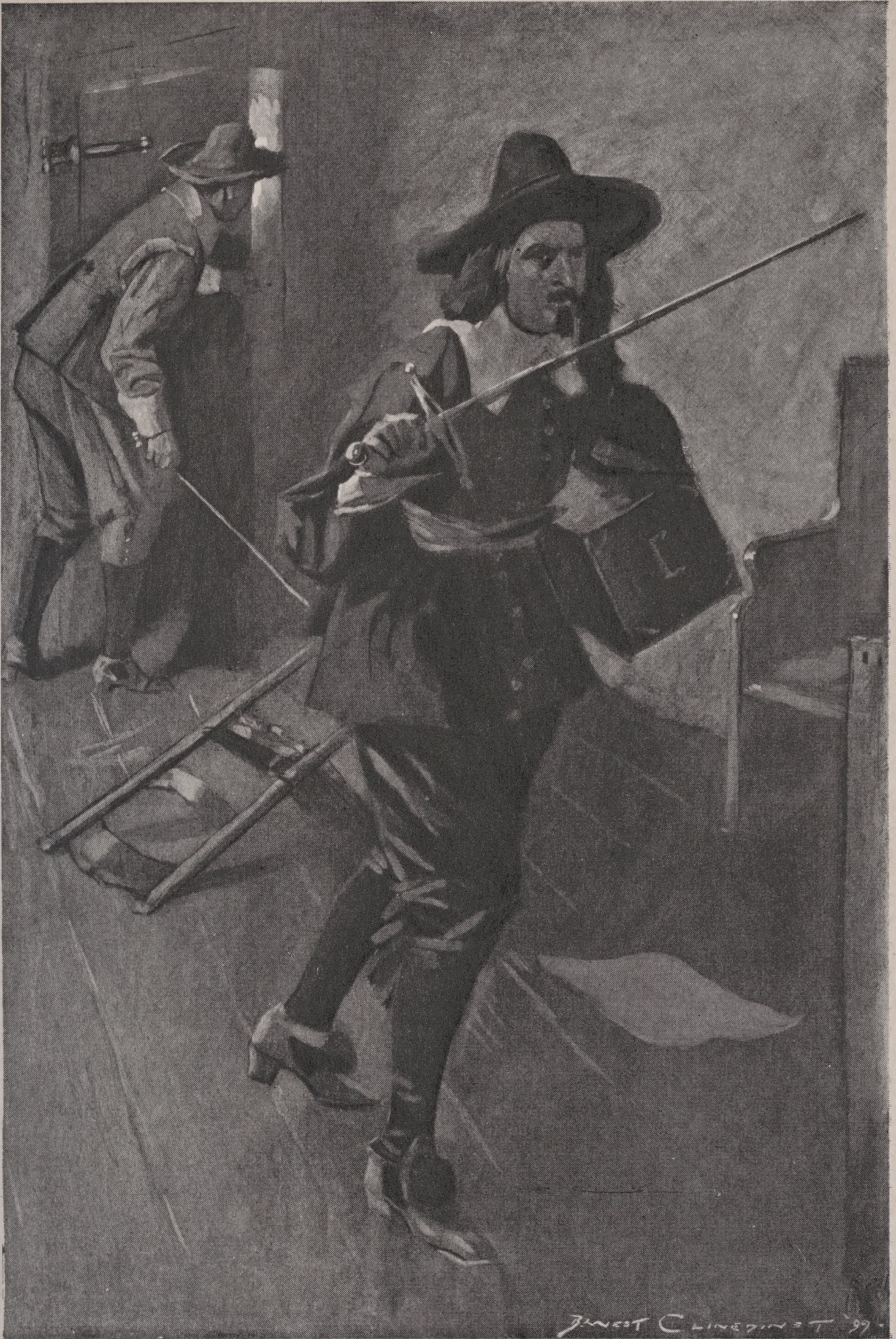
“Light the candles!” demanded the royal Governor.

The order was obeyed. But when the candles revealed the desk again, the box and the charter were gone.

It had been taken away by Captain Wordsworth, who had probably caused the duplicate of the original charter to be made, and was hidden in the great oak of the town, where it remained until the accession of William and Mary.

Thus the charter was saved.

The bells tolled when, on August 21, 1856, this great oak fell in a heavy gale.



The disappearance of the Charter.



## CHAPTER XX.

### LITTLE JOE AS A FOREST GUIDE.

LITTLE Joe Cone had acquired the reputation of a boy who could be trusted. Pierre Calef, who had a keen eye for everything that was not true, and had made many enemies by criticising the events of the time, used to say: "Little Joe, little Joe, I could trust him anywhere. I could trust him in a case of life or death. He is a lively fellow, but he would go to the stake for the sense of right."

One day Calef met little Joe all alone.

"Little Joe, little Joe," said he, "you left the stage box for the sake of your mother."

"Yes, Calef—and I am glad I did. It was doing just right."

"Little Joe, little Joe, that was well said. Your old mother must have been a superior woman in her day, else you would not have been the honest little Joe that you are. Little Joe, you would rather die than tell anything that would harm the people here. I need not ask you; I

know you would. Little Joe, you know the way to the Ox Bow."

"Yes, I went there once, when I was on the stage."

"Little Joe, I want that you should make a journey with me; and you must not talk on the way, nor ever tell any one what you hear or see."

"What is the journey for, Pierre?"

"That you must never ask. It concerns the greatest secret in all New England. Think of that, and you, honest Joe, you are the only boy that will know anything of one of the strangest journeys that ever was planned in the hearts of good men."

"Who are the good men?"

"I think that Simon Bradstreet is one of them. I am not sure. There is great secrecy in his case."

"Simon Bradstreet has a heart. He tried to save the Indians. He speaks tenderly of old people whom they called witches and names like that. He always bows to poor old mother on the street. He likes me, I can see he does. I would die for a man like Simon Bradstreet. What is life when one can give it away for anybody's good?"

"Then you will go, Joe?"

"I will go."

"And what will you tell your mother?"

"That Simon Bradstreet is sending me on a secret

errand. She will say 'Go, Joe.' Mother has a good heart when her mind is at home."

They parted, and Joe only knew his own heart, and that these were perilous times that needed men who could be trusted. Joe bid his mother good-by, also the stage driver, and he looked wistfully at the dog who followed him.

The Ox Bow? It was far away on the borders of the wilderness. Why was a journey to be made there?

He thought of the "muffled man." He thought of the cave where the surveyors had lived; he thought of his mother's theory that the grave but comical judge who had discomfited the gay fencing master on Boston Common was the "muffled man" and the surveyor.

It made his heart happy to be trusted, and he began to whistle, and in this frame of mind he went home.

He found his mother picking oakum, and said:

"Mother, something has happened. Simon Bradstreet, as I think, is going to send me away on a journey with Calef. May I go?"

"The Lord speaks when Simon Bradstreet opens his heart. Yes, Joe, you may go. Where, Joe?"

"Calef, who speaks for Simon Bradstreet, says that we must not talk about the journey now."

"But, Joe, I can see. I have an inner eye. It all has something to do with those hidden men—there are hiding places in the wilderness, Joe. Simon Bradstreet can feel."

They picked oakum, and each wondered, but poor Jane only said:

“Joe, this is a strange world, and we are all weavers. It is what we weave that answers the questions of our hearts at last. It is all right, Joe.”

In the hill country of Massachusetts there is a town whose principal street in summer is a long shimmering line of elm-shaded meadows, where old New England, as well as in old Ipswich, still lives in primitive simplicity and beauty. It was once called Hadley; it is known as “Old Hadley” now. The purple swifts come back to the great chimneys on the Ox Bow of the river, and the golden orioles to the glimmering elms, now as in the days long gone by, and they find the place much as it was in the times of the Indian terrors, for it has not changed greatly since then.

With this fair town is associated one of the greatest legends in American history—a legend of such historic proportions and spiritual suggestions, that overworked Robert Southey, the laureate, at one time planned to build an epic poem upon it. Whether a statesman revealed to him the secret of the legend, and thus lost to him its supernatural coloring, or whether his being compelled to work double tides to make up for others’ idleness, prevented the laureate from fulfilling his plan, we do not know; but, from the point of view that events compel us



to take of the Hadley legend to-day, he never touched upon a subject of greater significance.

In the early part of the last quarter of the seventeenth century, two men and a boy were riding along the Bay Path toward the hill country in western Massachusetts. One of them was Pierre Calef, who belonged to the resolute type as he of the same name whom Whittier's poem celebrates, and the other was an English doctor, named Bradstreet, a relative of Assistant Simon Bradstreet.

The three came to a guidepost by the wayside where two roads met. One of the arms of the guidepost bore the words, "To Hadley."

"We take this road," said Calef to the boy who acted as guide.

The doctor reined his horse, and read "To Hadley." "Hadley," he said; "that is the place of Governor Leverett's family tradition."

"You may well say tradition, Doctor," replied Calef. "It is impossible for you to believe that such an event as the people relate ever happened."

"I refer to the story of the Angel of Deliverance, my friend."

"I understand you, Doctor. But no Angel of Deliverance ever appeared in human form at Hadley."

"But Governor Leverett is responsible for the story, which is filling the world. He was Governor during the

Indian war, and the commander of the forces against Metacomet. He should know. All England knows it."

"Knows what, Doctor?"

"That the Indians surprised Hadley on a fast day, when the people were assembled in the church. That the town was filled with terror. That there appeared in the street a champion of venerable face, long-bearded, clothed in the robes of a champion. That he led the men of Hadley against the Indians, put the savages to flight, and that he himself vanished from human sight. No man saw him come, no man saw him go. The people had seen no such person before, and they declared that he was an angel of the Covenant, and they called him the 'Angel of Deliverance.' Governor Leverett believes the account given by the people. He caused it to be published. It is his tale of faith, and I see that you doubt it."

"Doctor, I am one of those to whom the truth is clear without signs and wonders. It is enough for me to know that God is law, and that his law is justice, and that time tells the truth about all things and all men. Governor Leverett is an honest man, but he is a weak man in his superstitions, as is any man who does not accept the truth for truth's sake alone."

It was midday. The autumn splendor was still in the air. The birds were gathering in flocks, and the crisp leaves were falling in the woods, which were full of the odors of the dry earth and the wild grapes.

“Doctor,” said Pierre, “you are going on an unusual errand.”

“I am used to such summons. I practiced in England in these diseases for *many* years. Such cases are associated with mysteries.”

“But did you ever hear of a case like this before? The magistrate said that he wished you to meet a patient who had lost his sense of all present things, and thought himself living in the past. It is a case of the failure of the memory. Are such cases hopeful, Doctor?”

“No, friend Calef, they are not.”

“And you are to meet him secretly?”

“So says my letter of introduction.”

“Do you expect to be able to help such a patient, Doctor?”

“No, I do not. I understand his case now. I told the magistrate that I could do him no good. But he insisted that I should undertake the case.”

“The patient must be a man of distinction.”

“Friend Calef, let our horses rest. They have come a long way. Let us talk. There is a mystery about this case that disturbs me. I can not—I dare not tell you what I mean. I am given a letter of introduction to the minister of Hadley, and that letter incloses another that my instinct tells me has some mysterious message. I am either sent to a person of distinction, or else Assistant Bradstreet, if he be the influence, has a very tender heart.”

“The Assistant, Doctor, has a very tender heart. He was opposed to beginning the war against the Indians. He doubts cases of witchcraft. He is a man of sentiment. This may be because his wife, Anne, was a poet, and he favored her views of charity toward every one.”

“Friend Calef, do you know that these provinces may be secreting several persons whom it would be death to know?”

“It is so believed in England.”

“And among them is more than one military judge of Charles, called the Martyr.”

The horses began to eat the green grass that had sprung up again, as in springtime, beside the water rills by the way. In the grass there were red berries; here and there were witch-hazels in bloom—one of the wonders of the fall.

“Friend Calef,” said the Doctor, “do you know how Hugh Peters died?”

“He was executed as a regicide.”

“Executed! He was drawn on a hurdle, and suspended on a gallows, and cut down alive. His body was quartered and his head set up to be jeered at. Think of the hatred that led to a scene like that! He once preached in Salem. He followed Roger Williams, the exile, in the pulpit. Do you know of what I am thinking?”

“You are thinking that there are people hidden in

New England who would be visited by like torments, could they be found.”

“Yes, friend Pierre; Hugh Peters was one of the judges of Charles the Martyr. There are judges who are supposed to be alive in these provinces who are more hated than was he.”

“We must go on,” said Calef, “in order to arrive at Hadley to-night.”

They rode on among the gleaming hills, and came to the town as the red sun was going down.

They talked of other matters on the way. The Doctor related strange cases of mental derangement and failure.

They rested their tired horses again, as Hadley under the cool shadows came into view.

The Doctor looked grave.

“There is something troubling you, Doctor,” said Calef, who saw the shadow of his soul in his face.

“Friend Calef, do you know Edward Randolph?”

“The agent of the Crown in the colonies?”

“The same.”

“I have met him at Governor Leverett’s.”

“Friend Calef, he scents treason in this colony, and woe be to any man on whom his suspicion falls! His soul haunts New England for evil. The andirons that shine by the fire are not gold.”

The sun was sinking low—a blinding, flaming disk over the far red woods and near golden elms. The great chim-

neys of the rugged oak houses were smoking, sending up purple and blue clouds in the amber light.

They entered the town, and Mr. Calef left the Doctor at the door of the minister of the place, the Rev. Mr. Russel, and went his way to the inn near by with Joe Cone.

Left alone with Calef in the inn, little Joe soon became restless, and went out to see the Ox Bow, as the bend of the river was called.

It was in the afterglow of a clear twilight. The water of the river ran smooth and clear, and seemed to clasp in its arms the new settlement in the wilderness. Around the place was a circle of conical hills, which rose in the still luminous air. The parsonage chimney smoked, and the pearl-gray spiral of smoke turned into crimson as it ascended in the afterglow.

There were great meadows along the river, and corn-fields.

Calef came out of the little public-house and met him.

“Where are we here?” asked Joe.

“On the borders of the wilderness,” said Calef.

“And *who* has the doctor come to visit?”

“He may answer you that if he will, when he has seen the patient,” said Calef.

There was one question that was troubling Joe. He ventured to ask it now.

“Does not Simon Bradstreet’s name appear on the

royal proclamation to search out the men who are hiding from the King's agents in the wilderness?"

"Oh, Joe, little Joe! I do believe that you have a more uncompromising soul than good Simon Bradstreet himself, and you hold him to be the best man in all the colony. The magistrates who guard state secrets must do on paper what they do not in their hearts."

Oliver went with the party to the Ox Bow. He had come to like to follow Joe. The dog had seemed to have the instinct that knew a true heart, and such the poor dumb creature had found Joe to be.

When the dog left Boston, Goodman Blake had a mind to call him back. He was about to whistle, when something touched his arm. It was the withered finger of poor Jane Cone.

"Let him go, driver, let him go with Joe, and let him come back to me. It is not many things we have to comfort us in this hard world. Oliver loves Joe; he likes me."

"Well, I'll let him go this time, but he has guarded the mail-bags so well that I am not sure that I could spare him for good and all."

When the party arrived at the Ox Bow, Oliver ran around the house of Mr. Russel queerly. He seemed excited, and barked in a lively way. When the two travelers had stopped at the house of entertainment, Oliver ran back to the Russell house, where the Doctor was, and trotted around it in circles, as he had around the mysterious man

who "waited" on Boston Common on the day of the queer duel.

Joe watched the dog and called him back. Oliver obeyed. The two seemed to have something in common—some secret thought. Each seemed to be inquiring, the brute and the oakum picker. Who was the patient in the house of the parson of the town on the borders of the wilderness?



## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE FIGURE THAT DISAPPEARED.

THE Doctor knocked at the door. There was a long silence, when a low voice seemed to echo along the hall, "*Come in God's name—he who knocks is a slave.*"

He tried the latch of the door; it did not yield. He now seized upon the brass knocker. Light, timid steps answered this call, which shook the house, and a beautiful timid face opened the door cautiously.

"Have I the honor of speaking with Mrs. Russel?"

"Mrs. Russel, sir. What is your errand?"

"I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Russel."

The lady looked perplexed, but answered:

"He will be at home in the morning, sir; he is at Hartford. I am sorry that he is not here to meet you."

"I am *the* Doctor."

She started back.

"You have been sent here by Mr. Bradstreet, the Assistant or some friend of his. We were looking for you, but not so soon, sir. I really do not know what to say, sir. I would ask you in, but there is sickness in the house."

“I am a doctor, madam, and I will do the patient no harm.”

A cloud came over the good woman's face.

“I have no room that I can offer you, sir, save one in the attic; on account of the sickness, sir. I know that you are a doctor, but I have special orders in regard to this patient, who is troubled in mind. If you will accept such accommodation as I can give you until Mr. Russel returns, why, then, in God's name, come in.”

The Doctor entered. The house was fronted with great rooms with shelves, sideboards and heavy furniture. He passed up the wide stairs, on which were portraits of the heroes of the Commonwealth—of Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, and Sir Henry Vane. He was directed to a great chamber looking out on the Ox Bow of the river and the hills.

“Be seated for a moment, sir, and I will return.”

The Doctor was tired with his long ride over the Bay Path and the connecting way, and he sunk into an old-fashioned chair of ample arms and high-quilted back, such as used to be known as a “sick chair.” He was drowsy, and he partly closed his eyes.

He was presently aroused by a noise in the room. He started.

The most remarkable being that he had ever met stood before him. What was he like—Nestor, King Lear, a figure of Father Time? His beard was white and long,

his hair as white; his eyes seemed not to belong to the present. He was dressed in a velvet robe, and he held in his hand a steeple hat. He stared, then spoke strangely.

“Honored sir, I am glad that you have come. *I seem to have met you at Dunbar.* Ah, yes! ah, yes! It was at Dunbar. I have something to say to you; let me close the door.” He added, “Who are you?”

“I am a doctor, sir.”

He raised his hand to his forehead, and said:

“I forget—ten years of my life are going.”

The Doctor saw that he was a madman or an apparition.

He moved past the Doctor with his sweeping robe.

“Doctor, I have somewhat to say to you. It was I that gave the order; it was I that gave the order in the name of the people—the order that laid this hand—see you this hand?—on the shoulder of the King. The nations are to obey that order. The people will one day lay their hand on every tyrannical king. It is the new order of the world; Heaven sent it down to me. See—see—it was this hand! I seem to forget—more years of my life are going. No, they come back. My mind seems to go and come back. You do pity me, don’t you, Doctor? Simon Bradstreet does. Heaven bless those who pity those who lose the power over their minds.”

The tall figure spread out a thin shadow of a hand, and

held it in the light of the afterglow in silence. Suddenly he dropped it on the Doctor's shoulder, and said:

“Hampden was there. Were you there?”

He seemed to hear a sound.

“Hush! *she* is coming. Open the door.”

Footsteps were on the stairs. The Doctor set back his chair and opened the door. He turned around—*there was no one in the room*. Had he been dreaming? Had his mind been weaving a form out of the threads of the past? It must have been. Where had his unaccountable patient gone? Had he himself become affected in mind?

The step were those of goodwoman Russel.

“In a few minutes, Doctor, I will have your room ready,” said the lady. “We have hoped that you would come, but did not expect you so soon; not quite so soon. We have to keep this room closed. We have a patient who wanders. Mr. Russel will tell you all. You will pardon this simple hospitality; you will see how it was when you know all.”

The Doctor sunk into the quilted chair again, and repeated the woman's words—“you will see how it was when you know all!”

“That is the whole history of life,” he said, trying to divert his thoughts, “as the Hindu prophet said, to know all is to forgive all and to pity those we blame. I have been asleep. No wonder; every bone in me aches.”

The woman went up another flight of stairs into the

attic chambers, leaving him alone. He was on the point of telling her that he had met an "apparition," but restrained himself.

He looked about the room. In the wall in the middle of it was an immense fireplace with iron dogs. On one side were a brass warming-pan and box foot-stove. On the other side was a cupboard and a paneled door. He seemed to hear a voice come from somewhere like an echo, "Hampden was there."

"Did I dream, or did that figure vanish?" he asked himself mentally. "He seemed a reality; I can feel his presence now. We do not feel a presence after dreams."

He rose, closed the door, and looked up the great chimney. He saw soot, swallows' nests, and in the fading light a hermit star. There followed another sound, as an echo of an echo—"Hampden was there." Who was Hampden? Where was he?

He opened the door and sat down again. He had a scientific mind, he believed in law, and that higher laws might overcome lower ones, and work what seem to be miracles, but he did not credit the New England superstition of retributive ghosts, which were supposed to appear to answer the ends of justice, that there should be nothing hidden that should not be made known.

A tremulous voice called—that of the goodwoman:

"Doctor, this way, if you please."

He followed the woman up the stairs to the peaked

hollow under the roof, and was shown his room. The harvest moon was rising; it seemed framed in the dormer window.

“I will send your supper to you,” said the lady. “I am sorry that I can do no better for you now. You will see how it was when you know more. I hope that you will not be disturbed in the night.”

The woman seemed to glide away, leaving the Doctor in the shadows of mystery.

In the room was a Bible, a Bay Psalm Book, brass candlesticks and tallow dips. The connecting apartment was the herb room, from which came odors of pennyroyal, thoroughwort, sage, and balm. A loom was there, and hatchels, a spinning wheel with an immense rim, and the carefully guarded board on which the dead were laid, called the board “to be laid out on.” There were chests such as contain family clothes.

He heard the lady go down. She paused at the chamber where he had been detained and locked the door. He started. Why did she lock the door of this room? There seemed to be nothing there that needed security.

His supper was brought to him by a black manservant, who took the dishes away, saying, “Night, sar. God rest you well, sar. The heabbens be over you, sar, and de grabes be still, sar.”

The man waved his hand after he sat down the tray

in the entry, and looked wild and strange, and repeated, "May de grabes be still."

The woodticks — the "deathwatches" — began their silent work, and except that sound all was silent. The forests around were as still as the graves.

There is something impressive in the silence of an old-time New England house. The fantastic structures of the present day—the paint pot and bedpost houses—have no souls, or if they have they are like those of the Morris dancers—they glimmer and express nothing. The very oaks in those strong buildings were telephones that led back to the past. The pine shingles had the odors of old Indian days. The angles had a defiant and retributive meaning, with an uplift of faith in all.

The moon rolled up into the heavens like the night chariot of a goddess. The hills turned black in the shadows, and the Ox Bow gleamed as the still waters glided on their wandering way.

Near the house was the gloomy burying ground, some of whose graves may still be seen.

The Doctor seemed to be in a region peopled with shadows, a place removed even from New England. He rose and walked the room. Had he met a real person in the room below?

"There was a living presence in what I saw," he said. "I can not free myself from it. I can feel it now. It was a real patient—his mind wandered."

He threw himself on the bed without removing his clothes save his coat and riding boots. He was weary indeed, but his mind would not rest. The word "Dunbar" haunted him.

"His mind wandered," he said, referring to the mysterious figure that had appeared in the room below, "the past came to him and vanished. But what could have been this man's past? 'Hampden was there,' \* he said. What did 'there' mean?"

He heard the clock strike ten, eleven, and twelve. At one o'clock there was a crowing of the chanticleers far and near.

The forests lay white in the moonlight.

Suddenly a voice sounded in the chamber below; in the room where he had had his vision or vivid dream. He had never heard a voice that seemed so strange and far away. He rose on his elbows and strained his ear to listen. He heard low vague sounds and movements as in a closed room. He thought a voice said, "My horse is down!" \* but the words were stifled.

A dog howled without. It was Oliver.

A loud rap fell upon a door. It was on the inside of the door of the chamber below. He opened his own door, and sat down at the head of the stairs, where he could hear every sound in the closed chambers.

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\* These ejaculations repeat the events of General Whalley's life during the Commonwealth.



The knock was repeated on the inside of the door of the lower chamber. It was followed by a voice that seemed to come out of the past, as of one talking in dreams.

“*Your Majesty*, the time has come to go. Are you ready?” said the voice.

The dog Oliver howled again, near the house.

“Your Majesty!” These were strange words to be addressed to any personage known or unknown in a New England wilderness. Did this strange being, whoever he might be, ever stand in the presence of a king?

The voice spake in a louder tone, “It is imperative!”

Another rap followed. There seemed to be some awful import in it. Then the same voice spoke again.

“Are you ready? The time has come to go!”

Stillness followed. Then a blow shook the chamber door.

The poor dog outside seemed to hear all; he howled again.

“Your Majesty!” said the voice.

Silence. The Doctor felt no latent superstitious fear; his intense wish was to know who this man, who in his mental wanderings used such remarkable words, could be. The voice spoke again in the hollow room.

“I am Colonel Hacker, your Majesty, and the time has come to go. Are you ready? In the name of the people of England, are you ready? The time has come to go!”

There followed a shuffling of feet, and then a dead silence. At last a low voice said reverently:

“When he puts out his hands so, then strike!”

The voice seemed a memory living over some terrible tragedy of the past. It must have been the scene of the execution of Charles I.

The Doctor gasped. He heard in his imagination the blade of an axe fall. He wondered what historic event the man would suggest next.

The voice in a tone of pity said, “Thank God, it is over!”

Silence again. Then the voice said, in a very tender tone:

“The snow is falling on his coffin as they bear it along. It was black; it is white now.” The words pictured the burial of King Charles.

A half hour passed, when the voice broke forth again:

“It thunders; it lightens. The Protector is dying. Cousin Cromwell, how fares it with thy soul?”

Then a sound shook the whole house, as if something had fallen.

The dog without rent the air with his cries.

A woman's form in white nightdress came up the first flight of the stairs, followed by the negro servant. The door of the lower chamber was unlocked, then locked again; there were movements as of boards, then all was still.

The Doctor said, "Oliver Cromwell is dead!" He knew not why he said it; it was in the atmosphere to say it.

The Doctor waited to hear the lady leave the lower room. But she did not come out, nor the negro servant. He waited.

He heard the clock strike two, but still they did not come.

*Four*, but the room was still as silent as the dreamless town. At that hour the cocks crowed again, and at five the morning star shone bright, and at six there was a pearl-gray shadow on the hills.

"This has been an awful night," said the Doctor. He flung himself on the bed. "If I could believe in the visible return of the dead I would believe that I had been at the execution of the King."

He was awakened by a loud rap on his door. He started. The sun was gleaming on the hills. The negro was there.

"Mornin', sar. It be a lubly day. Seems as de Lord was risin' wid de sun. Hope nothin' disturbed your sleep, sar. You have been up befo' now. The Judge he hollers in de night. His head is loose, sar."

"The Judge!" repeated the Doctor.

That explained much. There was a judge in the house who was unbalanced, and he walked in the night. It might be the patient. The rest was illusion. How could he have been so nervous? But how had the errant judge,

if that were he, disappeared in the room—vanished; that must have been a dream.

“Breakfast, sar. The parson will soon be here, now.”

The Doctor went down the stairs. As he did so he cast a glance into the mysterious chamber, whose door was now open. It did not seem to have been disturbed. It had but one visible door of passage. Why had that door been locked? Why had he not been left there for the night? Was he himself going out of his mind? There was then a judge in the house—a real or imaginary Colonel Hacker.

It might be that Colonel Hacker haunted in some mysterious way the mind of the judge. But how had all these people, real or imaginary, disappeared in the night—gone away when the chamber had only *one* door?

Who was Colonel Hacker? There was such a man to whom had been assigned the execution of Charles I. The Doctor recalled that the black coffin of the King had turned white in the snowstorm on the way to the tomb, and that Cromwell had died in a tempest. Had he been in ghostland? And who was this person whom Providence had made the agent of these strange events—who embodied events, and who obeyed the orders that came out of the past as from the heavens?

He had been sent to a patient whose memory was failing. Such patients often live in the past as though the past were present. Were the Judge and Colonel Hacker one? The person, whoever he might be, had seemed to

have been at the execution of Charles I, and at the death-bed of Oliver Cromwell. Or these scenes may have been suggested to the mysterious person by his imagination. But what memories so affected the imagination of this strange man?

Bewildered as to whether he himself were becoming disordered in mind, or if he indeed had a man of great events as a patient, or whether he had been vividly dreaming in overfatigue, he passed through the dining-room door into a real world.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CHAMBER IN THE CHIMNEY.

THE breakfast was passed in commonplace remarks except that the goodwoman said repeatedly, "I am listening for John to come." She now and then turned toward the window. At last she rose and said, "The dog is coming, and *he* will be here soon." As soon as the meal was over she went to the door.

The Doctor started to go up to his room again. As he passed up the first flight of stairs his feet were arrested; he saw the same figure that he had met on the night before standing in the same chamber door. It moved back into the room, beckoning. He followed.

"Shut the door," said the voice that he had heard in the night.

He obeyed, like one under a spell.

This was not a vision. He was awake. He looked out of the window to see if objects were real. He saw the wolf skins that were displayed for bounty on the post that led to the church. He turned toward the quaint and awful form, and said firmly:

“My good friend, who are you?”

“I have no name now. I was a force compelled to act. Some men are. Call me the Imperative. You do pity me.” He pointed to his head.

“Where were you born, my friend, may I ask?”

“There is no space for the soul that is imperative. You do pity me, don’t you?” He pointed to his head again.

“When did you come here, may I add?” said the Doctor, feeling himself to be in the presence of a human being.

“There is no time. I always was traveling toward what I am. There is no *this* side of the stars, or *that*. You have come here to help me; you can not do it—my work is done. It was I who ordered the King in the name of the people. Sir, he obeyed. Sir, justice is a higher law! Kings must obey it—I—you! You do pity me.”

The Doctor looked out of the window again. The sun was shining on the hills, and the wolf skins were on the public post.

“Doctor,” said the form, “for you are the doctor we have been expecting—you people say that you saw an Angel of Deliverance come down and lead the people against the savages. It was an Angel of Deliverance, but it went out of this house and came back again. It was he who married my daughter. The Angel of Deliverance

was the judge of the tyrant King—the King obeyed. That order will one day give liberty to the world. I beckoned to you. It was to prophesy. Tell my prophecy to those who sent you here. Hear you, hear you! Mark you, mark you!—the wheels are coming, and my time is short. I ordered Colonel Hacker to execute the King. When the people of England laid their hands on Charles Stuart in the name of justice it was the beginning of the liberty of the world. You may live to see the Assistant Governor of the colony in the place of Randolph; he is on this side of the water as a spy, and is looking for *us*. My mind is clearer now; I see the whole of my life, but it is coming, coming, the shadow is coming! I feel the wings. Tell the Assistant—tell him—O God! the light is going; my brain burns—my horse is down again—O Doctor, help! But it is too late. It matters not—I was but an Imperative! You do pity me, don't you?"

He held out his right hand, trembling.

"It was this hand. 'It is time to go—I am ready.'"

Wheels were heard before the parsonage.

"Open the door," said the swaying form, with his hands against his white head. He pushed his long white beard up over his face. He seemed like a patriarchal ghost, a stranger to the world of time.

The Doctor turned toward the door, and lifted the latch and looked down the stairs toward the entry which the parson had entered. He seemed to stand between two



worlds. The mystery held him. He turned to speak to the form again.

*It was gone.*

He was stricken with a nameless terror; not at the thought of the form, but he doubted his own sanity. He looked out of the sunny window. The leaves of the elm were falling in fitful breezes from the Ox Bow, and the wolf skins were drying on the town post.

He went down the stairs, and was welcomed by the parson.

“My wife tells me that the patient’s mind has been clear since I have been gone,” he said. “He has been unmanageable at times, and we have been at our wits’ end how to treat him or what to do. We are glad indeed that you have come. What a heart for all men the Assistant has! He must have sent you.”

He beckoned to a chair, and added:

“Doctor, sit down. My wife and I must tell you the secret of our home, knowing that you would rather die than reveal it. Your profession is a shield to you. The patient whom you have been sent to visit is no common man, as you must know; he is none other than Edward Whalley, the cousin of Cromwell and of Hampden; it was he who arrested Charles I, and who ordered him to be put to death. Your patient is the regicide whom Randolph is seeking, and whom the court of England would rejoice to tear to pieces. Are you willing to undertake the case?”

“I am willing, reverend sir. Let me see the patient?”

“There is another judge here—Goffe. It was he who appeared in the streets in the war, and is known to the world by the name of ‘Angel of Deliverance.’ Go out and see the town, and look to your guides and horses, and when you return you shall meet the judges in their room.”

“Where, may I ask, is their room? Does it vanish?”

“I will show you when you return—the chamber in the chimney. The room does not vanish; the judges vanish?”

The Doctor met Calef out of doors, and merely said to him:

“I think the case is hopeless.”

He made a turn around to the Ox Bow by the graves, and came back again.

“This way now,” said the parson of Hadley, going to the chamber where the Doctor had twice seen the mysterious form. The Doctor followed, almost expecting to see the parson himself disappear. The latter went to the supposed closet beside the great chimney. He touched a small panel, and a great panel moved silently back. There was a room behind it, but it was empty.

“Follow me,” said the parson.

The Doctor stepped into the little hidden room, and at another mysterious touch the panel closed.

On the floor of the room at one end there was another

panel. It opened in the dark at the parson's touch. Below the closet was another room, like the inner chamber of an English hall, with a shattered window.

The two went down into it by a narrow staircase. The Doctor found there an old man like a Lear lying on a bed, and an elderly man sitting beside him. The room was very still.

He glanced at the man on the bed; he was the form that he had twice met in the chamber. He was motionless.

A chain of events began to be made clear to the Doctor's mind.

"Doctor,"—the voice was like a shadow—"the candle flares up before it goes out. I see the whole of life now. What o'clock is it?"

"It is after nine."

He said, "I am younger now."

The old man seemed lost. The clock struck ten. Soon he began to speak again incoherently.

"There are rocks here—ferns. The birds are singing outside. It is winter now—cold. I am afraid that there are wolves in the cave."

He was lost. Presently he spoke again.

"Is he coming—Randolph? You have made for me a hidden room—let us go into it—I can hear the birds singing on Ipswich Green."

Had Whalley been hidden on Ipswich Green?

At twelve he said simply: "Cousin Hampden," and

added, "The birds sing among the oaks—Hampden Court. I am younger now."

He seemed to be living over some past history. Year after year was vanishing from his mind.

In the afternoon he whispered, "Cromwell is dying." Then he tried to lift his thin hands as if to banish the thought of some terrible tragedy. He added, "I am *younger* now."

It was near sunset. "The hedgerows are in bloom. The mavis sings. I am a boy again."

The sun was going down. The shutters were thrown open in the window that could be darkened at will. He spoke again:

"I have not many things more to say. Bury me under the hearth in the cellar. There will be many graves under the hearthstones before liberty shall come. But liberty is coming. Put my hands on my breast and lay me out of sight of all men forever."

He closed his eyes and breathed stertorously.

He sunk rapidly. They watched his breath, and hardly knew when it came and went. His lips parted:

"I—have—not—been! The—times—the times made me come and go. Never mention me till—that day."

"He means the day of liberty," said the aged man by the bedside.

"Liberty!" he said, "I am younger now. I am a babe again." He had spoken for the last time.

He lay there still; his breath came no more. His thin face seemed pillowed in white hair. The blue jay screamed in the golden leaves, and the arrowy wild geese broke the sabbath of the sky as they flew over the Ox Bow.

Evening came. It was dark, and ended—that strange life. The light had faded—the invisible power gone. There was a lantern in the cellar. The black gardener was digging a grave under the hearth.

When Joe came home from the lonely town on the border of the wilderness he found his mother eagerly awaiting him at the door.

“Wot you got to tell me now, Joe?”

“*He* is dead!”

“The swordsman?”

“I can not say that.”

“The ‘muffled man’?”

“That I can not say, mother.”

“The surveyor who lived in the cave?”

“Him or some one like him.”

“It was *him*, Joe. He was a martyr, Joe. The world will honor such as him if the people should ever get their liberties again. But Cromwell is gone, and they say the charter is going. The evil one has come over here with Randolph. It is given to the hidden ones to know the secrets of the Lord. I am one of the hidden ones, Joe. Let us to the oakum again; for we must live, and oakum to me is the Widow Cruse’s oil-pot, as in Scripture days.”

She lit the tallow dip, and the two sat down to the oakum.

“You are a strange boy, that’s wot you be, Joe. There’s something for a heart like yours to weave out in the world. I can not see the cloth now, but only the stuff; but the stuff will be the tapestry some day, and I shall see it hanging on the wall.”

They picked the ropes until late in the night, when the tallow dip fell in the socket.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

JOE.

JANE CONE continued to pick oakum in her little cabin on Charlestown Neck, just outside of Boston town. When people talked of the times she simply shook her head and said:

“There are hawks in the air!”

One day as she was picking oakum all alone, crooning, there came a sharp rap at the door.

She arose and went to the door. The sheriff was there.

“Where is the boy, Mistress Cone?”

“Who wants him?”

“I.”

“What for?”

“I want to talk with him—to question him.”

“Has he done anything?”

The old woman began to shake.

“Nothing that he knows of—nothing that he could help—nothing wrong. I want to talk with him for the sake of getting information about a very curious circum-

stance that happened when he was on the road. So don't let my appearance here cause you to shake. I come in a friendly way."

"Who sent you here?"

"That is not a proper question to be addressed to an officer of the law. But you mean no harm. I come by the order of the vicegerent, Sir Edward Randolph, or rather by that of Governor Andros himself, who acts under the viceregal power. You see?"

"I see."

Jane Cone heard a step at the back door. She said to the sheriff:

"Wait."

She stepped back and met Joe in the back porch. She clasped him to her breast, kissed him, and said:

"Run!"

She returned to the sheriff.

"Joe has gone."

"Where, Mistress Cone?"

"I do not know. Come in, and let us talk about the matter."

"No, I must find Joe."

"You can't."

"Why?"

"The winds have got him."

"How?"

"The sea is his cradle now."



“Woman, I must have the person of the boy. We mean no harm to him.”

“You can’t get Joe!”

“Why? The winds and the sea can not have got him yet. He was in the town this morning.”

“But, Sheriff, you can’t get Joe. Another Power has got him.”

“What?”

“Gord has got him.”

“You are off in mind, woman.”

The sheriff turned away. He went to the townhouse to report.

In the meantime our noble Joe was on his way to Salem. The next morning he sailed away as a cabin boy for the Spanish Main, as were popularly called the enchanting islands of the Bahama reefs and the shores of the Caribbean Sea.

Men came to the cottage door; they knocked, but there came no response; they entered and found an old woman picking oakum, who would not speak to them.

Jane Cone did not often speak to any one after that. When any one sought to talk with her, she would say:

“I will talk after Joe comes back.”

She wandered the streets in silence, and all the people thought of her in pity—as Joe’s mother, who was a little “touched in mind.”

She would go to the long wharf and look down to the

castle, and out to the sea, to see the ships come into the harbor with sea-beat wings, and go out again as white as snow. She would get her oakum, and return to her home with it in her basket, and spend the night in picking it, and wondering about the strange seas over which the old ropes had swung.

She gathered driftwood for her fire along the Charlestown Neck. The broken ribs of the old English ships burned blue and red and green, and as she watched the colors she wondered where the great oaks had grown that had formed these abandoned hulks that once defied the storms and crossed the seas. There is a world of wonder in a driftwood fire. She loved it; it brought to her heart always new thoughts of Joe. The spirit of the boy seemed to fan the flames, and bring upon the hearth the glow of the blue, the red, and the green. Poor old woman! Love finds symbols everywhere.

The dog remained with her.

As Joe started to leave the town, Oliver had followed him. He turned to the dog with tears in his eyes.

“Back!” he exclaimed. “*Stay!*”

The poor dog howled. He came back to Jane. He seemed to have understood in his blind way. He would never leave the old woman, and Goodman Blake, the driver, would never call him away from her.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE ROSE ALGIER.

THE mania for gold hunting which had filled Spain in the fifteenth century took possession of English sailors in the sixteenth. Some of the galleons of Spain in the days of the conquistadores had gone down in the seas, and to find one of these became the dream of many a sailor.

Captain Phips had been hearing new stories of these sunken treasure ships on white reefs of coral since he was a boy. Such stories had awakened high hopes in his heart, and these hopes had been growing all of his life. It is said that life follows some hidden motor power: if so, it would not be difficult to trace this influence in the ship carpenter's life.

He heard news on one of his voyages that thrilled him. It was that a ship had gone down on a coral reef of the Porte de la Plata. This was definite.

It came to him like a revelation that he had long waited for. He resolved to secure a small vessel and to proceed to the Porte. If he could find that ship he would be rich; he could build his wife a brick house in the Fair

Green Lane, and he could use his resources in defending the charter which protected the rights of the people.

He came home one day to tell his wife of the great news that he had heard.

“I must go to the Spanish Main,” he said, “as a bird must fly when the day comes for it to fly. I was not born for myself alone—I must raise wrecks for others, and they must be wrecks of gold.”

His little ship sailed away for the Spanish Main over bright waters. If he could only gather the treasure of the seas he would share it with those who had been true to him. His dreams grew brighter and brighter.

He found the ship. But the treasure was not valuable enough to pay for the expense of the voyage.

But one event is likely to lead to another. In seeking information about this ship he heard of another that had gone down on the coral sea a generation before. She had been loaded with the spoils of New Grenada or Peru. To find her would be to gain a fortune as great as a Spanish don's. His hope revived, and his heart glowed again.

But he had not the means to fit out an expedition for the recovery of a galleon like that. But his heart was still buoyant and his faith high. Since he had accomplished so much in life, why should he not do more—why should he hesitate at any enterprise?

He made a lofty resolution now. Gold was the great

royal want. He resolved to go to England and lay the matter before the King, as he had promised his wife in day dreams.

How?

He did not know the way.

He arrived in London in 1684, and went to the Admiralty. He presented the case to William Penn, and excited the interest of the King. As the result of all of this faith in himself and his destiny he was presented at court, and was appointed by the Crown as captain of the ship *Rose Algier*, of eighteen guns, with a crew of ninety-five men.

He was Captain Phips now indeed. It is said that his introduction to the court was brought about by the influence of William Penn, who was a personal friend of King James. We know not how this may be; but certain it is that he sailed away on one of the armed ships of the admiralty for the Spanish Main again, with a stouter heart and a bolder faith than ever before. He had permission to be gone two years.

The sailors were a motley set. They, too, began to thirst for gold. The dreams of sunken treasures entered into their hopes. The *Rose Algier* sailed and sailed over the blue sunny Spanish Main, to the places where the treasure ships were thought to have gone down, but no wrecks appeared in the clear water over the coral reefs that Captain Phips visited.

The long voyage made the souls of the sailors restless. They formed a plan to enrich not only the Captain but also themselves.

One day the leader of this scheme approached the captain.

“Captain Phips, your honor. We are not likely, so it seems to us, to find the ship of which you have been told. We have a plan to suggest to you.”

“Say on, hearty.”

“Turn pirate. There are living ships on the sea, if there are no dead ones in it. Turn pirate, and we will join with you, and we will divide the spoil. The Rose Algier is ours; we can capture many ships where we can find one wreck.”

“Never!” thundered Captain Phips. “Man, where is your honor?”

A dozen sailors stepped forward.

“Captain Phips,” said a leader, “be careful. We are ninety-five; you are one man.”

“I am the captain!” shouted Phips.

“There are ninety-five captains now,” said the leader.

Captain Phips issued orders which dispersed the men. He secured the arms, and drew around him those of the men whom he knew would obey him. Then, with his old impetuosity of temper, he fell upon the ringleaders of the piratical scheme, and compelled them to obey him. So

he continued to be the captain of the Rose Algier against the ninety-five who plotted to overrule him.

But the sailors plotted still. It became necessary to bring the Rose Algier to anchor near one of the islands for repairs. To allow the careening of the vessel, a part of the stores and guns had to be removed to the shore. The ship was then hove down beside a rock, and a bridge made from the ship to the embankment.

There were palm groves near the place where the ship was undergoing repairs. To these groves the sailors went in search of game and fruits.

“Now is our chance,” said the ringleader of the scheme of piracy. “All we will have to do is to seize the captain, bind him, and leave him on the island. Then we can sail away, and own the ship and capture a dozen ships, and live like kings on the sea.”

A shout went up from all.

“I am captain of this expedition now,” said the mutineer. “Ho, for the South Sea!”

“Ho, for the South Sea!” said the men.

They sent for the leading ship carpenter, who was repairing the ship, and acquainted him with the plot.

He was a friend of Captain Phips, and he hesitated.

“If you do not join us you shall die on the spot,” said the leading mutineer.

He returned to the ship, pretending to favor the plan.

He there suddenly and secretly gave Captain Phips warning of the plot.

The captain instantly summoned those who were repairing the ship to his assistance.

“Bring back the guns to the ship!” he ordered.

It was done.

“Remove the bridge at once!”

It was done.

“Turn the guns on the shore!”

It was done.

“I am the captain of the *Rose Algier*!” he said.

Presently the mutineers appeared.

“Halt!” he thundered. “I will fire upon you if you come near the shores, and I will leave you here to perish unless you shall come on board one by one disarmed, and swear allegiance to the British flag!”

The men threw down their arms, and promised loyalty to the flag and the captain.

The *Rose Algier* sailed away again this time for Jamaica. Here Captain Phips discharged the mutineers, and sailed for Hispaniola.

He there met with an ancient Spanish pilot or sailor.

“I can point you,” said he, “to the very reef of rocks where the ship that you are searching after went down.”

Captain Phips found that this man knew the place; but the *Rose Algier* was again out of repair and only half manned.



His expedition was a failure so far as the present voyage was concerned.

But there was no failure in Captain Phips's heart, or hands, or faith. He resolved to return to England and to organize a new expedition of trusty men. He would yet reap the treasure of the sea.

He secured a new expedition under the patronage of the Duke of Albemarle and sailed again for the Antilles.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE SHIP OF GOLD.

THE shadow of night fell on the Bahama Islands, cool and still. The sea and the heavens seemed to mingle; the stars seemed to come down and live in the water under the great shadow of the sky. A stranger on the planet could not have told where was the sea and where was the sky. Night in the Antilles makes heaven and sea seem one world.

The sails were limp. There was an awesome silence around. The ship seemed moving through some unknown region of space. William Phips sat down on the deck and dreamed.

He dreamed of the Kennebec, and of all his mother had said to him when a boy.

He dreamed of Boston town, which he once thought as grand as London, of the young widow's faith in him, and of all the good counsel of Increase Mather, and the ridicule he had faced on the wharves.

He was approaching Hispaniola, the place that had cen-

tered in his dreams for so many years, from which had gone in the earlier days—

“argosies with portly sail,  
The seigniors and rich burgesses of the flood.”

An odor of palms and wild orange trees was already in the air, borne out by the long currents of sea.

“Land!”

The cry filled the ship. Hispaniola began to break in the starlit shadows before morning. The island arose in its green glory in the red mists.

Phips was quick to see that he must have a boat for cruising around the coral reefs.

“I have brought my own adze,” he said to the sailors. “I will help you build the boat.”

He did; his example inspired them, and they worked with a will.

He found the Indian pilot awaiting him—a Spanish pilot, some say, but the pilot who had heard the roar of the storm so many years before when the ship of gold went down.

The boat was soon made, and from the *Porte de la Plata* a picked crew left the ship upon it, and led by the pilot drifted out on the clear sea of the tropics over the coral world.

Days passed.

One afternoon the boat came back. The men seemed mad; they were waving their hands and wildly shouting:

“ We have found it! ”

The pilot waved his hands.

Phips stood on the deck of his ship, and shouted through his hands:

“ What have you found? ”

“ The treasure ship! ” shouted back the men.

“ I do not believe it! ” roared Phips.

These were strange words indeed for one who had believed that he would find the ship.

The men lifted an ingot of silver worth hundreds of pounds. It shone in the pure tropic air as they held it up.

William Phips gazed as one bewildered, dazed that his own intuitive visions should have proved true. He thought of all that he had hoped and suffered.

Down into the boat he came from the deck of his ship, and he was rowed away to the coral reefs that rose white like hills under the transparent sea.

The Indian pilot began to tremble, and then he pointed down to the darkened waters under the ribbed wall.

The day was fiery; the sea birds flocked in the air, screaming joyfully. The sailors were thrilled as they halted at the oars, awaiting the captain's orders.

“ Down! ” said Captain William to the divers.

Down went the divers—down.

Up came the divers—up, one by one, bringing up bags looking like rocks of salt. William Phips severed one of the bags with an axe; there flowed from it a stream of gold.

The divers told of salt-incrusted masts and spars, and timbers and ribs. They told of guns, and trunks, and implements.

“Gold!” shouted Captain William.

Down again went the divers—down. Up they came again—up, bringing more bags incrusted with salt.

There were bones in the covering of the bags—human bones. They could but serve to remind Captain William of what life really was, even amid such a scene as this. *These* men had sought for gold before him.

Down and up, down and up, went and rose the divers, their veins almost bursting with excitement and joy. There were bags of gold and ingots of silver, and before it all Captain William reeled, and the boat was ordered back to the flagship.

Captain William's visions were taking solid forms now; they were turning to gold, and as he was sailing over the sea he thought of that which was worth more than the gold—a charter for New England.

But New England had laughed at him. What of that? Was not his true wife there? Was not Increase Mather there?

The boat went out again.

“Down!” again ordered Captain William. The birds screamed and the divers went down.

Heavens! what was that? Up came a diver with a bag of gold and a skeleton! Up came a diver with a gold

goblet in a crystal sack. Captain William wished that his good wife could be there to see this treasure of some dead don.

The don would need bones no more, so they threw the skeleton back into the sea.

What a sight was that under the moon and the stars! The flagship was loaded now—her decks were covered with gold and silver. The reality had surpassed Captain William's dream.

"It must be worth £300,000 (\$1,500,000)," said he. "Thank God," he said to the sailors, "we are all made!"

He held up the dead don's golden goblet, that had blazed in the light of astrals and sconces over the tables in the banquet hall. He coveted this treasure for his believing wife. But he held back nothing.

"It must all go first," he said, "to the Duke of Albemarle."

It did. He carried back to England every doubloon of gold, every bar of gold, every ingot of silver, every treasure of the golden ship of the dons. He was true to his ideal to be honest, to walk forever in his integrity.

His fame filled England. Better than that, the story of his honor filled England.

The Duke said, "That New England captain has the soul of a knight."

The King shared the opinion.

Captain William was commanded to appear in one of the royal halls.

What further awaited him?

The reader may like to follow the exact history of this most marvelous exploit. We will give it in the language of the ablest chronicler:

“Having equipped his vessel, he sailed for Porte de la Plata, where he arrived without accident. Here the first object was to build a stout boat, capable of carrying eight or ten oars, in making which Phips used the adze himself, in company with the crew. A number of the men, with some Indian divers, were then dispatched in the tender, while the captain remained with the ship in port. Having anchored the tender at a convenient distance, the men proceeded in the boat to examine the rocks, which they were able to do with ease, from the calmness of the sea.

“The reef was of a singular form, rising nearly to the surface, but the sides fell off so precipitously that any ship striking upon them must, as it seemed, have bounded off and sunk in deep water. Hoping to find the wreck lodged on some projecting shelf, they rowed round the reef several times, and sent down the divers at different places. The water was clear, and the men hung over the sides of the boat, and strained their eyes in gazing downward to discover, if possible, some fragment of the ship. All was in vain, and they prepared to return to the tender. But

just as they were leaving the reef, one of the men, perceiving some curious sea plant growing in the crevice of the rocks, sent down one of the Indians to obtain it. When the diver returned he told them that he had discovered a number of ship's guns lying in the same spot. Other divers were immediately sent down, and one soon brought up a large ingot of silver, worth from two to three hundred pounds sterling. Overjoyed at their success, they marked the spot with a buoy, and then returned with the boat and tender to the port.

“Phips could not believe the story of their success till they showed him the ingot, when he exclaimed:

“Thanks be to God, we are all made!’ The whole crew were immediately set to work, and, in the course of a few days, they fished up treasure to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds. They had lighted at first on the part of the wreck where the bullion was stored, but they afterward found the coin, which had been placed in bags among the ballast. It had remained there so long that the bags were found covered with a calcareous incrustation of considerable thickness, which being broken open with irons, the pieces of eight showered out in great profusion. Besides the gold and silver, precious stones were found of considerable value.

“In the course of the search they were joined by one Adderley, a shipmaster of Providence, who had been of some assistance to Phips in the former voyage, and who



now met him by appointment in a small vessel. With his few hands he contrived in a day or two to load his vessel with silver to the amount of several thousand pounds. This success fairly upset the reason of the poor Providence sea captain, and a year or two afterward he died in a state of insanity at Bermuda.

“The failure of provisions obliged the party to think of departure, before the examination of the wreck was complete. The last day that the men were at work they raised about twenty heavy lumps of silver. With the view of revisiting the spot and completing the work, an oath of secrecy was imposed upon Adderley and his men, and a promise exacted that they would content themselves with what they had already acquired. But through the imprudence of these persons the secret leaked out, the Bermudans visited the wreck, and when Phips returned, after the lapse of a year or two, it was found that every article of value had been removed.

“Besides the want of provisions, other considerations induced the captain to hasten his departure. The crew, though not so mutinously disposed as those who formerly manned the *Rose Algier*, were by no means trustworthy; and the knowledge of such a vast treasure, yet contained in the ship, and which had been acquired by their own exertions, was enough to excite the cupidity of the men. and to induce them to attempt the seizure of the vessel. Every precaution was taken, by keeping a strict watch

and promising the men that, in addition to the stipulated wages, they should receive a portion of the profits, even if Phips should thereby be obliged to sacrifice his own share. Not daring to stop at any nearer port to obtain the necessary supplies, he sailed directly for England, where he arrived safe with his lading in the course of the year 1687.

“After making a division of the profits, and paying the promised gratuity to the seamen, there remained to Phips only about sixteen thousand pounds, though, as a token of satisfaction with his conduct, the Duke of Albemarle presented his wife with a gold cup of the value of a thousand pounds. The King was advised to seize the whole cargo, instead of the tenth part, which had been reserved by the patent, on the pretense that the grant had been obtained only by the suppression of some information possessed by the parties. But King James refused to take such an ungenerous course. He avowed his entire satisfaction with the conduct of the enterprise, and declared that Phips had displayed so much integrity and talent that he should not henceforth want countenance. In consideration of the service done by him in bringing such a treasure into the country, and as an earnest of future favors, he received the honor of knighthood, and was requested to remain in England, with the promise of honorable employment in the public service.

“But his home was still New England; and though he

had never received much encouragement there, but, on the contrary, supposed he had good reason to complain of some of his countrymen, still, as the colony was now in a distressed state, and he was able to afford some aid, he was too patriotic to absent himself forever from his native land. For the remainder of his life his history is closely connected with that of the colonies.”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

“RISE UP, SIR WILLIAM!”

WILLIAM PHIPS was rich and famous now. Influence follows wealth and fame—influence for good or evil.

New England had not at all times treated William well; there were many people in Boston who had not believed in his ideals, and who spoke of him as cunning or artless. In England it was now different; the carpenter of the Kennebec was received into the courtly society of the Admiralty.

The London chronicles spread his name and honor throughout the world.

He had now found his ship of gold, but the greater dream of his life was to preserve for the colonies their charter rights. The gratitude of the colonies for services that he had rendered them would be sweeter to him than all the applause of English sailors for the brave deeds he had done upon the sea. He had the friendship of William Penn. Amid these exciting times Dr. Increase Mather was presented to the court as the agent of the colonies. He had been smuggled on board a ship at Boston by night,

to avoid arrest by Randolph and Andros, and had found his way over the sea, and was presented at court, and waited for some one who had influence enough to present him to the King.

He met his old parishioner, William Phips.

“Little did I think ever to meet you here,” said he. “You have wealth and honor; your name fills England and her colonies, and all the ships of the sea.”

“I wish I had one thing more,” said Captain William.

“And what is that, captain?”

“The ear of the King.”

“What would you say?”

“I would plead for the charter—the charter!”

“Service lingers longer in the world than wealth or fame,” said Dr. Mather. “It is worth more than either. Captain Phips, he that hath shall have more, is the promise of the Scripture. You may one day get to the ear of the King.”

“Then I will serve you and the cause that you represent, at any cost. What if it should be that destiny should make me, a carpenter, a sailor, an adventurer, who learned to read at my wife’s knee—what, I say, if destiny should make me the agent to secure to New England her charter again!”

“Boy of the Kennebec, you have faced the world bravely thus far. You have begun the world empty-handed. If you could secure the ear of the King, would you not find

your way to the heart of the King? If you could gain the heart of the King you might relieve New England from her terrors, from the fear of the loss of property, from the necessity of hidden rooms. You may stand in the place of Randolph and Andros yet; you may be New England, who can say?"

One day there came a messenger to the apartments of Captain Phips. He wore the uniform of the Royal Commissioners. He doffed his hat, and bowed very low.

"The King desires to meet you in the royal audience room. I bear his command to you for this day."

Captain William was very much surprised. Did the King desire him to undertake some new expedition?

He obeyed the royal invitation and command with an excited mind and a full heart.

The hall was filled with a brilliant company, and over them gleamed gold-embroidered banners. The King's face was lighted with no common joy. The throng opened, and the way to the throne chair lay clear before him.

He knelt down at the feet of the King.

There was silence.

"Captain William Phips, your honesty is equal to your genius, and he who has both genius and character well deserves to bear the title of a knight."

Could Captain William Phips believe that it was really he who was kneeling there before King James on the royal tapestries? He thought of Francis Drake.

Something touched him.

It was cold.

Then a voice arose in the silence that thrilled him.

“Rise up, *Sir William!*”

A great cheer rent the hall from knights in velvet and gold.

He rose up. The King looked happy. The knights led Sir William away to the banquet hall.

The scene in the hall was enchanting. But it carried his thoughts away from himself. There was a new voice calling to him from his soul—“The Charter—the Charter!”

He would spell his name Phipps now that he had become a baronet: Sir William Phipps.

He had the ear of the King now. He must find the King’s heart. Knighted for honesty though he had been, he had the way both to the King’s heart and ear.

The Duke of Albemarle was especially gracious to the new baronet.

“Have you any one at home you would wish me to honor?” asked he.

“I have a noble wife,” said Sir William.



*William Phipps*

“I will send her the cup of gold,” said the Duke. “You may call it the Albemarle Cup.”

“Never could it find a nobler woman,” said Sir William.

He met Dr. Increase Mather.

“I will now help to secure for you an interview with the King. The way for it has been opened to me!”

“What hath Providence wrought!” said the New England divine. “When I first met you, a carpenter of Boston, with your adze under your arm, could I have believed that it would ever be given to you to speak to me words like these? Do you recall the night in May or June, when, in the cottage of the quiet street in Boston town, you asked me to relate to you the story of Sir Francis Drake?”

“It was given to Sir Francis to do a great service to England,” said Sir William.

“And if I read the will of Heaven aright, it shall be given you to render a great service to New England—to secure for her the old charter again, or a new one. William Phipps, baronet, your honesty has made a way to the throne; let your patriotism now save the liberties of New England.”

Increase Mather pleaded for the rights of New England with the King. The struggle of the King between his conscience and his pride in the matter was a long one; but the new baronet had won the heart of the King.



Simon Bradstreet, Governor, had been succeeded by Sir Edmund Andros, who had taken away from him his office with the charter.

Simon Bradstreet was now nearly ninety years of age. The people still regarded him as their Governor, and believed that new times would come to England, when their charter would be restored, and the venerable man of their choice would come back to the Governor's office, in the whiteness of his almost ninety years.

It was an April afternoon in 1689. Sir Edmund Andros had been banqueting that day. He assembled his guards, and prepared to march down King's Street, now State Street, where, a century after, the revolution began.

There was a roll of drums, and the Red-coats began their glittering march in the purple light of the waning April day.

But there was another force assembling on King's Street; the people who were loyal to Simon Bradstreet and the charter, men from the country towns, old soldiers of the times of the Commonwealth, men who had served in Philip's war. They were in gray, sober dress, unorganized, but they had one heart and one spirit.

“We need a leader, a champion,” said a grave minister that day, to an old soldier of the Parliamentary army.

“Who will be the chosen of God to bring us back our charter again?”

“Increase Mather,” replied the clergyman. “But we

can not tell who will be the chosen agent of Heaven in times like these. These are days of wonders."

The purpose of the march of Andros down King's Street was to display his power and dignity, and to silence the discontent by overawing the people.

Simon Bradstreet was in town, and not at North Andover on this blue April day.

There was a belief whispered among the people, that Andros intended to arrest this venerable man and his counselors at the end of the parade.

So the drums rolled on, and amid the exhibition of viceregal pomp there began to be formed a plan to arrest Andros, in the name of all the people. This would be a declaration of independence.

The movement spread, and the venerable Simon Bradstreet heard of it.

He appeared upon the street. When the people beheld the patriarch, their true Governor, they hailed him as their champion. But he counseled prudence, and told them to await occasions and to pray.

The drums rolled through Corn Hill. Sir Edmund Andros appeared on horseback, and beside him rode Edward Randolph, and there followed them the officers of the crown. They were erect, and soldierlike in their bearing, and rode laughing and jesting at the people in the dusk of the closing day.

The people's hearts were resolved on revolution at the

sight of these mocking cavaliers. They had no arms, but the pavings of the streets would furnish weapons.

There came a voice from the surging crowd.

“Halt!”

It echoed in the hearts of the people.

The cavalcade halted. The people seized the bridles of the horses. Sir Edmund Andros was hurled from his seat, and found himself a prisoner amid his affrighted soldiers. Edward Randolph, viceroy, found himself helpless in the hands of the people, and at the mercy of the multitude.

The people were now masters of the town. The soldiers of the crown were terrified and powerless.

A cry went up: “Simon Bradstreet, Governor!”

The old governor was restored again. He was made the president of an independent council for the government of the colony.

The people had declared their independence, and Simon Bradstreet was made the president of their little republic after a revolution that had come spontaneously.

Andros and Randolph were marched down to the sea and imprisoned in the castle by the citizen soldiers.

There was a republic in America.

What would follow?

In the midst of these events there came over the sea the news of the accession of William and Mary to the throne.

But the charter—who should bring this little republic their charter, so that it might resume its relations with the crown again?

Among those who crowded the wharves when Andros and Randolph were finally taken to their prison in the harbor was poor Jane Cone and the old dog, which followed her wherever she went.

Both seemed to be thinking of Joe.

The April wind blew the old woman's hair as she stood there with straining eyes, looking toward the castle.

Goodman Blake, the driver, approached her. Oliver ran to him joyfully.

“That is a knowing dog,” said poor Jane, “and he is the only friend that is left me now in all the world. Don't call him away, for Joe's sake.”

“That I never could have the heart to do, good woman.”

“The people are their own master now, Goodman Blake. They have got the governor, and all. They say that a new king has come to the throne in England. The exiles here now will have nothing more to fear, will they, Goodman?”

“No; but they are dead now.”

“Dead! How do you know, Goodman?”

“The air holds news,” said he.

“Goodman, who was the muffled man in the coach,

when Joe went driving with you? Did Oliver know him? Joe seemed to think that he did.”

“Ah, my good woman, that was not the first time that Oliver had ridden with Judges Whalley and Goffe, for the muffled man was none other than he who ordered the King to the block, and set up the Commonwealth. The dog once followed his coach on the other side of the water.”

The old woman, ignorant as she was, saw the past now. She seized Oliver by the collar, and led him away, with her gray hair flowing in the fitful wind.

It is May, 1692.

Boom!

What was that?

The guns of the castle in Boston harbor.

*Sir* William Phipps is coming into port.

He is Governor Phipps now.

He is bringing with him a new charter.

*Lady* Phipps hears the guns.

Good Simon Bradstreet hears them.

The townhouse is decked with flags. Bells ring. The ships in the harbor throw out their colors on the blue spring air.

New times have come to New England. The bells shall ring in ten royal governors, of which William Phipps is the first.

Little did the coarse, rough sailor boy and ship car-

penter think, when he first saw the roofs of Boston town, that the cannon would one day boom and the bells ring for his homecoming.

Little did he think when he first met Increase Mather that he would one day introduce him to the Court of England!

Little did he think when he first met Simon Bradstreet that he would one day succeed him as Governor.

The ship of gold of his visions had changed into a ship of gold in reality.

He built a brick house in the "Fair Green Lane of Boston town."

He placed on the table of that house the golden goblet given him for his lady by the Duke of Albemarle—the Albemarle Cup.

The story of Sir William now became the wonder tale of the province. It is and will ever be the typical New England wonder tale.

A noble dream and two stout hands may accomplish much in this pliant world.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### JOE'S WORK IN LIFE ENDED.

POOR Jane Cone wandered often now in silence. She would wander far away to Salem. If good Increase Mather met her on her way, and said kindly:

“Where are you going, Mother Cone?” she would answer:

“To the ships that come back.”

The ship in which Joe had sailed was called the White Condor. Jane sat among the fishermen on the wharves of Salem, and asked of them if they had heard anything from her boy.

So a year passed.

One day, while the violets were blue, and the dandelions were setting sunflakes, as it were, in the green fields, Jane hailed the old shipmaster of Salem town.

“Goodman Brattle, have you heard anything from my boy?”

“What was his name, good woman?”

“Joe.”

“On what ship did he sail?”

“It isn’t the ship that I am after, but my boy.”

“But what was the name of the ship, good woman?”

“’Twas the Condor, now, if my memory serves me right.”

“The White Condor? Good woman, I’m sorry to tell it, but that ship has gone down.”

She lifted her hands.

“The ship—it is not the ship that I am looking for, but for my boy.”

“His name was Cone?”

“Yes, yes; Cone—that is my name. Let the ship go to the winds and waves. What became of my boy, Joe?”

“He helped save the crew. ’Twas off the coral reefs. He was a brave lad and did well.”

“He helped save the crew—you may say that—that’s Joe, but what became of him?”

“The lifeboat was overloaded; some one had to go.”

“Go where?”

“Go down. The lifeboat was overloaded, and some one had to go down, or the boat would go down. Joe—yes, Joe Cone, he clung to the side of the boat for a time, but the boat shipped a sea, and had to be lightened. There was no help for it, and Joe said, ‘I will go down,’ and he said something more.”

“What did he say more?”

“You are his mother. He said, ‘Mother will understand,’ or something like that. Joe was a true lad, and



he loved others better than himself. It is an honor to be the mother of a boy like that."

"Good man, he didn't go *down*. I know where he has gone."

She turned her face toward Boston town. It was near night, and the sun was setting.

Some farmers found her the next morning sleeping under a stack in the swale meadows. They awakened her.

She rose up in silence, at first bewildered. Then her mind grew clear.

She returned to her lonely, vacant hut on the Charlestown Neck, and when good Increase Mather called to see her, she said:

"There were no ships of gold under the seas for Joe. The thought of it makes me go mad sometimes, but Joe didn't go down; 'twas the ship that went down. There is a better world than this for souls like him. I've had him; that is a blessing. Dr. Mather, I can wait."

She wandered about the town in silence for the most of the time, but sometimes lost control of her mind. When she heard of the good fortune of others on the sea, she sometimes would lose her grasp of faith, and use bitter words, and say:

"Let me go and sleep under the haystack; trouble dwells in houses."

The infectious moral delusion of witchcraft was at hand. No one would have suspected old Jane of being a witch,

though she might have looked like one, but, strangely enough in her unsettled state, she began to be suspicious of others. The Mathers believed in witches, though Increase Mather and Simon Bradstreet were slow to accept the testimony of supposed witches in court. But the people as a rule believed every new and exciting story that grew out of the contagious nervousness that followed evil suggestions. Many people were imprisoned for witchcraft, and some were hanged.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### POOR JANE CONE.

It was evening. The year was shading toward fall. Sir William had gone away to another part of the province.

As Lady Phipps lighted the astrals in the hall, the dead don's cup gleamed out. As she saw the golden lustre, and the past began to rise before her again, the bushes rustled at the window.

Then Calef came in and the two talked of witchcraft, which nervous delusion was spreading through the town. They talked in the golden gleams of the dead don's cup.

He went away, leaving Lady Phipps alone. She bent forward over the table, thinking. She studied the exquisite carving in the gold, and read her own name there, "Lady Phipps."

She lifted the golden cup.

A chuckling sound rose in the air outside.

She set down the cup with a trembling hand.

She listened. There followed a long silence.

It was suddenly broken. A loud rap fell upon the door.

"Go," said Lady Phipps to a servant.

The servant returned.

“An old, a very old woman, asks to see you, marm.”

“Let her come in.”

A little old woman, veiled, and fantastically dressed, came slowly sidling in, smelling of balm. She stopped suddenly, and raised her veil.

“I heard ye.”

“I do not understand you, good madam.”

“You don’t know who I be, do you? You used to, but I have altered some, they say. I have had trouble enough to change me into a stone.”

“Madam——”

“I am no madam, marm. Don’t you dast to use any fine words on me. I am just Jane Cone. There now, you know just whom I be. I’ve memories. *He* struck my b’y, who was always good to his poor old mother. He struck my b’y.”

“Who struck your boy, good woman? I do not comprehend.”

“Phipps; he were but a sailor then. He struck my b’y, who died at sea. Ah, when the news came it turned my brain to fire and my heart into a stone. My brain burns. When I heard that the sea had my b’y for good and all, I vowed a vow against the hand that struck my b’y. I’ve heard ye!”

“Heard me, my good woman; you distress me. Heard what? Pray tell me.”

“I’ve heard ye consulting with Calef, the infidel, he who don’t believe the testimony of people possessed by spirits, not even in the courts, and, Lady Phipps, as they call ye, you listen now to me. Lady Phipps, you yourself are a witch—that’s wot you be!”

Lady Phipps rose, and stood over the dead don’s cup, in the light, and bent on the little woman an inquiring and reproachful look.

“Oh, don’t you look upon me in that way, me lady. That won’t do now. My time has come. I know your arts. I have followed you all the weary years since your hot-headed sailor struck my b’y; it was down among the lumber wharves where they used to pick oakum. I’ve not forgotten it, and I never will, even if I live to be as old as the crows. I know your arts. Let us sit down in this fine room and have a talk together.”

Jane Cone sank into a chair, lifting her veil high on her green, funnel-shaped bonnet, or calash. Lady Phipps sat down.

“Listen now; hear this!” said the old woman.

She gathered up a wrinkled face, and with her thin lips uttered a low chuckling whistle, “Whar-r-r!” It had a mysterious, far-away sound, a hollow sound, as from some unknown chamber of life in the heart. It seemed to fill the whole house, then to die away in lonely rooms.

The old woman rose and made a courtesy.

“Did you ever hear that sound before, me lady? A

sound like that in the shadows, me lady, in the air like, as it were?"

Lady Phipps sank back into her chair.

Jane Cone bent her elbows on her knees.

"Did you ever hear that sound, me lady, I say?"

"Yes, Jane Cone, I have heard it. You have been eavesdropping for years. It was you who have been stirring the bushes about the windows."

"That is the way that I used to call my cow. She knew the call. Then by a little change I could make my heart voice a mockery—this way, Wh-r-r-r!"

"Ah, me lady, he struck me b'y, and he struck me when he struck me b'y, only he struck me in this heart. And here ye be prospering, prospering in all your wickedness; and as I have watched it all, what lumps have come up into my throat, and fevers into my head, and I can not endure it any longer. Me Lady Phipps, you are a witch, and you deserve the fate of Ann Hibbins, the scold, and of Giles Corey, of Beverly Farms."

"I believe, Jane Cone, that they were both innocent people. What makes you think that I am a witch, Jane Cone?"

"Look thou there! Look at that great cup of gold. Great goblets of gold don't come to people like you in any honest way. I've watched you as you entrapped the young sailor by your arts. I've seen you years ago when you used to sit down beside him, and teach him enchantments out

of books. Ye taught him how to find lost ships and to rob dead sailors. You can cast a spell. See that gold goblet gleam!”

She gazed about furtively.

“Gold! gold! did you see it gleam? You cast a spell on him and made him marry ye, and you told him how to find the secrets of the sea.”

“Never, Jane Cone; I never cast a spell.”

“Then how did he find the ship of gold that belonged to dead sailors down under the sea? Answer me that, now. Other sailors never found no ship of gold. It is fool’s gold, all. You are a witch, and your name shall be cast out of Boston town. Heaven forgive me now, if I do not speak true. See that gold gleam; there’s a dead hand there. See, see! Let me go out into the open air, and leave you all by yourself with your cup of gold and the dead hand holding it back.”

She went out uttering the same mocking sound, “Wh-r-r-r,” and left Lady Phipps alone with the Albe-marle Cup.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE CARPENTERS' DINNER.

LADY PHIPPS was accused of witchcraft by Jane Cone. She must send for her husband to return home at once, as her personal safety in the epidemic madness was in peril.\*

The night before she was to be accused to the magistrates she sat in her room alone.

The clock struck ten.

What was she to do? If witch testimony were still to be taken in the courts of the law, Jane Cone had only to pretend to have been bewitched by her—to tell what she had seen and heard, to tell the story of the magic books, to cite the interviews with the infidel Calef, and to point to her life as not belonging to common affairs.

The great golden cup itself might prove a witness against her. Did ever a woman receive a gold goblet in such a way outside of the tales of enchantment? A farm on the Charles River had been her early home in Boston,

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\* Lady Phipps was brought under suspicion of witchcraft somewhat after the manner related in the story.



and she wished for a simple life again, in some rural cottage, into whose doors envy and jealousy and revenge did not come.

Eleven! How a single evil suggestion may change the whole color of life! How soon may be the transition from the light to the shadow. Contentment is happiness, and she would be content to dwell under the shadows of a common lot, if only the truth could be made clear and her good name be spared. Wishing the happiness of every one, unselfish in motive and blameless in life, visions of what might arise from such a charge lifted their unwelcome forms darker and darker before her, like the incoming clouds of a tempest after long days of sun and calm.

For the first time she knew what the heart might suffer. She pitied the so-called witches in prison, and saw the helpless agonies through which some had gone to death.

She saw the true value of the accusations that had been made on what was known as "witch testimony," or the fancies of those supposed to have been bewitched.

Yet there was something real in these delusions. Might not an evil-minded person exert a destructive influence over another, and would such an influence not be of the worst crimes? If there be an inward power that builds men by the inspiration of faith in them, might there not be such a power to destroy? Might not one, indeed, cast

an "evil eye" that would wither? Did not the dispositions of the good toward men have their effects, and lift the wings of life? And was it not so with evil volition; might not a wish wither?

Midnight.

Her resolution came back to her. She must act. She took her pen and wrote:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I am accused of witchcraft. Return at once.

"The testimony of witches must no longer be taken in any courts of law.

"You know that *I* am innocent.

"But think of how many people as innocent as I have already suffered imprisonment and death!

"You must take a firm stand.

"Your Afflicted WIFE."

Sir William Phips came flying back to Boston town. The Governor was in a terrible rage; his good resolutions of self-restraint seemed to have been thrown to the wind. His first question as he met his wife and saw her altered face, was:

"Who has done this thing?"

"Jane Cone is my accuser; it has not come to the public yet."

"I will throttle the hag."

“No; in this hour of test, William Phipps, you will do just right. You once did an injury to her boy, and this is the time of the harvests of revenges.”

“It is a lightning stroke on a dark road. I see the way.”

“I thought that I saw the way, but was not sure.”

“What am I to do?”

“You must make it known that witch testimony can not be taken in the courts.”

“But the clergy?”

“‘The Guises compel me,’ said the French king to the Huguenot potter. ‘Then you are no longer a king,’ said the potter. Is Cotton Mather, who believes in witches, or are you, the civil governor of this province?”

“I see my duty. I can see how witch testimony may arise from revengeful motives, and how it may be a lie and a delusion. I have followed the counsels of wise and good men, who meant well. But ‘the Guises’ shall not ‘compel me.’ I have come, under your influence, to make my conscience my law of life, and there shall never be another trial in New England on the accusation of witches; never, never, since you, my wife, are in peril of being accused.”

There came into his face a moral force that was ennobling. Then his countenance fell again, and he said:

“But the hag?”

“You have done her wrong. She has a complaint

against you. You must go to her and right your own wrong. You said that your conscience had become your law of life. Has it?"

He stood silent.

He had come to the turning point of his moral and spiritual history. He faced the guidepost to the two ways.

"Yes; it has. I did the woman wrong in her boy. I will go to her, and I will myself make reparation and do what is right. Then I will reason with her about the charge, and if she retract I will leave her in peace. I could not have done this in my early days."

"You could not have said that a year ago?"

"No."

"Titles do not make a knight."

"No."

"Nor fame."

"No."

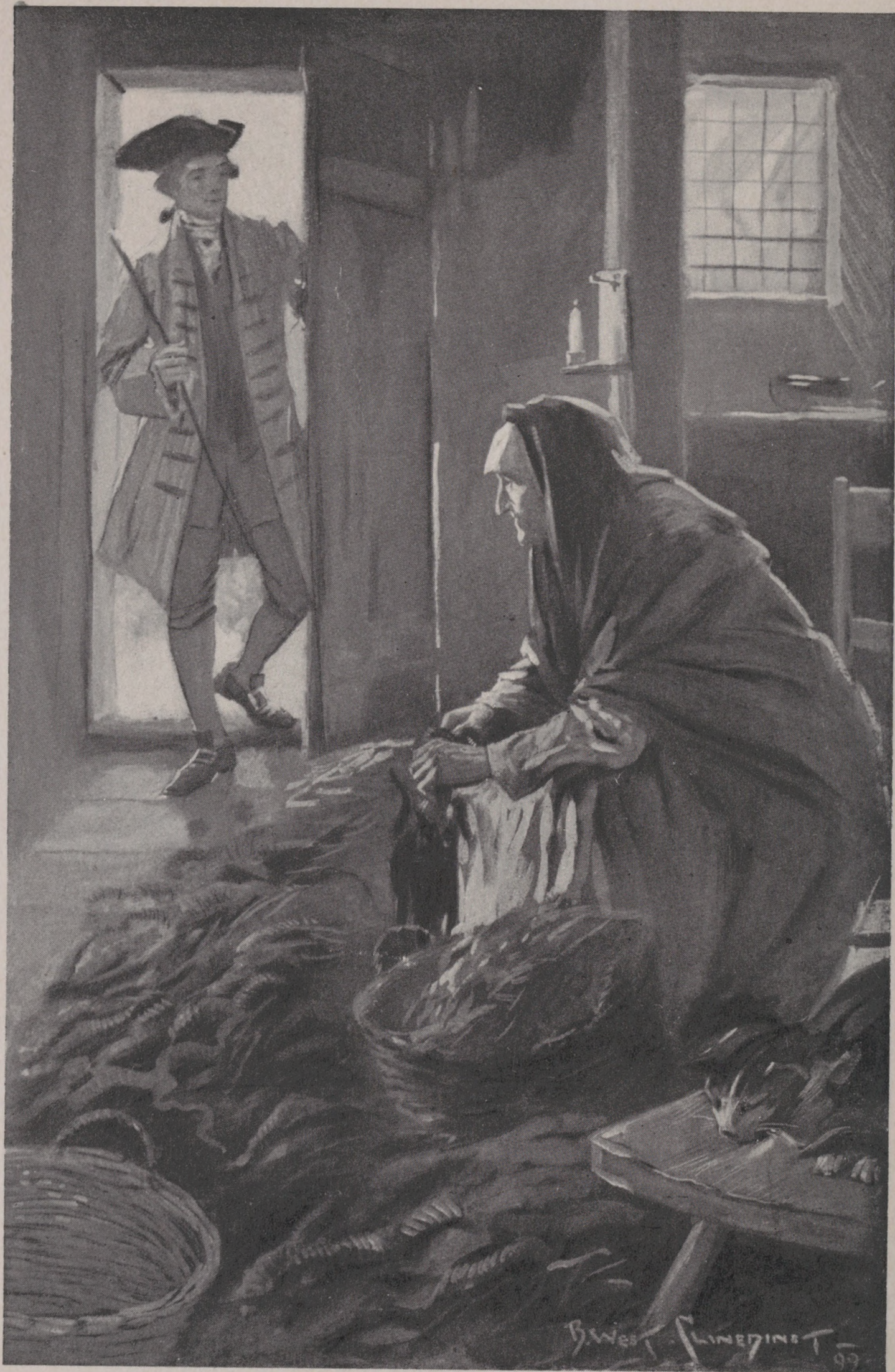
"But you are a knight, and you would be one now without a title."

"My conscience has become the law of my life."

"Your conscience has become the law of your life? I can see it has. I know it and feel it. And the law of conscience must be based on the principle that should govern all life. The one guidance of truth, supreme, immortal, is, 'Whatsoever ye would——'"

"I know."





The baronet calls upon Jane Cone.

“ ‘Whatsoever’—then go to Jane Cone! Baronet, Governor, go to poor old Jane Cone.”

“ I will go.”

Sir William went as a common man.

He returned to his wife.

“ I have made Jane Cone my friend. If you had not been accused, this view of my duty could never have come to me. The whole colony will rejoice when I give to the public my view and decision, and in the fall I will proclaim a Thanksgiving. I can see it all in my mind, as I have seen things before. I am thankful for the light. A new spirit possesses me and holds me; it shall end a feast of psalms. This year New England shall rejoice and sing! ”

“ This,” said Lady Phipps, “ shall be, too, the year of a Thanksgiving feast of our own—one in the spirit of the highest teaching of which we have dreamed. It shall crown my life. The terrible lesson that I have received has led me to hold the world less tightly than before. If I can realize life’s dream in that Thanksgiving, I shall be willing to go to the chamber of silence, where nothing can alarm. I shall offer my thanks for all mercies on that day over the Albemarle Cup, and put the cup away. And, William Phipps, baronet, and Governor of the province, forgiveness is redemption, and ‘Restore’ is the jewel of the ring and crown of happiness, and I shall invite Jane Cone to be present on that day as a witness to thee and to me.”

“I am going to make a dinner on Thanksgiving Day, and invite all the carpenters,” said Sir William.\*

“Why the carpenters?”

“I was once a carpenter. I wish to show them that I honor the men of the axe and adze, and I wish to let them see that I have sought to overcome myself. You must invite Jane Cone.”

The Thanksgiving Day came. The people crowded the “Old North Church,” as we call it now, and the house of the Governor. The military came to “Copp’s Hill”—the “Ancient and Honorable Artillery.”

Night fell, The astrals were lighted in the house of the “Fair Green Lane.” Under them was placed a gleaming cup of gold.

Calef was there, and he read in the goblet the “Cup of Thanksgiving” of my lady’s prophetic soul.

A hundred guests sat down at the tables.

But what strange object was that?

Amid the gayety there glided into the room, and took a place at the tables, poor Jane Cone.

The carpenters stared.

The hour of Lady Phipps had now come—a more glorious hour than had been brought her by wealth or fame.

She rose and said:

“‘What shall I render?’”

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\* Sir William Phipps gave such a dinner to the Boston carpenters.



How noble my lady looked!

She lifted the Albemarle Cup.

“‘I will take the Cup of Salvation.’”

She stood there in white, her beautiful face half hidden by the flashing gold.

“My husband, you brought me wealth, but it did not bring me satisfaction. You brought me a titled name, but my heart was not at rest. You brought to your home the favor of the Church; something was wanting still. But, at last, you bring to me and to all these people a heart consecrated to justice and right. Is not that so, Jane Cone?”

The old woman rose, shaking. All eyes were fixed on her. She had in her hand a sprig of withered balm. Her lip quivered, and she brushed the sprig of balm across her face. Tears ran down the hard lines of her cheek, and she bent forward, leaning one hand on the table, near to the goblet of gold.

“Yes, me lady.”

She brushed back her white hair.

“Yes, your worship. There never was a truer word. He came to me hut, and he asked me forgiveness for what he did wrong to me b’y—me b’y that sleeps in the sea. He came to me, poor old Jane Cone, when it was all in me heart to do him wrong. He set me heart aright. I never would have thought that I would have felt again as I do now. It is not often that the withered stalk blooms. Oh, me lady! I am not wot I was when I called on ye

that evil night with malice in me heart. Do ye mind that whistle wot I made? I am not that woman now; there is a song in the heart of old Jane Cone."

"She shall be his witness and mine," said Lady Phipps. She set down the Albemarle Cup on the table.

"Heaven has made my heart a better cup than that, and has filled it with gratitude. I have no longer any need of a cup of gold. I will put it away. There has come to us all, to you and to me, the spirit of true Thanksgiving! My husband is more than a knight; he is a man."

"We build ourselves out of others," said Sir William, "and I owe the development of my better self to my wife. It is more to make men than to gain riches or fame. I honor those to-day the most who set my feet in boyhood and in my young manhood aright."

The Albemarle Cup—what became of it? I have never been able to learn. The grand epitaph of Sir William Phipps, relating the leading incidents of this story, adorns the ancient English Church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, in London. The foundation of the Province House that Lady Phipps once owned among her ample estates is still visited by relic gatherers in Boston; but what of the golden cup of the sea, the goblet of Albemarle? It is passing strange that the history of such a treasure should have ended in mystery. Can any reader answer the question?

A few years ago we visited the old church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, not a long way from St. Paul's, and

read over the pulpit the following most remarkable inscription:

*“Near this place is interred the body of Sir William Phipps, Knight, who in the year 1687, by his great industry, discovered among the rocks near the Banks of Bahama, on the North side of Hispaniola, a Spanish Plate-Ship, which had been under water 44 years, out of which he took in Gold and Silver to the value of £300,000 Sterling; and with a Fidelity equal to his conduct, brought it all to London, where it was divided between himself and the rest of the Adventurers: \* for which great service he was knighted by his then Majesty, James II., and afterward, by the command of his present Majesty, and at the request of the Principal Inhabitants of New England, he accepted of the Government of Massachusetts, in which he continued to the time of his Death, and discharged his Trust with that zeal for the interest of his Country, and with so little regard to his own private Advantage, that he justly gained the good Esteem and Affection of the greatest and best part of the Inhabitants of that Colony. His Lady, to perpetuate his Memory, hath caused this Monument to be erected.”*

Sir William died in London.

The news of the death of Sir William Phipps reached Boston May 5, 1695, of which Sewell says: “The mourning guns are fired at the Castle and Town.”

We have written this story as a picture of the Inter-

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\* A part of it was so divided.

charter period, in which the spirit of American independence was developed, and which sowed the seed of resistance to tyranny that bore fruit in centuries to come; and we have chosen William Phipps as a character to interpret those resolute times of patriotism and the crushing out of superstition, for the boy of the Maine woods became the spirit of these great events.

We wish that we could say that his character was wholly ideal. He struggled against his own nature as well as against the evils of the times, and he thought he had himself in command; but he is reported to have acted rashly in the government of men in the campaign in the northern provinces.

He needed the discipline of a moral education in youth. With that he might have been, not a hero after the manner of Cromwell or of Baron Steuben, but one after the example of Samuel Adams, or General Greene, or Baron de Kalb. We have sought to picture him as he was; as one who accomplished so much for liberty by faith in God, by sterling honesty and integrity, and a generous and forgiving heart, as to make one wish that he could wholly have arisen above his uncultured nature and the errors of his time, and filled the ideal of a man who lost himself entirely in his love of humanity.

To the heroes of the Intercharter period America owes her early high ideals of liberty, justice, and faith in mankind. That brief period may well claim our inter-

est, love, and honor; it was a furnace that tried men and found them true as they then were able to discern the light of the truth. With Samuel Adams, of whom we have written in the Patriot Schoolmaster, came higher ideals, and a struggle that emancipated America, and that promises to bring universal justice to mankind.

William Phipps went empty-handed into the wide world, and procured for New England her ancient privileges, and emancipated the colonies from superstition. He followed a high suggestion, and fulfilled, what seemed impossible to others, the ideals of his youth.

“A high aim is curative,” says Emerson. “Where there is no vision the people perish,” says the prophet. Who wills to do his best can accomplish much, says the life of Sir William, who sleeps in eternal honor, in the shadowy seclusion amid the crowded thoroughfares of the English metropolis, on the banks of the Thames.

## APPENDIX.

### ANNE BRADSTREET.

THE ancient graveyard at the corner of Washington and Eustis Streets, near Roxbury, is open to the public on Saturday afternoons and holidays. It might well be made a place of school pilgrimages.

American literature began in Anne Bradstreet, and our young readers may like to see how well this woman, who was called in England the Tenth Muse, could write in Andover, among the trees, surrounded by her eight children, growing orchards, and lovely clearings, where all was silence and shade.

We will give you a specimen of her quaint verse, written under these conditions. In the New England solitudes, thought became her realm of life. She turned away from ambition and affairs of state, to the study of the soul.

### THE TRUE STORY OF THE JUDGES.

HADLEY, *March 26, 1793.*

THE following letter, written in 1793, will give the reader the real facts in regard to the Judges, which we must regard as one of the most interesting of American stories:

“REVEREND SIR: Since I received yours of the 11th ult., I have taken pains to inquire of the oldest people

among us, what they heard said, by the eldest persons in town since their remembrance, respecting Whalley and Goffe, their residence in this town. The tradition among all of them is that both of them were secreted in the town; that the inhabitants at the time knew very little of them, or where they were concealed, except those in whose houses they were. And the tradition among them in general is, that one of them died in this town (those who remember which say Whalley); that the other, Goffe, after the death of Whalley, left the town, and that it was not known where he went. With respect to the one who died in this town, the tradition in general is that he was buried in Mr. Tillton's cellar.

“Most of whom I have inquired for tradition say that while they were here the Indians made an assault upon the town; that on this occasion a person unknown appeared, animating and leading on the inhabitants against the enemy, and exciting them by his activity and ardour; that when the Indians were repulsed the stranger disappeared—was gone—none ever knew where, or who he was. The above is the general tradition among us.

“I shall now notice some things which were in the tradition, as given by some, differing from the above, or adding somewhat to it.

“According to the tradition given by some, Whalley and Goffe were not concealed the whole of the time at Mr. Russel's and Mr. Tillton's, but part of the time at one Smith's. This I find in the family of the Smiths.

“An old man among us says he remembers to have heard the old people say there was a fruitless search (by order of the government, as I understand it) of all the

houses in Hadley; but that they (to use his words) searched as if they searched not. That after Whalley's death Goffe went off, first to Hartford, then to New Haven, where he was suspected and in danger of being known by his extraordinary dexterity with the sword, shown, as he tells the story, on a particular occasion. And in apprehension of the danger, he went off from New Haven. Here tradition, according to him, ends with respect to Goffe.

“Another, still older, says that he heard both his father and grandfather say that both Whalley and Goffe were secreted at Mr. Russel's at first; who for their security, in case of search, made a retreat for them between his chambers and behind his chimney. That one of them died at Mr. Tillton's and was buried behind his barn. That after his death Goffe went off into the Narragansett; was there set upon, and in danger of being taken; went from thence to the southward; was heard of as far as Pennsylvania, or Virginia, and nothing heard further of him.

“The tradition among some, connected with the family of Marshes, is that Whalley and Goffe both died in Hadley.

“Not many years after my settlement in Hadley (1754), one, who was then quite an old man, told me, among other things, that the tradition of the one that died in town was that he was buried in Mr. Tillton's garden or in his cellar. With respect to the place of his burial I am of the opinion that it was kept secret, and was unknown. It seems to have been a matter of conjecture among the inhabitants—in Tillton's cellar, in his garden, or behind his barn—as they imagined most probable. Of his being buried under a fence between two lots, I do not find anything; nor of his being afterward removed. I have



searched for his monument, and do not as yet by any means find the time of Tillton's death. Should I hereafter, I will inform you.

SAMUEL HOPKINS."

I was at Hadley May 21, 1792, making inquiries for gratifying my own curiosity and without a thought of compiling this history. The Reverend Mr. Hopkins carried me to Mr. Russel's house, still standing. It is a double house, two stories and a kitchen. Although repaired with additions, yet the chamber of the judges remains obviously in its original state unmutilated, as when these exiled worthies inhabited it. Adjoining to it behind, or at the north end of the large chimney, was a closet, in the floor of which I saw still remaining the trap door through which they let themselves down into an under closet, and so thence descended into the cellar for concealment, in case of search or surprise. I examined all those places with attention, and with heartfelt sympathetic veneration for the memories of those long-immured sufferers, thus shut up and secluded from the world for the tedious space of fourteen or sixteen years, in this voluntary Bastile. They must have been known to the family and domestics, and must have been frequently exposed to accidental discoveries, with all their care and circumspection to live in stillness. That the whole should have been effectually concealed in the breasts of the knowing ones is an example of secrecy truly astonishing!

Mr. Hopkins and others gave me the same account as in the preceding letter. He showed me the place where the old meeting-house stood (1675) at the Indian invasion, about eighty rods north of Mr. Russel's house. I viewed

also the position of Mr. Tillton's house, still standing, about a quarter of a mile below Mr. Russel's.

On my return from Hadley, passing through Wethersfield, on the 25th of May, I visited Mrs. Porter, a sensible and judicious woman, aged seventy-seven, in full possession of good mental powers, and particularly of memory. She was a daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Marsh, and born at Hadley, 1715, next door to Mr. Tillton's, one of the temporary and interchanged residences of the judges. This house was in her day occupied by Deacon Eastman. She had the general story of the judges, but said she knew nothing with certainty concerning them, but only that it was said they sometimes lived at Mr. Russel's, and sometimes where Deacon Eastman lived. There were many flying stories, she said, but so uncertain that nothing could be depended on—as, among others, that one was buried in Mr. Russel's cellar, and another in Mr. Tillton's lot and her father's. Her father died in 1772, aged eighty-six, and so born in Hadley, 1686, at his father's, Daniel Marsh's, a few rods northwest from Tillton's; and always lived, as did his father, in that neighborhood. As said, she had nothing certain. I pressed her for fabulous anecdotes. She said she was ashamed to tell young people's whims and notions, which had nothing in them. But in the course of conversation she said that when she was a girl it was the constant belief among the neighbors that an old man, for some reason or other, had been buried in the fence between Deacon Eastman's and her father's; and that the reason why they buried him in the line of the fence was that the possessors or owners of both lots might each be able to say he was not buried in his lot. But

why he should be buried in the lot at all, and not in the public bury-place, she had never heard any reason or tradition. She said that the women and girls from their house and Deacon Eastman's used to meet at the dividing fence, and, while chatting and talking together for amusement, one and another at times would say, with a sort of skittish fear and laughing, "Who knows but that we are now standing on the old man's grave?" She and other girls used to be skittish and fearful, even in walking the street, when they came against the place of that supposed grave, though it was never known whereabouts in that line of fence it lay. She herself imagined it lay a little beyond the barn, eight or ten rods east from the great street that runs through Hadley, and perhaps eight or ten rods from her father's house. But she supposed the whole was only young folks' foolish notions, for some were much concerned lest the old man's ghost should appear at or about that grave. But this lady was very reluctant at narrating these circumstances and stories, to which she gave no heed herself, and which she considered as trifling and unimportant.

In repeatedly visiting Hadley for many years past, and in conversation with persons born and brought up in Hadley but settled elsewhere, I have often perceived a concurrent tradition that both died there and were buried somewhere in Hadley unknown, though generally agreeing that one was buried at Russel's. And two persons born in Hadley tell me that, many years ago, they were possessed of the idea and surmise, or of a little glimmering of uncertain tradition, but how they came by it they knew not, that though buried there they were afterward

secretly taken up and removed, they knew not where. This is the only surmise of the kind I ever came across, and the informers desired me not to rely upon it; as, upon my requesting the reattention and recollection, they said it was so faint and transient an idea that they felt at a loss, and could by no means be confident. Yet they insisted that a faint impression of such a report and surmise, imbibed in youth at Hadley, still remained on their minds.

One person in New Haven, aged seventy, is certain of having immemorially heard that one of these good men, besides Dixwell, lies buried here, and has the floating idea that this person was Goffe. Upon my asking if it was not Whalley, it was replied, "No, but Goffe." Upon my asking whether he died here it was replied that he did not die here, but after living at a distance up the country, secreted for a long time, he came on a visit to Dixwell and wandered about and lived in secret places around about New Haven, and died somewhere not far from New Haven, and was secretly buried here. This was the floating idea, but of no certainty as to either the facts or derivation of information. This, however, seemed certain, and without a doubt that another besides Dixwell lay here; a little at a loss about the name, but seemed to adhere to Goffe; never heard of its being Whalley, nor of Whalley's stone, or, if it had been heard of, it was forgotten and lost. And yet this person has through life lived in the atmosphere of good traditionary and fabulous intelligence concerning the judges, with, however, but slight and transient impression, or with impressions now much confused and lost.

Possibly, upon General Goffe's danger increasing after Whalley's death, he and his friends at Hadley might plan an illusion, for a foundation of saying truly, that after Whalley's death Goffe went off to the westward toward Virginia. So Goffe might leave Hadley, visit Dixwell, wander about secretly, and lose himself for a time in some of his old recesses about New Haven, and perhaps then concert with his friend Dixwell the removal of Whalley's corpse out of the reach and investigation of Randolph; during which time it might be truly said that, "after Whalley's death, the other went off to the westward toward Virginia, and that it was not known where he was, nor what had become of him," when, however, he might, after a short excursion, return to Hadley, be there soon overtaken by death, and be buried first at the old man's grave, near Tillton's, and be afterward, with Whalley, taken up and removed to New Haven. This is but conjectural, and left in uncertainty; though it would have been good Oliverian generalship. The story of one going off to the westward after the other's death at Hadley is spread all over New England, and is as trite at Rhode Island at this day as at New Haven and Hadley.

I think some use may be made of all these sparse and unconnected traditionary lights, all perhaps alluding to truth, if rightly understood, toward supporting the conclusion of Governor Hutchinson, that both the judges died at Hadley.

1. That Whalley died at Hadley I consider as evidenced fully by Goffe's letters. That he was buried in Russel's cellar, or under his hearth, or in his garden, or about his house is evidenced by almost universal tradition,

by the uniform information in the Russel family, and the tradition which can be traced to them. Mrs. Otis and Mrs. M'Neil constantly affirm to this. If so, it was not Whalley that was buried at Tillton's. Mr. Hopkins's recent inquiry, indeed, makes the one that died at Hadley to have been buried at Tillton's. But last spring, and heretofore, both Mr. Hopkins and others at Hadley have told me, what I had always received before, that the first was buried at Mr. Russel's, although the traditionary idea at Hadley at this day may fix it at Tillton's. This, however, I would consider as verifying the idea that there was indeed a burial at Tillton's. And as I have no doubt that one was buried at Russel's, this would conclude in both dying and being buried in Hadley. And this I believe was really the truth. It is to be observed that the universal tradition at Boston, Barnstable, and New Haven has been that one of the judges died at Mr. Russel's and was buried in his cellar, or under his hearth. We know from Goffe's letter that this was Whalley.

2. That another judge besides Whalley died at Hadley, and was buried at Tillton's. There is a tradition, with some variation, that one was buried in his garden, behind his barn, in the line of the divided fence, all conspiring to render it probable that one was buried there. And if Whalley was buried at Russel's this must have been Goffe. And so both died and were buried at Hadley, agreeable to Governor Hutchinson, which he perhaps received from the Leverett family, who were in the secret of the judges. The leaving the manuscripts at Hadley in the Russel family indicates both the judges dying there, and finishing their days at Hadley, say, about 1680, for

we hear and trace nothing of them after this time, only soon after the death of Whalley the other went off westward toward Virginia, and was no more heard of. This might be true if he died at Tillton's, and by his friend Dixwell and others conveyed to New Haven, which was westward toward Virginia; which might have been done to elude the searches of Randolph, who would doubtless have procured the execution of vengeance upon the relicts and graves of the persons, could they have been found. If both died at Hadley, and Whalley was removed, will any one doubt that Goffe, if buried at Hadley, was removed also? And thus, though in an oblivion, into which there remains no traceable light, all three judges may lie deposited together in the bury-ground at New Haven. I know these are strong and perhaps unsupported deductions; but in reference to such a conclusion, whether decisive or not, these disconnected and seemingly fabulous accounts and surmises, however trifling, may seem to be not altogether inapposite.

We may add to this analysis that there was a tradition that Whalley's memory failed him in his last years, so as to lose a sense of present events. This tradition is the suggestion which has led us to picture him as losing one by one the events in his public history.

We have spoken of the "Angel of Deliverance" as Governor Leverett's family "tradition." Such it became, but Whalley at this time had only been dead a few years.

## THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS.

IN the meantime he contracted an intimacy with Cotton Mather, whose advice seems to have had much influence over him during the remainder of his life. By attendance on the spiritual instructions of Mather, he was induced to make a public profession of his religious faith, and on the 23d of March, 1690, he became a member of the North Church in Boston. Previously, however, he was obliged to receive the rite of baptism; and, on occasion of this ceremony being performed, he handed to the clergyman a paper, which was afterward published. A portion of it is here inserted, not only on account of the confirmation which it gives of the history of his early life, but as the only authentic production of his own pen which I have been able to find. Some suspicion would rest upon the authenticity even of this piece, did not Cotton Mather declare that the original was in Sir William's own handwriting, and that he had not altered a word in copying it.

“The first of God's making me sensible of my sins was in the year 1674, by hearing your father preach concerning ‘*The day of trouble near.*’ I did then begin to think what I should do to be saved, and did bewail my youthful days, which I had spent in vain; I did think that I would begin to mind the things of God. Being then some time under your father's ministry, much troubled with my burden, but thinking on the scripture, ‘*Come unto me, you that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,*’ I had some thoughts of drawing as near to the communion of the Lord Jesus as I could. But the ruins which the Indian wars brought on my affairs, and the entanglements



which my following the sea laid upon me, hindered my pursuing the welfare of my own soul as I ought to have done.

“At length, God was pleased to smile upon my outward concerns. The various providences, both merciful and afflictive, which attended me in my travels were sanctified unto me, to make me acknowledge God in all my ways. I have diverse times been in danger of my life, and I have been brought to see that I owe my life to Him that has given a life so often to me. I have had great offers made me in England, but the churches of New England were those which my heart was most set upon. I knew that if God had a people anywhere it was here, and I resolved to rise and fall with them. My being born in a part of the country where I had not in my infancy enjoyed the first sacrament of the New Testament has been something of a stumbling block unto me. That I may make sure of better things, I now offer myself unto the communion of this church of the Lord Jesus.”

The circumstances in which Sir William was now placed, the possession of family and friends, of considerable reputation, and of a competent fortune, would have disposed most other men to quiet enjoyment and a life of ease. But he had acquired his fortune by adventure, and he could not enjoy it in domestic privacy. In conversation with Mather he frequently expressed his feelings on this point.

“I have no need,” he would say, “to look after any further advantages for myself in this world. I may sit still at home, if I will, and enjoy my ease for the rest of my life, but I believe that I should offend God in doing

so; for I am now in the prime of my age and strength, and, I thank God, I can endure hardship. He only knows how long I have to live, but I think 'tis my duty to venture my life in doing good before a useless old age comes upon me. Wherefore I will now expose myself where I am able, and as far as I am able, for the service of my country; I was born for others, as well as for myself."

There is good sense and good feelings in these remarks; and if they do not prove that his sole object in his future active life was to benefit his countrymen, they show, at least, that he was able to appreciate honorable motives, and prepared to make considerable sacrifices, when duty called. The exigencies of the war soon opened a fair field for honorable exertion.

He enjoyed a large fortune, acquired solely by his own exertions; but he was neither purse-proud, parsimonious, nor extravagant. Far from concealing the lowness of his origin, he made it a matter of honest pride, that he had risen from the business of a ship carpenter to the honors of knighthood and the government of a province. Soon after he was appointed to the chief magistracy he gave a handsome entertainment to all the ship carpenters of Boston; and, when perplexed with the public business, he would often declare that it would be easier for him to go back to his broad-axe again. He was naturally of a hasty temper, and was frequently betrayed into improper sallies of passion, but never harbored resentment long. Though not rigidly pious, he revered the offices of religion and respected its ministers. He was credulous, but no more so than most of his better educated contemporaries. The mis-

takes which he committed as a public officer were palliated by perfect uprightness of intention, and by an irreproachable character in private life; for even his warmest opponents never denied him the title of a kind husband, a sincere patriot, and an honest man.

From memoir in Sparks' American Biography, founded on Mather's Memoir of Phipps' Religious Life.

THE END.



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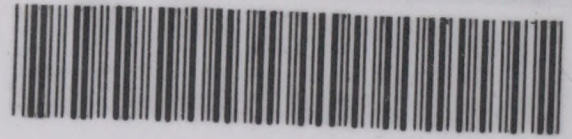
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