

BUILDING THE NATION



ILLUSTRATED





INAUGURAL PROCESSION.

BUILDING THE NATION

EVENTS IN THE

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

*FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE BEGINNING OF
THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES*

BY

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOYS OF '76" "THE STORY OF LIBERTY" "OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES" ETC.

Illustrated

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THE RISE OF THE PEOPLE.

STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY, FOR YOUNG READERS.

BY

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.


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P R E F A C E .

To the Boys and Girls of the United States :

IN reading this volume, you will notice that the men who began to Build the Nation had no model by which to fashion it. There never had been a government of the people—never a written Constitution. There were no finger-posts in history to point them to the right way; but they were actuated by a deep and abiding love for liberty, justice, and equal rights, and did what seemed to them best for the general good.

The Constitution is an embodiment of the political wisdom of the ages; yet, as you will notice, the people were reluctant to adopt it, fearing that in its workings—in consenting to have Congress make general laws for the country—there would be a loss of sovereignty on the part of the States.

It will be seen that the men who began the building were not far enough advanced from the ideas of the feudal age to recognize all men, irrespective of race and color, as entitled to the privileges of the Constitution. They excluded those who had African blood in their veins. It was agreed that slaves should not be classed as citizens entitled to vote, but that they should, at the same time, be counted as inhabitants, which, with the idea that the sovereignty of a single State is greater than that of the nation, has had a great deal to do in giving direction to the course of our country's history.

At the time the Constitution was adopted slavery was dying out in the Northern States, and it was supposed that it would soon come to an end in all the States; but the inventions of James Hargreaves and Richard Arkwright in spinning; the invention of the steam-engine by James Watt; the beginning of manufacturing in Great Britain; the demand for cotton; the invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney, made the cultivation of cotton very profitable. In consequence more slaves were wanted to cultivate the fields of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi; and, instead of dying out, slavery became a permanent institution peculiar to the Southern States, affecting society in all its relations.

Slavery was a degradation of labor. So it came about that there were classes—planters who owned slaves, who were rich and influential; and

people who had little money, who owned no slaves—who felt that it would be a losing of their manhood to work for a living.

The planters could educate their children, but there were no common-schools where the children of the poor white people could obtain an education. Ignorance is weakness; knowledge, power. The planters became the governing class—making and executing the laws. In this way slavery became a great political power—from 1820 to 1860—making itself felt in all the affairs of state.

There have been great changes in manners, customs, ways of living, travelling, and the transmission of information, brought about by discovery and invention—by setting rivers to turning wheels, by burning coal in steam-engines, relieving men from toil and hardship, and adding to their comfort and happiness.

There has been the coming in of new ideas in morals. Duelling, which once was regarded as honorable, has become a crime. Not now, as in other days, can men drink intoxicating drinks till they fall helpless to the floor, and yet occupy exalted positions in society.

With the diffusion of intelligence—the rising to a higher civilization—there has been, at the same time, a quickening of religious life—an increasing sense of obligation to help the poor, the unfortunate, and the degraded, by establishing schools, churches, hospitals, asylums, sending out missionaries to the destitute and degraded of every land, with the sole purpose of giving them the blessings of a Christian civilization.

Soon after the adoption of the Constitution the United States began to teach other nations by example—lighting the torch of liberty in France, South America, and Mexico—becoming the leader of all the nations, and introducing a new order of things in government. From small beginnings the nation has become great and strong; its flag the emblem of the world's best hope.

The question, I doubt not, will come to you, as to the future of the nation—what it is to be; the measure of influence it is destined to exert upon other nations; the part it is to play in the great drama of Time. If, as you study these pages, there shall come a deepening of love for our country, its prosperity and welfare—for liberty—for the Constitution and the Union; if there shall come a more ardent aspiration that in the future, as in the past, our country may still be teacher and leader of the nations toward a higher and nobler civilization—toward justice, right, and liberty—the object I have had in view, in preparing this volume, will be accomplished.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

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BUILDING THE NATION.

CHAPTER I.

BEGINNING.

IN the city of Paris, September 3, 1783, David Hartley for the King of England, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay for the United States, signed their names to a treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, making the thirteen States forever independent.

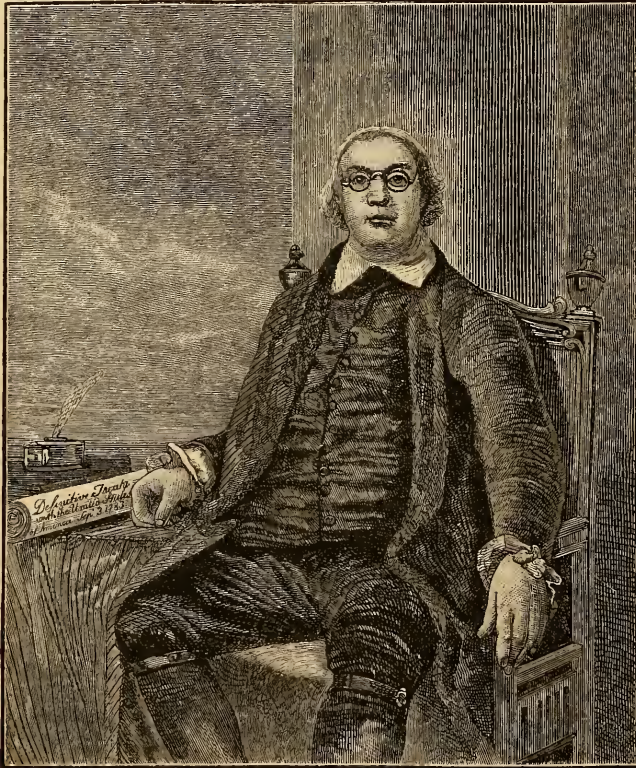
The Boys of '76 had fought their last battle. The time had come when the red-coated soldiers of the King were to leave the country which, for seven years, they had tried to subdue. All through the war, after the battle of Long Island, in 1776, the British had held New York—so long that the officers felt themselves quite at home; but the time had come for their departure. On November 25, 1783, after nailing the King's flag to the top of a tall staff, that it might wave over the city after they were gone, they went on board the ships in the harbor and sailed away, past Sandy Hook, out upon the ocean, steering for Halifax. While the last of them were stepping into their boats, the Americans, with drums beating, colors flying, the bright sun glinting from their arms, with General Washington in command—Governor Clinton and General Knox by his side, their staffs following them—the cavalry, light-infantry, artillery, the Legislature of New York, and the chief citizens, marched proudly into the city.

The British flag was still flying; but John Van Arsdale, although only sixteen years old, spat on his hands, clasped his arms around the flag-staff, drew up his feet, pressed them against it, and almost in a twinkling was up to the top, tearing away the British flag, and hoisting the Stars and Stripes in its place, the great crowd down below tossing their three-cornered cocked-hats into the air a-cheering, and cannon thundering a salute.

A few days later and the soldiers were on their way home. They had

no money. Washington had none to give them, but the people everywhere were glad to give them supper and breakfast and dinner, and good beds at night.

The day came (December 4) when Washington was to bid good-bye to the officers who had been with him through the long struggle. They met for the last time. They had fought side by side, and had conquered. It is hard to part forever from those whom we respect, honor, and love.

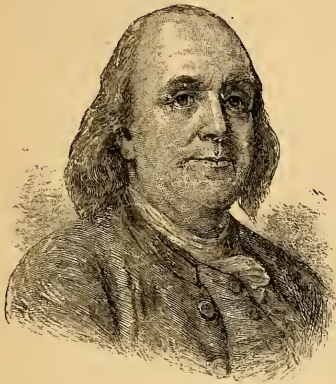


DAVID HARTLEY.

Washington filled a glass with wine and said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

They took his hand. There were tears upon his cheek, and the officers felt a choking in their throats. Not a word was spoken. They passed out-of-doors down to the ferry at Whitehall, between two rows of soldiers, who presented arms for the last time to the great commander. Washington

stepped into a boat, took off his hat and waved a farewell, and the oars of the rowers swept him away to the New Jersey side.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

At noon on the 20th of December he stood in the old hall of the State-house at Annapolis, in the presence of the Congress which had called him from his quiet home eight years before to take command of the armies of the United States. Now he was to resign it.

“I commend,” he said, “the interests of our country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping. Having finished the work assigned me, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose order I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take leave of all employments of public life.”

He was a citizen once more. So he laid down power, thereby adding greatness to his fame.

No more the beating of drums or roar of cannon; no more weary marches or the clash of arms. The fighting was over; but the people must still be patriots. They had a great work before them—the formation of a government, the building of a nation.

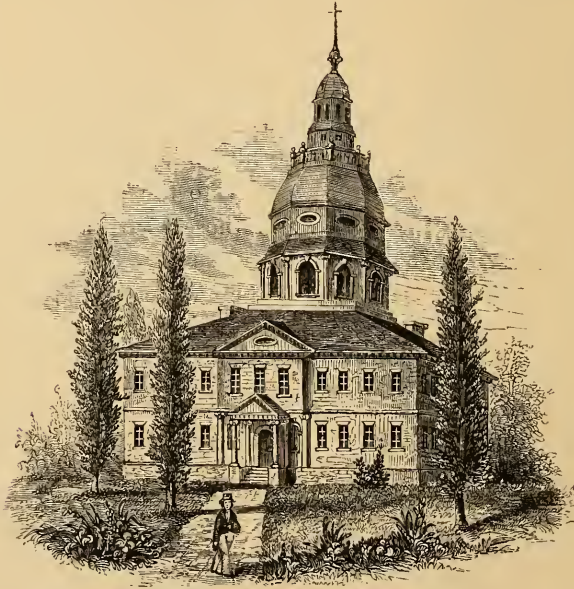
They had won the respect of the world as soldiers; they must win it also as citizens. They were no longer subjects, but equals in their political freedom. The King and Parliament had made laws for them before they began the struggle at Lexington; now they must make laws for themselves. No more were kings to rule, but they themselves, and



JOHN JAY.

the minority must obey the majority. They had won independence, and the world was wondering what they would do with it.

How poor they were! They had spent one hundred and thirty-five million dollars. They had very little money. All trade was by barter or exchange. The farmer who had wheat, butter, or cheese to sell took his pay at the country store in needles, pins, cloth, sugar, or molasses. The



THE STATE-HOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS.

shoemaker who came to make shoes for the farmer's family, bringing his bench, lapstone, awls, and waxed thread, took his pay in the hide of the ox or the skin of the calf which the farmer had killed; which he, in turn, traded off to the tanner for leather. The paper dollars, or promises to pay, which Congress and the several Colonies had issued, were worthless, because people had no confidence that Congress or the States ever would be able to give silver dollars in exchange for them.

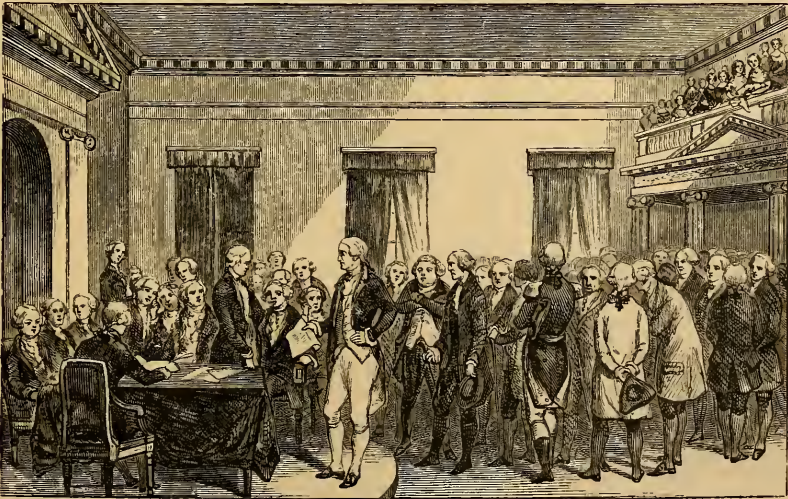
It is not in human nature to be contented when things go hard with us — when we are poor, in debt, creditors crowding, and we have not wherewith to pay.

One of the men who talked against the government, and who advised the people not to pay their taxes, was Sannuel Ely, who once had started to be a minister, and had preached in Connecticut; but the people discovered that he was a hypocrite. He stirred up the citizens of Northampton, Massachusetts, whereupon the sheriff put him in jail. A mob assembled to tear down the building, and General Porter came with troops to protect

it. "Tear it down!" they shouted. General Porter yielded to their demands and released Mr. Ely. Things went on from bad to worse. There was no silver money to be had. The British merchants had sent over ship-loads of goods of all kinds, which the people had purchased—getting the merchants to trust them. The merchants called for their pay; the sheriff took possession of the debtors' property, selling their horses, cows, and farms. Daniel Shays, who had been a captain in the army, undertook to organize a rebellion in Massachusetts, which extended to New Hampshire. Crowds of rioters assembled at Worcester, Springfield, and other towns, with guns, old swords, and stout sticks. General Lincoln, who had fought through the Revolution, came upon them with the militia. The rioters suddenly took to their heels, and so was ended the rebellion.

The States during the Revolution had adopted written constitutions, on which all laws were based.

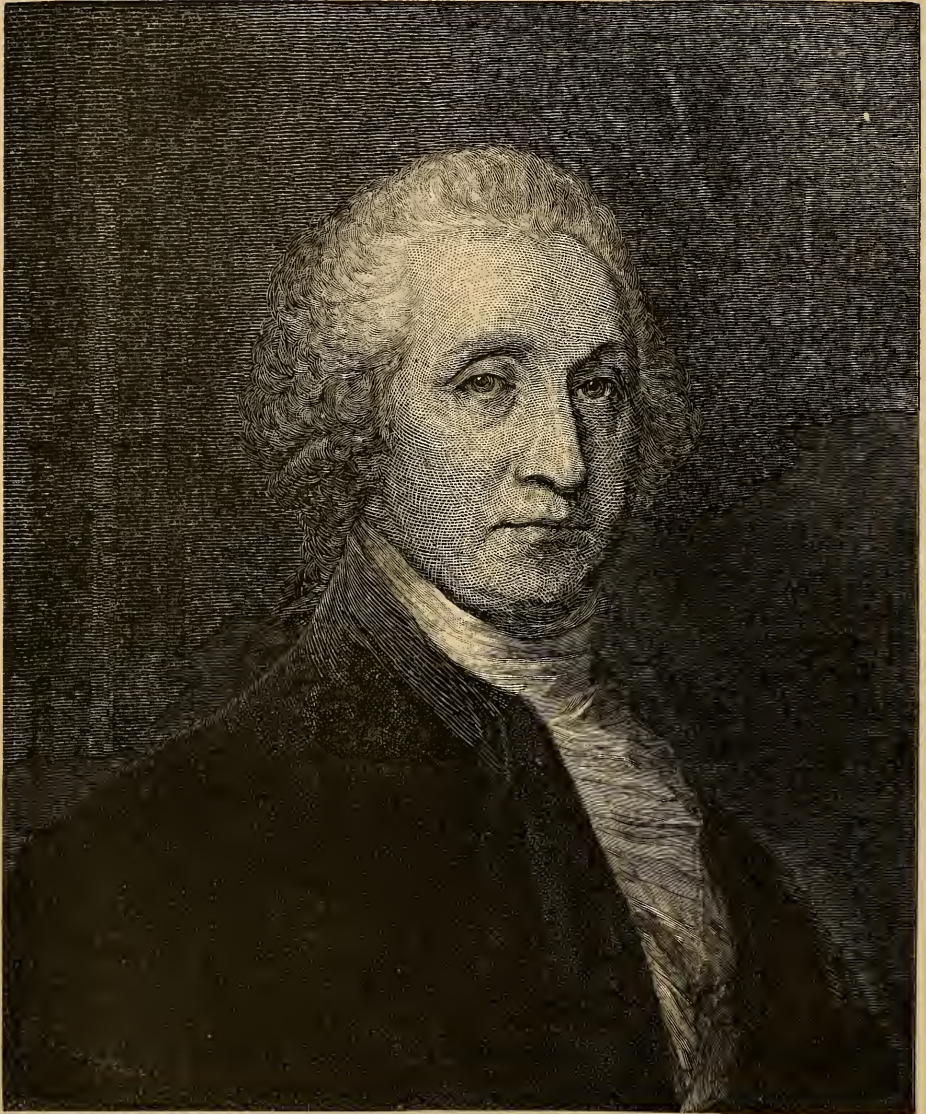
Congress was very weak. It had little authority, could not enforce laws, for the States had only united to defend themselves against the King.



WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

They were held together by an agreement, or articles of confederation. The clear-headed men saw that, to be a nation, they must have a written constitution.

In 1787 fifty delegates from the thirteen States met in convention in Philadelphia. General Washington was elected President. There were perplexing questions. Some of the States were large, others small: ought



GEORGE WASHINGTON. [BY TRUMBULL.]

the small ones to have equal voice with the large ones in government? They decided that there should be a Senate and House of Representatives—two Senators from each State, no matter what its size or how many inhabitants it contained; but the Representatives were to be elected according to population.

That vessel which sailed up James River in 1620 with negroes on board which had been stolen in Africa, and were sold to the planters at Jamestown, now sailed into the Convention. The negroes were several hundred thousand.

The merchants of Newport, Rhode Island, and Boston, before the Revolution, made a great deal of money by sending their ships to the West Indies for molasses, which they transported to Boston and Newport, distilled into rum, and then sent the ships with the rum to Africa, where they purchased negro slaves, brought them to the West Indies, Charleston, Savannah, or Norfolk, sold them to the planters, then loaded their vessels with molasses again, to make more rum to send to Africa for another cargo of slaves. Few people saw any wrong in it. Negroes were not thought of as being men, although colored men had fought under Washington to enable the people to gain their freedom. There were not many slaves in the Northern States. The people of those States had small farms, and could not afford to own slaves. There was not one in Massachusetts. In New Hampshire there were only one hundred and fifty-eight; in Rhode Island nine hundred and fifty-two; Connecticut had two thousand seven hundred and fifty; New York twenty-one thousand; New Jersey eleven thousand; Pennsylvania thirty-seven hundred; Delaware nine thousand.

The Southern States had large numbers—Maryland one hundred and three thousand; Virginia two hundred and ninety-three thousand; South Carolina one hundred and seven thousand; Georgia twenty-nine thousand. In the Southern States the plantations were large, the climate mild, and slaves could be made profitable.

Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin looked hopefully forward to a time when slavery would die out in the Southern States, as it was dying in the Northern, but the thistle-seed was spreading instead.

How should the negroes be reckoned under the Constitution? They were not voters, but they were inhabitants, and representatives were to be apportioned according to population.

“Slaves are not citizens; they cannot vote; they ought not to be reckoned,” said the delegates from the Northern States.

“They are inhabitants, and must be counted in,” replied the members of the Southern States.

“North Carolina never will accept the Constitution unless they are reckoned at least as three-fifths,” said Mr. Davis, from that State.

“Slavery is a curse,” responded Gouverneur Morris, of New York. “On what principle are you to reckon them? Are they men? Then

they ought to be citizens and become voters. Are they property? Why, then, ought not all property—cattle, horses, and hogs—to be reckoned at three-fifths?"

If a slave should run away from his master to another State, how should he be carried back?

"He should be delivered up on claim of the owner," said the Southern States. They carried their points, and it was written down that the States might obtain all the slaves they wanted from Africa for twenty years; that in the apportionment for representation a slave should be reckoned as three-fifths of a white man; that if a slave escaped into another State he should be delivered up by that State; that the slave-trade between the United States and Africa should cease in 1808.

The people of the United States were far in advance of the people of any other land in their recognition of the rights of men, but the idea had not dawned upon them that negroes had any civil rights, or that slavery was wrong. The people of the Northern States, except here and there an individual, thought of slavery only as not being profitable. The sentence which Thomas Jefferson put into the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created free and equal and endowed with inalienable rights, had reference to white men; he was not thinking of negroes.

All through the summer the delegates discussed the momentous questions that came before them, not quite knowing what they wanted.

"The delegates," wrote Jeremy Belknap, "did not know their own minds; they were like a man buying a suit of smallclothes which did not fit him. They were too small, and must be let out; too big, and must be taken in; afraid that there would be a hole, and a patch must be put on; that the buttons were not strong enough, and others must be substituted."

The delegates allowed none but themselves to be present at the deliberations. The world will never know how eloquent or how foolish, at times, their talk, or how angry their words. But the men who had achieved their freedom were wise enough to see that no man could live to himself alone; that no one State could live by itself; but that something must be given up to secure the greatest good of all. They agreed that there should be a chief executive officer, who must sign the laws, and see that they were executed. They created departments of State, Treasury, and War. There was to be a second executive officer, who was to preside over the Senate. What should be the titles of the first and second executives? Kings and emperors delight in high-sounding names—as if a title could add to their dignity. Henry IV. of England had the title of "Grace." Henry VI. called himself "Excellent Grace." Edward IV., not content with that,

assumed the title of "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VIII. was "Dread Sovereign." The Pope gave him another title, "Defender of the Faith." James I., whom the people called a "wise fool," assumed the title of "Sacred and Most Excellent Majesty;" and from that time to the present the kings of England have been called "His Majesty," and the queens "Her Majesty." Some of the members of the Convention thought that the President should be called "His Excellency."

Benjamin Franklin was a member. He hated shams and superfluity, and loved truth and simplicity. "In that case," he said, "I suppose, the Vice-President ought to be called 'His Most Superfluous Highness.'"

Sarcasm and ridicule, sometimes, are far more powerful than argument. The Convention saw how ridiculous it would be to call the President "His Excellency," how inconsistent with the character of a government of the people, and voted that he should be called simply "The President."

So that agreement signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* (see "Story of Liberty"), on a dreary winter day, by the men who had left the Old World that they might have liberty to worship God in their own way, and not as dictated by King James and the archbishops and bishops of England, or by the Pope at Rome, after a century and a half of struggles and privations, blossomed into a written Constitution—the first the world had ever seen.

While the National Convention was discussing the Constitution the Congress of the confederation was in session at New York. Only eight of the thirteen States were represented. It passed an ordinance for the government of the North-west Territory—the great region of country north and west of the Ohio River into which men from Connecticut and Massachusetts were ready to move.

Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, wrote the paper in which it was declared that there should be no slaves in the Territory after the year eighteen hundred, but it also declared that slaves from other States should be given up if they escaped into the Territory. The last was a seed which brought forth a great crop of thistles sixty years later. The Constitution was not to be binding upon the States until adopted by nine of the thirteen.

What would be the effect of the Constitution? Those who framed it were firm in the belief that it would work for the good of the people; but Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who had made patriotic speeches for liberty before the Revolution, opposed it. "The President will become a king," he said. There was great opposition to it in New York. General Lamb

and many of the politicians opposed it. Alexander Hamilton, who had helped frame it, used all of his influence and his great ability to secure its adoption by the people of the State. He wrote a remarkable series of articles which were published in the newspaper, and afterward in a volume entitled "The Federalist." Delaware was the first State to adopt it;



MAP OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

then Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, and New Hampshire. That made the nine States; but Virginia and New York were great States, and unless adopted by them the Constitution would be a failure. The influence of Washington, Madison, and Monroe secured its adoption by Virginia. The people in the City of New York were in favor of it; but the Legislature was almost evenly divided. The people in the city determined to have a grand celebration, to let the Legislature know how they regarded it. Never, on this side of the Atlantic, had there been so grand a procession.

First came a company of cavalry, with trumpeters in advance; then a company of artillery, with cannon; then wood-choppers, with their axes; then farmers, with a plough drawn by three yoke of oxen, another team dragging a harrow; and other farmers with rakes, pitchforks, and flails. Another team drew a newly-invented thrashing-machine. Following were

the members of the Society of Cincinnati—officers who had fought in the Revolution—in their uniform. Then came a company of gardeners wearing green. After them the tailors, with a band of music. Then the bakers, wearing white caps and frocks, and blue sashes, carrying bunches of roses tied with red ribbons. Never was there another loaf of bread like theirs on a car drawn by ten bay horses. It took a barrel of flour to make it, and to bake it they were obliged to build an oven for the purpose. After the bakers came the brewers, with casks of ale. On one of the casks stood a boy with a silver goblet to represent the old god Bacchus. This was the first division of the procession.

The coopers headed the second division—thirteen boys in advance, wearing white frocks and trousers, with green ribbons tied around their ankles. After them came forty-two men, their hats decorated with oak-leaves. In a wagon, drawn by four horses, four coopers were at work on an old cask, representing the old Confederation, which kept tumbling to pieces; by its side was a new cask, which represented the Constitution, which, the more they pounded it, became all the stronger. After the coopers were the butchers, in their white frocks, with a meat-stall on a car, and a fat ox following, with ribbons on his horns. Next came the tanners, curriers, skinner, glove, waistcoat, and leather breeches and parchment makers; rope-makers; three hundred and forty shoemakers, some of them at work on their benches, in a wagon; two hundred carpenters, with their saws and planes; the furriers, with an Indian leading a horse. Two bears sat on a pile of furs on the horse's back. Another Indian, wearing a scarlet blanket, smoked a tomahawk pipe. Hatters and wig-makers followed; and the confectioners, carrying a great loaf four and a half feet in diameter made of sugar, and a great cake.

After them came the stone-masons, with the Temple of Fame on a car—a building representing the United States. It had thirteen pillars—ten of them in place, the other three ready to be reared. On those in place was the motto:

“The foundation is firm—the materials good,
Each pillar's cemented with patriots' blood.”

The upholsterers came with a gorgeous canopy, nineteen feet high, of blue satin, hung with gold and silver fringe, beneath which stood the Goddess of Liberty. The lace and fringe weavers bore a banner with this inscription:

“Never let it perish, but piously transmit it to your children.”

The blacksmiths and nail-makers had a bellows, forge, and anvil on a car, and while the procession was moving kept the bellows roaring and

the anvil ringing. They forged an anchor. Above them waved a banner with this inscription :

“Forge me strong, finish me neat :
I soon shall moor a Federal fleet.”

The printers had a printing-press ; the tinsmiths and copper-makers, a tin house—ten pillars in place, three wanting ; above them the motto :

“When three more pillars rise
Our Union will the world surprise.”

This the motto of the dyers :

“Glory to God.”

The tallow-chandlers carried thirteen huge candles, ten burning, three not lighted. All the trades and arts and societies were in the procession. Learned men—judges, Congress, clergymen, physicians, scholars—were in the procession, carrying a blue flag with this motto :

“United we stand, divided we fall.”

But grandest feature of all was the Ship of State. Who first likened the nation to a ship, no one knows, but there it was—a frigate, with three masts, yard, bowsprit, rigging, sails, thirty sailors on deck, boys up in the rigging, the stars and stripes at the mast-head—all on a huge car drawn by ten stout horses. On its stern the name of *Hamilton*.

Down Broadway moved the procession—drums beating, banners waving, people cheering. Out in the river lies a Spanish war-ship ; suddenly her cannon are run out and the Ship of State receives its first national salute of thirteen guns. The sailors on board the *Hamilton* respond to the honor with their cannon.

Out in the fields beyond Canal Street five thousand people ate dinner, and in the evening there was a grand display of fireworks.

The members of the Assembly who had opposed the Constitution saw what the people thought of it ; they could no longer resist. It was adopted by New York—leaving only North Carolina and Rhode Island. They also adopted it, to try the first experiment in history of a Union of States, a government of the people, with a written Constitution.

Who should be President ? Who but George Washington ? Everybody revered him, had confidence in him, and the people unanimously elected him. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was chosen Vice-President.

On April 16th, 1789, Washington left Mount Vernon for New York to enter upon his duties. He wished to travel quietly, but crowds welcomed him in every town. He rode beneath triumphal arches, and fair maidens

strewed flowers in his path. He crossed from New Jersey to New York in an elegant barge manned by thirteen ship-masters, in white uniforms. The ferry stairs were hung with crimson. The best carpet in the city was none too good for him to walk upon as he landed. Military companies escorted him along the streets. Never before has been heard the strain of music which crashes upon the air from fife, clarionet, bassoon, trumpet, and drum. The band-master Phyla, leader of the orchestra at the theatre in John Street, has composed it for the occasion. He has named it "Washington's March." Little does he know how it will go down the ages and become one of the hymns of the nation, the "Hail, Columbia!" of the Republic which the people are about to establish. This is the melody to which the people keep step as they march to inaugurate Washington President of the first constitutional government in the New World:

WASHINGTON'S MARCH.

The musical score for "Washington's March" is presented in a grand staff format, consisting of eight systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a rhythmic melody in the treble clef and a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Flags wave from every window, not only the stars and stripes, but the flags of all nations—from window, door-way, and the roofs of houses. Never has there been such a gathering of people in the western hemisphere. Hotels, private houses, all are full. Fields and pastures are thick with tents. People from the country spend the night wrapped in blankets beneath their wagons.

The great day came, April 30th, on which Washington was to be inaugurated. At nine o'clock in the morning all the church bells rung, and the multitude thronged the meeting-houses while prayer was offered that the blessing of Almighty God might rest upon the people, and upon the President whom they had chosen. Once more the military paraded and marched in procession to Federal Hall, where, upon the balcony, in presence of a great multitude, filling Broadway and Pearl Street, thronging every window, and standing upon all the house-tops, the President swore to uphold the Constitution, kissing the Bible to manifest his sincerity.

"It is done." The Chancellor who had administered the oath said it, and up from the multitude, swelling in mighty chorus, came the shout, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

With the uttering of that solemn oath the Republic took its place among the nations.

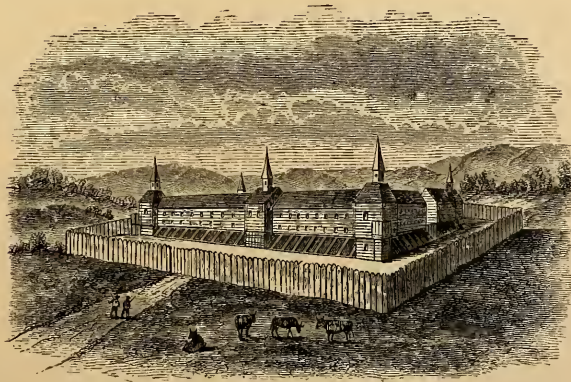


WHERE WASHINGTON WAS INAUGURATED.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST YEARS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A RICH and fertile soil, great rivers, dark forests of oak, hickory, and maple, beavers building their dams along the streams, the woods full of game, deer, buffalo, and wild turkeys—that was the Ohio country. Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, of Boston; General Rufus Putnam, General Parsons, of Connecticut; and General Varnum, who fought bravely during the Revolution, formed a company, purchased five million acres of land from Congress, made their way over the Alleghany Mountains on sleds in winter, and, just as the trees were putting forth their leaves in the spring of 1788, floated down the Ohio River in boats, landed at a beautiful spot where the wild flowers were in bloom, and made a settlement, which they named Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. It was the first settlement in Ohio. They built a fort, which they named Campus Martius.

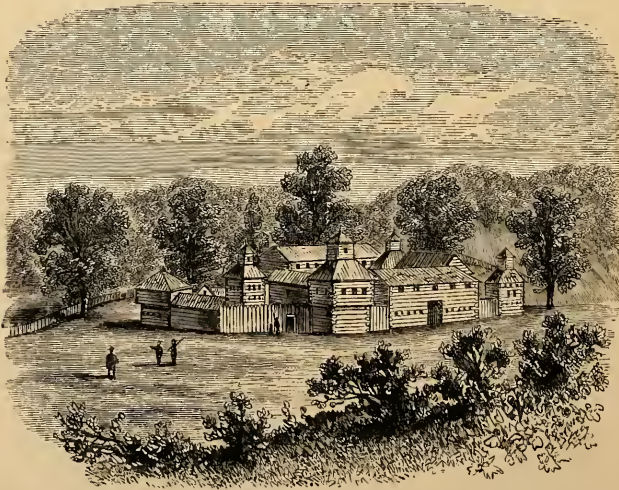


CAMPUS MARTIUS.

They agreed upon laws for their own government, wrote them out, and nailed the paper upon which they were written to a tree. It was the beginning of a new State. Congress had given them no authority to make

laws, but they exercised their natural rights. They elected Mr. Meigs Governor. His full name was Return Jonathan Meigs. He was only twenty-two years old, but his was an old head on young shoulders. His mother named him Return Jonathan, because when she was a maiden in Connecticut, and Jonathan Meigs came to ask her to be his wife, she said "No;" but the next moment was sorry, ran after him, and cried, "Return, Jonathan!" and he went back and she became Mrs. Meigs, and was so glad that she married him that she named her first baby Return Jonathan. He had been to Yale College, was a lawyer, and now Governor of this new settlement.

While the men of Connecticut were building their fort at Marietta, John Cleves Symmes, of New Jersey, with a company of men, floated down the Ohio and made a settlement at the mouth of the little Miami River, which they called Columbia. A hunter had built a cabin on a beautiful plot of ground, with high hills behind it, opposite the mouth of Licking River. He called the place Losantiville. Congress had sent Major Luce with a party of soldiers to build a fort at the mouth of the little



FORT WASHINGTON, ON THE SITE OF CINCINNATI.

Miami; but the hunter at Losantiville had a wife, whose beauty captivated Major Luce, and to be near her he built the fort at that place, naming it Fort Washington, which has become the City of Cincinnati.

People all through New England heard of the beautiful and rich Ohio country, left their homes, made their way to Pittsburg, built boats,

and descended the stream—twenty thousand of them—between 1787 and 1789. The President appointed General Arthur St. Clair, the soldier of the Revolution, Governor.

Who owned the country—the Indians, the United States, or Great Britain? The Indians claimed the hunting-grounds had always been theirs. They had roamed the woods at will. They never had ploughed the ground, but only scratched it with a stick. They never had subdued it, as God commanded Adam to do when he placed him in Eden. That was Adam's title-deed. The white men had come to subdue it—to live on the fruits of the earth—not by hunting and fishing. In the treaty with Great Britain the United States were to have the country beyond the Ohio, but British troops were still in the forts along the Maumee, at Detroit and Mackinaw. Sir



DEPARTURE OF IMMIGRANTS.

Guy Carleton, who had become Lord Dorchester, was Governor of Canada.

“The country does not belong to the Americans, but to you. The Ohio River is the boundary,” he said to the Indians, and sold them guns, powder, and rum. The savages, set on by Lord Dorchester and British officers, stole through the forests, and whenever they came upon an American hunter shot him down and took his scalp. They crept upon the settlers at work, fired upon them from behind trees, shot their wives and children, and burnt their cabins.

There were several forts along the river—Fort Harmar, at the mouth of Muskingum River; the fort at Marietta; Fort Washington, at Cincinnati; Fort Steuben, at Jeffersonville, Indiana; Fort Vincennes, on the Wabash River, which the French had built before they were driven from Canada. The President sent General Harmar, with fourteen hundred men, to punish the Indians.

He started from Cincinnati. His troops made their way through the dark forests to the Maumee River, where the Indians had several villages. The Indians fled, and the soldiers set their wigwams on fire. Colonel Hardin, with a portion of the troops, followed on. Suddenly rifles were cracking around them, and twenty-two soldiers were shot down. Colonel Hardin was full of fight, and persuaded General Harmar to make a night



FORT HARMAR.

march and attack the Indian town which stood on the bank of the river opposite the present city of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Major Hall, with some of the troops, was sent across the river to get in rear of the Indians, while General Harmar and Major Wyllys, with the remainder, in two columns, were to fall upon the town.



HALL'S CROSSING-PLACE.

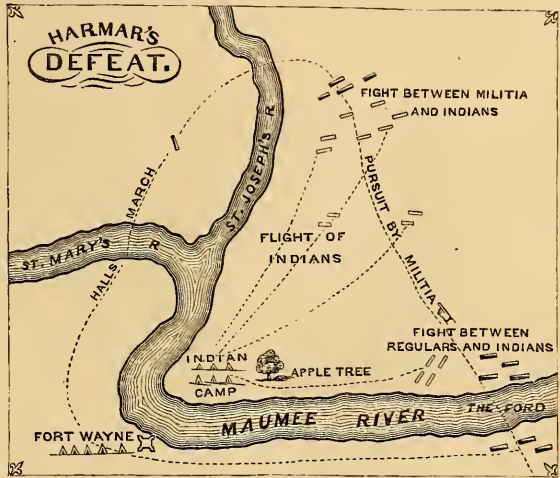
The troops picked their way through the woods by the light of the stars. Everything promised success; but Major Hall, discovering an Indian, fired at him, which alarmed the whole Indian encampment. The battle began, the Indians firing from behind trees and from the thick underbrush. The soldiers began to fall. They saw only flashes and puffs of smoke, and occasionally a dusky form.

The party under Hall was cut to pieces. The men under Harmar, hearing the sad news, grew pale, lost their courage, refused to march; and General Harmar, having lost two hundred, fell back to Cin-

cinnati; while the Indians, though they had lost many warriors, flourished their scalping-knives and tomahawks and celebrated their grand victory.

General Scott, of Kentucky, with eight hundred men on horseback, made a quiet march into the country, killed thirty-two Indians, and destroyed some of their towns; and General Wilkinson left Cincinnati and destroyed many of their villages; which made them all the more bloodthirsty and relentless. General St. Clair was Governor of Ohio. It was he whom Burgoyne compelled to evacuate Ti-

condewoga in 1777. He marched with two thousand men to give battle to the Indians. "I caution you against being surprised," said Washington, whom the Indians were never able to surprise. It was a calm and peaceful September evening when his soldiers spread their blankets on the bank of a little stream. They had seen signs of Indians during the day,



PLACE OF HARMAR'S DEFEAT.

but St. Clair was not expecting to be attacked—he had come to attack. The morning of the 24th of September was calm and clear. The troops were at breakfast, when suddenly they heard the terrible howling of two thousand Indians, under Chief Little Turtle and a cruel white man, Simon Girty. Very few of the men under St. Clair had ever been in battle;



ANTHONY WAYNE.

many of them turned pale at the fearful outcry. Bullets were flying, the men falling, but the soldiers rallied and fired resolutely. The Indians quickly picked off the gunners of the four cannon. St. Clair was very brave; three horses were killed beneath him, eight bullets passing through his clothes. For three hours the battle went on, till nearly half of his men were killed or wounded, when he ordered a retreat, which became a panic—the men throwing away their guns, ammunition, everything that

could hinder them; the Indians taking possession of cannon, wagons, provisions—everything—and dancing in wild delight over their great victory. President Washington sent commissioners to make peace with the Indians; but the British general, Simeoe, sent word to them not to give up their lands, and the commissioners returned without accomplishing anything.

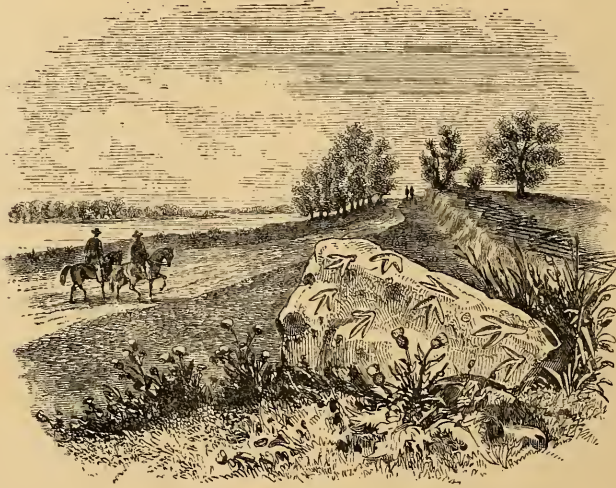
Anthony Wayne was appointed Governor of Ohio. “Mad Anthony” people called him, because he was so daring in battle. It was he who led the troops in the midnight attack on Stony Point, as narrated in the “Boys of ’76.” The Indians were still murdering and scalping settlers and burning their cabins. Wayne resolved to put an end to it once and forever. He assembled an army of three thousand men. Through the winter of 1793 the soldiers were drilled. General Wayne knew the value of disciplined troops. In July he was on the march. He understood the Indians, and was ever on the watch against being surprised. He sent a messenger to them with kind words offering peace, but the British officers in the forts on the Maumee advised the Indians to fight. Wayne marched on—his army so arranged, with videttes out on all sides, that the Indians could not surprise him.

On the banks of the Maumee River, above the rapids, twelve miles from Lake Erie, the Indians gathered to fight. They secreted themselves behind the trees. Their chief, whose Indian name was Me-sa-sa, but whose English name was Turkey-foot, secreted himself behind a large rock. There were nearly three thousand warriors, besides some British and Canadians. The Indians fired a volley and yelled the war-whoop. The soldiers were expecting it, and instead of turning pale and taking to their heels, fired steadily, driving the Indians from their hiding-places. When they began to run Turkey-foot jumped upon the rock, shouting to them to stop, but the next moment he leaped into the air and fell dead. The Indians, seeing him fall, lost their courage and fled panic-stricken through the woods. When the battle was over some of them returned and chiselled figures of a turkey’s foot in the rock, to show their love and admiration for their fallen chief. General Wayne burnt all their wigwags, destroyed the corn they had planted, and inflicted such a blow



PLAN OF BATTLE.

that they had no heart to fight any longer. They made a treaty of peace, and the British, by a new treaty between the United States and Great Britain, evacuated all the forts in the North-west Territory. With peace secured, a great tide of settlers poured over the Alleghanies and took



TURKEY-FOOT ROCK.

possession of the fair domain, transforming the forests into fields of waving grain, making it blossom with towns, villages, school-houses, and churches.

The people of the United States numbered 3,660,000. They owed a great deal of money, and to pay the debt of the nation Congress established a tariff taxing goods brought from other countries and the vessels of other countries bringing them. A law was passed taxing the manufacture of whiskey, which made the whiskey-drinkers of Pennsylvania very angry. They organized a rebellion, but when the troops were sent against them they quickly disbanded. The majority of the people accepted the law which they themselves had made through their representatives in Congress.

The plan for raising money was devised by Alexander Hamilton, and was approved by Washington and John Adams, but it was opposed by Thomas Jefferson. It was the beginning of a great conflict of ideas, which, though nearly a century has passed, is not yet ended. Free governments are based on ideas. It is well for the human race that men do not all think alike, for if there were no diversity of opinion there would be little progress. Washington, Adams, and Hamilton wanted Congress and the President to have much more power over the States than Jefferson did,

who was afraid that if the States yielded any of their power Congress would become tyrannical. Those who agreed with Jefferson were called Republicans, those who agreed with Washington and Hamilton and Adams were called Federalists.



GENERAL WAYNE'S HOME.

The Republicans accused the Federalists of desiring to overthrow the Republic and set up a monarchy. They slandered Washington by reporting that he wished to become a king, and were greatly offended because, when elected President, he returned no visits and maintained a courtly etiquette. He believed that the Chief Magistrate of the nation, as representing the sovereignty of the people, should be treated with due respect and honor. He rode in a coach drawn by six horses, and he needed them, for it was a heavy, lumbering affair. Two footmen rode behind. When he walked the streets his body-servant in livery followed him at a respectful distance. People could not run into his house and shake hands with

him at all hours, but only on Tuesday afternoons from three to four o'clock. All of which gave great offence to the Republicans.



DRAWING-ROOM, WAYNE HOMESTEAD.

The Republicans were also offended because Mrs. Washington held receptions which were confined to persons connected with the government and their families, foreign ministers, and ladies and gentlemen of refined society. The guests must appear in full dress. Mrs. Washington stood upon a dais, and the guests bowed and courtesied when presented.

The etiquette was distasteful to the President and Mrs. Washington. "I think that I am a state prisoner," he wrote to a friend. He submitted to it because the President was the head of the nation.

The Federalists accused the Republicans of having little regard for

law and order; of degrading the majesty of law. Thomas Jefferson and other leading Republicans paid little attention to dress. If a gentleman wore good clothes the Republicans said that he was an aristocrat and a Federalist. They wanted the President accessible to everybody, and maintained that the man who held office, wore good clothes, and moved in the most refined circles of society, was no better and should be entitled to no more privileges than the man who worked for his daily bread, and who could not afford to wear costly clothing. A man was a man. There was



WASHINGTON AND HIS SERVANT.

a war of words, much bitterness of feeling, but the people had no time to attend to etiquette. They were laying the foundations of a new empire; attending to their own affairs. They believed in law and order, and were ready to sustain the President in his efforts to execute the laws.



WASHINGTON ATTENDING A BALL.

The financial plan thought out by Hamilton became popular. The people saw that in time the money collected on goods and vessels from other countries would not only pay the expense of government, but would pay off the debt of the nation.



LADY WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION-DAY.—[REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE ENGRAVING OF MR. HUNTINGTON'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.]

The promises to pay issued by the government, which people thought were good for nothing, began to have a value. They rose so rapidly that men who had been poor found that they were well off as to property. Before the adoption of the Constitution, if a man in New York owed money in Massachusetts, and did not want to pay, he could snap his fingers in the face of his creditors, who had no way of collecting it. To secure justice, Congress established a court for the whole nation, and John Jay, of New York, was appointed Chief-justice; but instead of sitting as judge, he went to England on a special mission, and Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, became the first acting Chief-justice.

To provide bank-notes, which should be good anywhere in the country, Congress granted a charter for a bank, with ten million dollars capital. Jefferson and the Republican party opposed it, as an institution that would be dangerous to the liberties of the people.

With a written Constitution, with just and equal laws for all the people, with industry and thrift, come prosperity. The lumbermen levelled the forests. Along the bays and harbors of New England ship-carpenters were swinging their axes, building vessels for the merchants of Portsmouth, Salem, Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Up and down the Atlantic, to the West Indies, to England, France, through the Straits of Gibraltar, to the ports of Italy, sailed their ships, signalling to the people of the Old World the rise of the new Republic.



OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

CHAPTER III.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

THE people of America were setting the world a great example by ruling themselves wisely under a written Constitution. They had established a government on intelligence, justice, the equal rights of all; on virtue, morality, and religion.

We teach by example. The people of France saw that the citizens of the United States were making their own laws, electing their own rulers, respecting and obeying them as representing the grand idea of law and order. France had sent her fleets and soldiers to help the United States gain their independence, and the people of that country were greatly moved by the example. They were living under a government which had come down from the fendal ages. The King could do as he pleased—make war, raise armies, build fleets and tax the people, to gratify his ambition, revenge, or love of applause.

Louis XIV. and Louis XV. used to send men to prison who were charged with no crime, keeping them in dark and gloomy dungeons till they became old and gray-haired, or till death set them free.

Of all the gloomy prisons in France, the gloomiest and most horrible was the Bastile, in Paris. Its walls were nine feet thick, one hundred high, towering far above all surrounding houses. It could be reached only by a drawbridge over a wide, deep ditch. The door was of oak, seven inches thick, bolted through and through with iron. It swung on massive, creaking hinges, and was fastened with bolts, bars, and chains, and a huge lock. Dark, deep, damp the dungeons, dripping ever with water, alive with vermin. Beneath the floor of stone were darker, deeper, gloomier vaults. No stairway led down to them. They were called *oubliettes*. The architect who planned the Bastile took a bottle for his model in constructing them. The neck was at the top just large enough to receive a victim. They were twenty-two feet deep. No straggling ray of light ever entered them. The floor was knee-deep with mud and slime, and the bones of victims who had been dropped into them, through the centuries, to die of starvation.

The King could put whom he pleased into this horrible prison. He issued *lettres de cachet*—orders for arrest of individuals—and the sheriff hustled them into the Bastille without trial. No court could help them. Once within the dungeons, they were dead to the world. Louis XV. signed his name to blank letters and gave them to his friends and mistresses to fill in as they pleased the names of those whom they wished to punish. During his reign more than 150,000 such warrants were signed by him.

He wanted money, and demanded \$120,000 of M. Massot.

“I cannot pay it.”

“Into the Bastille with him!”

The sheriff executed the order, and seized the money.

M. Catalan was very rich. The King issued an order for his arrest. He was put into the Bastille, and did not get out till he handed over \$1,200,000! It was a gay banquet which the King gave to his courtiers and their mistresses at Versailles with the money thus obtained—a banquet which cost \$200,000!

Madame de Pompadour ruled France through Louis XV. Woe to him who aroused her displeasure. M. Latude, twenty years old, offended her, and she determined that he should feel her power. The great door of the Bastille closed upon him. The years went on. Great battles were fought—all the fighting at Ticonderoga, on the Plains of Abraham, at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Yorktown; the United States became a nation; Madame Pompadour, the King, went down to the grave; and M. Latude the while, till 1784, was a prisoner in the Bastille!

Louis XVI., who came to the throne in 1774, who helped America gain her independence, issued during the eighteen years of his reign fourteen thousand orders of arrest. He was kind-hearted; but it was the working of the old feudal system of government which gave him all power over the liberties and lives of the people.

For sixty years Louis XV., weak, mean, and wicked, had plundered the people of France. He regarded France as his property, the people as his subjects, to be slaughtered in battle, to work for his benefit and pleasure. The great men, the nobility, were his servants. Every morning they gathered in the palace at Versailles to help him dress for the day—one to hold the wash-bowl; another to hand him a towel; the third to pass him his shirt. If they wanted money he supplied them out of the royal revenue. He cared nothing for the welfare or happiness of the people. He knew that he was hurrying the country to ruin; but little cared he. “After us the deluge,” he said.

The noblemen, the bishops, priests, officers of the army and navy, the



ROUSSEAU.

judges—all the great families—paid no taxes, but received great revenues from the people. The nobility had nothing to do except to eat, drink, attend balls or hunting-parties, and play cards. They lived in fine chateaus. They had beautiful parks, gardens, and hunting-grounds. The laws were in their interest and against the people. They owned all the corn-mills. The people were not allowed to use the free winds of heaven to turn a mill of their own, but they must carry their corn to the mill owned by the seigneur, that he might take toll from the grist. The people could gather no fagots blown by the wind from the trees; they could not even gather the weeds from the roadside to heat their ovens, but must take

their flour to the seigneur's bakery to be baked into bread. Poor bread it was. There were rabbits in the warren, but they belonged to the master of the estate; they might eat the poor man's cabbage, but what cared the seigneurs? There were hogs in the woods which rooted up the poor man's garden, but the poor man could not kill them. The seigneurs and their friends alone had the right of hunting. The tax-collectors came several times a year to the poor man's home, never to the chateau. Of every sixteen dollars produced from the land by the hard-working peasants, the King and the Church took ten, the nobleman who owned the land five, leaving one for the poor man and his family!



VOLTAIRE.

The world was moving toward a new era—a new civilization. In 1767, after the people of New York and New England, with the troops under General Amherst and General Wolfe, drove the French out of Canada, the British Government undertook to tax the colonies without their consent. Then came the throwing of the tea overboard in Boston Harbor—the resistance which led up to Lexington and Bunker Hill. During those years Voltaire and Rousseau, and other learned men, were writing and speculating about liberty and equal rights. The pamphlets written by Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine were published in France. The people of that country began to see that they were oppressed by two distinct tyrannies—by the King, and by the bishop and archbishop. The King contracted great debts. Men who lent him money had hard work to get their pay. He sent men to the Bastille without any warrant. If a creditor were clamorous for his pay the sheriff could hustle him off to the gloomy prison, and that was the end of it. The King set the example for the nation in extravagance and vice. Minister, judge, general, became as depraved as he; all had their price; all plundered as they had opportunity.

The Church was as corrupt as the King. It owned a great deal of the best land, but paid no taxes, which made it all the worse for the people. The bishops and priests lived luxuriously on the revenue wrung from the

people by charging fees for every rite and service—baptism, marriage, burial, and masses for the dead. From the cradle to the grave the people must continue to give to the Church if they were to expect any happiness in this world or the next. Many of the priests were living corrupt lives, giving the lie to all their professions. They were hypocrites—wolves in sheep's clothing; and by the wit, sneers, sarcasm of Voltaire and Rousseau the people began to lose respect for the Church and faith in religion.

Louis XVI. was amiable but weak. He helped the United States gain their independence, not because he cared for the liberty of the people of America, but to spite England for having wrenched Canada from France. The harvests were bad in France, not alone because the sun did not shine, or because there was little rain, but because those who



LOUIS XVI.

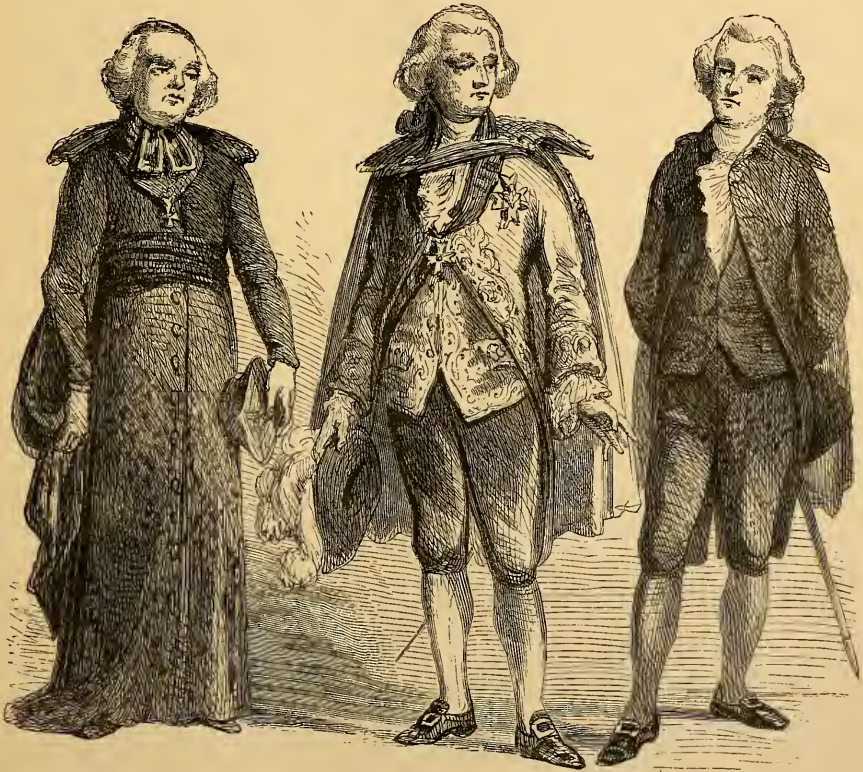
owned the great estates were doing nothing to enrich their lands. They were exacting all they could from the peasants and spending it in Paris. The peasants were becoming poorer; bread was dearer. In July, 1788, there came a hail-storm over Northern France, destroying twenty million dollars' worth of grain. There were hordes of beggars, so hungry that they fought with the dogs for a bone to gnaw. The poor creatures could get no work, and began to steal. The peasants could not pay their taxes, and the sheriff sold their goods and marched them off to prison.

The famishing people in the towns, becoming desperate, made a rush upon the bakeries, seizing the bread, ripping open the sacks, and helping themselves to flour. They plundered the farmers on their way to market, and the consequence was that the farmers stayed at home, and the people in the cities became hungrier than ever.

The people of France saw that the Americans had established a government which recognized no king or bishop—a government in which the people elected their rulers, and that the people of the United States were prosperous and happy. Why should not France be happy also?

"Vive la liberté!" The starving people of the city of Nantes shouted it on June 14, 1789, and rushed upon the bakers' shops and helped themselves to bread. Bread-riots broke out in other towns. Something must be done.

The Government of France was supposed to consist of three Chambers—the Nobles, the Clergy, and the Commons—but for one hundred and seventy years the Bourbon kings had ruled as they pleased without consulting the Chambers. Louis XVI. was obliged to call them now; and on May 5, 1789, they met at Versailles—twelve hundred in all. They met in a great hall—the King, the Queen, their children, on a gorgeous throne, brilliant with purple and gold. Next below were the Nobles, in

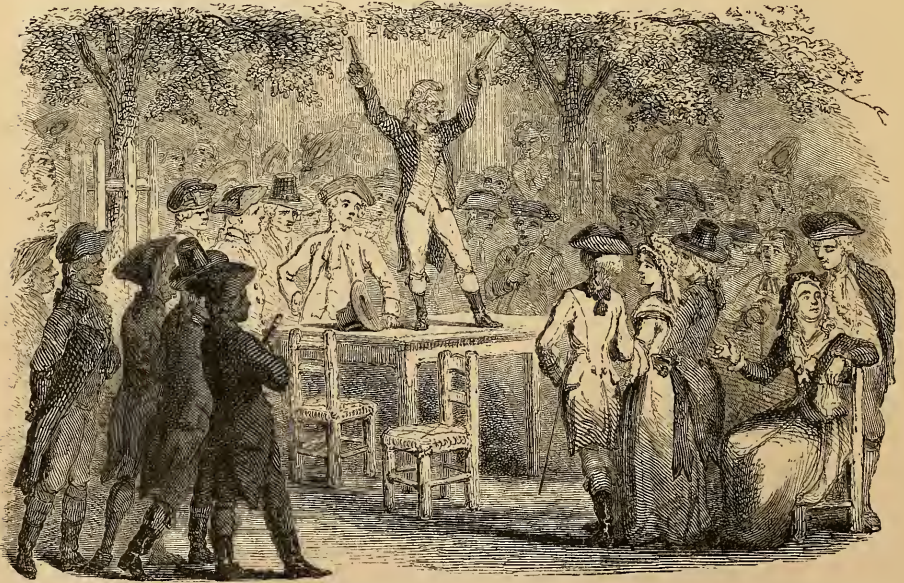


THE THREE ORDERS.

gold-laced coats and nodding plumes; then the Clergy—the archbishops and bishops, magnificent in scarlet and gold; below them were the six hundred Commons, in plain clothes. The Nobles and Clergy looked down upon the representatives of the people, and they had a cunningly devised plan to outvote them. It was the old plan of feudal times—not for each member to vote, but for one man to represent each order when they came to voting, so that the Nobles and Clergy by uniting could always outvote the Commons. Lafayette presented to the Assembly a Dec-

laration of Rights almost exactly like that which Thomas Jefferson wrote when the United States declared themselves independent in 1775—that all men are free and equal. It was Jefferson who aided Lafayette in preparing it.

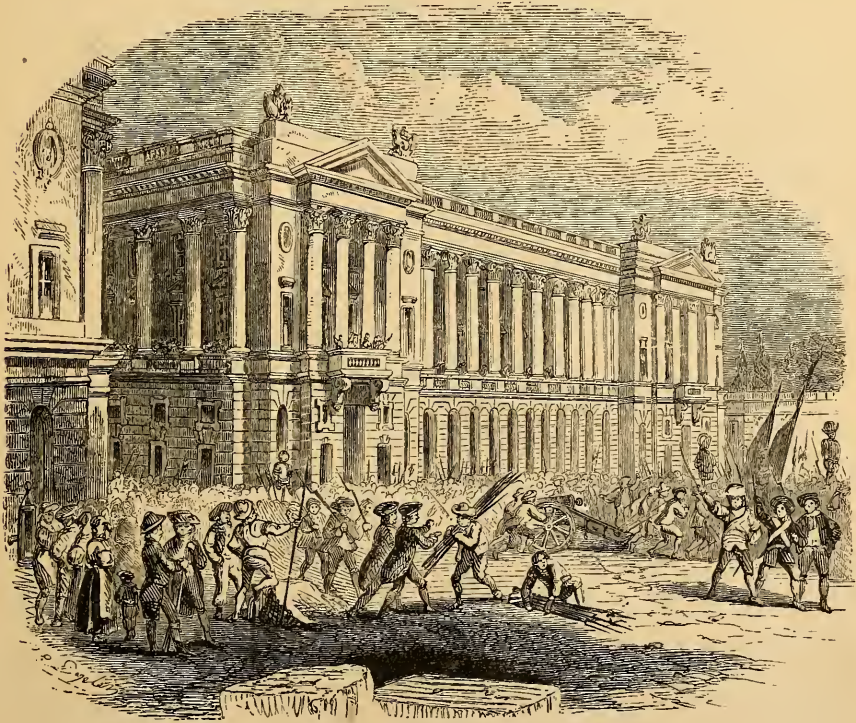
Men who have had long lease of power do not like to lay it down. The bishops and nobles had no intention of allowing the people to rule themselves; they had told the King that he must bring an army to Versailles to put down the Commons and the people, and the army had come. It was on Saturday, July 11, that Lafayette presented the Declaration of Rights. Sunday came. Troops were marching. It was whispered that the Commons were to be dispersed, and the people mowed down by cannon if they made any disturbance. A great crowd assembled in the Palais Royal garden. "What is to be done?" they asked.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

A young man, with a pistol in each hand to defend himself, jumped upon one of the tables where the people were accustomed to sip their wine. "To arms! to arms! we must defend ourselves!" he shouted. It was Camille Desmoulins. He plucked a green leaf from the horse-chestnut-tree above him and put it in his hat-band for a plume. The people took up the cry: "To arms! to arms!" And women plucked the chestnut-leaves and put them in their hats. They had no arms, but

there were muskets and cannon in the Hotel des Invalides. They broke it open and armed themselves. "Down with the Bastille!" The cry rung through the streets. A great multitude gathered, rushed to the gloomy prison, planted their cannon to batter down the gate. The Swiss Guards within fired upon them; the cannon thundered. Men were shot



SACKING THE ARSENAL.

down. The French Guards in the Bastille were heart and soul with the people. They hung out a white flag, and the prison was surrendered. A duke rode to Versailles with the news.

"It is a revolt," said the King.

"It is a revolution," replied the duke.

"I will order the troops away," said the King. He issued the order, but the "deluge" had come. Blood-thirsty men were roaming the streets of Paris, murdering men and women of noble birth. The National Assembly ordered the Bastille to be torn down, and the people levelled it to the ground.

The National Assembly, imitating the example of the United States,

made a written constitution. But the people of France knew very little as to what constitutional freedom is. They thought that government must do everything; themselves nothing, except to run the government. De-signing, wicked, blood-thirsty men planned to put themselves in power.



TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

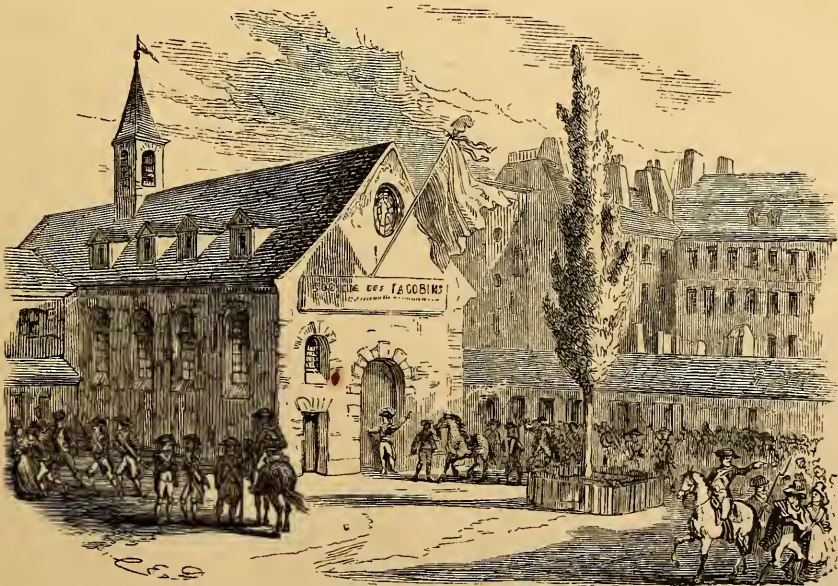
They were ignorant and brutal. They determined to get rid of all past things, and to begin a new era. All through the centuries bishops and priests had been heaping up money for the Church, until the property of the Church was worth \$400,000,000, and yielded \$15,000,000 revenue every year. The bishops and prelates were living in luxury, while the

people were starving. The Church owned one-third of the soil of France. "The property belongs to the people," said the National Assembly, and took it for the use of the State.

The great estates held by the seigneurs were divided into small farms. It was a great change. The people thought that they had obtained their rights and liberties. How delightful it was! They stopped work and roamed the streets singing, and shouting "Liberty and equality!"

There were two parties in the National Assembly. The deputies from the Province of Gironde, in South-western France, were intelligent men. They were ardent patriots. Their leader, Brissot, wished to secure freedom without violence or bloodshed. Those who sided with him were called Girondists.

The men who wanted to sweep away all old things formed a club. There were about forty of them at the beginning, and they took the name of the "Breton Club" at first, but they are known in history as the



CLUB-HOUSE OF THE JACOBINS.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

Jacobins. When Innocent III. was Pope of Rome, in 1215, Dominic de Guzman formed an order of friars to put down heretics. They wore black gowns, and in England were called the *Black-friars*—in France, *Jacobins*. The Breton Club held its meetings in a building which the Jacobins formerly used, and the people soon became accustomed to call them

Jacobins. They held secret meetings to lay plots against the government. They were for cutting off the heads of the nobles and confiscating their property. Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin invented a machine for cutting off heads. "It will do it so quick that you will not know it," he said.

The Jacobins hated bishops, the Church, the nobles. They had no belief in God or immortality. The nation had lost its faith in all religion through the terrible oppression of the Roman Catholic Church, the iniquities and wickedness of the cardinals, bishops, and all the high-born prelates, who plundered the people and lived scandalous lives. The Jacobins were determined to root out the Church and all connected with it.

A great rabble of vagabonds had hastened to Paris, to be where there was so much excitement. Bread was growing more scarce. The cry goes up that the aristocrats intend to starve the people. It is on October 5, 1789, that a woman seizes a drum and begins to beat it. "Bread! bread!" cry the rabble. A great crowd gathers, hastens to the Hotel de Ville. The women make a rush upon the National Guards at the door. Behind the women are men with swords and hatchets. The Guards give way, the crowd rush in, seize the guns, pistols, and cannon.

"To Versailles!" is the cry, and the rabble-women, with great brawny arms, uncombed hair, rough men in rags, march down the street shouting, "Bread! bread!" A drummer leads them. They drag a cannon. One woman mounts it and waves a sword, and the thousands pass on shouting, "Bread! bread!" They reach Versailles—cut down the Guards in the King's palace. Lafayette, commander of the Guards, is there; and in their madness the ruffians are ready to kill him. Not only the King but the National Assembly must go to Paris.

It is a great procession which enters the city—the King and Queen in their carriage, regiments of soldiers, sixty carts loaded with corn, the members of the Assembly on horseback or in carriages, the rabble of ruffians, with guns on their shoulders; a great mob of women brandishing pikes, swords, pistols, clubs. The one want, the one word, "bread," had compelled the King and the National Assembly, in their weakness, to yield to the mob. Government had lost its power; the Commune was master.

The noblemen and their families, knowing that their lives were in danger, fled across the Rhine to find safety in Austria and Prussia. The kings of those countries saw that Louis had been shorn of his power, and began to fear that their own subjects might rise against them.

Would not all Europe be asking for written constitutions like that adopted by the people of the United States? They determined to declare war against France, march their armies across the Rhine, and restore the

old order of things. The Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, laid a plan for the King, herself, and the children to escape from Paris, cross the Rhine, and remain there till the armies of Prussia and Austria had conquered the French. They fled in a coach; but the plan failed. They were arrested, brought back, and taken to the Tuileries. It was a palace, but they were prisoners in its gilded halls.



WOMEN MARCHING TO VERSAILLES.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

One hundred and fifty thousand Austrians and Prussians, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick, crossed the Rhine to invade France. The duke issued a proclamation. "I come," he said, "to defend the Church and the throne, to restore to the King the liberty and dignity which belong to him, and to inflict vengeance on all who have dared to insult him." The proclamation, instead of intimidating, set France on fire.

"Down with the King!" shouted the people. The cry rung through the streets of Paris. A great crowd rushed to the Tuileries; battered down its doors; shot the Queen's Guards defending it; seized the King, Queen, and their children, and hurried them to prison. The Swiss Guards in the Tuileries were shot, and there was a terrible massacre.



ATTACK ON THE TUILERIES.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

On came the Austrians to conquer France. England sent no troops; but she was lending her influence and money to help crush the people. Higher than ever rose the spirit of liberty; soldiers enlisted and hastened north to join General Dumouriez to help drive back the Austrians.

In Strasbourg was a young artillery officer, Rouget de l'Isle. The mayor of the city, Dietrich, was his friend. The times were hard; the mayor was poor, but there was always a place at his table for the young officer. "We are poor—we have only brown bread and a bottle of wine; but here's to Liberty," said Dietrich one day at dinner. They filled their glasses and drank to Liberty. The young officer went to his chamber, sat down to the clavichord, and began to play and sing. His soul was on fire for liberty for France. Words came, and with them a strange, wild melody. He did not know which came first—the music or the words. He sung and played, and felt a strange delight. His head fell upon his breast: he was asleep. The morning sun was shining in his face when he awoke, and the song was still stirring his soul. Dietrich heard him sing it, and called in his friends to hear it. His daughter sat down to the clavichord and played while the officer sung:



ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

“Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory.
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise.
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling host, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?
 To arms! to arms, ye brave!
 The avenging sword unsheath!
 March on! march on! All hearts resolved
 On victory or death!”

In a few hours all Strasbourg was singing it. It went from village to village, city to city, province to province.

In June, 1792, fifteen hundred men, wearing red caps and armed with muskets and swords, marched from Marseilles to Paris singing Rouget de l'Isle's song, which thus came to be known as the “Marseillaise,” and

which above all other songs ever written has stirred the hearts of men. But alas! in a few months Dietrich became a victim of the guillotine, and Rouget de l'Isle was fleeing for his life. Great events had taken place. The Austrians had been defeated in a great battle at Jemappes; the King and Queen had been beheaded; the Girondists carted off to the guillotine; the Constitution overthrown; the government seized by blood-thirsty villains. More than a million people had perished—by the guillotine, war, famine, and starvation.

The nation had waded through a sea of blood. Old things had passed



FIRST SINGING OF THE "MARSEILLAISE."

away never to return. It was the United States teaching by example which fired the hearts of the French. Why did they not succeed in establishing an enduring Republic? Because all free governments to be enduring must be founded on intelligence, virtue, morality, and a belief in God and immortality.

The Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* elected William Bradford Governor, and William Brewster to be their minister; they built the school-house and meeting-house side by side, to educate themselves for the present and the future life. Out of that exercise of natural right in electing their rulers and educating themselves, came the Republic of the United States.

France had no school-houses. There were plenty of churches; but through the corruption and despotism of the Church there had been a dying out of virtue, morality, and religion. Men believed in nothing. The strongest ruled. An enduring Republic under such conditions was not possible. Out of the Revolution came the one man who could restore order—Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAPTER IV.

INFLUENCE OF FRANCE UPON THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN the French Revolution began; when the Commons elected by the people to meet the Nobles and Clergy in convention asserted their rights; when Lafayette presented the Declaration of Rights, copied from the Declaration written by Thomas Jefferson; when the Constitution was adopted by the people of France, everybody in the United States rejoiced. France had helped the United States achieve independence, and the thought that the French people were overthrowing the despotisms and tyrannies of the ages thrilled every American. Washington, Jefferson, Adams all rejoiced. Lafayette sent the key of the Bastille to Washington, who had it enclosed in a glass case and hung in his home at Mount Vernon. The Republicans in France had adopted cockades of red, white, and blue as the badge of liberty, and the citizens of the United States adorned their hats with the same colors. Ladies trimmed their dresses with the colors significant of freedom.

It was not long, however, before Washington, John Adams, and Hamilton saw that things were going wrong in France; that true liberty and the best welfare of the people could not be brought about by a wholesale cutting off of heads. The sober-minded and religious people of the United States were shocked by the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Thomas Paine, which were republished in the United States. Those writers were sincere lovers of liberty. They saw that the bishops and priests lived scandalous lives; that they fleeced the people; that they were hypocrites, and came to the conclusion that all religion was a cheat. Voltaire called Jesus Christ a wretch. The ruffians who seized the government abolished the days of the week, months, and the years. No



THOMAS PAINE.

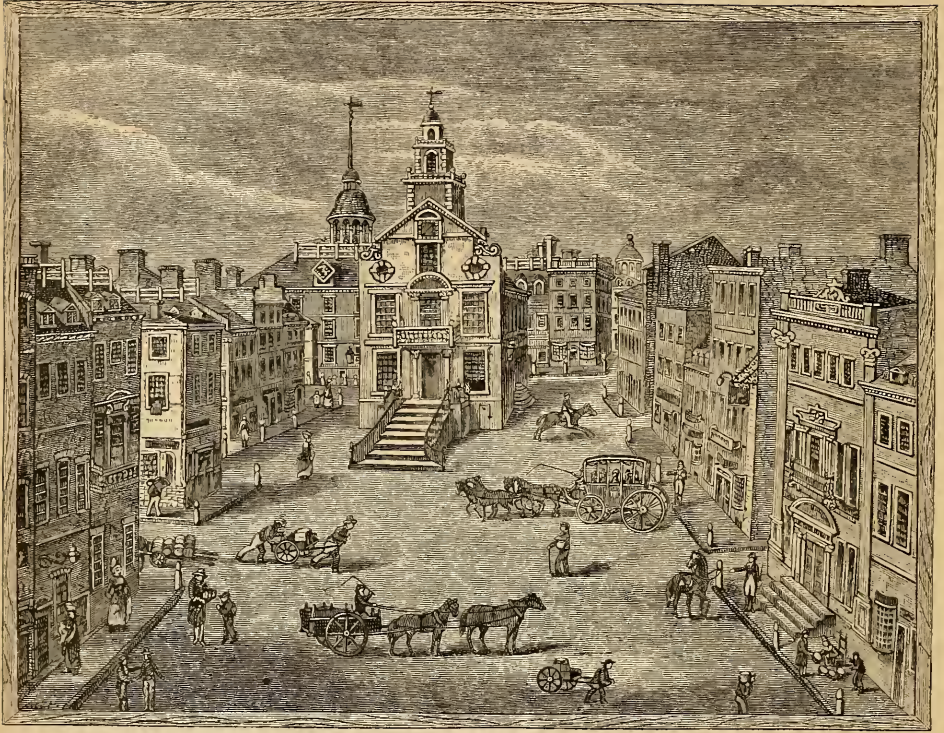
longer would they write Anno Domini—the year of our Lord—but would have all things new. There was no God, no hereafter. Death was an endless sleep.

“Open the window. I shall die to-day,” said Mirabeau, one of the great leaders. “Envelop me in perfumes, crown me with flowers, surround me with music, while I sink to everlasting sleep.”

To the men who had built the meeting and school houses of America—descendants of those who had left their homes in Old England to brave all the hardships of the wilderness that they might be free to worship God—this life and the life to come were tremendous realities; and they stood aghast before the loss of faith and hope in God and immortality exhibited by the French people.

On the other hand, Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams, through their intense love for liberty and their hatred of kings, thought of the French people as struggling only for freedom. When they saw Austria and Prussia marching to crush France, and learned that England was urging on those nations, supplying them with money, they wanted the United States to aid France. They claimed that, as the United States had achieved their independence through the aid of France, the people of America were in duty bound to take part in the great struggle between liberty and despotism. President Washington thought differently. He was far-sighted. If the United States were to take part there would be no end of trouble. He issued a proclamation, informing the people that the United States would take no part in European affairs. The proclamation greatly offended Jefferson and Samuel Adams. There was hot and sharp discussion in the newspapers. The people divided into two parties—the Federal, who sided with Washington; the Republican, who sided with Jefferson and Samuel Adams. The Republicans of Boston, to show their sympathy with the French, two days before the execution of Louis XVI., had a grand banquet in State Street, where a table, several hundred feet in length, was laid. The school-children marched in procession. Samuel Adams gave an oration. An ox was roasted, its horns decorated with ribbons. Loaves of bread were baked stamped with the words “Liberty and Equality.” Hogsheads of punch were placed along the street. There was eating and drinking, the singing of songs, hurrahs for liberty for France; and as the rum got into their heads the men pelted one another with bread, and threw slices of meat at the ladies looking down from the windows. The banquet ended in a scene which all were ashamed of when they became sober.

In 1793 Edmond Charles Genet was sent to the United States as rep-



STATE STREET, BOSTON, 1801.

representative of the French Republic. Jefferson and the Democratic societies warmly welcomed him. Genet was not wise or prudent. Before presenting his credentials to Washington he purchased two vessels in Charleston, S. C., armed them, and sent them out to capture the ships of England. One of them sailed up the coast, captured several British vessels, entered Delaware Bay, and proceeded to Philadelphia, with the cap of liberty on the foretop-mast, the British colors placed upside down, with the French flag flying above. Church-bells rung, cannon thundered, and all the Democratic citizens of Philadelphia turned out and hastened down to the river-side to welcome the vessel. Genet arrived, and sat down to a grand banquet, with the Governor of the State as one of the guests. There was a "tree of liberty" on the table. Genet placed a red cap of liberty on his own head, and then on the head of each guest. A roasted pig was brought in, with the label, "Louis XVI." "Tyrant!" shouted Genet, seizing the carving-knife and cutting off the pig's head. The Republicans clapped their hands and shouted "Hurrah!"

Genet had insulted the United States. President Washington was

not a man to allow of any insult to law and order. The British ships taken by Genet's ship were returned to their owners, and the Chief-justice informed all grand-jurors that they were to take notice of all such violations of law. Genet had several projects. Spain owned Florida. He intended to raise an army to invade it, and enlisted two thousand men in Kentucky.



GENET.

“Is the minister of the French Republic to be permitted to set the laws at defiance?” asked President Washington.

“No!” the cabinet replied, and a letter was sent to the French Government requesting the recall of Genet.

The Democratic Republicans were very angry with Washington, and accused him of wishing to establish a monarchy. They tried to make it appear that they were the only true lovers of liberty. There were bitter words between the Democrats and the Federalists. Old friends became estranged, and would not speak to each other. The ideas which had already divided the people into two great parties became more intense. The Democrats called those who followed Washington, Monarchists, while the Federalists said that the Democrats were Jacobins, Anarchists, Disunionists. Men lost respect for their fellow-men, and forgot their old-time courtesy. They became rude and disrespectful in social life. A rough fellow met a minister one day.

“How are you, priest?” he said.

“How are you, Democrat?”

“How do you know I am a Democrat?”

“How do you know I am a priest?”

“By your dress.”

“And I know that you are a Democrat by your *address!*”

Though bitter the words, the people did not lose their self-control. Gradually they saw that French liberty was very different from American liberty. A pamphlet was published in Philadelphia with two pictures showing the difference between French and American liberty, which had a great effect upon the public.

There is no turning back the tide of human affairs. What is once done is done for all time. The example of the United States helped on the French Revolution, which, in turn, made itself felt by every hearthstone in the United States, for weal or woe, through all coming time. How it affected the government will be seen in subsequent chapters.



THE CONTRAST.

CHAPTER V.

FORCES OF CIVILIZATION.

WHAT the future of the new nation? What forces will mould and fashion it? What the character of the people? What will they do for themselves and for the world?

John Endicott, John Winthrop, and the men who came with them to Massachusetts knew that ignorance is weakness, and knowledge power; that to get the most out of life men must have knowledge; that men who are ignorant will make mistakes, blunders, and failures. That their children might not be ignorant, they established common schools. In the common school all were on a level; the poor boy had just as good a chance for obtaining an education as the son of the rich man. The Pilgrims and Puritans had common schools very soon after they came to this country. The Provincial Legislature of New Hampshire in 1642 ordered the select-men of every town to "suffer no such barbarism in any of their families as not to endeavor to teach their children to read;" and in 1647 they passed a law that every town containing one hundred families should establish a grammar-school.

In every township a large tract of land was reserved for the benefit of the schools. A law was passed in Massachusetts in 1649 requiring every town to have a school for reading and writing, and every town containing one hundred inhabitants must maintain a grammar-school. All must learn to read, and this was the reason: "It is the chief project of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from a knowledge of the Scriptures."

Connecticut, in 1650, passed a law requiring every town containing fifty families to support a grammar-school.

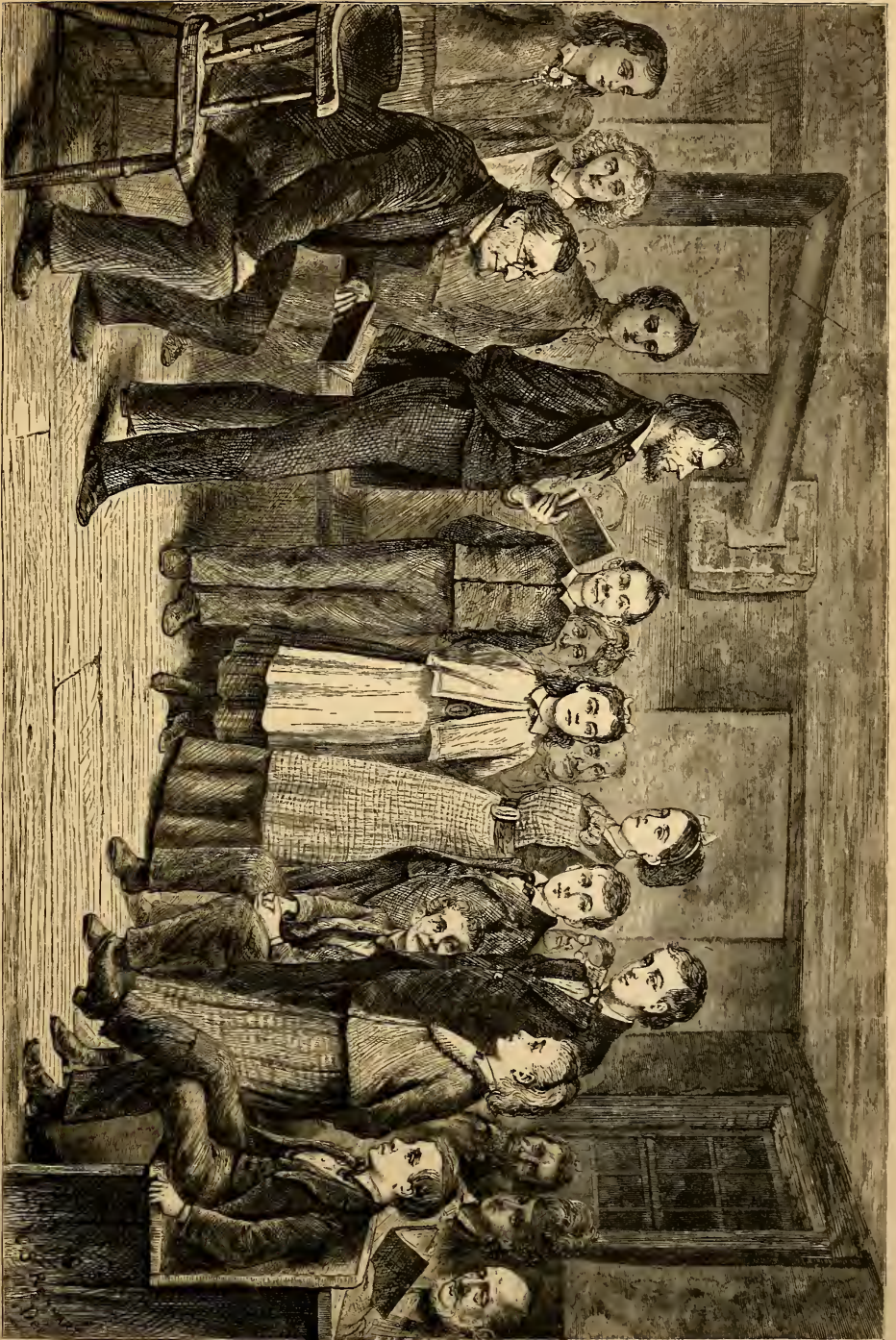
None of the other Colonies had common schools. Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, hated them. This was what he wrote in 1665: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing in Virginia, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought heresy and dis-

	In Adam's fall We sinned all.		Thy life to mend, God's Book at- tend.		The Cat doth play, And after slay.		A Dog will bite A thief at night.		The Eagle's flight is out of sight.		The idle Fool Is whipped at school.
	As runs the Glass, Man's life doth pass.		My book and Heart Shall never part.		Job feels the rod, Yet blesses God.		Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up.		The Lion bold The Lamb doth hold.		The Moon gives light In time of night.
	Nightingales sing In time of spring.		The royal Oak, it was the tree That saved his royal majesty.		Peter denies His Lord, and cries.		Queen Esther comes in royal state, To save the Jews from dismal fate.		Rachel doth mourn For her first-born.		Samuel anoints Whom God ap- points.
	Time cuts down all, Both great and small.		Uriah's beauti- ous wife Made David seek his life.		Whales in the sea God's voice obey.		Xerxes the Great did die, And so must you and I.		Youth forward slips— Death soonest nips.		Zacchens, he Did climb the tree, His Lord to see.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

obedience and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

Every town in New England was divided into school districts. The people elected a committee to employ a teacher. The select-men apportioned the taxes. Education protected property, and property must support education. Knowledge was power. It would enable the poor to make their way in the world. It would make men virtuous. Every district had its school-house. The benches and desks were of pine. There was a great fireplace heaped with blazing logs in winter, which gave place to a stove when stoves came into use. On one side was the master's desk, upon a raised platform, where he stood, ferule in hand, monarch and despot as well as instructor. If



THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

a boy was remiss in his lessons or disobeyed orders, he was pretty sure to smart for it; and if he received a whipping at school, he expected another when he reached home. It was the New England idea of obedience to law and order. Children just learning their letters, roistering boys, stalwart young men, girls in aprons, fair maidens verging toward womanhood, all attended school, for it was a disgrace not to be able to read or write. The classes took their places on the floor when reading and spelling. Great and small stood with their toes to a crack in the floor—the boys bowing, the girls courtesying, when the master said “Attention!”

A boy with a patch on each knee, his jacket in rags, who lived in a cabin, whose breakfast was potato and salt, and whose supper was pumpkin and milk, quite likely stood at the head of the class; while the boy who wore good clothes, without patch or darn, whose father had great barns, cattle, and sheep, who was esquire, colonel, representative—the boy who had everything that money could buy—possibly found himself at the foot of the long line of spellers. All were on a level. Money, position in society, counted nothing; merit won. The little children begun with the primer; then came the spelling-book, reading, writing, arithmetic. The committee and parents visited the schools at their close, to see how the boys and girls were getting on. Scholars too poor to purchase paper used birch-bark in learning to write. In the long winter evenings they sat by the wide-mouthed chimneys and worked out problems in arithmetic by the light of blazing pitch-knots, using charred sticks for want of pencils.

The common school was a mighty force in the new civilization. Many of the boys in rags made their way through college, became teachers, ministers, lawyers, legislators, and governors; it fitted all to become citizens, under a free government based on intelligence and equal rights.

A Connecticut boy, Noah Webster, when he had mastered arithmetic, grammar, and Dilworth's spelling-book, in the common school, studied Latin, and recited his lessons to a young minister, Nathan Perkins. He made such rapid progress that when he was seventeen years old, in 1775, he entered Yale College. News came of what was going on at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and the college boys, with their souls on fire for freedom, formed a company and



NOAH WEBSTER.

chose Noah Webster captain. When General Washington arrived at New Haven, on his way to Cambridge to take command of the army, the boys escorted him quite a distance; so Noah became one of the "Boys of '76;" but when off duty, in camp, kept on with his studies.

When the war was over he studied law with his classmate, Oliver Ellsworth, whom President Washington appointed Chief-justice of the United States. But instead of practising law Webster taught school. He did not like Joseph Dilworth's spelling-book, which was an English book; he wanted an American book. He thought that the American people should make their own school-books, and believed the time would come when the United States would have a literature of its own.

The spelling-book which he made pleased him so well that he had it printed. It begun with words of one syllable. Its reading lessons were easy. They were about the great moral truths which are the foundation of character, inculcating thrift, industry, morality, virtue, and happiness. It contained fables of his own making—delightful reading, illustrated with pictures. The first fable was about a boy who stole apples:



THE BOY WHO STOLE APPLES.

"An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down; but the young saucebox told him plainly he would not. 'Won't you?' said the old man; 'then I will fetch you down;' so he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw at him; but this only made the

youngster laugh, to think the old man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only. 'Well, well,' said the old man, 'if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones.' So the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree, and beg the old man's pardon.

"MORAL. — *If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.*"

In a short time it was the only spelling-book in use. Millions of them were sold. The historian who would write a true history of the United States must not leave out Noah Webster's spelling-book. It has been a great uplifting force. Many of the boys and girls, fourscore years ago,

had time to master little more than the fables and the reading lessons of that book, but they never forgot the stories of the boy who stole apples, of the milkmaid who counted her chickens before they were hatched, and of the cat in the meal. The moral lessons which they learned laid the foundation of character—made them noble men and women, pioneers of a new civilization, and founders of States.

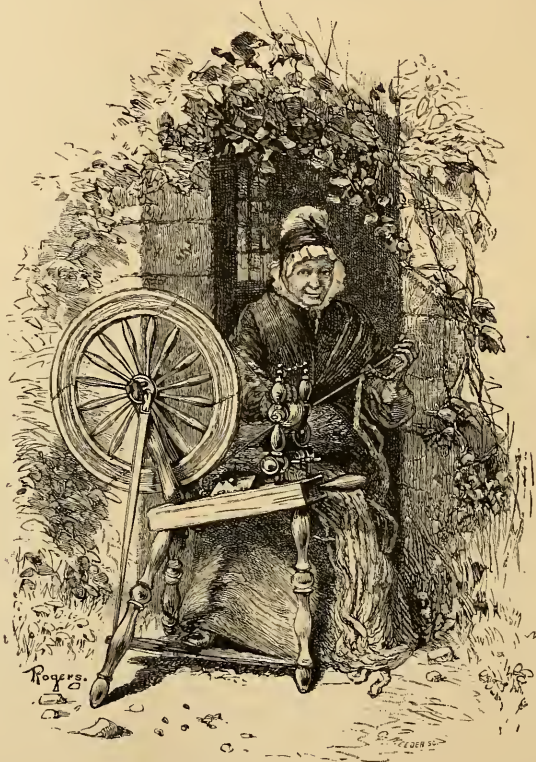
From the creation of the world down to the close of the last century nearly all the work of the world had been accomplished by muscular labor of men or animals; but in England and in the United States men were discovering that machinery might be made to do the work of human hands, and the energy of nature—the winds, water-falls, and coal—to take the place of the energy of men.



SPINNING: LARGE WHEEL.

All through the centuries down to the year 1530 all spinning was done by the distaff and spindle, but in that year a man in Germany invented the spinning-wheel. When the Protestants were driven out of Germany because they would not attend mass, some of them fled to England, carrying their spinning-wheels. Queen Elizabeth heard about their wheels, and invited eight young girls to spin before her. She was much pleased and made them presents, and directed that laws should be passed to encourage manufacturing.

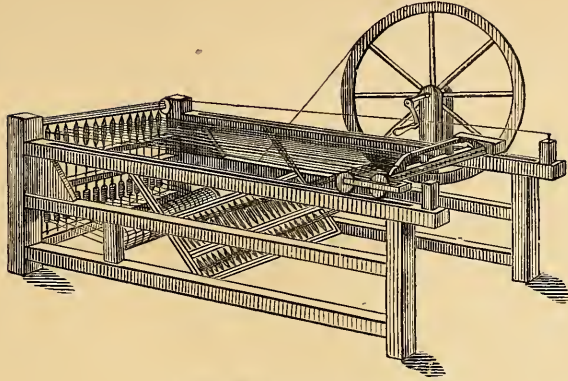
In 1767, while Jenny Hargreaves, of England, was spinning one day, a thought came to her husband, James. Why not have several spindles moved by one wheel? He carried out the idea—put a large number of



SPINNING: SMALL WHEEL.

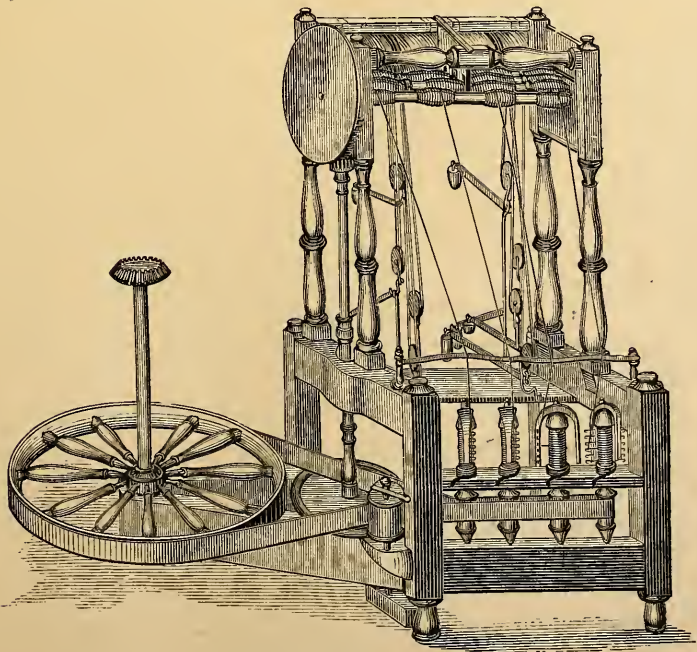
spindles in a frame, and had them all turned by one wheel. He named the new invention the spinning-jenny. Did his fellow-spinners thank him? On the contrary, a mob smashed them to pieces, saying that he would take the bread out of their mouths.

At Glasgow, in Scotland, James Watt was thinking about steam-engines. He had seen the rude machines invented by Newcomen that were in use for pumping water from mines. They were great, clumsy, expensive, and accomplished very little. In Newcomen's engine the steam lifted the piston, which fell of its own weight. On a Sunday afternoon James Watt was walking in the green fields just out of Glasgow, and a great thought came to him. When the piston was up and the cylinder full of steam, why not have a valve open and let a little cold water into the



HARGREAVES'S SPINNING-JENNY.

cylinder, which would instantly condense the steam? And why not at the same time have a valve open to let steam in on the other side of the piston to force it back again, and so keep it going?



ARKWRIGHT'S SPINNING-FRAME.

On Monday morning he was hard at work upon the new idea, and a few days later (in 1781) his first little engine was in motion.

There was a man in the United States who was also thinking about the

use of steam—John Fitch. He was born in Windsor, Connecticut, and was so bright that, before he was ten years old, he could do all the problems in Hodder's arithmetic. He was so eager for knowledge that he planted patch of potatoes and stayed at home on training-days to hoe them, that he might earn money to buy a geography. His father's nearest neighbor was Oliver Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut, who employed John to help him survey several lots of land, and who was much astonished to find that the boy ten years old knew quite as much about arithmetic as he did. The Governor did not treat him very handsomely, however, giving him nothing for several days' work. John's father apprenticed him to Benjamin Cheany to learn the clock-maker's trade, where he had poor fare—mutton-broth, with beans in it, three times a day for several weeks, till the sight of it sickened him. He had a great many ups and downs in life, travelling through the country cleaning clocks, buying old brass kettles, making brass buttons and selling them. During the Revolution he worked for the State of New Jersey, fixing guns for the soldiers at Trenton. He went to Kentucky, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried to Canada. When the war was over he went to Pennsylvania.

On a Sunday in April, 1785, Mr. Fitch was limping to meeting to hear the Rev. Mr. Irwin preach—his bones aching with rheumatism. Mr. and Mrs. Sinton dashed past him in a two-wheeled chaise. The thought came, why not get up a machine that would go without a horse to draw it? He never had heard of a steam-engine; had no knowledge that Newcomen had used steam for pumping water from mines, nor that a man in England had conceived the idea of propelling a boat by steam.

Fitch knew that steam had a great deal of expansive force, and invented a steam-wagon for common roads, and made a plan which he showed to the Rev. Mr. Irwin, who informed him that Newcomen had had steam-engines at work for several years in England.

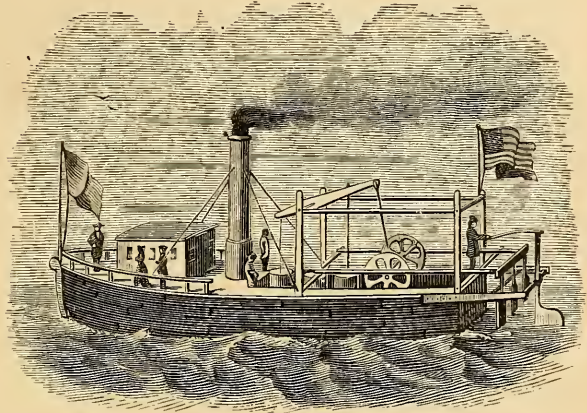
John Fitch saw that the roads were so bad that it would be difficult to use a steam-wagon, but set himself to build a boat. After many trials and disappointments he succeeded.

On August 27, 1787, in Philadelphia, the members of the Convention, who were just ready to send out the first written Constitution the world had ever seen, stood on the bank of the Delaware and beheld John Fitch gliding up-stream in the first practical steamboat ever constructed.

In July, 1788, the boat made its first trip from Philadelphia up the river to Burlington—the people along the river cheering, women waving their handkerchiefs, and cannon thundering a salute. Two years later, in 1790, John Fitch's steamboat all through the summer made regular trips

between Philadelphia and Trenton, and sometimes to Wilmington, at the rate of three miles an hour, sailing in all more than 2500 miles. He went to England and tried to introduce his steamboat into that country, but without success.

Genius is far-sighted and prophetic. It sees what is to be. The world was not ready for the steamboat; but John Fitch, looking into the future, saw that the time would come when steamships would traverse the ocean, and glide to and fro upon the great rivers of the West.



FITCH'S STEAMBOAT.

“The time will come,” he said, “when some more powerful man will get favor and riches by my invention, but no one now will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything.”

He went to Ohio to spend his last days, and when the shadow of death was upon him made this request: “Bury me on the banks of the Ohio, that I may lie where the song of the boatmen will enliven the stillness of my resting-place, and the music of the engines soothe my spirit.”

He had invented a new method of locomotion; but twenty years were to pass before it would come into use.

On that 19th of April, 1775, when the British troops marched from Boston to Concord, and began the Revolutionary War, there was a boy in Westborough, Mass., ten years old—Eli Whitney, who was spending all his spare time in his father's shop. His father had a turning-lathe, and turned table-legs, bedsteads, and the rounds of chairs. Just at that time Eli was making a violin.

“I am afraid Eli will never be good for anything except to make fiddles,” said his father.

Eli was very much taken up with machinery. His father bought a watch. On a Sunday, when all the rest of the family were at meeting, Eli took it apart and put it together again, the watch ticking as well as ever.

He paid his way through Yale College by making violins and walking-canes, and by teaching school.

The college philosophical apparatus was broken, and the professor thought that it must be sent to Europe to be repaired.

"I think I can repair it," said Eli.

The professor gazed at him in amazement, and doubted his ability.

"If you are willing, I should like to try it."

It was given into his hands, and he made it as good as new.

When he had finished at Yale he went to Georgia, expecting to teach school, travelling with Mrs. Greene, widow of the brave general who led General Cornwallis and the British such a dance through Carolina during the Revolution. Mrs. Greene lived a short distance out from Savannah,

at Mulberry Grove, and invited Eli to her house. She was making tambour embroidery, which required a needle of peculiar shape.

"I wish I had a better needle," said Mrs. Greene.

"A better needle! Let me see it, please." He looked at it, and in a short time made her a present of one of a new pattern which was far better.

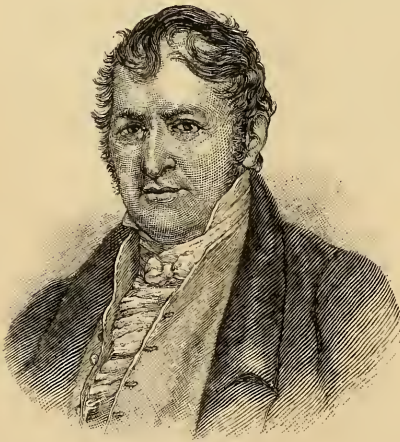
A party of planters dined with Mrs. Greene. Their talk was about cotton. Manufacture of cotton had begun in England; the people were using Hargreaves's machines. Rich-

ard Arkwright had also made a spinning-machine, and there was a great demand for cotton. The planters sent eight bagfuls from Savannah in 1784, and in 1788 two hundred and eighty-two bags, and more was called for.

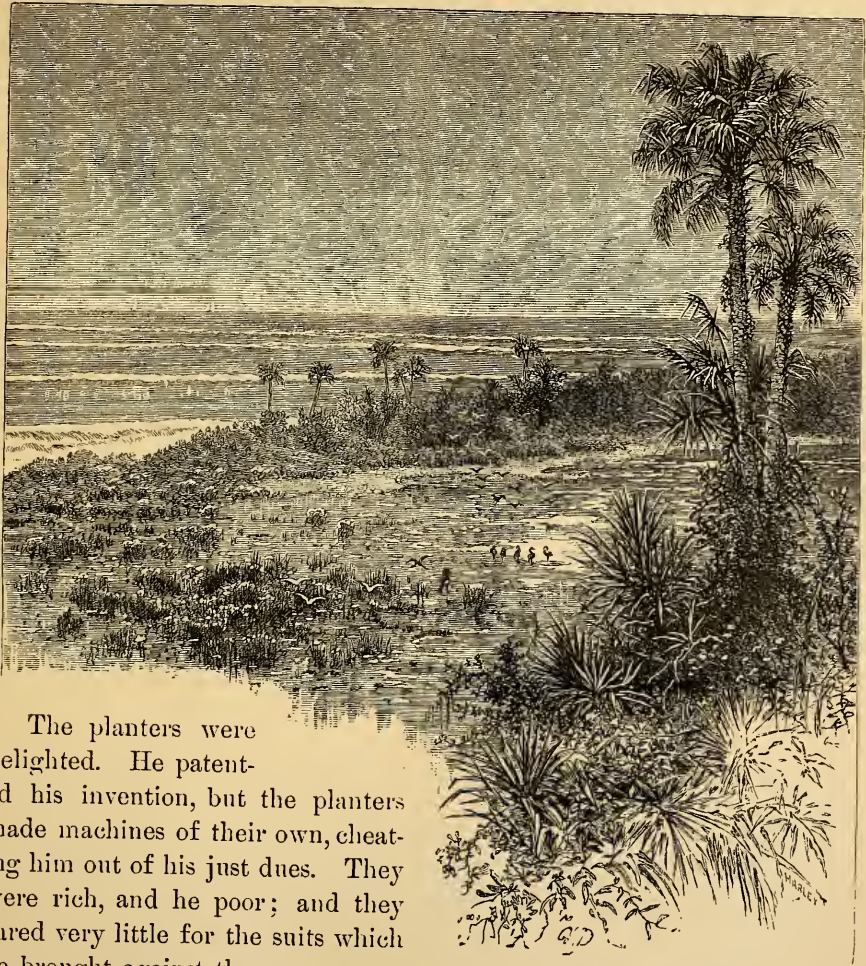
"If we could only separate the seed from the cotton we could make our fortunes, but it takes a negro a day to clean a pound," said one of the planters.

The negro slaves were having a hard time—obliged to work in the fields all day, digging with a heavy hoe; and at night the overseer, whip in hand, compelled them to pick the seeds from the cotton.

"I have a young friend here who can make you a machine that will do it. He can do anything," said Mrs. Greene, and introduced Mr. Whitney. He listened to what the planters had to say, shut himself up in his room, and in a short time had a machine which would do the work of forty negroes.



ELI WHITNEY.



THE SEA ISLANDS.

The planters were delighted. He patented his invention, but the planters made machines of their own, cheating him out of his just dues. They were rich, and he poor; and they cared very little for the suits which he brought against them.

More cotton was wanted in England. To raise it the planters must have more slaves; and the slave-trade—which everybody expected, when the Constitution was adopted, would soon die out—became brisker than ever, furnishing employment for the ships owned by the merchants of Boston, Newport, and New York, bringing slaves from Africa and carrying cotton to England. Nowhere else in the world could such cotton be raised as grew on the islands along the coast of South Carolina. The fibre was long, and as soft as silk. The lands which had been regarded as almost worthless became very valuable. The planters cleared away the great wide-spreading trees, with the long trails of moss hanging from the branches; and the slaves soon trans-



COTTON-GIN.

formed the forest into a landscape of far-reaching fields, snow-white in the time of the cotton harvest.

It was found that rice would grow upon the lowlands along the coast, and more negroes were needed to transform the marshes into rice-fields.



HOEING RICE.

So it came about that, through the invention of the boy who worked his way through college by making violins—Eli Whitney—through the invention of James Hargreaves in England, in making a spinning-jenny, that thousands of negroes were being brought from Africa, Virginia was raising negroes for sale, the Southern States were becoming agricultural, the Northern commercial and industrial, and forces unknown before were springing up to become mighty agencies in the future of the nation.

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

OLD things were passing away. Manners and customs were changing. Three-cornered cocked-hats, plum-colored, crimson, green, and purple velvet coats, slashed with silver and gold; embroidered waist-coats, buff breeches, long stockings, knee-buckles, powdered wigs and pigtails—all were going. Forces, silent, unseen, far-reaching, resistless, were at work moulding and fashioning social life in the young Republic. Old forms of government had passed away. The written Constitution—the rights of the people expressed upon the printed page, which all could read and comprehend; the sense of freedom, and also the sense of self-imposed restraint, accountability to themselves, the thinking-out of a government of the people, the quickening of the intellect—brought about a transformation of the social life of the people.

There were five distinct zones of social life—the Yankee, Dutch, Quaker, Cavalier, and Pioneer.

The Yankees lived in New England. They were descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans. Many of the Puritans and many of their children bore the name of John. It is a New Testament name, and has been a great name in history. There were so many Johns in New England that their Dutch neighbors in New York called them a nation of Johns, or Jankins, which in time changed to Yankee. The Dutch did not like the people of New England, and there was a sneer in the word; the New England people, to show how little they cared for it, said it was a good word, that it meant *good*, and they adopted it. If a man had a good horse, he said it was a *Yankee* horse.

The men who left home, friends, comfort; who tore all dear old things up by the roots rather than submit to the tyranny of bishops and the King, or yield their idea of right, were men of intense convictions. Life was real; it meant a great deal. Work was a duty. Life was such a tremendous reality that there was no time for play. It meant so much that every power which men possess must be trained to honor and glorify God. Everybody must go to meeting on Sunday. Everybody must be

educated. So the meeting-house and school-house rose side by side all over New England.

In England, in the time of James, a law had been passed compelling everybody to attend church, or pay a fine.

The settlers of Massachusetts and Virginia also passed laws compelling people to attend church. The New England people called it attending meeting; the place where they met was a "meeting-house" and not a church. The church was not the house, but a body of believers.

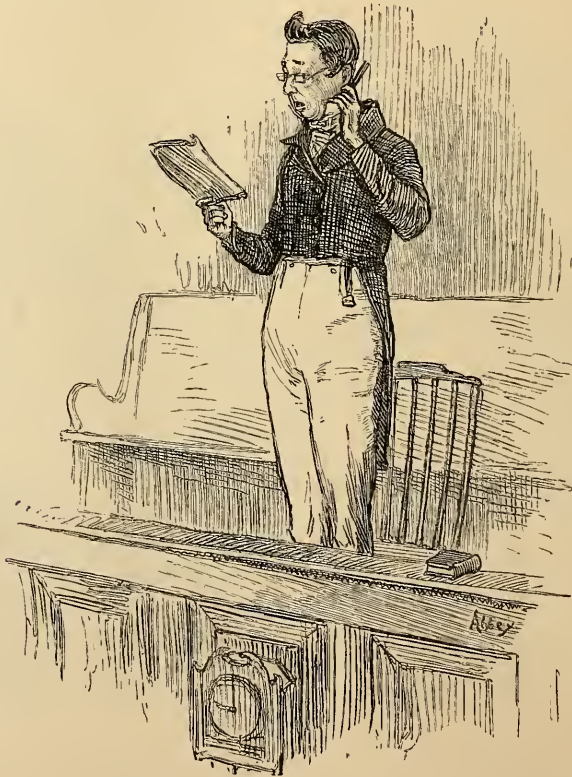


WIDE-AWAKE DEACON.

On Sunday people put on their best clothes. Those who owned horses rode on horseback—the wife on a pillion behind her husband, carrying a baby in her arms, with a small boy on the rump of the horse, holding on by the crupper. They dismounted at the horse-block in front of the meeting-house. Those who walked went barefoot in summer, and carried their stockings and shoes, putting them on before reaching the meeting-house. They sat in high-backed pews. When the minister entered the congregation stood while he went up the stairs to the pulpit. The prayers were long and the sermons still longer. The deacons sat in the

most honorable seats. They were good men. It was their duty to keep awake, and they looked hard at anybody who dropped off to sleep during the sermon.

Those of the congregation who could sing sat in the singers' seats. The leader gave out the tune and the pitch, the singers sounded their parts—bass, tenor, alto, and treble fa-la-sol-fa—singing a fuguing tune, one part following another, till all seemed to be lost in the labyrinth of melody, but coming out right at last.



PITCHING THE TUNE.

During the nooning in summer the people ate their luncheon of doughnuts, cheese, cucumbers, and gingerbread, standing around the door or sitting beneath the trees in front of the meeting-house. The boys hunted birds'-nests or made a foray into the orchards after apples. In winter they went into the neighbors' houses and warmed themselves, for there were no stoves in the meeting-houses. The women carried tin foot-stoves, which they filled with coals at the neighboring fires. The men and boys



THE LONG SERMON.

thumped their feet to keep them from freezing, and everybody was glad when the minister pronounced the benediction. Those who lived far from meeting were obliged to start early in the morning, and during the short days of winter the sun would be sinking below the western hills when they reached home.

If the fire had gone out on the hearth they rekindled it with a flint, steel, and tinder, or by flashing powder in the old gun which had done service at Bunker Hill or Saratoga.

On Sunday evening the family sat around the fire and recited the catechism and the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. The small children repeated Dr. Watts's hymn against idleness and mischief:

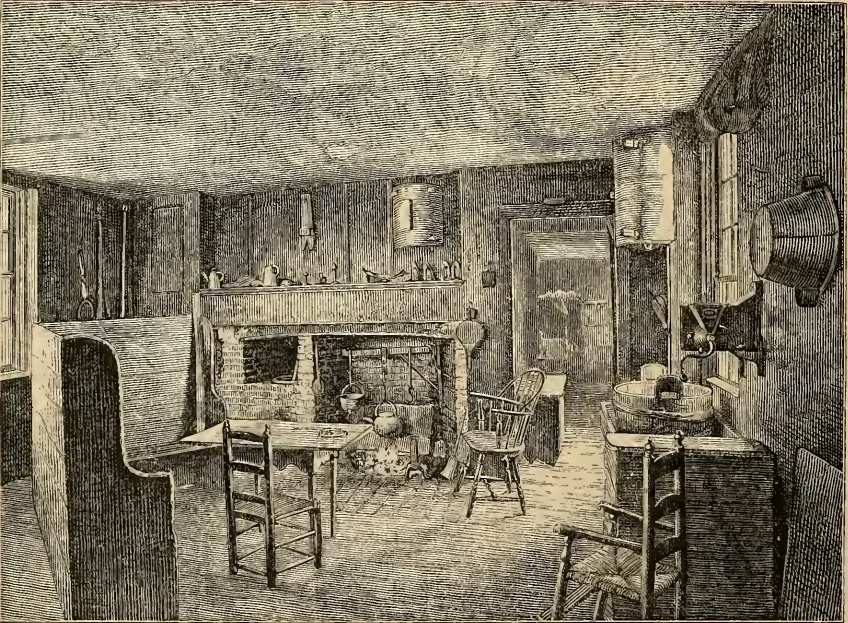
“How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower!
 * * * * *
 In works of labor or of skill,
 I would be busy too;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.”



“I’LL GIVE IT TO YOU!”

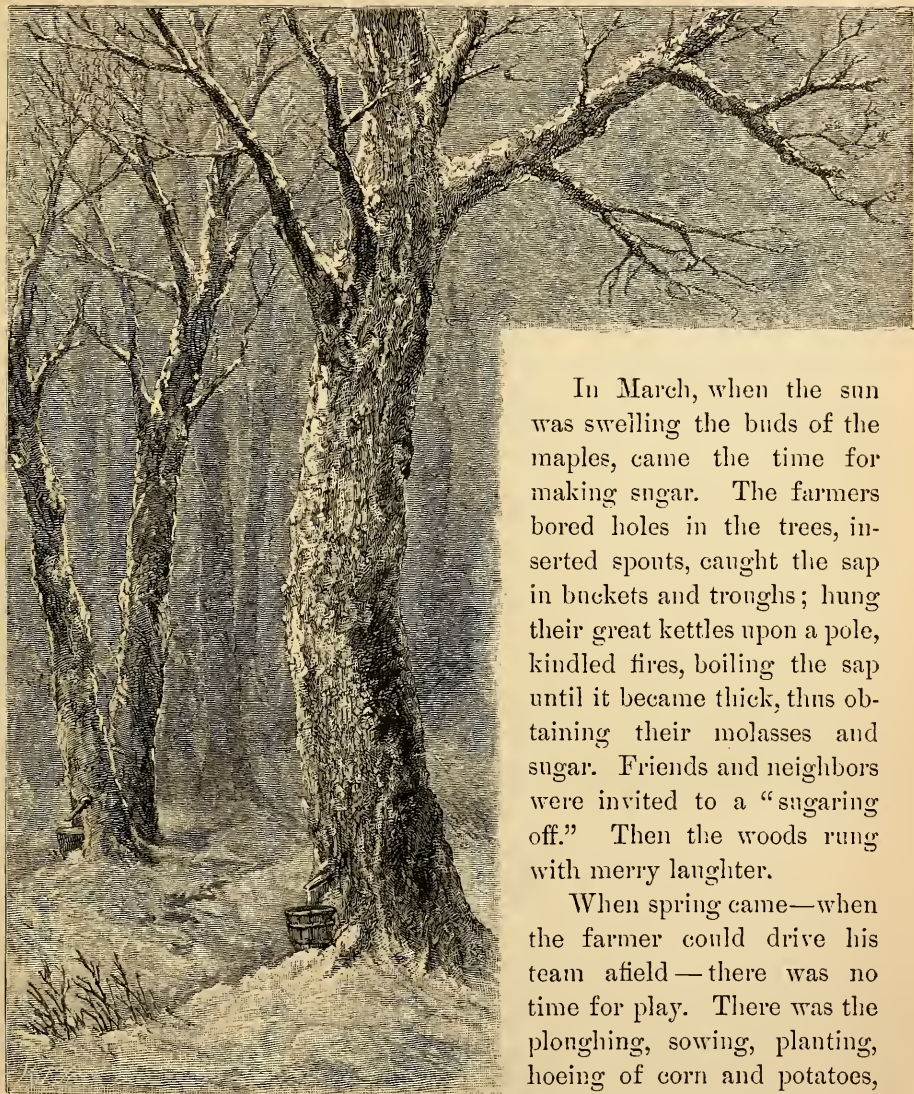
Life was such a tremendous reality there was no time for play—no card-playing or games. If the boys stole away into the barn to play when they ought to be at work, they were pretty sure of getting a whack from a switch when they least expected it. In winter, when there was little work to be done, they could coast upon the hill-sides, or glide over the ice upon the frozen ponds, having such enjoyment as the boys of the more southern States never dreamed of. In the long winter evenings they studied their arithmetic and grammar by the light of the pitch-knot blazing on the hearth.

“And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood.”



A NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.

They played “Blind-man’s-buff” and “Come, Philander, let us be a-marching,” and “Roast beef behind your back;” but there must be no dancing—that was an invention of the devil. When oyster-suppers came into fashion the old folks opposed them. One woman said oysters would lead to dancing.



SUGAR-TREES.

In March, when the sun was swelling the buds of the maples, came the time for making sugar. The farmers bored holes in the trees, inserted spouts, caught the sap in buckets and troughs; hung their great kettles upon a pole, kindled fires, boiling the sap until it became thick, thus obtaining their molasses and sugar. Friends and neighbors were invited to a "sugaring off." Then the woods rung with merry laughter.

When spring came—when the farmer could drive his team afield—there was no time for play. There was the ploughing, sowing, planting, hoeing of corn and potatoes, washing and shearing of sheep. In June the wood-

man's axe was ringing, felling the forest-trees, that they might dry during the hot summer days, and be ready for burning in August. In July came the haying season. In August was the wheat harvest, cutting the ripened grain with the sickle, binding it into sheaves to be threshed in winter. Then came the season for burning the trees felled in June. Tall columns of smoke rose heavenward, flames illumined the midnight sky; the sun

was obscured. There was a fragrance of burning timber in the air. In October was the gathering of apples—the making of cider; the corn harvest, with husking-parties—young men and maidens gathering in the barns, seated on milking-stools or chairs, stripping the husks from the golden



BOILING SAP.

ears, the finding of a red ear entitling the finder to the privilege of kissing the prettiest girl in the company. When the husking was over the company sat down to a supper of baked beans, Indian-pudding, dough-nuts, apple and pumpkin pie, gingerbread and cakes, with tea, coffee, and cider. On the Fourth of July there was the firing of guns, ringing of bells, dinners and speeches; glowing accounts of what Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and the soldiers of the Revolution had accomplished; the drinking of punch, eggnog, and rum.

Muster came in September—the mustering of all the companies of soldiers in a regiment or brigade, for a general training. At sunrise the drums were beating. Each company strove to be first on parade—to go through its manœuvres in presence of an admiring crowd of spectators—the fifes playing “Yankee Doodle” and “On the Road to Boston”—tunes which had stirred the hearts of the soldiers during the Revolution.

All men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were soldiers. The light infantry, artillery, and riflemen wore uniforms—white pantaloons, blue coats, with red facings and bright buttons; caps like a half-moon in shape, with tall white plumes tipped with red. The infantry had no uniforms. Lean and fat men alike stood in the ranks. The general reviewed them. In the afternoon there was a sham fight—muskets rattling and cannon thundering—men, women, and children from all the country round looking on, feasting themselves with gingerbread, and drinking rum-punch.

Thanksgiving—on a Thursday in November—was the great day of the year appointed by the Governor. The harvest was secured, corn-husking over, the potatoes were in the cellar, the apples gathered, and the cider made. The wheat was on a scaffold in the barn waiting the pounding of the flail; the flax had been spread upon the green-sward to rot during the rains of autumn; it had been bound in bundles ready for the breaking during the

CARICATURE OF THE INFANTRY.



winter days. The sheep and cattle were home from the pastures. Turkeys and chickens had been fattening through the fall. Such abundance called for gladness of heart and thanksgiving to God.



BUYING TURKEYS.

The preceding days were days of preparation. Turkeys and chickens were killed and sent to market. There was the chopping of meat and apples for mince-pies, and making of plum-pudding, cakes, tarts, and sauces. On Thanksgiving morning the minister preached a sermon, and the singers sang a joyful anthem. Children and grandchildren came to the old home to eat dinner with grandfather and grandmother. Fires were kindled in the parlor, the shutters of the windows which had been closed during the year were thrown back to let the sunlight in upon the high-backed chairs, the home-spun carpet, the decanters of cut glass on the sideboard, filled with Port and Madeira wine, Jamaica and New England rum. When the meeting was over the people went to their dinner, everybody eating and drinking all they could; and when the dinner was over the old folks talked of what was going on in the great world, while the young folks romped in the kitchen, playing all the games they could think of, eating pop-corn and apples, and drinking their fill of cider—getting

the most they could out of Thanksgiving, knowing that the winter school would begin on the following Monday, when they must take up their studies, and that there would be no more holidays till the Fourth of July.

Everybody wore home-spun clothing. The girls, like the boys, had no idle hours, for there was flax to comb and spin, to be woven into sheets, pillow-cases, and table-cloths. No girl could think of getting married till she had all these for house-keeping. There was the carding of wool by hand into rolls, spinning them on a large wheel, walking to and fro through the long and weary days, turning the wheel with one hand and holding the thread with the other; then the yarn was reeled into skeins, dyed and washed, and put upon the warping-bars and into the loom; then each thread of the warp must be drawn through the "harness" and



WEAVING.

through the "reed;" then the shuttle was thrown backward and forward, and the thread beaten in by the "lathe." There was the weaving of linen for sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths, and under-clothing, of tow and wool; the making of "linsey-woolsey" for gowns, or of all-wool

cloth for men's garments. From early morning till the fire burnt low on the hearth mother and daughter were at work wielding the hand-cards, throwing the shuttle, or whirling the wheel. When the carding, spinning, dyeing, and weaving were done there was still more to do—the making of quilts, coverlets, and sheets; for no girl could think of being married till she had a bountiful supply.



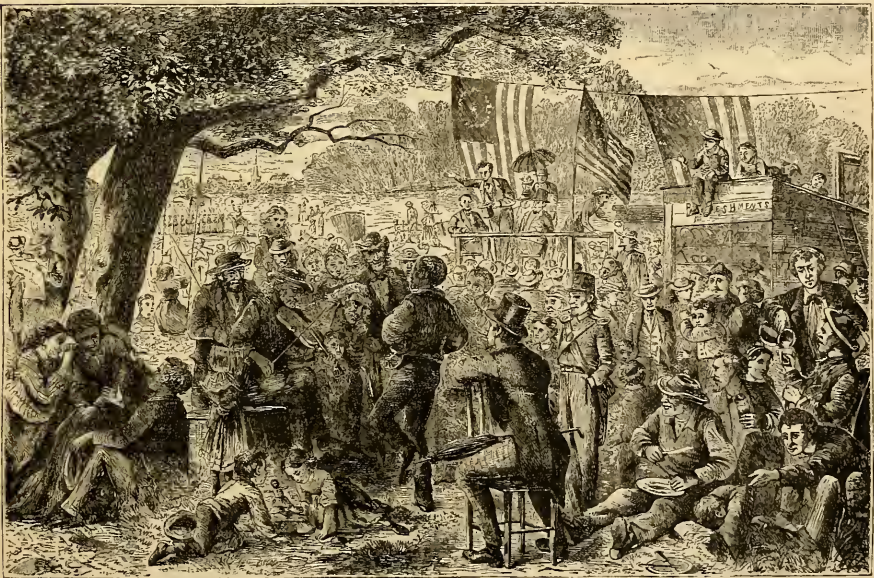
SPEAKING IN TOWN-MEETING.

The people of New England governed themselves more directly than the people of the other States—holding town-meetings, electing a moderator to preside, a clerk to keep the town records, and three select-men, who assessed taxes, cared for the poor, and kept roads and bridges in order. In town-meeting every man could speak and vote. It was a parliament, a congress where all the affairs of the town were discussed and set-

ted. The majority ruled. It was the people ruling themselves—the simplest and best government ever attained by the human race.

In the New England States the Fourth of July was celebrated as in no other section of the country. At sunrise there was firing of cannon and ringing of bells. Later in the day there was mustering of soldiers, picnics, orations, rehearsing the patriotism and heroism of the men who achieved the independence of the nation, drinking of beer, lemonade, and rum-punch. It was the nation's birthday, and the beginning of a new order of things in human government. It was felt that such a day ought to be forever kept in remembrance. President John Adams said that it ought ever to be celebrated, and the people agreed with him. Old and young—men, women, and children—all participating in the enjoyments, to keep alive their love of country.

The Yankees were restless. Their beliefs, their sense of obligation,



THE FOURTH OF JULY.

made them so. To accomplish the great end of life—to make money, to settle new lands, build school and meeting houses, and convert the world to their ideas of liberty, government, and religion—made them the most restless people in the world. The soil was hard and stony. The ocean off Newfoundland and Labrador swarmed with fish, and fleets of small vessels sailed from Cape Ann and Cape Cod for the Northern seas. Great

ships sailed far away to the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean, or southward round Cape Horn and out upon the Pacific, manned by the huntsmen of the sea, to capture the monsters of the deep. Long voyages they were. When the crews bade their friends farewell they knew that it would be three years before they would drop anchor again in the home port. Off the shores of Greenland, or beyond Behring Strait, or southward beneath the Southern Cross of the midnight skies, the sturdy whaleman of Nantucket and New Bedford, keeping keenest watch from the swaying top-mast, shouted to his comrades upon the deck, "There she blows!" Then came the lowering of the boats, the chase, the throwing of lance and harpoon, the death-struggle of the monster, or the crushing of the boats between its jaws, or by a stroke of its tail.

To India, to China, to every port on the globe, sailed the ships of the merchants, manned by the hardy sailors.

The Yankees made clocks, tin pans, wash-boards, pails, and brooms, which they peddled through the country, gathering up rags, hogs' bristles, old pewter, and making money out of the odds and ends of things. They crossed the Hudson and made the Knickerbockers of Albany and Schenectady uncomfortable with their ideas and notions. They swarmed into Vermont in such numbers that, in 1791, it became a State. They crossed the Alleghanies and took possession of Ohio, building school-houses and churches, making their power and influence felt from the Atlantic to the Mississippi; while on the sea they were carrying the stars and stripes to every quarter of the globe.

CHAPTER VII.

SOCIAL LIFE IN OTHER STATES.

THE Knickerbockers lived in New York. In Holland a “knicker” is a small clay ball, baked and oiled, which the boys use instead of marbles, for Holland has no marble-quarries. The people who make and bake the balls are called *knickerbocken*. The Knickerbockers of New



ROOM IN A NEW YORK DUTCH HOME.

York lived in steep-roofed houses, with porches by the doors, where the burghers sat and smoked their pipes. Upon the doors were great brass knockers, ornamented with griffins' heads. The brick walls were thick and strong, the kitchens large, with wide-mouthed fireplaces.

The Dutch were patient, slow-going, honest, industrious, and thrifty. They came from a race that had built great dykes out into the ocean in Holland, enclosing a portion of the sea, erected wind-mills, pumped out the water, transforming the sea into a garden. They were the men who, to get rid of the Spaniards, let the sea in upon the land. [See "Story of Liberty."]

The houses of the Dutch farmers along the Hindson and up the Mohawk were usually of one story, with low roof and great chimneys. Upon every ridge-pole was a weather-cock. The water-spouts projected far beyond the stoop. The houses of their ancestors in Holland were built with such spouts to carry the rain into the canals, and the settlers constructed theirs after the same pattern, although there were no canals to receive the water.

The housewives kept the kitchen neat and tidy, scrubbing the floors, sprinkling them with white sand, and in summer filling the great fireplaces with pine boughs. In the cellar were barrels of salted beef and pork, bins of potatoes, beets, parsnips, and carrots. Every farmer had a smoke-house, where he smoked his bacon; a cabbage garden, and tobacco-patch, raising his own tobacco. With plenty to eat and drink, the farmer lived peacefully and happily, knowing little and caring less for what was going on in the world. The Yankees might be ever on the move, but he would stay at home, eat at his own table, sleep in his own bed, toss his baby on his knees, singing the song sung to his fathers in their childhood, to him when he was a baby:

"Trip a troup a tronjes,
De varkens in de boonjes,
De krojes in de klaver,
De poorden in de haver,
De kalf es in de long grass,
De reujes in de water plass;
Se groot myn klein poppetje vas."

That is, the little baby on his knees was as happy as a little pig among the beans, as the cows up to their eyes in clover, the horses eating oats, the calves in the long grass, as the ducks swimming in the water.

In the farm-house the family sat down to dinner around a solid oak table, and ate from wooden plates, with strings of dried apples, pumpkins, onions, and squashes hanging from the beams above them. The rich merchants in Albany and New York sat down at mahogany tables. They had platters of solid silver, and poured their liquors from clear cut-glass decanters. They had hogsheads of good old wine in their cellars, and

entertained their friends with princely hospitality. They wore cherry or plum colored velvet coats, with wide skirts and cuffs, trimmed with gold and silver lace. They wore their hair in queues. After dinner they smoked their long-stemmed pipes, and talked of their ventures in trade. Their wives wore rich silk and velvet gowns, and costly lace, woven by the lace-workers of Antwerp.

The Knickerbockers had five holidays—Christmas, New-year, Pinkster, Whitsuntide, and St. Nicholas. On New-year morning the men and boys fired guns, and spent the day in calling upon their friends, drinking punch, and eating pretzels and cakes—drinking so often that before night nearly everybody had a top-heavy head, confused ideas, and was weak in the legs.

February 14 was “Vroumen-dagh,” or St. Valentine’s-day, when the girls went through the streets with knotted whips, giving the young men and boys a whack. In June was “Pinkster,” when the young people went into the woods and fields and held a picnic—gathering flowers, dancing beneath the trees, eating dough-nuts and cheese, and drinking home-made



AFTER DINNER.

beer. The Dutch women worked hard from morning till night, rubbing and scrubbing, spinning and weaving, baking and brewing. The Knickerbockers slept with a feather-bed above them as well as one beneath them. No Dutch maiden thought of marriage till she had two beds and a pile of linen sheets and pillow-cases.



DUTCH COURTING.

On Sunday evenings lovers called upon their sweethearts. When the maidens had their outfit complete their lovers obtained from the Governor a license to be married. The dominie came and married them. The day after the wedding everybody came to shake hands with the bride and bridegroom, and to eat pies, cakes, dough-nuts, and cheese, and drink rum, brandy-schnapps, port, punch, and Madeira.

At funerals there was much eating and drinking. Scarfs and gloves were given to all the deceased's friends, and it was astonishing the number of friends some had! They sat around the coffin, and smoked their pipes and drank wine. The minister drank a glass, offered prayer, then drank another glass. Everybody joined in the procession to the grave, marching with slow steps, and came back to the house to eat and drink. What eating, and drinking, and carousing when Lucas Wyngaard, of Albany, died, in 1756! After the burial the mourners went back to the house, sat up all night smoking, eating, and drinking a whole pipe of wine, besides rum, brandy, gin, and cider, breaking all the glasses and decanters, smashing chairs and tables, making a bonfire of their scarfs, dancing and singing songs, and most of them rolling dead-drunk upon the floor!

The Dutch farmers of New York were slow about their work. They were not, like the people of New England, always in a hurry. They rose early in the morning. The women and girls milked the cows, churned butter, and made cheese, and when breakfast was over set the spinning-wheel to humming, or helped the men hoe the cabbages or swing the scythe, or raked hay in the meadows. Their arms were brown, their brows sunburnt, but they had honest faces. They made good wives, kept their houses neat and trim, scrubbing the floors and sprinkling them with white sand.

They went to church on Sunday, and listened to long sermons from the dominie, as the minister was called. On New-year's-eve all the members of the family stood in front of the fire and sung a hymn to St. Nicholas.

The New Englanders were ever on the move going somewhere; but the Dutch farmer wanted to remain at home, and there enjoy his beer, sausages, pretzels, cheese, and long-stemmed pipe, which he smoked after breakfast, dinner, and supper on the bench beneath the porch of his humble home.

They were honest, industrious, and contented. They could not understand how it was that Yankee manners, customs, and ways of doing things should crowd out the ideas, manners, and customs which they had inherited from their fathers.

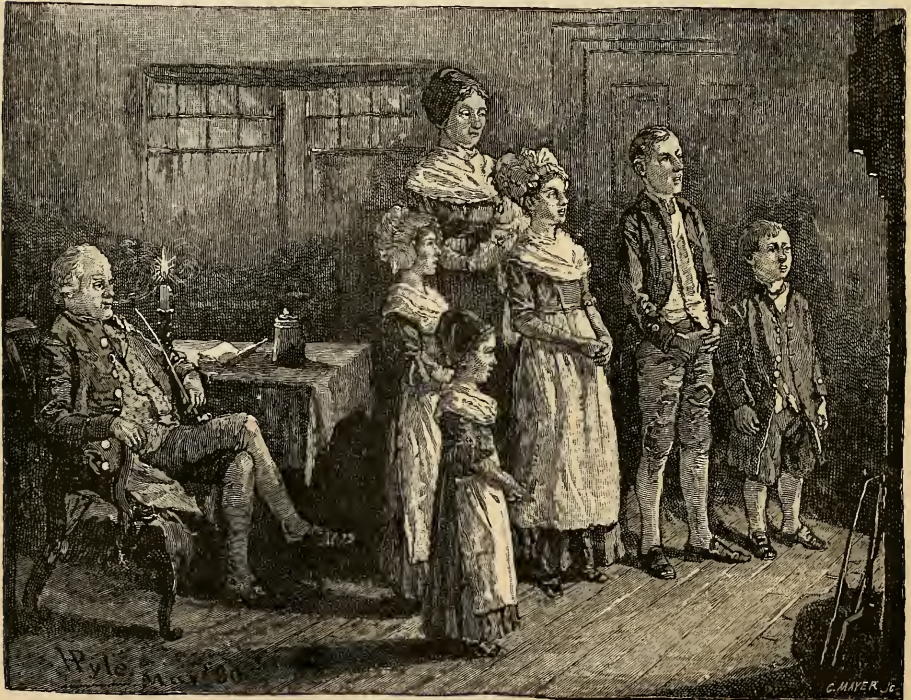
A Yankee moved into Albany in 1789. In a few years enough had joined him to elect one of their number mayor. They passed an ordinance that no eave-spout should project into the street. The Yankee sheriff came with ladder and saw to cut them off. The Dutch women ran out with their brooms to give him battle. They scolded in Dutch and shook their brooms at him, but he made short work with the spouts. It was the going out of the old, the coming in of a new, order of things among the Knickerbockers.

The first settlers of New Jersey were from Sweden and Holland, but a company of Yankees took possession of Newark. Presbyterians came from Scotland and Ireland, and Quakers from New England, and crowded out the Dutch.

“The people of New Jersey are a very *rustical* people, and deficient in learning,” wrote Governor Belchor. That was before the Revolution. He meant to say that they were farmers. There were no large towns. There was a college at Princeton, but not many schools in the State.

The people lived in small farm-houses. They were industrious, thrifty, good-natured, and kind-hearted. They passed laws against theatres, and

would have no cock or dog fighting, no travelling on Sunday, dancing, or playing of cards. To them Christmas was like all other days. They worked hard in summer, but in winter found their pleasure in visiting their friends—each housewife showing her butter and cheese, the cloth she had woven, and at supper setting her table with the whitest bread, sweetest



SINGING A HYMN TO ST. NICHOLAS.

butter, raspberry-jam, currant-jelly, cherry-sauce, blackberry, pear, and peach preserves.

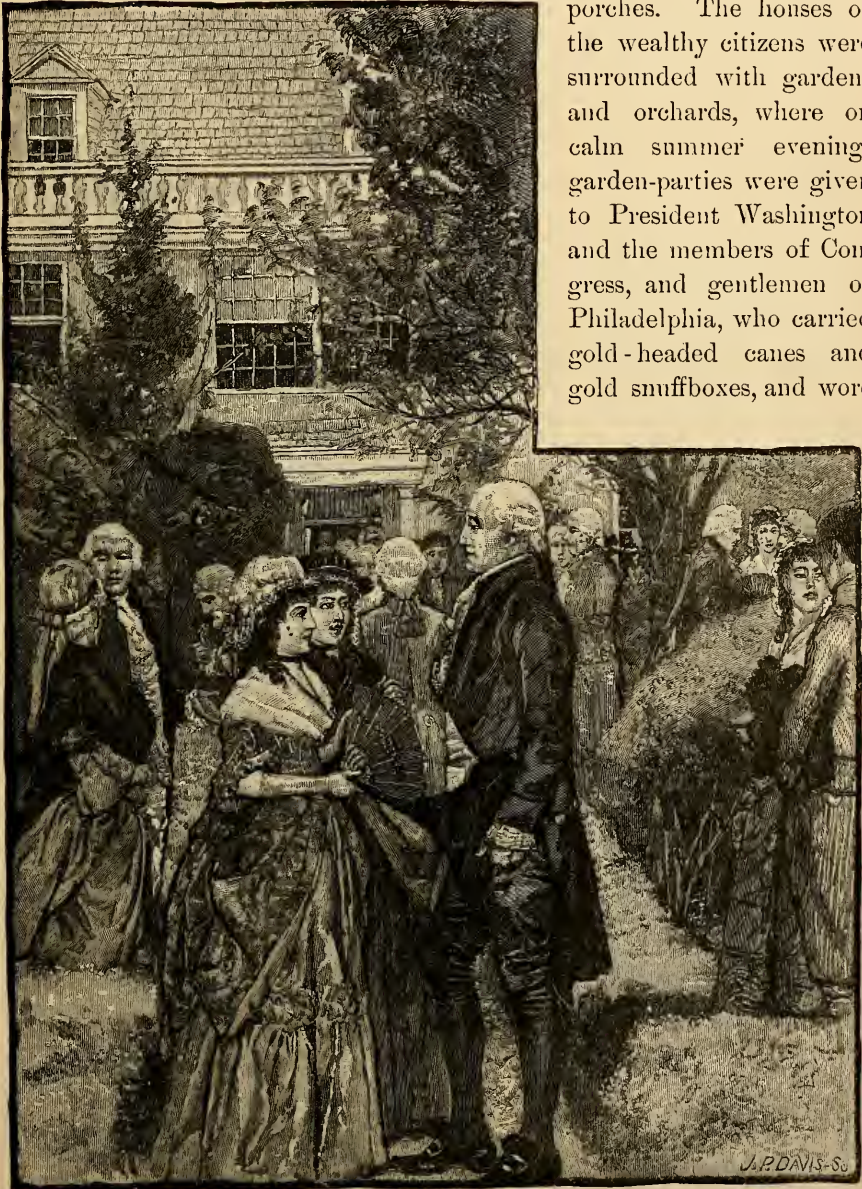
The people had no great love for holidays—Christmas was a relic of Popery; Thanksgiving, dear to the people of New England, had no place in their affections. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the calm and almost motionless current of social life.

The first settlers of Pennsylvania were, like those of New Jersey, from Sweden and Holland, followed by the men and women who wore broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets—the Quakers, who came with William Penn. People from Wales, from Scotland, and Ireland—Presbyterians, and other religious people who called themselves Dunkards—made Pennsylvania their home. So it came about that on market-day in Philadelphia

one might hear several languages and dialects spoken by the country men and women who came in with their eggs, chickens, butter, and cheese.

Philadelphia was the capital of the nation. The houses were built of

brick, with balconies or porches. The houses of the wealthy citizens were surrounded with gardens and orchards, where on calm summer evenings garden-parties were given to President Washington and the members of Congress, and gentlemen of Philadelphia, who carried gold-headed canes and gold snuffboxes, and wore



A GARDEN-PARTY.

gold-laced cocked-hats. Negro servants in livery waited upon the guests, serving them with cake and coffee, in porcelain cups, drawn from silver urns.

Many of the settlers of Pennsylvania were poor people who sold their services for four years to the Quaker farmers, to pay for their passage, food, and clothing. If they ran away and were caught, they were tied up to the whipping-post and flogged. If any kind-hearted friend concealed a runaway servant, he was brought before the justice of the peace and fined.

The farmers had excellent gardens, and raised cabbages, squashes, onions, cucumbers, and in one corner their daughters sowed beds of thyme and roses and holly-hocks.

They kept bees, which buzzed among the flowers and filled their hives with honey. They had flocks of gabbling geese, ducks, and turkeys. They sat down to

bountiful tables. The country people were not very intelligent. There were a few private schools, where the children could learn to read and write.

Old women who told fortunes drove a thrifty trade. The great pleasures of the farmers were to visit their friends and neighbors, or to invite them to their own houses. The Quaker farmers drank tea, and coffee, and cider; the Germans, beer; the Irish, whiskey. On market-days and at fairs there was hard drinking among the Scotch and Irish, and some of them went home at night with bewildered brains, blackened eyes, and broken heads.



An Old Time Cup of Coffee.

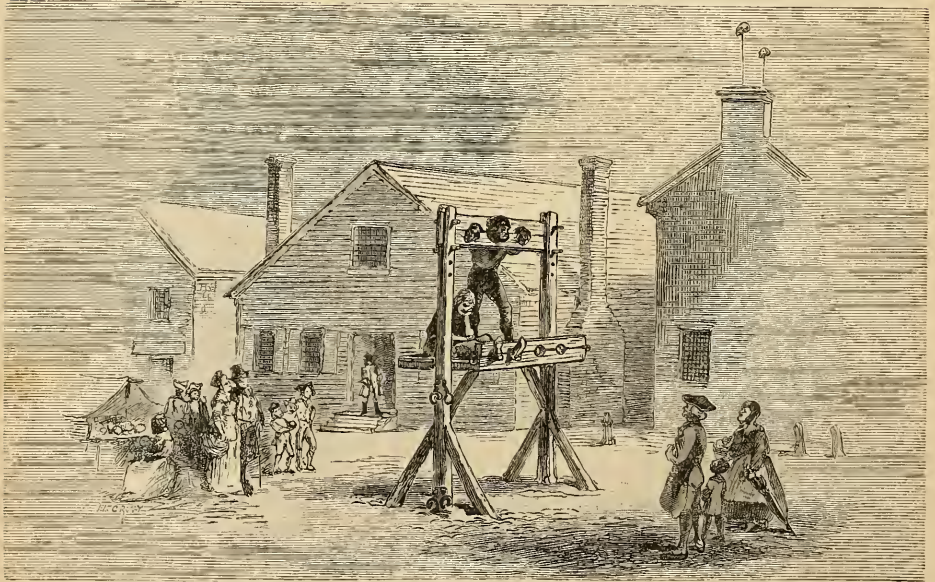
In the Southern States there were three classes of people—the poor whites, the planters, and the negroes. Many of the first settlers of Virginia were sent out from England as apprentices. Some of them were beggars and vagabonds whom the police had hustled into jail in London; and the judges, that England might be rid of them, sent them to Virginia, where their services were sold to the planters. The descendants of the poor white people had a hard time. The planters treated them harshly, and the negroes looked down upon them; but many of them had pluck enough to fight their way up, and become honored and respected citizens. Yet a large portion had no ambition to rise. They were ignorant, for there



OLD-TIME SCHOOL IN PENNSYLVANIA.

were no common schools in the Southern States. They lived in shanties, ploughed a patch of ground with a mule and cow harnessed together, or, if they had no cow, the husband harnessed his wife with the mule. They raised corn and sweet potatoes, and lean, long-nosed pigs, and lived on ham

and hominy. They smoked corn-cob pipes, and drank raw whiskey. Their chief pleasure was to go to a horse-race or to the county town on court-days, and have wrestling-matches, or a fight in the market-places and gouge out each other's eyes. They hated work. The fact that the rich owned negro slaves made them all the more degraded. If they wanted food they helped themselves from the planter's corn-crib, or stole chickens and turkeys. If found out, they were compelled to stand in the pillory, sit in the stocks, or be tied up to the whipping-post. Very few of the



IN THE STOCKS.

poor people in Virginia could read or write. Ignorance and crime go hand-in-hand, and whenever the judges held court the sheriff had a long line of men awaiting trial, who had stolen chickens or turkeys, or committed some other petty crime.

The great merchants of Virginia lived in Norfolk and Alexandria. They purchased the tobacco raised by the planters and shipped it to England, bringing back silks and satins, broadcloths and cassimeres, tea, coffee, hardware, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, for there were no manufactures in the Southern States.

At the country cross-roads were log stores, where the planters made their purchases of rum, sugar, and molasses. They owned wide reaches of land—woods and fields. They lived in great houses with wide halls, large

square rooms, piazza, and portico. There were few mechanics in Virginia, and there was no good carpenter or joiner work about the houses. There were massive beams overhead; the wainscoting was rude; the doors sagged; the whole establishment was a piece of patchwork. Near the planter's house, in rear, was the cook-house, with frying-pans and bake-oven. The first thing the planter did in the morning was to drink a glass of rum and sweetened water. After breakfast he rode over his plantation, to see if the negroes were at work. At noon he sat down to a dinner of boiled ham, mutton, and cabbage. One of his neighbors dined with him, or he was a guest at his neighbor's house. They talked politics, or the price of tobacco and negroes; for slaves were wanted in South Carolina and Georgia, and it was beginning to be profitable to raise slaves for market. Very few of the planters had any books. They knew little of what was going on in the world. They loved hunting, and kept packs of hounds. It was glorious to dash through fields and pastures, leaping fences, with

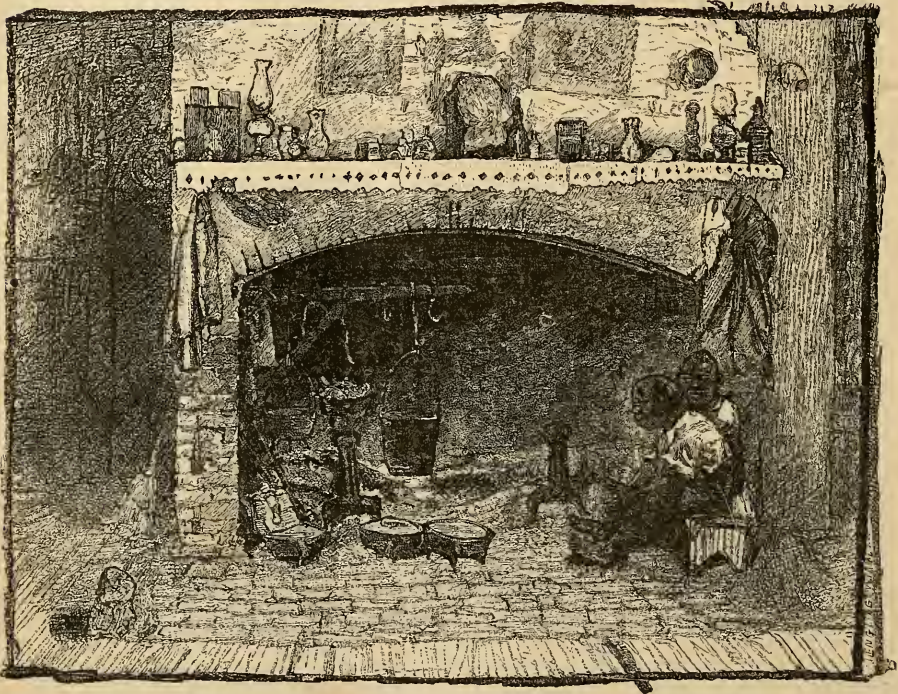


THE FAMILY COACH.

the hounds baying and the horn of the huntsman sounding. When the hunt was over they sat down to grand dinners and drank mightily of port and Madeira wine, rum and brandy. The one who could drink most be-

fore he fell dead-drunk upon the floor was the best fellow. In the large towns, at parties, stately minuets were danced to the music of a violin, the ladies wearing silks, satins, and brocades, which had been purchased in London or Paris.

The Virginia planters were very hospitable. Living alone on their



A VIRGINIA KITCHEN.

great plantations, they were lonesome, and were accustomed to send to the towns to invite strangers to spend the night with them. Only by such means could they learn of what was going on in the world, for there were few newspapers, stage-coaches, or post-riders. There were no bridges across the rivers. Streams that could not be forded were crossed by ferry. Aristocratic planters and their families rode in lumbering old coaches, going to church on Sundays, with driver and footman in livery.

The slaves lived in log-cabins, slept on straw beds, and ate their allowance of bacon, given out by the overseers. Their names were Cæsar, Pompey, Cuff, Dinah, Cleopatra—never a surname. They had little joy in life, for the master could sell them, separating husband, and wife, and children. Their only joy, when the day's work was done, was to dance and sing.



CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA.



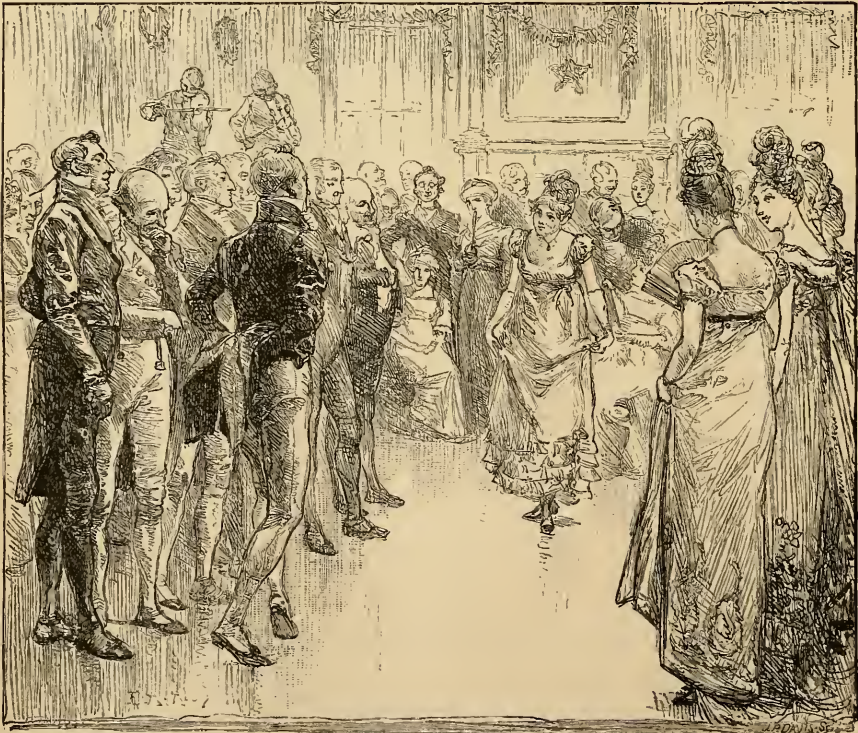
READY FOR THE HUNT.

The people in the Southern States thought a great deal of Christmas, putting up evergreens in their churches, making Christmas week one of holidays, giving parties, and sending presents to friends and neighbors. All the slaves on the plantations expected a present from the great house on Christmas morning. It was the one day of the year on which the colored people were supremely happy. For a whole week they would not be obliged to work, and they could sing and dance from Monday morning till Saturday night.

The men who crossed the Alleghanies, and settled in Kentucky and Tennessee, lived in log-cabins, and wore linsey-woolsey shirts and buckskin breeches. They carried very few things across the mountains. The farmer must have an axe, a hoe, and a ploughshare. There must be an auger and a chisel in a neighborhood; with these they could make their rude ploughs and carts. The housewife must have a Dutch-oven and frying-pan; with these she could begin house-keeping, eating from wooden plates, drinking pure spring-water from gourd-shells, sleeping on bear-skins. A little patch of ground supplied the family with corn, which was pounded with a pestle in a hollow log for hominy, or ground in a hand-mill for Johnny-cake, and baked on a hot stone or in the ashes. They ate sweet butter and drank the buttermilk. The husband's rifle supplied the family with venison or wild turkeys.

There was no "rank" in society, no aristocracy of wealth or culture. They had few schools or books.

If a young man fell in love with a girl he asked her at once to be his wife. There was no long courtship—no waiting till she could make sheets and pillow-cases or a wedding-gown. Very picturesque was a Kentucky wedding one hundred years ago. The guests met at the house of the bridegroom's father. Few of them had more than one suit of clothes in the world. The men wore leather breeches, leggings, and hunting-shirts; the women and girls linsey-woolsey gowns. They rode on



A VIRGINIA REEL.

horseback, for there was scarcely a wagon in Kentucky, Tennessee, or Ohio. Before starting they took a drink of whiskey. The wedding was at noon, and when the ceremony was over came the grand dinner—a long table spread with great joints of roast beef, baked pig, turkeys, chicken, venison, bear's meat, bacon, eggs, ham, Johnny-eake, cabbage, boiled hominy, hot milk-punch, sassafras-tea, egg-nog, rum, and whiskey.

After dinner the gray-headed negro fiddler put a stool upon the table,



A KENTUCKY WEDDING.

sat upon it, and tuned his fiddle. He was master of ceremonies. "De gemmen will please choose der partners," he would say. There was bowing and courtesying, and the dancing began, bride and bridegroom leading off. Through the afternoon, the evening, the night, till the fiddler could no longer draw his bow, till the weary feet could no longer keep step, the minnets, reels, jigs, and breakdowns went on.

In the evening, when there was a lull in the dancing, the girls stole the bride away, hurried her up the ladder to the loft above, and tucked her in bed; then the young men in turn lifted the bridegroom up the ladder, and placed him beside her.

The young couple must have a house, and their friends gave them a "log-rolling" — cutting logs, matching the ends, rolling them one upon another, building a cabin, which had a stone fireplace at one end, and at the other a door split from bass-wood and hung with wooden hinges. In such houses the young pioneers of the West began life, and laid the foundations of the great Central States of the Republic.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS, of Massachusetts, became President March 4, 1797, elected by the Federal party. France was at war with England, Austria, and Prussia. Bonaparte was defeating the armies of Austria in Italy, winning victories over the Mamelukes in Egypt; but England was sweeping the French fleets from the sea. England and France alike were insulting the United States. Neither country respected the Stars and Stripes. Great Britain had nearly two hundred and fifty ships, carrying each seventy-four guns, nearly three hundred frigates, and more than five hundred smaller vessels. No sailor on shore was safe in England from the press-gangs—parties of men who swept through the streets at night, visiting sailors' boarding-houses, the toddy-shops, seizing and hurrying them on board the war-vessels, to serve in the navy. Men who never had been to sea were seized. There were many fights in the streets of English seaports.



JOHN ADAMS.

The commanders of English war-ships began to impress American sailors—overhauling vessels and taking the sailors by force; and not only sailors, but ships. England and France were still at war, and the five men called the "Directory," who managed affairs in France, issued an order that if any American sailor was found on the vessel of any nation hostile to France, he should be hung as a pirate. President Adams sent Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, John Marshall, of Virginia, and Elbridge Gerry,

of Massachusetts, to Paris to negotiate a treaty. The men in the Directory were corrupt, and thought that an opportunity had arrived for them to put money in their own pockets.

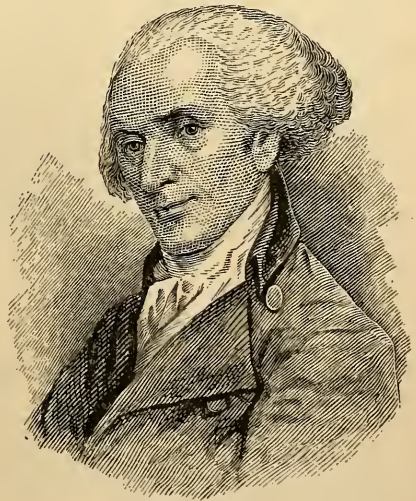


C. C. PINCKNEY.

“Pay us two hundred and forty thousand dollars and we will give you an audience,” they said, and intimated that if the conditions were not complied with orders would be sent to the captain of the war-ship to burn the towns along the sea-coast from Maine to Georgia. The blood of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney took fire. “Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute!” he said.

The people of America took it up, and it rung over the hills and valleys, electrifying the people. Mr.

Gerry was a Democrat, and thought it would be better to comply with the Directory rather than risk a war; but he found that he had mistaken the temper of the people. The men who had fought eight years to obtain Independence were not going to surrender it in that way. They would fight. In 1796 Congress voted that six frigates should be built. Joseph Humphrys, of Philadelphia, prepared the models, and in a short time the ship-carpenters and calkers were at work—at Boston on the *Constitution*, at New York on the *President*, at Philadelphia on the *United States*. They carried forty-four guns each. The other three—the *Congress* built at Portsmouth, N. H., the *Constellation* at Baltimore, the *Chesapeake* at Portsmouth, Va.—carried thirty-eight guns each. The old patriotism flamed up once more. Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief of the army.



ELBRIDGE GERRY.

Out of the patriotism of 1798 came a noble song. Mr. Fox, of Phila-

delphia, was an actor, and was to have a benefit. It was to be on Monday night. Saturday afternoon came—only twenty boxes had been sold, and Mr. Fox was afraid that there would be a thin house.

“You must write me a patriotic song. I will advertise it, and shall have a full house,” he said to his friend, Joseph Hopkinson. Mr. Hopkinson was a lawyer, but had never written much poetry.

“I will see what I can do. Come in to-morrow afternoon.”



SCENE IN THE THEATRE IN PHILADELPHIA, 1794.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Fox sang the words, which Mr. Hopkinson had set to the march which band-master Phyla composed when Washington was inaugurated.

On Monday morning the bulletin-boards had the following announcement: “Mr. Fox has a benefit to-night, and will sing a new patriotic song, written by Joseph Hopkinson.”

Night came, and the theatre was full. Mr. Fox stood upon the stage, the band played the opening strain, and then came the song:

“Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause— (*Repeat.*)
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
 Let Independence be your boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find."

The people are wild with delight.

"Again!" they shout.

He sings it a second time, and the building shakes with the stamping of feet and clapping of hands.

"Once more!"

Again he sings, and the applause is wilder than ever. Once more—four, five, nine times—he sings it, the audience standing, men on the seats tossing their hats to the ceiling, ladies in the boxes waving their handkerchiefs.

It has gone to the hearts of the people. It has nothing to do with party. It thrills all who hear it.

The next night the theatre was crowded to hear it again. Several times Mr. Fox sung it. The third night another crowd was there. The members of Congress came to hear it. In a few days all Philadelphia was singing it; the New Yorkers took it up; Boston sung it. All over the country men of all parties sung it. Boys declaimed it in the school-houses of New England, kindling anew the patriotism of the nation.

There was no declaration of war between France and the United States, but nevertheless war began. Thomas Truxtun, captain of the *Constellation*, came upon the small French vessel *Le Croyable* (14 guns), which was cruising to capture American merchant-ships; and as the *Constellation*, with her 38 guns, could quickly send her to the bottom, the French captain pulled down his flag. This was the first vessel captured by the new navy of the nation.

Great Britain became more arrogant, and the captain of the war-ship *Carnatic* outraged the United States by seizing three American merchant-ships and several sailors.

Wise men do not always act wisely. American merchants were making much money by trading with England. President Adams did not want any trouble with that country, and issued a very humiliating order

to the commanders of the American war-ships: they were not to interfere even if they saw an English war-ship capturing an American merchant-vessel! This humiliating order made the President very unpopular.



“CONSTELLATION” AND “LA VENGEANCE.”

The war with France on the ocean went on. In 1799 Commander Truxtun, in the *Constellation*, fell in with the French frigate *L'Insurgente*. The *Constellation* carried 38 guns and 309 men, *L'Insurgente* 40 guns and 409 men. The fight lasted more than an hour. The French ship lost 70 men, and was obliged to surrender.

Captain Truxtun had a second battle in the night, with a ship much larger than the *Constellation* — *La Vengeance*, which carried 54 guns.

Twice the captain of *La Vengeance* struck his colors, but Commander Truxtun did not know it, and the French ship crept away in the darkness.

On ship and on shore sailors and landmen sent up their hurrahs and sung doggerel rhymes in honor of Commander Truxtun :

“ We sailed to the West Indies in order to annoy—
 The invaders of our commerce to burn, sink, or destroy !
 Our *Constellation* shone so bright
 The Frenchmen could not bear the sight,
 And away they scampered in affright
 From the brave Yankee boys !”



MEDAL TO COMMANDER TRUXTUN.

Many Frenchmen had fled from France to the United States, and were making so much trouble that Congress passed an *alien* law, under which the President was authorized to send any one whom he might judge to be dangerous out of the country. A *sedition* law was passed, under which a man might be put in prison for publishing anything false or malicious against the government. The President did not send anybody out of the country; no one was imprisoned; but the Democrats had a great deal to say against the laws, denouncing them as tyrannical and subversive of liberty.

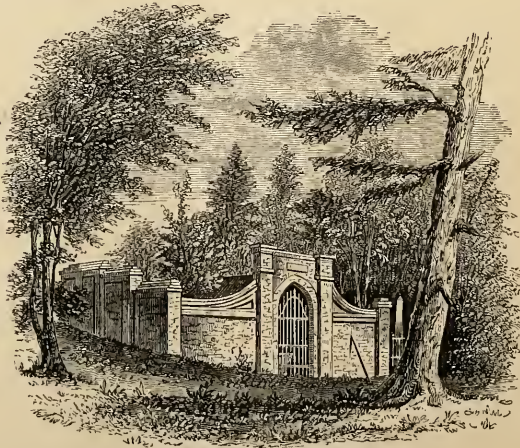
One thistle-seed had been sown in Virginia in 1620, and in 1798 Thomas Jefferson planted a companion seed—very harmless at the time, but which was destined to bring forth a terrible harvest.

John Taylor, of Virginia, was a member of Congress, and was so bitterly opposed to President Adams, and had such a hatred of the alien and sedition laws, that he said Virginia was not bound to respect them, and

that the State ought to secede from the Union, because the laws were unconstitutional. Jefferson and Madison sympathized with John Taylor, as did Mr. Nicholas, of Kentucky; and together they planted the new thistle-seed. Resolutions were written by Jefferson declaring the National Constitution to be, not a *form* of government adopted by the people, but only a *compact* between the different States; that the parties making the agreement were not the people, but the States, as political corporations.

Mr. Nicholas managed to have the Legislature of Kentucky pass the resolutions. James Madison changed them a little, and they were passed by the Virginia Legislature. John Taylor tried to have Virginia and North Carolina set up a confederacy, but the people were satisfied with the Constitution, and nothing came of the effort just then; but the seed had been sown; sixty years later came the harvest.

December, 1799, came—the closing month of the closing year of the century. Washington was at Mount Vernon, living on his farm. He rode out, and was chilled in a storm. His throat was sore when he went to bed at night, and was worse in the morning. Dr. Craik came and bled him. Two other doctors came, and he was bled again. They did what the medical books prescribed, which we now know was very bad treatment. He grew worse through the day, and died at midnight, December 15, 1799. His body was laid in the family tomb, beneath the overspreading trees, and all the world mourned his death.



WASHINGTON'S TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

CHAPTER IX.

WAR WITH ALGIERS.

A NEW century dawned, and with its dawning Thomas Jefferson became President, and Aaron Burr, of New York, Vice-President. There had been no choice by the electors chosen by the different States, and, in accordance with the Constitution, they were elected by Congress.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

A few months before they were elected the capital was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, which was only a straggling village, and where the members of Congress and officers of the government had to live for a while in shanties and boarding-houses. There was only one hotel, and the President's house was only partly finished. Mrs. Adams, during the winter of 1799, used to hang her washing to dry in the great unfinished east room.

President Jefferson was a plain man. When he was inaugurated he would have no parade of military, but rode alone and on horse-

back to the capital, tied the horse to a post, entered the Capitol, took the oath of office, and rode back to his house.

He was hospitable, and so democratic that members of Congress, strangers, anybody and everybody, who called upon him were welcome to sit down to his long dining-table, where they found plain, wholesome food, and but little cake.

President Jefferson was far-sighted. People were swarming into Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, and Indiana. He saw that in time the Ohio and

Mississippi were to be highways to the sea for the whole central portion of the continent. But France held Louisiana—not the State alone which now bears the name, but all the country west of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande. St. Louis and New Orleans were inhabited by French people. The President sent Robert R. Livingston of New York and James Monroe to Paris, to see if the country along the Mississippi to the ocean could be purchased. Bonaparte wanted money, and was ready to sell all of the territory owned by France for \$15,000,000, and they quickly signed the treaty. “We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives,” said Mr. Livingston as he laid down the pen.



ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

So the United States obtained possession of the country from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the head waters of the Mississippi.



ALGIERS IN 1800.

No one knew anything about the country but what had been learned from hunters. The President sent Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clarke up the Missouri to make explorations. They

crossed the Rocky Mountains, descended the Columbia to the sea, and returned after an absence of three years, giving to the world the first authentic intelligence of the interior of the continent—of its great rivers, far-reaching prairies, and lofty mountains. Not till their return did the world have any idea of the wonderful resources and unmeasured capabilities of the vast domain, and of the possibilities for the future greatness of the American people.

The United States Government had been so slow to resent the insults and outrages of France and England, that Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli—the Barbary States in Africa—set themselves to capturing American vessels, selling their crews as slaves. Not only American but French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian—vessels of all nations—were plundered by the pirates, who asked great prices for the ransom of the crews from slavery. The sailors were whipped, kicked, cuffed by their cruel masters. The United States, to purchase the good-will of these pirates, made presents every year of cannon, powder, and money.

The President sent Captain Bainbridge, in the ship *George Washington*, to pay the tribute for 1800. The Governor of Algiers was insolent and arrogant.

“I want you to carry my ambassador to Constantinople,” he said.

“I cannot do it,” Bainbridge replied.

“You pay me tribute; you are my slaves, and I have the right to order you to do as I please,” said the governor. The guns of the castle were pointed toward the *George Washington*, and he was obliged to sail to Constantinople, with the ambassador on board. The Sultan saw a strange flag floating from the mast-head of a vessel in the Bosphorus—the Stars and Stripes—and was astonished to learn that far away in the West there was a new nation, the United States.

The Sultan was much pleased with Commander Bainbridge, and gave him a *firman* (or paper) to protect him from the insolence of the Governor of Algiers. Bainbridge sailed back to that port.



WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.



MOORS GRINDING SWORDS.

“I want you to go back again to Constantinople,” said the governor, intending to make him fetch and carry at his pleasure.

“I shall not go!”

The governor flew into a rage, and was ready to draw his sword and strike down the man who had refused to do his bidding.



“Here is the Sultan’s firman.”

The governor bowed low.

“What can I do for you?”

“You will instantly release

the French Consul and sixty Frenchmen, whom you have put in prison.”

The governor did not dare refuse, and Commander Bainbridge had the pleasure of carrying the consul and his countrymen across the Mediterranean to France. The Governor of Tripoli was Yussuf Caramelli, who had murdered his father and eldest brother, and compelled his next older brother, Hamet, to flee to Egypt. He was cruel, blood-thirsty, and insolent. He was not satisfied with what he received from the United States, but demanded a large sum of money, and, because it was not paid, captured several American vessels, and made slaves of the crews.

Commodore Dale sailed with ships to bring them to terms, but the pirates sharpened their swords, thinking to make quick work with the

INTERIOR OF A MOORISH CAFÉ

Americans. One of Commodore Dale's vessels was the *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant Sterrit, who was off Malta when a small vessel with two masts, carrying several guns, ran along-side, hoisted a red flag with a crescent upon it, and poured in a broadside. The sailors of the *Enterprise* sprung to their guns, run them out of the port-holes, and returned the fire, keeping it up till the Algerines surrendered. Captain Sterrit lowered a boat, to send an officer on board, when up went the flag again, and another broadside came crashing into the *Enterprise*. The sailors, indignant at such trickery, fired with more vigor than ever, till the Algerine once more hauled down his colors. Again the officer started to take possession of the craft, when up it went once more.

"Sink her! send the pirates to the bottom!" shouted Captain Sterrit, and the shot from the guns of the *Enterprise* went crashing into the vessel till the deck ran with blood, and the pirates jumped one by one into the sea, and the treacherous captain pulled down his flag once more, and this time threw it overboard.

"This is the tribute which the United States pays you!" shouted Captain Sterrit.

The *Enterprise* had not a man injured. The pirate captain reached the shore, made his way to Tripoli; but the governor, angry at the loss of the vessel, had him paraded through the streets on a jackass, then thrown upon the ground, bound with ropes, and five hundred blows struck upon his bare feet.

In 1803 Commander Preble was sent out to carry on the war, and he quickly brought the Governor of Morocco to terms. One of his frigates was the *Philadelphia*, a new and beautiful vessel, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, who saw a vessel making for the harbor of Tripoli and gave chase, when suddenly he found himself on a sunken reef, and the forward part of the noble ship high out of water on the rocks.

He ran all the forward guns aft, set the sailors to work hoisting the water-casks in the forepart of the hold to lighten the ship; then he threw the cannon overboard, cut down the foremast, but it would not move.

In the harbor of Tripoli were several of the enemy's gun-boats. They saw their opportunity, and opened fire. Captain Bainbridge, seeing that there was no hope of getting the *Philadelphia* free, had to strike his colors.

The gun-boats ran along-side, the Tripolitans leaping on board, seizing officers and sailors, stripping them half naked. It was a bitter moment when they were driven into the boats of the pirates, taken on shore, and put in prison, the sailors to be sold as slaves.

The Governor was greatly elated over his prize. He took out the cannon, lightened the ship till it floated once more, then towed it into the harbor, moored it under the guns of his castle, put the cannon on board and a crew of one thousand men. In a few days he would have it out on the Mediterranean.

Commander Preble was at Syracuse, on board the *Constitution*, with Lieutenant Decatur commanding the *Enterprise*. It never would do to let the pirates keep possession of the *Philadelphia*. It would be a disgrace to the United States; and a plan was formed to destroy it.

The Governor of Tripoli was accustomed to send presents to the Sultan; and one of his presents was twenty women slaves, which he put on board a two-masted vessel, the ketch *Mastico*. But, as things came about, the Sultan did not receive the present, for Lieutenant Decatur fell in with the vessel and captured it, set the



EDWARD PREBLE.

slaves at liberty, and re-named the vessel *Intrepid*. He laid his plan to use it to destroy the *Philadelphia*. He called for volunteers. Every man on the *Enterprise* was ready: they were on fire to take part in the glorious work. He chose Lieutenant Lawrence, Lieutenant Bainbridge, Lieutenant Horn, Midshipman McDonough, Doctor Harman, and Midshipmen Izard, Morris, Davis, and Rowe for his officers. There were seventy-four men in all. The sailors rolled up balls of oakum and saturated them with tar, so that they would burn quickly, and stowed them in the hold of the *Intrepid*.

Accompanied by the sloop *Siren*, they sailed for Tripoli. But a furious storm came on, which swept over the little vessel and wet their meat, so that they had nothing but bread. For six days they were tossed about; but the storm passed by, and on a dark night they entered the harbor of Tripoli. They could see the *Philadelphia* at anchor close in shore under the guns of the fort. Lieutenant Decatur had drilled his

men. Each officer knew just what he was expected to do. "Philadelphia" was the watchword which they were to give in the darkness. To get along-side and on board was all they wanted—their swords would do the rest. It was to be a fight of seventy-four against one thousand.

Slowly the *Intrepid* floated in. Decatur, and the pilot, a native of Malta who knew the harbor, and the man at the helm, alone stood; the rest were all secreted.

"What ship is that?"

It was the sentinel on the *Philadelphia* who called.

"A ship from France. We have lost our anchors in the storm, and want to make fast to yours till morning," said the pilot, steering straight on. "We have a cargo of wines, raisins, and olives," he added, to allay all suspicion. A couple of sailors stepped into a boat and carried a warp to the *Philadelphia* and fastened it.

"Pull!" It was a whisper, but the sailors, lying flat on the deck of the *Intrepid*, gave a pull, and the vessel began to surge along-side.

"Amerikanoes! Amerikanoes!"

Another pull, and Decatur, Morris, and Rowe are on board. Up over the bulwarks, through the port-holes, swarm the sailors. There is an outcry—a hubbub. The Tripolitans, frightened, not knowing what is going on, leap through the port-holes on the other side or plunge from the deck into the sea. Ten minutes, and Decatur and his men are in possession. A rocket shoots up toward heaven. It is to let those on the *Siren*, out in the harbor, know that all is well.

"Oh, if Lieutenant Decatur could but take the ship out to sea! But he cannot. There is not a sail upon the yards; all have been taken down. In a few minutes the gun-boats, close by, will be upon him, and the cannon of the fort will thunder. Up from the hold of the *Intrepid* come the balls of oakum. Buckets of tar are emptied upon the deck. When all is ready, the fire is kindled, the tar-balls burst into a blaze, and the flames run along the deck and hiss up into the rigging. The sailors jump



STEPHEN DECATUR.

aboard the *Intrepid*, cut the ropes that bind them to the *Philadelphia* with their swords, and sail away.

Three cheers ring out upon the air. The cannon of the gun-boats and forts flamed. Shot fell around them, tossing the spray into the air; one cuts through the sail—but what care they for that? The ship is aflame from stern to stem, from bulwark to topmast, lighting up the harbor. Upward leap the flames, heating the loaded cannon, which go off one by one, sending their shot crashing into Tripoli, arousing the Governor from his slumbers, who can only gnash his teeth with rage.

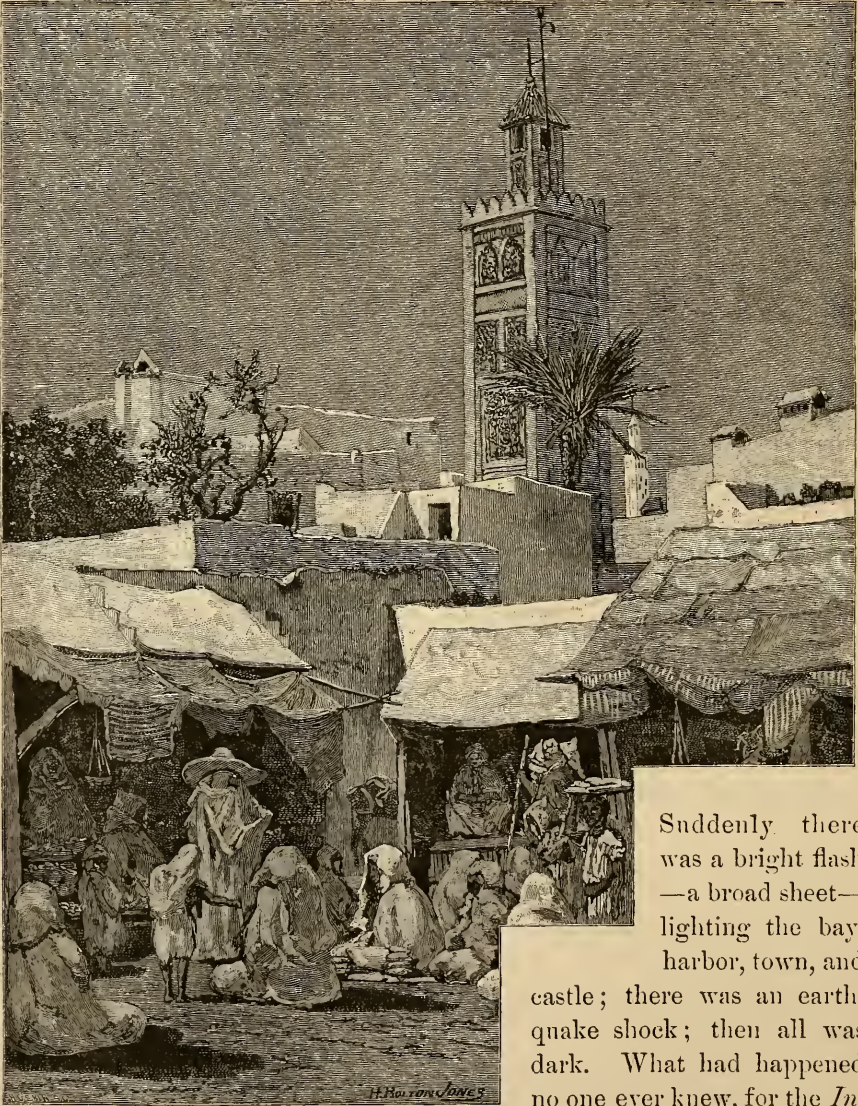
Ont to the fleet sails the *Intrepid*, not one of the seventy-four men on board receiving so much as a scratch.

There was desperate fighting in the harbor of Tripoli during the summer of 1803. The governor had a brig, two schooners, and nineteen gun-boats, besides strong forts. In all he had one hundred and fifteen cannon, and an army of twenty-five thousand men. There were dangerous reefs and rocks in the harbor, of which Commander Preble was more afraid than of the forts and gun-boats. His great difficulty was to get at the pirates. Where there is a will there is usually a way. He manned his gun-boats, which sailed boldly in, and fell upon the pirates, sinking and capturing six vessels. Three days later there was another fight, in which a shot from one of the forts went through the magazine of one of the American gun-boats, which exploded, killing two officers and ten men. The boat was sinking, but before it went down Midshipman Spence and eleven men finished loading their twenty-four-pounder at the bow, fired it, swung their hats, gave three cheers, and the next moment were swimming for the other boats.

When Commander Preble found out where the sunken rocks were he sailed in, and the *Constitution* poured her broadsides into the pirate fleet, and solid shot and shell into the town, silenced the gums on the forts, sunk one vessel, and sailed out again, not a man on the gallant ship having been hurt.

But there was a sad loss. One of the officers thought that the pirate vessels might be set on fire by a fire-ship, and it was determined to try it by sending in the *Intrepid*. One hundred barrels of powder were placed on board; balls of oakum were soaked in tar; splinters and kindlings heaped on the deck. A boat's crew were to tow the vessel in at night, set the kindlings on fire, and then make their escape. The explosion of the powder it was thought would send the flaming balls of oakum among the Tripolitan ships and set them on fire.

The night was very dark; the *Intrepid* disappeared in the gloom.



SCENE IN TANGIERS.

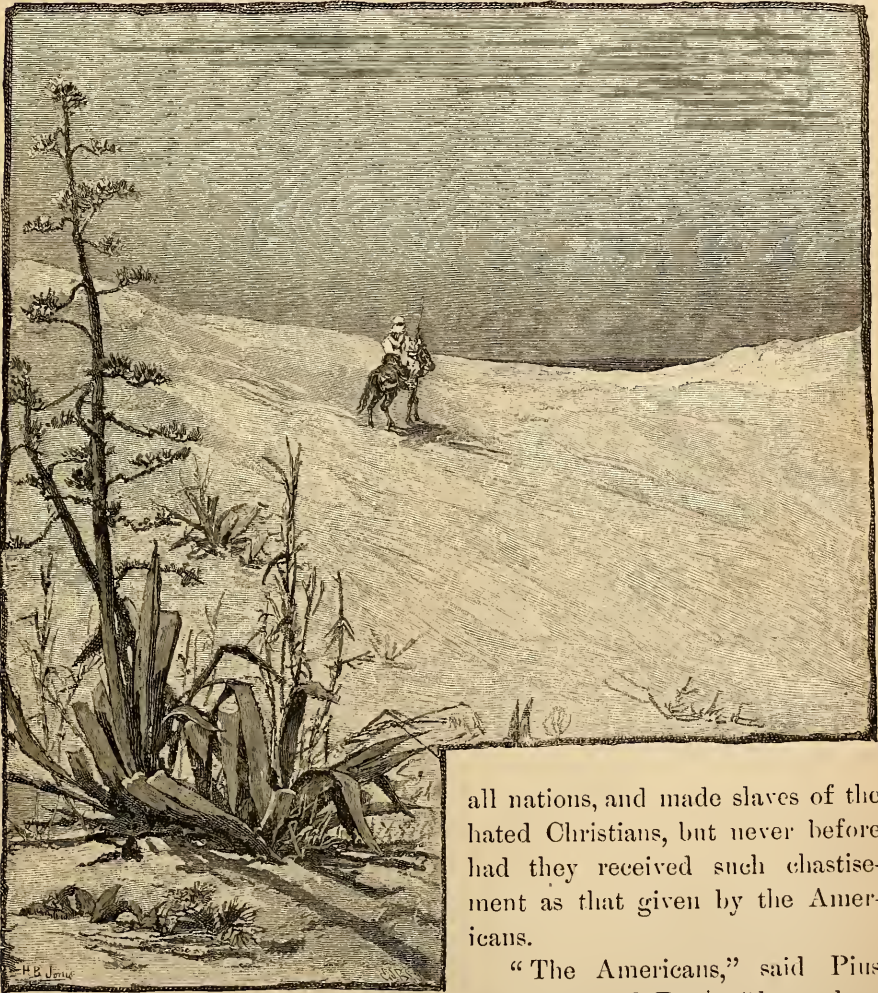
Suddenly there was a bright flash—a broad sheet—lighting the bay, harbor, town, and castle; there was an earthquake shock; then all was dark. What had happened no one ever knew, for the *Intrepid* had not reached the point for which it started,

and all on board, all in the boats, had been instantly killed.

The man who had killed his oldest brother, and driven his next older brother, Hamet, to Egypt and seized the throne, found himself in a sore strait. General Eaton, of the United States, and Hamet were on their way from Egypt across the desert with an army. They captured the

town of Derne, and would soon be approaching Tripoli. The Americans had nearly destroyed his fleet; they had battered the walls of the forts; the people in the town were starving; his troops soon would fall away; and, to save himself, he became very humble, and hastened to make peace with the United States.

For many years the Barbary pirates had plundered the vessels of



THE DESERT.

all nations, and made slaves of the hated Christians, but never before had they received such chastisement as that given by the Americans.

“The Americans,” said Pius VII., Pope of Rome, “have done more for Christendom against the pirates of Africa than all the powers of Europe united.”

More than this had been accomplished. Europe began to comprehend

that there was a new nation beyond the Atlantic; and still more, the new nation began to respect itself. Be it an individual or a nation, there must first be self-respect to command respect from others. And still more, the officers and sailors who had performed deeds of valor in the harbor of Tripoli were at school preparing for struggles with a nation that gloried in being mistress of the seas.

CHAPTER X.

OPENING YEARS OF THE CENTURY.

WHEN Virginia ceded the North-west Territory to the United States in 1787, a tract of land between the rivers Scioto and Little Miami was reserved for the payment of the bounties voted the soldiers who fought during the Revolution. Nathaniel Massie—who was only twenty years old when he crossed the Alleghanies—who had studied surveying, went to explore the country in 1791. There was the settlement at Marietta, which the Connecticut people had made, and Fort Washington, which Major Luce had built at Cincinnati; but the country was all a wilderness, and the Indians claimed it as theirs.

Nathaniel Massie alone, or accompanied by Duncan McArthur, made his way through the solitudes, lying down upon the ground when night came, living on bears' meat and venison, or catching fish for breakfast or supper; keeping a sharp lookout for Indians, who would have hunted him down if they had known what he was doing—selecting lands suitable for occupation by soldiers who were to follow.

He visited Kentucky, and gave such an account of the country that some of the people in Bourbon County, who belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and who did not like slavery, determined to make Ohio their home. Sixty of them, with their rifles, crossed the Ohio in 1795, with Nathaniel Massie to lead them, and made their way up the Scioto Valley. They came upon a party of Indians, who fired upon them. There was a



NATHANIEL MASSIE.

battle. One of the Kentuckians was killed and two wounded. The Indians fled, after having several killed and wounded. The Kentuckians saw how beautiful the country was, and went back to prepare for a settlement.

The next spring (1796) a larger party started—some by land, and others in boats up the Scioto—ploughs. They selected a site,

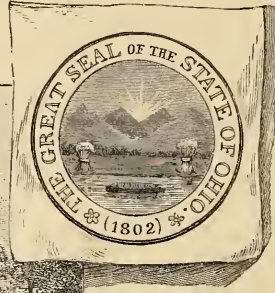
with oxen and built their cabins, and named the place Chillicothe. While the ploughmen turned their furrows along the river-bank and planted corn, the

others kept vigilant watch for Indians.

The people of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New York heard of the richness of the lands in Ohio, and a great number of emigrants left their Eastern homes to become citizens of the rising State—so many of them that in 1802 the



OLD STATE-HOUSE, CHILLICOTHE.



seventeenth State was added to the Union. Its capital was Chillicothe, laid out by Nathaniel Massie, who was elected first governor.

Coward! To be called a coward brings the hot blood to the cheeks of brave men. A coward is a fellow of mean spirit, who has not the courage to face danger when duty calls him. At the beginning of this century a great many good men had false estimates of what constitutes true courage. A man who would not fight a duel when challenged, no matter what the cause, was branded as a coward. Away back in early times, in England and Europe, if men had differences they settled them by fighting. Many duels were fought in England by dukes, lords, members of Parliament, and officers of the army and navy.

In 1802 De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout, of New York, fought a duel, and the next year Clinton fought General Dayton. If a gentleman did not fight when challenged, other gentlemen looked down upon him and shunned his presence.

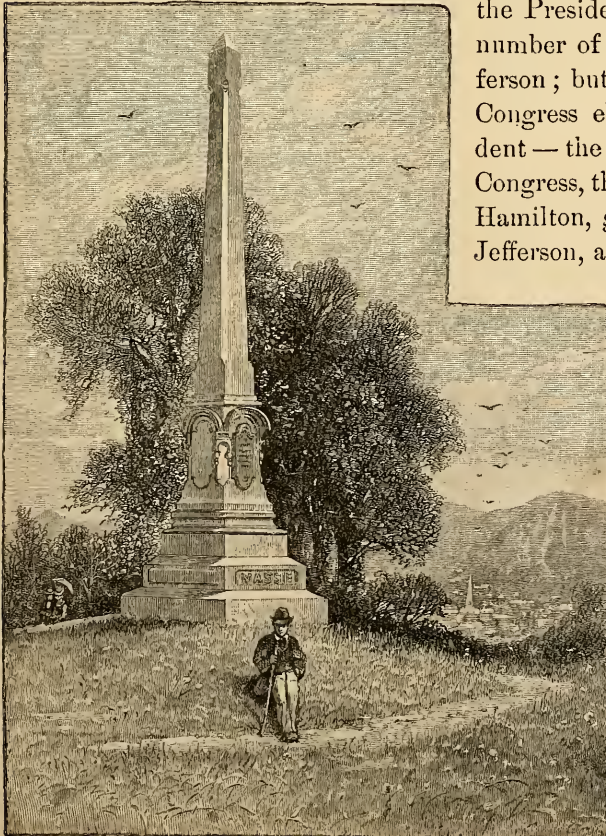
What will people say? That was the question which men asked. Public sentiment replied that men who would not fight duels when challenged were of mean spirit. Men knew that to fight a duel was a crime—against law, against God—yet they had not the moral courage to say so.

When General Arnold made his terrible march through the wilderness from Maine to Canada, to attack Quebec, in 1776—his troops eating their knapsacks and boots for want of food—one of the officers accompanying him was Aaron Burr, nineteen years of age [see “Boys of ’76”]. He was bold and daring, and Washington appointed him one of his aids; but he did not stay long upon the staff, for he disliked Washington. He joined General Lee and General Gates in a scheme to have Washington deposed from being Commander-in-chief. When the war was over he became a lawyer, and made his home in New York, and was elected Senator in Congress.

He was a candidate for the Presidency, and had the same number of electoral votes as Jefferson; but there being no choice, Congress elected him Vice-President—the Federal members of Congress, through the influence of Hamilton, giving their votes for Jefferson, and making Burr Vice-

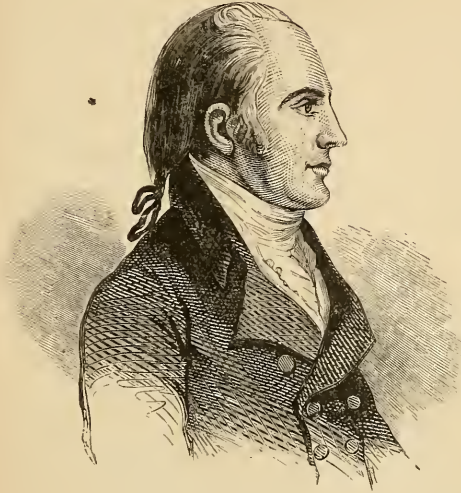
President. It was very hard for him to bear the disappointments of political ambition. To be President was the highest possible honor, and we need not wonder that Aaron Burr had a grudge against the man who had upset his plans.

Alexander Hamilton was born in Bermuda, but was taken to New York when he was a small boy.



MASSIE'S MONUMENT.

In 1774, when he was only seventeen, he made a remarkable speech against the King. He wrote articles for the newspapers, and showed that he was a true patriot. When the war began he was appointed to command an artillery company, and kept his cannon thundering at the battle of White Plains [see "Boys of '76"]. He fought at Trenton. Washington thought so much of him that he made him his trusted friend and adviser. He was in the battle of Yorktown, and captured a British battery. When the war was over he became a lawyer. He was one of the framers of the Constitution, and did more than any other man to secure its adoption.



AARON BURR.

Washington made him Secretary of the Treasury. The country was in debt, but he thought out a plan by which the nation paid its debts and brought great prosperity. When the trouble with France began Washington was made Commander-in-chief; Hamilton was a major-general, and second in command. He was a generous man, ever ready to oblige his friends, and even those who were opposed to him politically. Aaron Burr was in debt. Early one morning he called at Hamilton's house in great trouble. He must have ten thousand dollars—a great sum in those days—to satisfy his creditors, or go to jail. Hamilton obtained the money for him, and saved him from arrest.

Burr was Vice-President, but could never hope to be elected President; but he determined to be Governor of New York, and induced some of his friends to nominate him. The Federalists had no candidate, but cast their votes, through the influence of Hamilton, for a Democrat, Chancellor Lansing, who was elected.

"Burr is a dangerous man, and not fit to be Governor," said Hamilton, at a dinner-party.

Doctor Cooper was one of the guests, and unwisely repeated it in public, and wrote thus to a friend: "I could detail a still more despicable opinion which Hamilton has of him." The friend published the letter in a newspaper, which was a violation of confidence.

Burr was smarting over his defeat. Hamilton had spoiled all his plans. He would have his revenge. He wrote a letter demanding an apology, but would not accept Hamilton's explanation, and sent a challenge.

Cain, the first murderer, and all murderers since then, have found a way to pick a quarrel when determined on revenge. Hamilton had no quarrel with Burr—why should he accept the challenge? Because, if he did not fight, people would call him a coward. He had proved at White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, and Yorktown that he was a brave man; but if he did not meet Burr in single combat, and do what his own conscience and reason said he had no right to do, he would be called a coward! He wrote a tender letter to his wife, and bought a beautiful bouquet for her, bade her an affectionate good-night, arose at daybreak, stole softly out of his beautiful home, walked down to the river, stepped into a boat with Mr. Pendleton and a doctor, and was rowed across the Hudson to Weehawken. The sun was just rising as he landed at the foot of the Palisades. Burr, Mr. Van Ness, and Dr. Hosack were there. Burr had been practising with his pistol for several weeks, determined to put an end to the man who had thwarted him in his ambitious designs. They took their pistols.



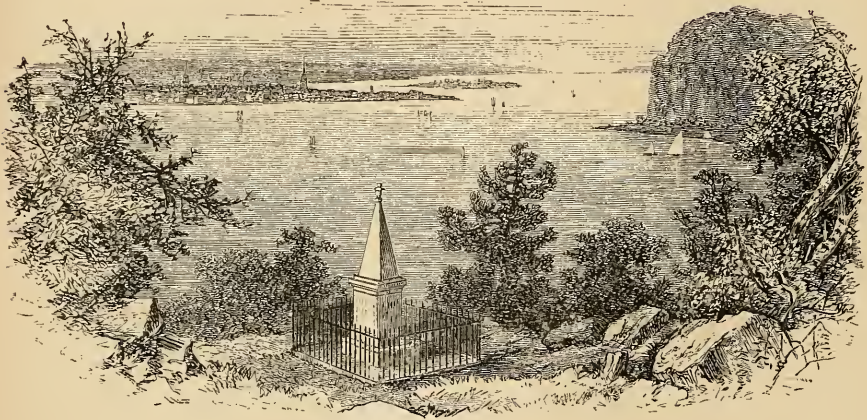
DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

“Are you ready?” asked Mr. Pendleton, who was to give the word. “Present!”

Burr raises his pistol, takes deliberate aim. A flash, a puff of smoke, a

crack, and Hamilton falls headlong, his pistol going off, the ball cutting a twig from a tree.

Burr gazes a moment, then hastens with his friends to his boat, reaches home, and eats his breakfast as if nothing had happened.



WHERE HAMILTON FELL.

"I had no ill-will toward him; I did not intend to fire," are the words of Hamilton as his friends bear him to the boat.

"General Hamilton was shot by Colonel Burr this morning in a duel. The general is said to be mortally wounded."

That was what the people of New York read on the bulletin-board of the Tontine hotel at nine o'clock. All New York held its breath. Business stopped. Through the day and night men asked for the latest news, till death ended the suspense the next afternoon.

Never had there been so mournful a funeral in America—stores closed, flags at half-mast—a stately procession, minute-guns firing at the Battery—the British frigate and two French war-ships in the harbor responding to the guns on shore—for Hamilton's fame had crossed the Atlantic—all the church bells tolling. There had been processions and orations at the burial of Washington, but this was a funeral with indignation and anger mingled with the grief.

Washington's death was by the visitation of God, but Hamilton had been shot by a man who had thirsted for his blood.

Little did Aaron Burr, when he sat down to his breakfast so calmly, comprehend what would be the outcome of that morning's work: that before the week was over he would be fleeing to escape the indignation of the community. Quite likely he thought that the people would

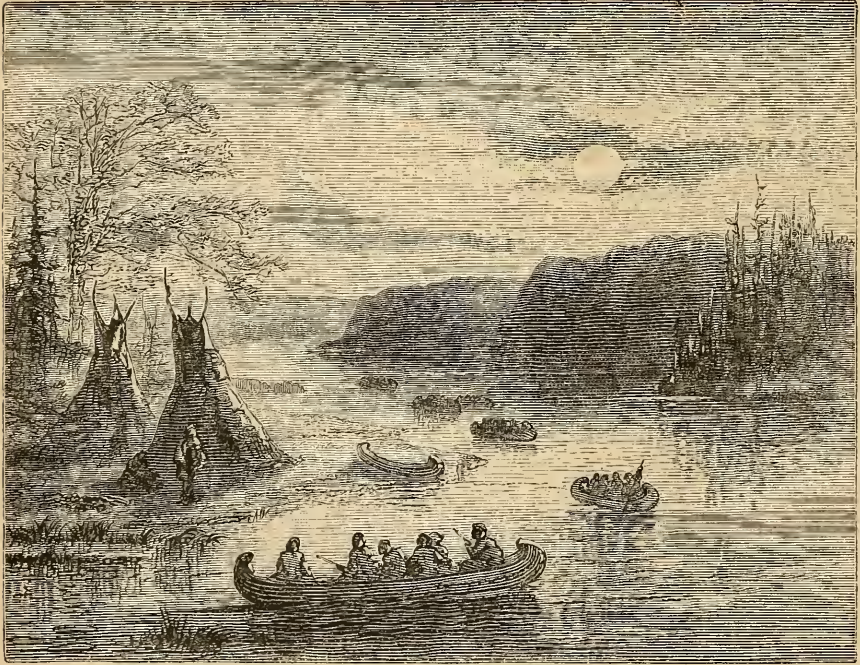
applaud him for killing the man who stood in his way. Far different. Murderer! assassin! were the words that greeted him. He had shot the man who had opposed him politically, but who had befriended him privately. His friends—those who had urged him on—slunk away before the burning indignation of the people. The wave went over the country. From the pulpits in the Northern States Burr was denounced as an assassin. Ministers preached against duelling. Grand-juries in New York and New Jersey indicted him for murder. Sheriffs were in pursuit of him. At midnight he entered a boat, and was rowed down the river to Perth Amboy. He called upon Commodore Truxton, who gave him a breakfast,



BLENNERHASSET'S HOUSE.

but who told him plainly that he had killed his friend. By cross-roads he reached Philadelphia and passed on to Virginia—not there to find averted faces, but to be welcomed as one who had done a noble deed.

At Petersburg his friends gave him a banquet, accompanied him to the theatre, and the audience cheered him. He went on to South Carolina to see his daughter Theodosia, wife of Governor Alston. The people of that



BURR'S TROOPS GOING DOWN THE OHIO.

section of the country did not regard him with any less favor, for they believed that to fight a duel was a good way to vindicate one's honor.

Not so in the Northern States. The pistol-shot fired on that morning so fatal to Hamilton was ringing through the land. The Rev. Dr. Nott, of Schenectady, New York, preached a notable sermon on the sin and crime of duelling. Other ministers took it up. Editors wrote against it in the newspapers. There was an awakening of the moral sense of the sober-minded and thinking people of the Northern States. Other duels were fought; but from that June morning in 1804 when Hamilton fell, with the blood oozing from his side, men who gave or accepted a challenge, instead of gaining, lost the respect of their fellow-men.

Burr's plans had miscarried; but he had another scheme. In Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio were restless men—hunters and adventurers—who were ready for any exploit or expedition. The resolutions of 1798, which Thomas Jefferson had written for the Kentucky Legislature in re-

gard to the reserved rights of the States were having their effect. The people of Kentucky and Tennessee, in 1805, cared very little for the Constitution or the Union. Spain owned Mexico. Burr conceived the plan of descending the Mississippi with the restless spirits, seize New Orleans, fit out an expedition, conquer that country, and set himself up as king. He made friends with Mr. Blennerhasset, who had settled on an island in the Ohio River, who was wealthy, and who had a beautiful and ambitious wife, who entered into all of Burr's plans. Men were enlisted, boats built, and the adventurers made their way down the river. General Wilkinson, who had been appointed Governor of Louisiana, aided Burr, but in the end deserted him. President Jefferson issued a proclamation against him. He was arrested and tried for high-treason, but the jury did not find him guilty, and he was released. He became a lawyer again in New York; but influence, power, happiness were gone forever.

William Henry, who lived in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was very ingenious. He saw that the augers used by carpenters—in shape like half of a pea-pod, and called *pod* augers—were very poor implements, and invented an auger with a screw, which made boring much easier. He made the first rag carpet ever seen in America. He made guns, and did a great deal of tinkering. He heard about the steam-engines which James Watt and Matthew Boulton were building in England, and crossed the Atlantic to visit his friends in Ireland and get a look at the new and wonderful machines being driven by steam. He came home, built an engine, and put it into a boat in Conestoga Creek, thinking to move the boat by steam; but the boat went to the bottom of the creek, and he gave up the attempt.

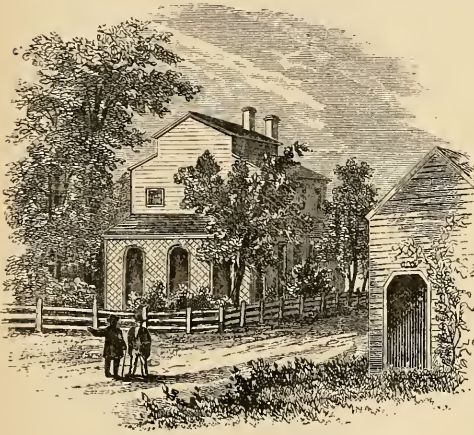


ROBERT FULTON.

John Fitch, James Rumsey, of Virginia; Samuel Morey, of Orford, New Hampshire; William Symington, of England—all had tried to con-

structed steamboats, but the world was still waiting for such a mode of navigation.

One of the boys who used to visit William Henry's shop and see him make guns was Robert Fulton, who was born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, near Lancaster, and who used to set water-wheels whirling in the pasture brooks. He saw the model of the little steamboat which Mr. Henry constructed. He met Thomas Paine at Mr. Henry's, and many other prominent men, and saw upon the walls of Mr. Henry's parlor pictures painted by Benjamin West, whom Mr. Henry had befriended, who had travelled in Europe, and had become a famous painter.



ROBERT FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

While looking at the pictures Robert Fulton forgot his mill-wheels, and resolved to become an artist. He went to England, and studied painting under Mr. West's instruction. He saw the steam-engines constructed by Watt and Boulton, and all his love for machinery came back to him. He gave up painting and became an engineer, went to Paris, and made experiments with torpedoes for blowing up war-ships. He built a steamboat sixty-six feet long, launched it on the Seine; but the bottom dropped out, and the engine went to the bottom of the river.

Fulton returned to the United States. The grand idea had taken possession of him that steam could be used in navigation. Robert Livingston, Chancellor of New York, believed that it could be done. He lived at Clermont, on the Hudson. Together they built a boat 133 feet long, 18 wide, and 9 feet deep, and named it the *Clermont*. People laughed at them; predicted its failure. When all was ready they invited their friends on board. Fulton let on the steam, but the boat did not move.

"I told you it wouldn't work," said one of the party.

"Wait," said Fulton.

He fixed the machinery, and the boat moved away from the shore, and up the Hudson. The country people knew not what to make of it.

"The devil is on his way up-river with a saw-mill in a boat!" shouted a Dutchman to his wife.



THE "CLERMONT."

In thirty-two hours the *Clermont* was at Albany, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and returned to New York in thirty hours.

This was what the *New York Evening Post* said, October 2, 1807: "Mr. Fulton's new-invented *steamboat*, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a packet, left here this morning, with ninety passengers, against a strong head-wind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged she moved at the rate of six miles an hour."

Fulton had succeeded where John Fitch, James Rumsey, and Samuel Morey had failed. It was the beginning of a new era in navigation.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THERE CAME TO BE WAR WITH ENGLAND.

WHO owned the ocean? Great Britain claimed to be mistress of the seas. Her fleets were victorious everywhere. The poets of England were praising her prowess. James Thomson, who wrote a charming poem, "The Seasons," wrote exultingly of her power:

"When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain—
Rule, Britannia; Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves."

The merchants of England wanted to do all the carrying of the world, and they looked with jealous eyes across the Atlantic to New England, whose merchant-ships were on every sea. England and France were at war. Bonaparte was sweeping over Europe with his armies. England had destroyed not only the war-ships but the merchant-ships of France; and the merchants of the United States were in consequence making a great deal of money. Great Britain was not going to allow the trade of the world to slip through her fingers. "Trade carried on with the enemies of England is war in disguise," wrote James Stephens, one of the lawyers of England; and the English Government, with such a pretext, began to seize American vessels and confiscate the goods.

To prevent Bonaparte from raising supplies from any other country, Great Britain declared the whole sea-coast of Europe, from the river Elbe, in Prussia, to Brest, in France, under blockade. To blockade a seaport is to close it to commerce by war-vessels stationed off the harbors to prevent merchant-vessels of other nations from going in and out.

"Every blockade to be binding must be effective"—England had declared it many times; but though she had one thousand war-ships, they were not enough to blockade all the seaports of Northern Europe.

Bonaparte had lost nearly all his fleets, but he issued a decree from Berlin in retaliation: "The British Islands are in a state of blockade. All commerce and correspondence with them is prohibited. All letters written in the English language shall be seized."

"There shall be no trade between France and her allies and other nations without the consent of Great Britain," said the British Government, in response.

"The nation which permits its vessels to be searched by British vessels, or which shall pay a tax to the British Government, or which shall be bound to a British port, shall be seized and held," was the order issued by Bonaparte from Milan, December, 1807.

France began to seize American ships. The merchants of Boston, Salem, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore soon began to receive news that their ships and goods had been captured, either by the English or French. An English war-ship, the *Leopard*, fired into the American ship *Chesapeake*, which was all unprepared for fighting, and took several sailors, compelling them to serve on board the *Leopard*. The English Government disavowed the act, but made no apology or reparation.



JAMES MADISON.

The United States was powerless to protect American merchant-ships; but Congress thought that if all trade between the United States and foreign countries were stopped, the necessities of England and France would compel them to come to terms, and a law was passed laying an *embargo*, or prohibition, on trade. Congress did not see that the United States would be biting off its own nose: that American vessels would soon be rotting at the wharves; ship-masters and merchants would become bankrupt; that grass would grow in the streets of the seaport towns; yet that was the result. The ships were idle; the merchants could not pay their debts—the sheriffs closed their stores; sailors had nothing to do; ship-carpenters laid aside their axes, the calkers and sail-makers their tools. In all seaport towns there was silence and distress.

In the country, on the other hand, the spinning-wheels were humming as never before—women and girls at work from morning till night. Instead of depending upon England for cloth, they were manufacturing it.

All the arts and trades were at work—hatters, shoemakers, tailors. It was the period of homespun—the beginning of American manufacturing. Congress had prohibited the bringing of British goods, but the President and a great army of custom-house officials could not stop smuggling. Swift-sailing vessels made voyages to the West Indies, landing their goods at night along the shores. There was smuggling between Canada and the United States—men making their way stealthily across the boundary, bringing broadcloth, needles, pins, goods of every description—secreting them in out-of-the-way places, eluding the vigilance of the custom-house officers.

An officer in Vermont had a prank played upon him. A smuggler came from Canada with a cask standing on end in his wagon.

“Ho! ho! I must see what is in there,” said the officer, pounding in the head.

There was nothing but a little lampblack in the cask, which the smuggler had covered with a paper.

“What have you here?” asked the officer.

“You must see for yourself.”

The officer puts his head into the cask, the smuggler gives a sudden lift to his heels, and he tumbles in. Over the stones rattles the wagon, the driver whipping his horse to a run—the bumping and rattling raising a black, suffocating cloud in the cask, filling eyes, nose, ears, and mouth of the officer, and almost stifling him before he can get out.

People in the seaports were suffering, people in the country prospering, under the law. Those who suffered felt it to be an unjust law. The smugglers excused themselves under the plea that the law was unjust and unconstitutional, because unequal: that it was not doing wrong to violate it. The prospect of making money made men deceitful. The law, upon the whole, was not promotive of public welfare or morality, and became very unpopular. It injured far more than it helped.

In 1808 James Madison became President. The Indians in Ohio were making trouble. British officers in Canada and of the North-west Fur Company told them that the United States had no right to the lands in Ohio. They sold them guns and ammunition. One of the Indian chiefs was Tecumtha, who saw that the Americans were rapidly increasing, and unless driven back would soon have possession of the whole country. He formed a plan to enlist all the tribes, and drive the settlers out of Ohio. He visited the powerful Creek Indians in Alabama, made speeches, and taught them the war-dance of the northern tribes.

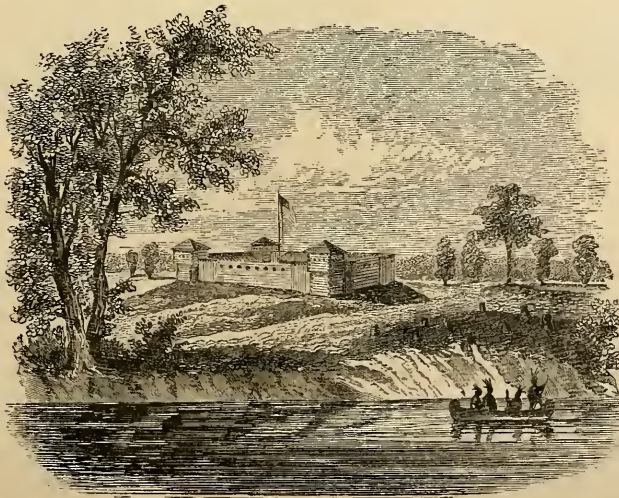
Florida belonged to Spain, and the Creek Indians could obtain powder and guns at Pensacola. They were to attack the settlers in Tennessee and Georgia, and drive them eastward of the mountains. Tecumtha was a great man, but he did not comprehend the force of an advancing civilization. He had a brother, Elks-wa-ta-wa, who called himself a prophet, sent by the Great Spirit. Tecumtha made speeches, and the prophet and the British did all they could to stir up the Indians against the Americans.

General William Henry Harrison was appointed Governor of Indiana, and built a fort at Terra Haute, which was named Fort Harrison. The Indians had a town of their own on the Wabash. General Harrison marched with nine hundred men; but, remembering how other generals had fallen into traps, kept his videttes always in advance, and guards

on both flanks. He was so vigilant that the Indians, who knew of his advance, said that he slept with his eyes open. The woods were thick with Indians. Tecumtha was in Georgia, trying to arouse the Creeks, and



TECUMTHA.



FORT HARRISON.

Elks-wa-ta-wa was managing things. He sent a messenger to General Harrison asking for a parley. They would have a talk the next morning. The army went into camp in a beautiful grove at Tippecanoe.

"Creep through the grass, tomahawk the sentinels, then rush upon the camp," said Elks-wa-ta-wa to the seven hundred warriors.

It is four o'clock in the morning, November 7, 1811. Stephen Mars, one of General Harrison's sentinels, sees something in the grass. Crack! goes his rifle, and an Indian leaps into the air. Then comes the war-whoop, a flashing of guns, and a rush upon the camp. In an instant General Harrison is in his saddle. At the north-west corner of the camp Captain Joe Davis falls mortally wounded. At the south-west corner



TIPPECANOE BATTLE-GROUND.

Captain Spencer is killed, and Lieutenant Warrick mortally wounded. The Indians are attacking on all sides.

"Hold your ground; we will beat them!" shouts General Harrison.

"Charge!"

The soldiers rushed upon the Indians with a yell, driving them from their hiding-places; chasing them like deer through the woods. General Harrison pushed on to the prophet's town; but not an Indian was to be seen—all had fled. In a few minutes the flames licked up every hut and wigwam, and all the corn which had been stored for the winter. It was a defeat from which the Indians never recovered.

England and France were still seizing American vessels. England had taken nine hundred and seventeen, and France five hundred and fifty-eight. The loss to Americans was reckoned at \$70,000,000.

The people of the United States were becoming very angry, but were divided in opinion. Some wanted to go to war with both England and France, others with England only; and there were others who were opposed to going to war at all.

“Why go to war with England,” they asked, “when we have only twenty vessels in our navy against her one thousand? You cannot cope with her on the ocean. She can burn our seaports, and ravage the coast from Maine to Georgia.”



JOSIAH QUINCY.

“If honor demands a war with England, what opiate lulls that honor to sleep over the wrongs done us by France?” asked Josiah Quincy, Senator from Massachusetts, one of the ablest men in Congress.

“England,” replied those who were eager for war, “is arrogant and insulting. She seizes our ships, and impresses our sailors. She is stirring up the Indians of the North-west to murder the settlers of Ohio and Indiana. To submit to such insolence and wrong is to humiliate ourselves. If we cannot meet her on the ocean we

can capture Canada. There are less than four hundred thousand people in those provinces, against seven millions in the United States.”

“Weak as we are,” said Henry Clay of Kentucky, “we can fight England and France both, if necessary, in a good cause—the cause of honor and independence.”

“In your zeal,” shouted John Randolph of Virginia, in opposition, “to serve your French master you are ready to create a national debt by rushing into a wicked war with a fraternal people—fraternal in blood, religion, laws, arts, and literature.”

Most of the members of Congress from the Southern States were eager for war with England, but not with France. John Randolph had

something to say about what the effect of war would be on the slaves—that it would bring insurrection.

“The negroes,” he said, “are rapidly gaining notions of freedom, destructive alike to their own happiness and the safety and interests of their masters. The night-bell never tolls for fire in Richmond that the frightened mother does not hug her infant more closely to her bosom, not knowing what may have happened.”

“Which shall we do,” asked John C. Calhoun of South Carolina—“abandon or defend our commercial and maritime rights, and the personal liberties of our citizens in exercising them? These rights are attacked, and war is the only means of redress.”

The majority of Congress and of the people were for war with England, but not with France. England was the chief aggressor, because she was mistress of the seas. The old feeling against her had not died out, and there was still a kindly feeling toward France for the help which she had given during the Revolution. There was a determination, let the issue be what it might, to fight for the rights of American sailors and for free commerce on the ocean.

President Madison did not want to go to war, but he desired to be elected President a second time. His friends, who were eager for war, informed him that unless he went with the majority he could not be re-elected. With closed doors the bill proposing war was discussed. It was passed in secret session, and on June 19, 1812, President Madison

affixed his signature, and issued a proclamation declaring war against Great Britain.

The United States had been a nation just twenty-five years. The Constitution made the States a nation; but it had as yet no background of history, illuminated by noble deeds, to fire the hearts of the people. In sentiment the United States were not a nation. The people of the several States had no particular love for the Union; they had done nothing for it, and had little comprehension of what it had done or could do for them. Hardship,



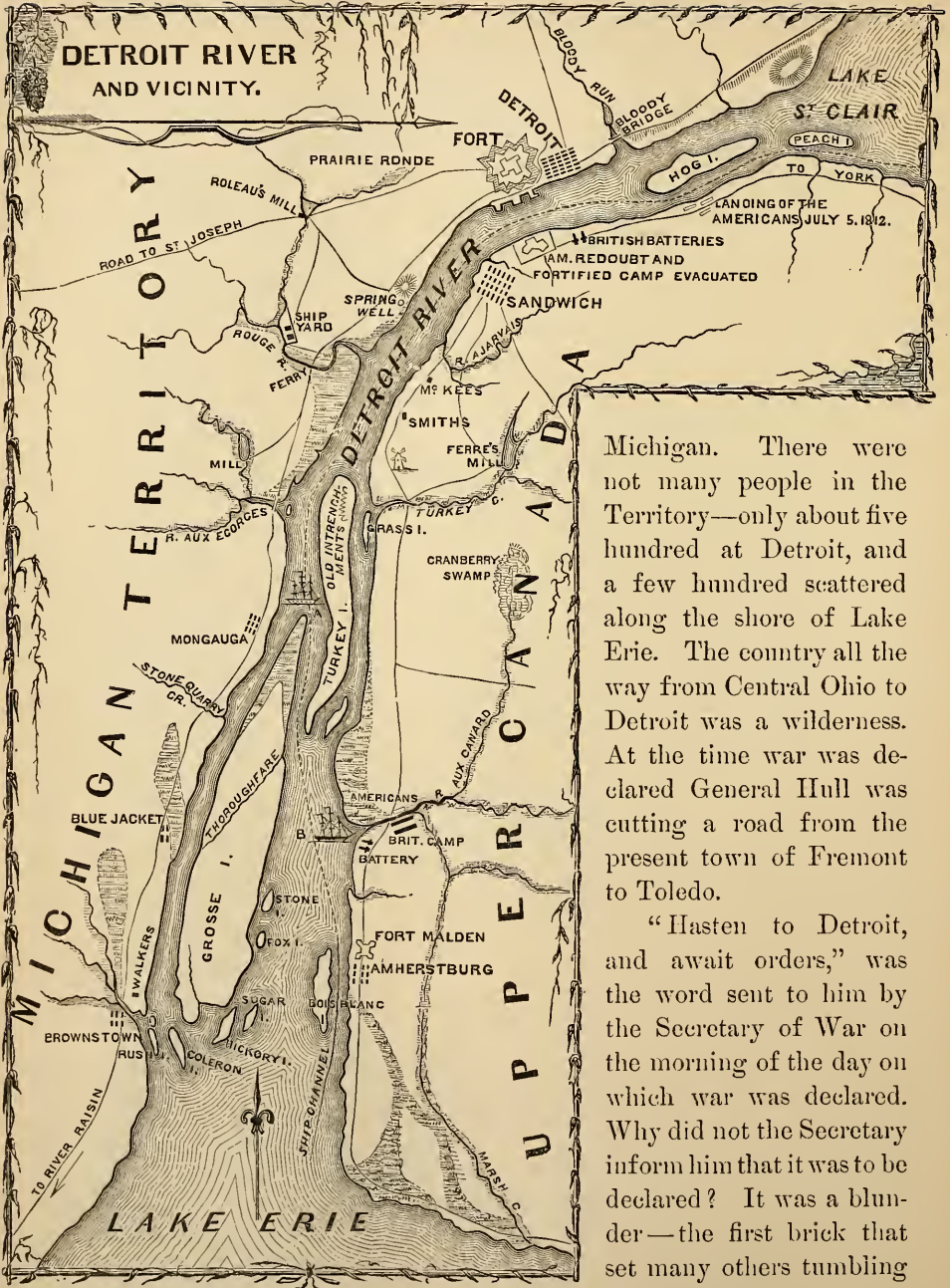
WILLIAM HULL.



STATES AND TERRITORIES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST—1812.

trial, suffering, self-sacrifice, performance of glorious deeds—these bind us to one another. Love of country, patriotism—the grand ideal which makes country above everything else—had not yet sprung up in the hearts of the people.

President Madison had a weak Cabinet. He appointed incompetent men to responsible positions. William Hull was appointed Governor of



Michigan. There were not many people in the Territory—only about five hundred at Detroit, and a few hundred scattered along the shore of Lake Erie. The country all the way from Central Ohio to Detroit was a wilderness. At the time war was declared General Hull was cutting a road from the present town of Fremont to Toledo.

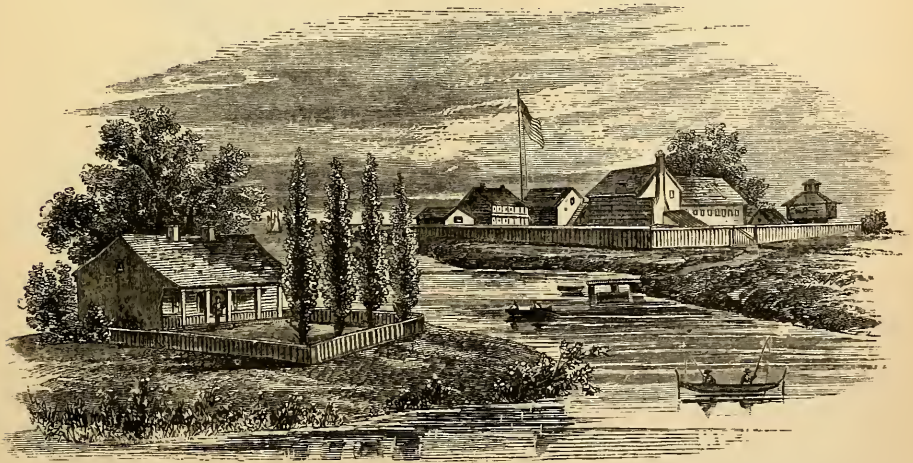
“Hasten to Detroit, and await orders,” was the word sent to him by the Secretary of War on the morning of the day on which war was declared. Why did not the Secretary inform him that it was to be declared? It was a blunder—the first brick that set many others tumbling in the wrong direction.

“War has been declared,” wrote the Secretary. He sent the first

order by a special messenger; but this he put into the post-office. There were no railroads then, and it took two weeks for the letter to reach Cleveland; and the postmaster there had to send it by a messenger to General Hull, who had reached Maumee River, and had put his baggage and the muster-roll of his troops on board the schooner *Cuyahoga*, which set sail for Detroit. But the vessel did not reach Detroit.

Sir George Prevost was Governor of Canada. He was expecting war. The great North-western Fur Company of Canada was expecting it, and had wide-awake agents in New York, who sent a swift messenger to Canada with the news; and General Proctor, who was opposite Detroit, heard that war had begun several days before the letter sent to Cleveland reached General Hull. The *Cuyahoga* sailed up Detroit River, when out came a British vessel from Fort Malden and captured it. The British, having the start in the reception of the news, sent soldiers to Mackinaw, at the head of Lake Huron, and captured the United States soldiers there.

Tecumtha was with the British. His time had come. Not the Indians alone, but the British also, were at war with the United States—and he fondly hoped the Americans would soon be pushed back south of the Ohio.



FORT DEARBORN—1812.

General Hull sent a messenger through the woods to Captain Heald, commanding Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, advising him to abandon the place. He had only sixty-six men. There were several women and children in the fort. When he attempted to leave the Indians fell upon him, killing the women and children, and more than thirty of the men.

General Hull had one thousand volunteers from Ohio. They knew nothing of military discipline. They did not like restraint. Their officers were of their own election. One whom they did not like they rode upon a rail; but they were eager to be led into Canada. General Hull crossed Detroit River, stayed a few days, but went back again, waiting for Colonel Brush, who was on his way from Toledo with supplies. Colonel Brush was afraid that the Indians would fall upon him, and sent to General Hull for an escort. Major Van Horn started with two hundred men. General



MAGUAGA BATTLE-GROUND.

Proctor, seeing his opportunity, crossed the river, with Tecumtha, from Fort Malden, which is eighteen miles below Detroit, and Major Van Horn had to return to Detroit.

Lieutenant-colonel Miller started with his regiment and two cannon. He reached a piece of oak woods at Maguaga, where he was attacked by over one hundred British under Major Muir, and five hundred Indians under Tecumtha and the chiefs Walk-in-the-water, Lame Hand, and Split Log.

Colonel Miller was a brave man. He formed his men, and opened fire with his cannon. "Give them grape!" he cried to the artillerymen.

“Charge!” he shouted, and his men dashed upon the British, and then upon the Indians, driving them through the woods. Colonel Miller lost eighteen killed and fifty-seven wounded, but he won the battle.

“Return to Detroit,” was the strange, incomprehensible order which General Hull sent to Miller. He had opened the way to meet Colonel Brush, but now he was ordered back, and must obey. Why General Hull issued the order no one ever knew.

General Brock, the Lieutenant-governor of Canada, arrived at Fort Malden. He was Proctor’s superior, brave and energetic. He planted a battery opposite Detroit, and opened fire upon the fort with eighteen-pounder cannon. General Hull seemed to lose all heart. The officers and soldiers had no confidence in him. He allowed General Brock to cross the river with his army, when he might have knocked the boats into kindling-wood with his cannon. Seven hundred British troops and seven hundred Indians crossed at night, took breakfast, then marched toward the fort. The Americans were eager for battle. They had twenty-five cannon, one hundred thousand musket cartridges, and

a strong fort. They numbered one thousand, and were ready to fight to the last. The cannon were charged with grape-shot. All was ready, when General Hull ordered a white flag to be raised, and sent an officer with a note to General Brock, offering to surrender. The officers and soldiers beheld it in amazement. They knew not what to make of it. Duncan M’Arthur, who had explored in 1791 the Ohio country, with Nathaniel Massie, was so vexed at the conduct of General Hull that he could not refrain from tears. Colonel Lewis Cass broke his sword.



DUNCAN M'ARTHUR.

“The British never shall have it!” he indignantly exclaimed.

Some of the soldiers were ready to shoot General Hull, who stood before them weak, trembling, and irresolute.

The deed was done. Cannon, troops, supplies, and everything in the fort, with Colonel Brush’s command at Toledo, were included in the surrender.

The war had begun in disgraceful humiliation. Instead of capturing



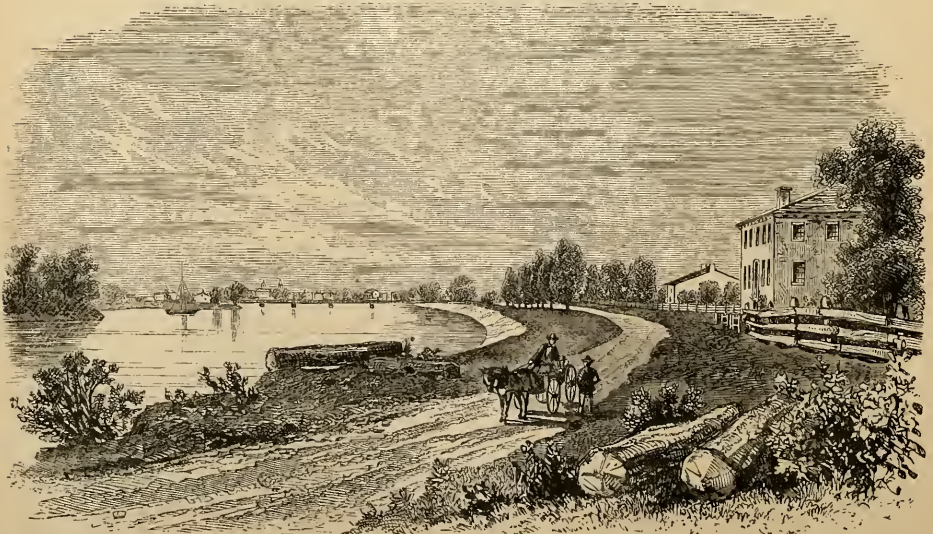
LEWIS CASS.

Canada, the north-western army was lost, and the whole country beyond the Ohio settlements was in possession of the British, and open to the ravages of the Indians.

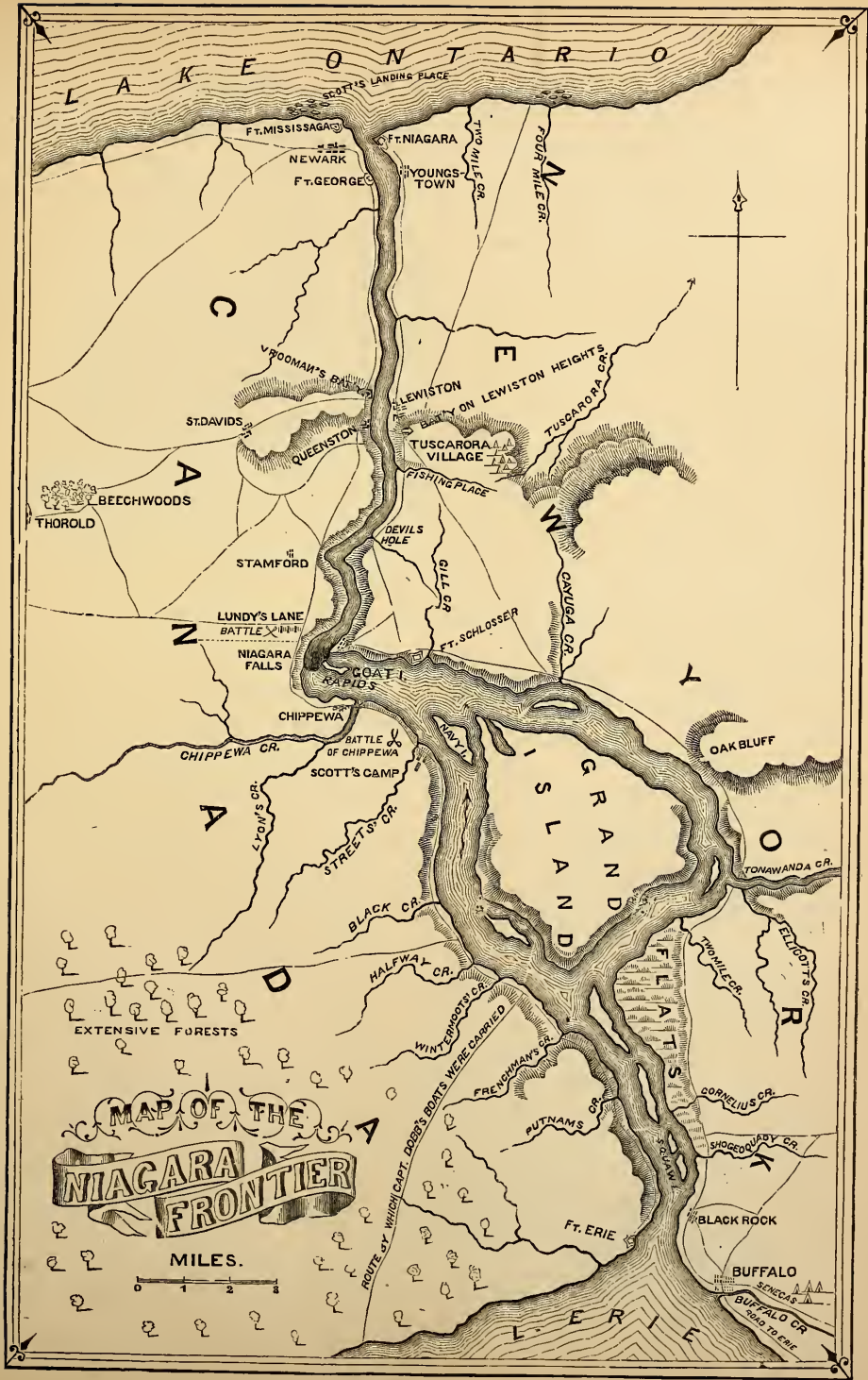
“Coward! traitor!” Those were the words hurled at General Hull, who was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot; but President Madison was tender-hearted, and pardoned him, for he had done good service in the Revolution. Seventy years have passed since then, and we now see that he was not a traitor. During the

Revolution he showed that he was not a coward. He could not bear the thought of bloodshed—the possible tomahawking and scalping of the men, women, and children. He was weak, irresolute, and incompetent; and the result was disaster, humiliation, and disgrace.

There was a second disaster at Frenchtown (now Monroe, Michigan),



MONROE, FROM THE BATTLE-GROUND.

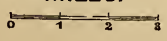


L A K E O N T A R I O

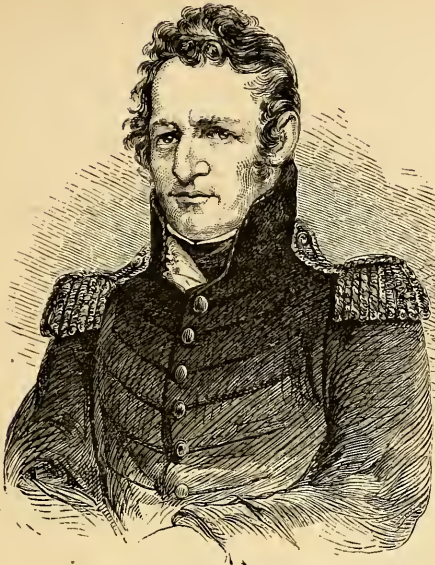
SCOTT'S LANDING PLACE
 Ft. MISSISSAGAS
 NEWARK
 Ft. GEORGE
 YOUNGS TOWN
 TWO MILE CR.
 FOUR MILE CR.
 BROOKMAN'S PASS
 LEWISTON
 BATTLE ON LEWISTON HEIGHTS
 TUSCARORA CR.
 TUSCARORA VILLAGE
 FISHING PLACE
 DEVILS HOLE
 GILL CR.
 FT. SCHLOSSER
 ONYUSA CR.
 STAMFORD
 LUNDY'S LANE BATTLE
 NIAGARA FALLS
 COAT I. RAPIDS
 CHIPPEWA
 CHIPPEWA CR.
 BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA
 SCOTT'S CAMP
 STREET'S CR.
 LYON'S CR.
 BLACK CR.
 HALF WAL CR.
 WINTERWOODS CR.
 FRENCHMAN'S CR.
 PUTNAM'S CR.
 CORNELIUS CR.
 SHOGOOD CR.
 LADY CR.
 FT. ERIE
 BLACK ROCK
 BUFFALO
 SENECA'S
 BUFFALO CR.
 ROAD TO ERIE
 OAK BLUFF
 TONAWANDA CR.
 THOMAS CR.
 FELLOWS CR.

MAP OF THE
NIAGARA FRONTIER

MILES.



ROUTE BY WHICH CAPT. DOBBS' BOATS WERE CARRIED



SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

when one thousand men under General Winchester surrendered to the British general, Proctor, who allowed the Indians to tomahawk and scalp many of the prisoners.

That was not the end of disaster. General Van Rensselaer, commanding at Niagara, a true patriot and brave, was anxious to strike a blow which would wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender. To do it he must cross the deep and foaming Niagara River, climb the steep banks on the Canada side in the darkness of night, gain a foothold, and defeat the British on their own ground. His soldiers were eager for the enterprise. He had only thirteen boats, and those might be swamped in the whirlpools and eddies. Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer commanded the militia, and Lieutenant-colonel Winfield Scott the regulars.

It was the 13th of October, and a terrible storm was raging; but at midnight six hundred men crept silently down the steep bank on the American side, but the boats could carry only half. The three hundred embarked. In ten minutes they were on the rocks at the foot of the bluff on the Canadian side. The British sentinels saw them, and began to fire. Then the cannon began to thunder; but the Americans climbed the bank, and the battle began. Colonel Van Rensselaer, Captain John E. Wool, and sev-



JOHN BRANT.

eral other officers were wounded, but they drove the British. General Brock, who commanded them, fell mortally wounded; but General Sheafe rallied them, and re-enforcements came—John Brant, a young Indian chief, with his face painted and plumes in his cap. He was a son of John Brant, who had fought for the British during the Revolution. He commanded several hundred Indians, who came down, with a yell, through the woods. Now the British outnumbered the Americans two to one.

The Americans were fighting bravely, but must have help or be defeated. On the New York shore were more than one thousand militia, and General Van Rensselaer ordered them to cross; but they refused to go, nor had he any authority to compel them. Why? Because in 1787 the people of the United States had adopted a written Constitution, and that Constitution had put it forever beyond the power of the President to call upon the militia to invade a foreign country.

If the British were to set foot on American soil the militia would fight them, but they would not cross the river and invade Canada; and so it came about that all who had crossed were obliged to surrender to the British. It was a disheartening disaster, but gave the country a new view of the meaning and power of the Constitution, and of the wisdom of the men who had framed it.

General Smyth, of Virginia, succeeded General Van Rensselaer. He was weak, vain, pompous, and issued ridiculous proclamations setting forth the great things he intended to do; but he did almost nothing, and was laughed at alike by the British and by his own countrymen.

On the land the year began and ended in disaster.

CHAPTER XII.

VICTORIES ON THE SEA.

THE United States had twenty vessels—the largest carrying forty-four guns. Great Britain had one thousand and sixty vessels in her navy, some of them carrying one hundred and twenty guns. The newspapers of London ridiculed the navy of the United States, and said that the ships were pine-board boxes, while the British vessels were built of English oak. On the ocean war began, as on the land, with disaster to the United States. The brig *Nautilus*, of fourteen guns, sailed from New York, and the next day was captured by the British frigate *Shannon*. The United States now had nineteen vessels, England one thousand and sixty-one, and came very near adding the *Constitution* to her list.

It was off Nantucket, at sunrise on a summer's morning, not a breath ruffling the ocean, when Captain Isaac Hull discovered a British fleet—eleven ships in all. He could not fight them; he must creep away—but how?

“Down with the boats!” was his order; and the sailors, leaping into the boats, rowed ahead, with ropes running out from beneath the bowsprit.

The *Shannon* was the nearest British ship. Her sides flamed, her guns roared, but the shot fell harmlessly into the sea.



ISAAC HULL.

"How deep is the water?" asked Captain Hull.

"Twenty fathoms," answered the sailing-master.

"Out with the kedge-anchor!" A boat carries an anchor with a rope attached half a mile ahead, drops it into the sea, and then the sailors on the *Constitution* go round the windlass upon the run. Commodore Broke discovers that the *Constitution* is surging ahead, and signals the other ships to send their boats to help tow the *Shannon*. He sends out his kedge-anchor. Then comes a little breeze, filling the sails of all the vessels; but it dies away, and the sea is smooth; and now all through the day, through the night, the race goes on—the *Shannon* and *Guerriere* pulling with all their might.

The master-mechanic, when he laid the keel of the *Constitution*; the wood-choppers of Allenstown, on the banks of the Merrimac, in New Hampshire, where they felled the giant oaks; the carpenters who hewed the timbers, little thought how glorious would be the history of the *Constitution*. This was its beginning—a race with eleven vessels trying to catch her—a hare with the hounds upon her track. Brave men stand upon her deck. Every pulse beats high. The shot from the *Shannon* do not reach them. They are holding their own. Three cheers ring out as they whirl the windlass and pull at the oars. All day, all night, till four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, the race goes on, when the *Shannon*, instead of being within cannon-shot, is four miles astern. Dark clouds sweep up in the western sky.

"In with the studding-sails! Down with the top-gallants!" This the order; and when the storm bursts the *Constitution*, trim and taut, but under a great white cloud of canvas, sweeps away, and the hounds give up the chase.

"*Free trade and sailors' rights.*"

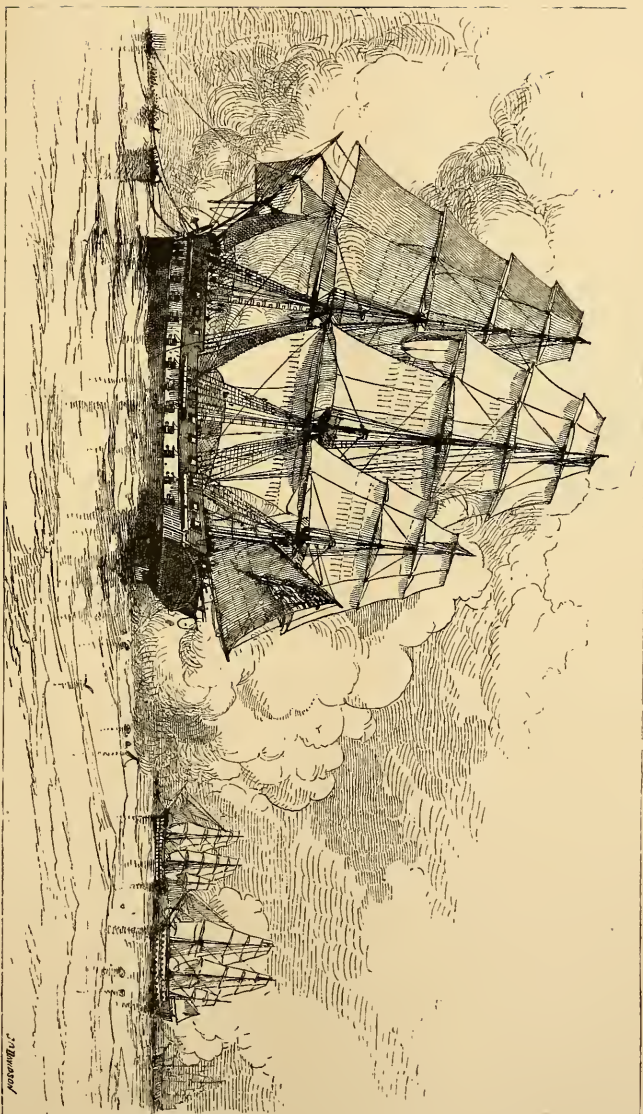
That was the motto which Captain Porter put upon the flag of the *Essex* as he sailed out of the harbor of New York. On August 13 the sailors at the mast-head on the lookout discovered a vessel, which came down upon the *Essex* with all sail set. It was the *Alert*, carrying twenty guns, which poured a broadside into the *Essex*; but the next moment there was such a crashing of timbers around them that the British sailors fled in terror to find shelter in the hold, and the captain of the *Alert*, seeing what terrible havoc was going on, pulled down his flag.

The *Constitution* was off Newfoundland.

"Sail ho!"

The sailors at the mast-head shouted it. There it was—a white speck far away.

ESCAPE OF THE "CONSTITUTION."



“The *Guerriere!*” shout the sailors on the vessel’s approach. Captain Hull is delighted. The *Constitution* and *Guerriere* each carry forty-four guns. Captain Hull and Captain Dacres, commanding the *Guerriere*, are old acquaintances. Before the war began they drank a glass of wine together.

“If there should be war you must take care of the *Guerriere*, if I should come across her in the *Constitution*,” said Captain Hull.

“I’ll bet you any amount you please that you will be whipped,” said Dacres.

“I do not care to bet money—let it be a hat.”

“All right.”

The two friends parted, but thus again to meet, each in the service of his country: one the representative of the nation

which proudly asserts superiority as mistress of the seas—a nation whose fleets have annihilated the fleets of France and Spain; the other the representative of a nation without a history—which has but nineteen vessels in its navy—which never yet has exhibited its pluck or prowess in warfare with a civilized nation.

The *Guerriere*, as if to assert her superiority, flings out a flag from each top-mast. When far away her guns flash, but the balls fall short.

“Double-shot the guns!” Captain Hull gives the order, and the sailors ran home the thirty-two-pound balls, with a charge of grape-shot, in each cannon.

The cannon of the *Guerriere* open once more.

“Not a cannon is to be fired till I give the word,” is Captain Hull’s order.

The shot of the *Guerriere* is tearing into the *Constitution*.

“May we not open fire?” Lieutenant Morris asks.

“Not yet.”

Another broadside crashes into the timbers of the *Constitution*. The sailors are impatient. It is hard to stand silent and motionless by the double-shotted cannon, with the splinters flying, the balls tearing every-



JAMES DACRES.

thing to pieces around them, and not be allowed to fire. Captain Hull stands upon the quarter-deck, calmly waiting till every gun will bear. It is the fashion of the times to wear tight pantaloons, and his are very tight.

“Now, boys, jam it into them!” Every sailor hears the order shouted at the top of his voice. He has been cool and collected, but now he is on fire. In the energy and excitement of the moment the captain bends low, and the tight-fitting pantaloons split from waistband to knee.

“Hull her! Hull her!” Lieutenant Morris shouts it; and the sailors—comprehending the play upon words, that they are to do to the *Guerriere* what their captain has done to his pantaloons—spring to their work with a hurrah! keeping up a continual roar of thunder from the double-shotted guns.

Twenty minutes, and the *Guerriere* is a helpless wreck—every mast gone, gaping rents in her sides, her cannon silent.

Lieutenant Read goes on board.

“Captain Hull’s compliments, and he wishes to know if you have struck your flag?”

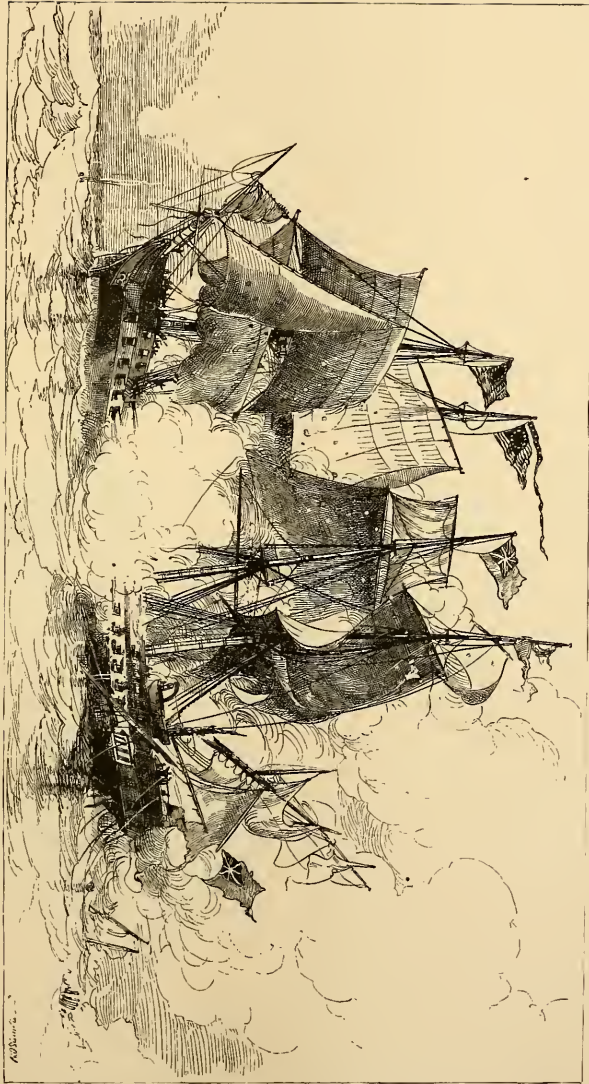
“Well, as my mizzen and main masts are gone, we may say, upon the whole, that we have,” said Captain Dacres.

“I will not take your sword,” said Captain Hull, when Captain Dacres stood before him, “but I will trouble you for that hat.”

The *Guerriere* was filling with water, and was such a wreck that Captain Hull, after tenderly caring for the wounded and removing the men, set her on fire. When the fire reached the magazine a great wave of flame shot into the air, lifting remains of masts, spars, cannon, anchors, ropes, and chains, which rained down into the sea, and all that was left of the *Guerriere* disappeared forever.

What commotion there was in Boston, August 30, when the *Constitution* sailed into the harbor! The shopkeepers putting up their shutters; the people thronging from their houses down to the wharves; cannon thundering a salute; ladies waving handkerchiefs from the windows; men and boys shouting themselves hoarse. It was not only that the *Guerriere* had been annihilated, but England was no longer to have things all her own way on the sea—no longer to claim undisputed ownership of the ocean. It was the beginning of the vindication of right and justice for the people of the United States and, through them, for the rest of mankind. Everywhere there were rejoicings—dinners to Captain Hull and his officers—six hundred people sitting down to a grand banquet in

"CONSTITUTION" AND "GUERRIERE."



Boston. That city, and also New York, presented him with swords and snuffboxes. Rustic poets set themselves to writing songs :

“ Isaac did so maul and rake her,
That the decks of Captain Dacre
Were in such a woful pickle
As if Death, with seythe and sickle,
With his sling or with his shaft,
Had cut his harvest fore and aft ;
Thus, in thirty minutes, ended
Mischief that could not be mended ;
Masts and yards and ship descended
All to David Jones’s locker—
Such a ship in such a pucker !”—*Old Song.*

The sloop-of-war *Wasp*, commanded by Captain Jones, sailed from Delaware Bay in October, steering south. On the 17th the sailor at the mast-head on the lookout sighted several vessels. Six of them were merchant-



JACOB JONES.

men ; but each carried sixteen or eighteen guns. One was the *Frolic*, a war-ship, which carried twenty guns. The *Wasp* carried eighteen. The merchant-ships kept on their course, while the *Frolic* took in sail, to let the *Wasp* know she was ready to fight. There had been a storm, and the sea was running high, but the sky was clear. Captain Jones sees that with the rolling of the ship the shot will fly wild unless the gunners take good aim.

“ Fire when the ship is going down into the trough of the sea !” are his instructions.

That will send the shot plump into the sides of the *Frolic*.

The battle begins. The shot from the cannon of the *Wasp* tears through the sides of the *Frolic*. While the shot from the *Frolic* cut the rigging of the *Wasp*, down come the main-top-gallant and main-top-mast, entangling the rigging. The vessels fall foul of each other, the bowsprit of the *Frolic* running across the quarter-deck of the *Wasp*. The men of the *Wasp* see their opportunity, fire once more, and leap on board the *Frolic*, finding cannon dismantled, masts, bulwarks, and all the wood-

work in splinters. Of the one hundred and eight men on board ninety-

So often heard of your Wasps and Hornets but little thought such a minute of such a cold grave such a struggle!



A WASP ON A FROLIC.

two had been killed and wounded. Lieutenant Biddle hauls down the flag of the *Frolic*. Though the loss has been so terrible on the *Frolic*, the *Wasp* has had only five killed, and as many wounded—ten in all. The victory had been won; but the *Poictiers*, with seventy-four guns, made her appearance, and Captain Jones was obliged to give up his prize and pull down his own flag.

There was great rejoicing in the United States when it was known that the *Wasp* had captured a superior vessel. Newsboys hawked through the streets a picture of a wasp thrusting its sting into John Bull; and in bar-rooms and grog-

shops sailors and landsmen sung the doggerel song:

“A *Wasp* took a *Frolic* and met Johnny Bull,
Who always fights best when his belly is full.
The *Wasp* thought him hungry by his mouth open wide,
So, his belly to fill, put a sting in his side.”

Captain Stephen Decatur, commanding the *United States*, fell in with the *Macedonian*. Each vessel carried forty-four guns. As the ships approached each other the American sailors heard great cheering on board the *Macedonian*—the English were going to whip the Yankees!

The battle began, and for half an hour there was such a cloud of smoke rolling up from the *United States* that Captain Carden, of the *Macedonian*, thought she was on fire. During the time the mizzen-mast of the *Macedonian* falls, the main-yard is cut to pieces, the main and fore top-masts tumble to the deck, the foremast is tottering, just ready to fall, the bowsprit is splintered, and the rigging is cut into shreds. Suddenly the cannon of the *United States* become silent, and the British sailors seeing her sheer off, swing their hats and give a cheer. They have beaten her, and she is trying to escape? Not quite. The man who fought the Algerines is only wearing his ship to take a new position. He comes astern the *Macedonian*; in a minute he will rake her from stem to stern.

Captain Carden sees that he is powerless, and the flag of the *Macedonian* comes down, while cheer upon cheer rolls up from the *United States*. In half an hour the *Macedonian* has become a wreck, while the *United States* has suffered very little.

On December 4, 1812, the *United States* sails into the harbor of New London, and the *Macedonian* into Newport. Greater than ever the rejoicing in America. Votes of thanks, dinners, swords were given to Decatur, and rhymsters rehearsed his exploits :

“Bold Carden thought he had us tight;
 Just so did Dacres, too, sirs;
 But brave Decatur put him right .
 With Yankee-doodle-doo, sirs.
 They thought they saw our ship in flame,
 Which made them all huzza, sirs;
 But when the second broadside came
 It made them hold their jaws, sirs.”

One of the fine new frigates of the English navy, the *Java*, carrying thirty-eight guns (Captain Lambert), was off the coast of Brazil, with the Governor-general of India and more than one hundred officers of the East India Service on board, bound for Calcutta. Governor Hyslop and his



BAINBRIDGE'S MEDAL.

snite, while they sipped their wine at dinner, December 26, little thought that it was the last time they would drink the health of the King on board.

“Sail ho!” They left their wine to take a look at the vessel bearing down upon them with the Stars and Stripes at the mast-head.

It was the *Constitution*, Captain Bainbridge. At two o'clock the bat-

tle began, a shot from the *Java* breaking to pieces the wheel of the *Constitution*; but Captain Bainbridge, soon fixing a gearing to work the helm, poured in a terrible fire, stood away, fixed up things, came back, laid the *Constitution* along-side, shooting away all three of the *Java's* masts, dismounting her guns, and making terrible slaughter, killing and wounding more than two hundred, while on her own deck there were only nine killed and twenty-one wounded.

It was very bitter, but the *Java* was a helpless wreck. Captain Lambert could fight no longer. Down came her flag, and the Governor-general of India and all his officers were prisoners of war. So badly cut to pieces was the *Java*, that Captain Bainbridge, after removing the wounded and the prisoners, set her on fire.

Into the harbor of Boston proudly sailed the *Constitution*, the cannon on shore thundering a salute.

“Old Ironsides” the people called her.

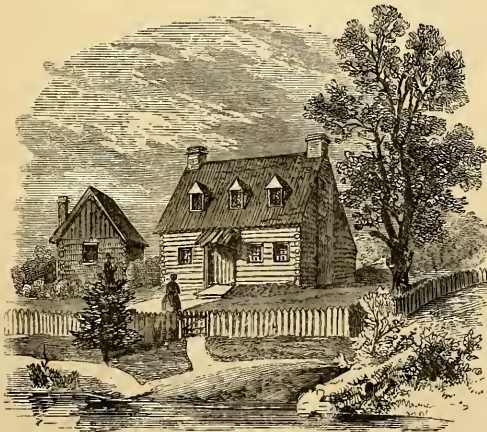
Great was the consternation in England, for, with successive losses, came the conviction that a nation was rising on the other side of the Atlantic which was to dispute her supremacy of the seas.

CHAPTER XIII.

SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR.

GENERAL WINCHESTER, with one thousand troops from Ohio, was at Frenchtown, now Monroe, in Michigan. It was a place of half a dozen log cabins. Peter Navarre lived in one, and Jacques Lasalle in another. They were French Canadians. "You are going to be attacked," said Peter to General Winchester. He sided with the Americans, and had been out on a scout.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jacques; "that is a mistake. Proctor is at Malden, and has no idea of attacking you," he said.



LASALLE'S HOUSE.

He was in the pay of Proctor, and knew that eleven hundred British and Indians were preparing to cross Detroit River on the ice and attack the Americans.

General Winchester did not believe that Proctor would make an attack, and rested in security; but during the night of January 21, 1813, Proctor and Tecumtha, with eleven hundred men and five cannon,

crossed upon the ice and stole silently upon the Americans.

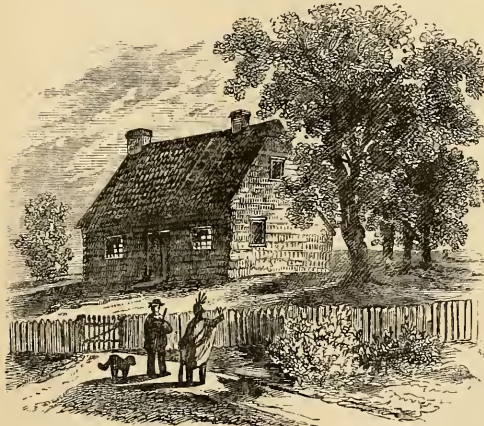
Just before daybreak came the crack of a rifle fired by one of the sentinels, who heard the tramping of feet. The next moment the Indians were yelling the war-whoop, and cannon-shot crashed into the houses where the Americans were sleeping.

General Winchester and Colonel Lewis were soon captured.

The soldiers, commanded by Colonel Wells and M'Clanahan, became panic-stricken and fled across the river Raisin, but only to fall into the

hands of the Indians, who, having captured them, buried their hatchets in their skulls and took their scalps. General Proctor had offered a reward for every American scalp, and in consequence more than one hundred were inhumanly massacred after surrendering.

Although so many of the soldiers had fled, the regiments under Major Madison and Major Graves stood their ground. They were in a garden, sheltered by a fence; and although Proctor had five cannon and the Americans no artillery, and were greatly outnumbered, they kept the British and Indians at bay, and fought so bravely that Proctor despaired of capturing them.



WINCHESTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

He was mean, cruel, blood-thirsty, and destitute of honor. He allowed the Indians to strip Winchester of nearly all his clothes, and then told him he must sign an order commanding Madison and Graves to surrender. "The Americans will all be massacred if they do

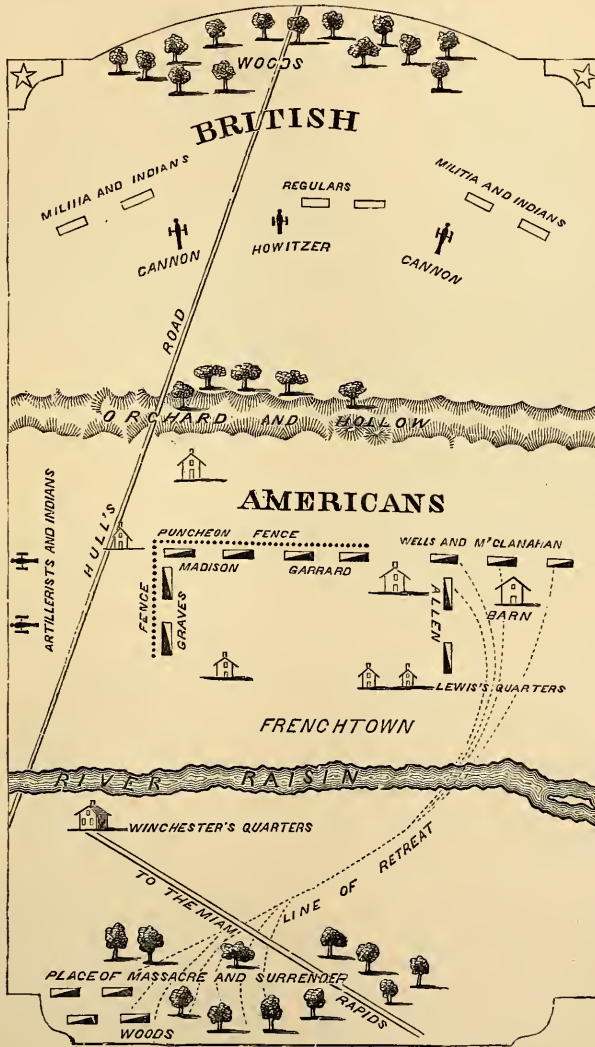
not surrender. Private property will be respected, and the wounded will be tenderly cared for," he said.

General Winchester did not know that Proctor had in reality been defeated, and signed the order. An officer with a white flag carried it to Madison and Graves. They obeyed it, and the soldiers laid down their arms. Then the massacre began, the Indians tomahawking and scalping the wounded. Proctor made no effort to stop it. He was so inhuman and treacherous that Tecumtha looked down upon him with scorn. But Sir George Prevost, Governor of Canada, was so pleased with what Proctor had accomplished that he made him a general.

So the year 1813 began upon the land with disaster to the Americans; but American sailors were still winning victories.

The brig *Hornet*, commanded by Captain James Lawrence, February 24 fell in with the British brig *Peacock*. The vessels were of equal size, each carrying twenty guns; but so destructive was the fire of the *Hornet*, that in fifteen minutes the *Peacock* was a complete wreck—the main-mast gone, rigging cut to pieces, and water pouring into her hold. Down came her flag, and up went a signal of distress. The crew of the *Hornet* manned

their boats, and began to take the men from the *Peacock*; but suddenly she went down, carrying thirteen of her own crew and three Americans.

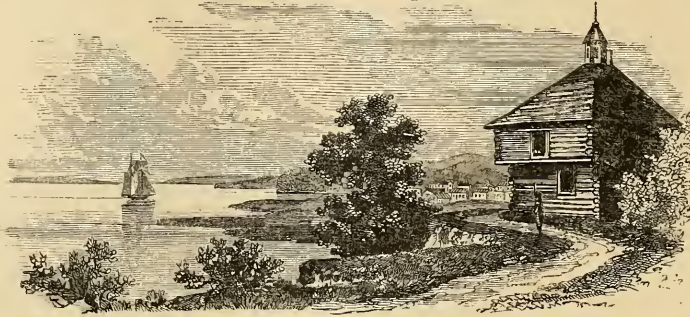


MOVEMENTS AT FRENCHTOWN.

The American sailors had defeated the British, and now divided their clothing with them.

Humanity and kindness of heart on the deck of the *Hornet*; tomahawking and scalping on the banks of the river Rasin. The world noted the difference.

While the *Hornet* was sending the *Peacock* to the bottom of the sea the British troops in Canada crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice and captured and plundered the village of Ogdensburg; but when spring opened



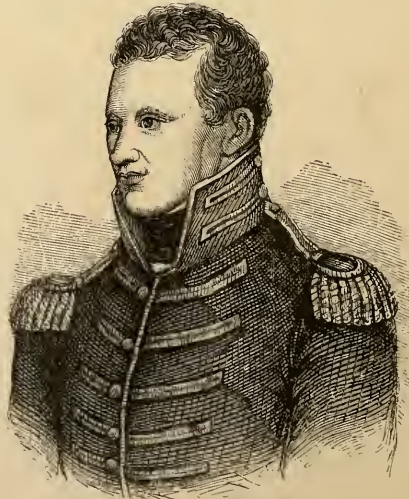
YORK (NOW TORONTO).

the Americans, with the fleet under Commodore Chauncey, crossed Lake Ontario to attack York, now Toronto.

General Zebulon Pike led the Americans. The British, seeing that they could not hold the place, laid a train of five hundred kegs of powder to blow up one of the forts. The soldier who was to fire it touched it off too soon, when it exploded, sending timbers, cannon, shot, and shells into the air. Forty British and fifty-eight Americans were killed. One of the Americans was General Pike, who was crushed by a falling timber, and after whom many counties and towns in the Western States have since been named.

Who should command the army of the North-west? Who but the man who had won the victory at Tippecanoe—General William Henry Harrison? The troops, the country, believed in him. He built a fort eight miles up the Maumee River from Toledo, and named it Fort Meigs.

He had only two regiments. General Armstrong, Secretary of War, thought that he could manage the campaign from Washington, and had given General Harrison less than half the troops he needed.



ZEBULON PIKE.

General Proctor saw his opportunity. He would attack the half-finished fort and capture it before any re-enforcements could reach Harrison.

“Summon all the Indians; we will drive the Americans beyond the Ohio, and you shall have Michigan for your territory forever,” he said to Tecumtha.

The Indians came, fifteen hundred in number, to murder and scalp the *Big Knives*, as they called the American settlers.

General Proctor sailed from Amherstburg, landed, planted his cannon, and for five days rained solid shot and shell upon the fort. When General Harrison saw Proctor placing his cannon he set his soldiers to digging ditches and throwing up an embankment, called a *traverse*, behind which the soldiers could lie in safety. He had only three cannon and very few balls.

“A gill of rum for every ball you can pick up,” he said; and the soldiers watched where the balls ploughed into the ground, dug them out, so many of them that the sutler had to measure out more than two thousand gills. Captain Gratiot, commanding the artillery, sent the balls back to Proctor as General Harrison’s compliments.

Proctor sent a flag summoning Harrison to surrender; but the man

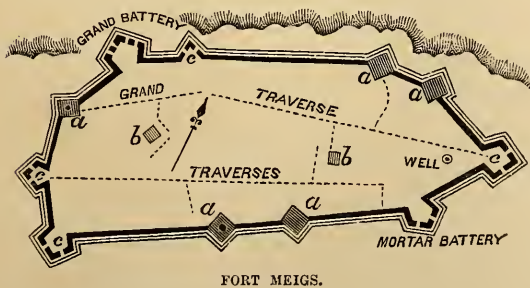
who had won the battle of Tippecanoe had no idea of pulling down the flag while there was a soldier to defend it.

General Clay was on his way to the fort, descending the Maumee with eight hundred men in boats. General Proctor

had divided his army, having part on the west and part on the east side of the river. General Harrison sent word to General Clay to land part



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.



FORT MEIGS.

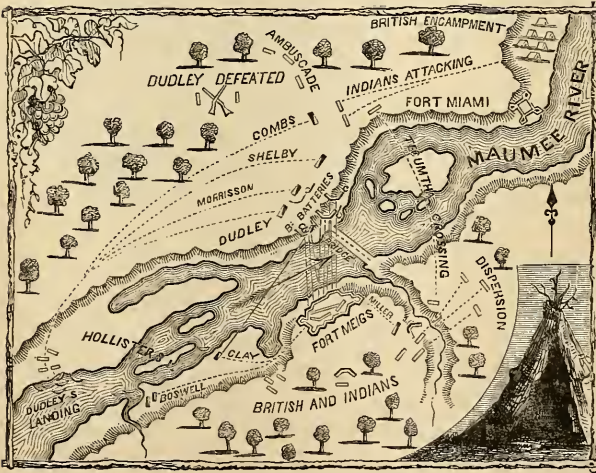
of his troops on the north side, rush upon Proctor's batteries, spike the guns, then retreat, cross the river, and gain the fort. The rest of Clay's soldiers were to land on the south side and spike the guns there.

Colonel Dudley commanded the men who were to land on the west side. The river was rising when the boats swept up to the bank, and the troops landed under the willows and maples, which were just putting out their young leaves, on the 3d of May. They marched through the woods a mile and a half. They could hear the booming of Proctor's eighteen-pounders, which had begun to play upon the fort. The Indians, strange to say, had not discovered the Americans.

"Give the war-whoop," whispered Dudley. The Kentuckians could yell as well as the

Indians. The troops rushed forward, fell upon the British, spiked the cannon, and pulled down the British flag. General Harrison and the soldiers in the fort beheld it, swung their hats, and gave a hurrah.

Great events hang on little things; a slight mistake upsets the best-laid plans. Colonel Dudley had



SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

not informed his officers that as soon as the guns were spiked they were to retreat. In a few moments more than one thousand Indians were upon them, and more than two-thirds of his force were captured, the Indians splitting open their skulls. General Proctor did not attempt to stop them. Tecumtha was fighting the Americans, but he was too honorable to see men slaughtered in cold blood who had surrendered.

"Why don't you stop the killing?" he shouted to Proctor.

"I cannot control your warriors."

"Go put on petticoats—you are no general," said Tecumtha.

The rest of Clay's troops landed on the east bank. General Harrison sent out three hundred and fifty men from the fort, who joined Clay, spiked the British cannon, and then all marched into the fort.

Through Dudley's disobedience of orders eighty Americans had been killed, two hundred and seventy wounded, and four hundred and seventy captured. Proctor had lost one hundred, his cannon were spiked, and the troops in the fort had been re-enforced. No use for him now to think of capturing the fort. He left his spiked cannon and went back to Amherstburg.

There was fighting at Niagara. On May 27 General Dearborn crossed into Canada and captured Fort Niagara. This movement compelled the British to evacuate all the other forts between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

Sir George Prevost, to retaliate, sailed, with six war-vessels commanded by Sir James Yeo, and twelve hundred men, from Kingston across Ontario, to attack Sackett's Harbor.

"The British are coming!" was the word which horsemen shouted as they rode through the country around Sackett's Harbor; and the farmers

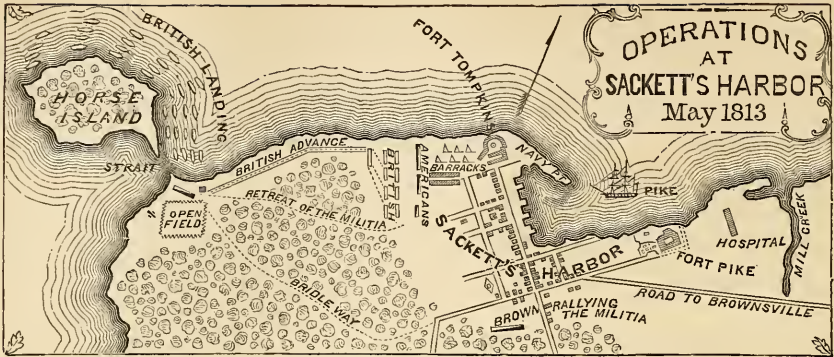


SACKETT'S HARBOR—1814.

seized their guns and hastened to defend it. General Brown commanded them.

On May 28 the British fleet appeared—six vessels, carrying one hundred and two cannon. General Brown had only one cannon—a thirty-two-pounder.

The British troops, in their boats, came sweeping around Horse Island. Colonel Mills and four hundred Americans were drawn up on the shore; but Colonel Mills was killed at the first fire, and the troops (who never before had been in battle) fled. Colonel Backus, with two hundred and fifty men, stood their ground; and Colonel McNitt succeeded in rallying



one hundred of the fugitives. Colonel Backus was killed; but his troops took shelter in their log barracks, and kept up a galling fire upon the British.

A bright thought came to General Brown.

"Ride," he said to an officer, "and tell the men who have run away that we are winning the battle, and now is the time for them to have part of the glory."

The officer rode down to the frightened men, who took heart once more. General Brown leads them round to take the British in the rear. Sir George Prevost is standing on a stump, and sees a body of men sweeping down upon his flank.

"Come on, boys, the day is ours!" shouts a British captain.

An American drummer-boy throws down his drum and picks up a gun.

"Not yet," he shouts, firing and killing the officer.

The British retreat, become panic-stricken, and rush pell-mell to their boats. Sir George Prevost goes back to Kingston, much mortified over his failure.

From the beginning of the war the British frigate *Shannon* had been cruising off the coast of New England. It was one of the vessels that tried to capture the *Constitu-*



JACOB BROWN.

tion. Captain Broke, commanding the *Shannon*, was brave and energetic; his crew under strict discipline, every day working the guns as if in action.

In Boston harbor was the American frigate *Chesapeake*, which had been out on a cruise and captured several British merchant-ships. The sailors were entitled to their portion of prize-money, but were not paid as they ought to have been. They said that they were being cheated.

Captain Lawrence, who had sunk the *Peacock*, was appointed to command the *Chesapeake*. When he went on board he found everything in confusion—few officers, the crew undisciplined, and just ready to rise in mutiny. The boatswain was a Portuguese—a villain; and the crew altogether seem to have been a bad lot. A fishing-boat brought a letter to Captain Lawrence. It was from Captain Broke challenging the *Chesapeake* to fight the *Shannon*, which Captain Lawrence very unwisely accepted: for the *Shannon* carried fifty-two guns, and the crew were disciplined; while the *Chesapeake* carried but forty-eight guns, and the crew, during the weeks the vessel had been in the harbor, had been rollicking in grog-shops. But if Captain Lawrence did not go out and fight would not the people think him a coward? Some of his sailors never had been on a war-vessel, and did not know how to work the guns; but he accepted the challenge, and sailed out from Boston to engage the *Shannon*. Many of the sailors had bottles of rum in their pockets, and drank so much that when the vessels were near enough to begin the fight they were so intoxicated that they could not stand.

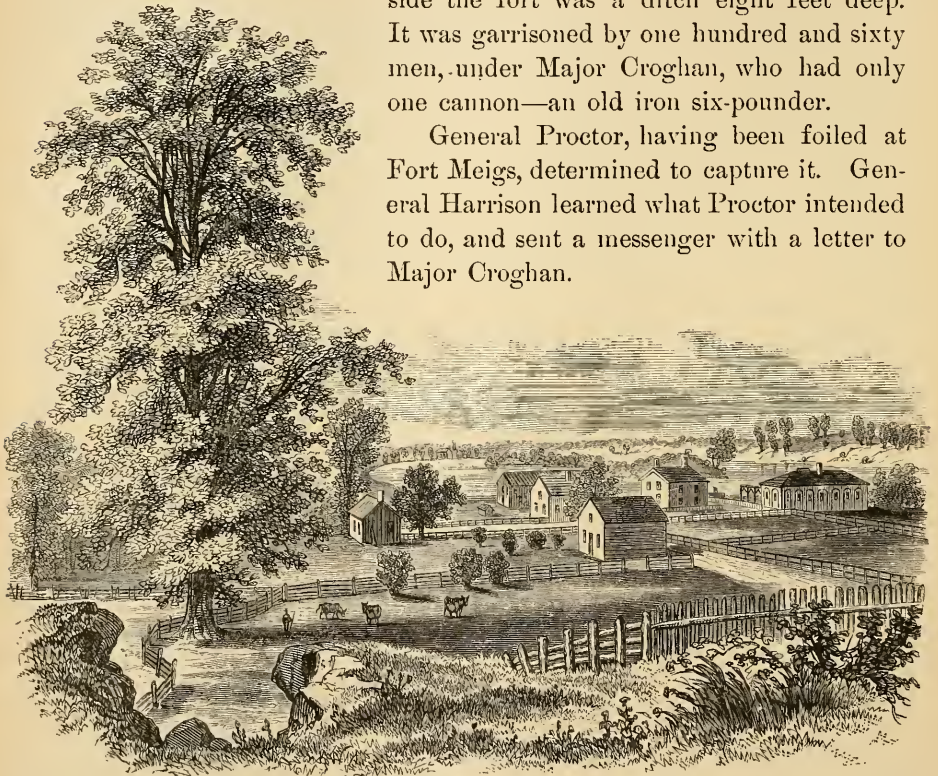
“*Free trade and sailors’ rights*” was the motto which Captain Lawrence inscribed on his flag. He thought that it would arouse the enthusiasm of his men; but it did not. They were sullen over the thought that the government had not paid them their dues. It was four o’clock in the afternoon when the fight began, but it was over in fifteen minutes. The *Shannon* from the outset had it all her own way. Captain Lawrence was mortally wounded. “Don’t give up the ship!” he said as he fell. They were his last words. Nearly all his officers were killed or wounded. The *Shannon* ran along-side, and the British leaped on board, pulled down the flag, and sailed, with the *Chesapeake*, to Halifax, where there was great rejoicing.

When the news of the capture reached England London went wild with excitement. The Yankees, who had been sweeping all before them on the ocean, had at last been beaten! England was still mistress of the seas.

Fort Stephenson was situated on the Sandusky River, in Ohio. It is

now Fremont. The fort was built of oak logs sixteen feet long, set in the ground, sharpened at the top, with block-houses at the corners. Outside the fort was a ditch eight feet deep. It was garrisoned by one hundred and sixty men, under Major Croghan, who had only one cannon—an old iron six-pounder.

General Proctor, having been foiled at Fort Meigs, determined to capture it. General Harrison learned what Proctor intended to do, and sent a messenger with a letter to Major Croghan.



VIEW AT FREMONT.

“Destroy the fort and the stores, and retreat, provided you can do so in season,” he wrote.

The Indians were swarming through the woods; but Major Croghan read the letter, and sent the carrier back with this reply:

“It is too late to retreat. We have determined to maintain the place, and, by Heaven, we will.”

The man who wrote that was only twenty-one, and he had only one hundred and sixty men and one cannon, against four thousand British and Indians, led by Proctor and Tecumtha.

Proctor sailed into Sandusky River with his gun-boats, landed and planted his cannon, and sent Colonel Elliott with a white flag to the fort. Lieutenant Shiff went out to meet him.

“I demand the surrender of the fort, to save the shedding of blood.”

"We shall defend it to the last."

"Our success is certain. Look at the immense number of Indians which we have. We shall not be able to restrain them from massacre."

"When you take the fort there will be no Americans left to massacre."

An Indian sprung out of the bushes and attempted to snatch Lieutenant Shiff's sword; but Shiff instantly drew it to cut him down.

"Come in, and we will blow them to pieces!" shouted Croghan from the fort. Elliott went back to Proctor, and then six cannon on shore and the gun-boats opened fire.

"Put the six-pounder in the block-house on the north side; point it so it will sweep the ditch. Load it to the muzzle," said Croghan; and the soldier filled it with musket-balls, bits of old iron, and spikes. Major Croghan thought the British

would certainly attempt to storm the fort at the north-west corner.

All through the day, through the night, through the next day till four o'clock in the afternoon, Proctor's cannon thundered, the balls crashing through the oak logs, but doing little harm to the Americans. The Indians were restless; they had taken no scalps; they wanted to get into the fort to begin their bloody work. A thunder-storm was rising in the west, dark clouds sweeping up the sky. Proctor determined to make an assault at the north-west corner and on the south side at the same time.

"Fire as fast as you can," he said to the artillerymen; and the cannon blazed faster than ever, making a great white cloud, which the wind swept upon the fort.

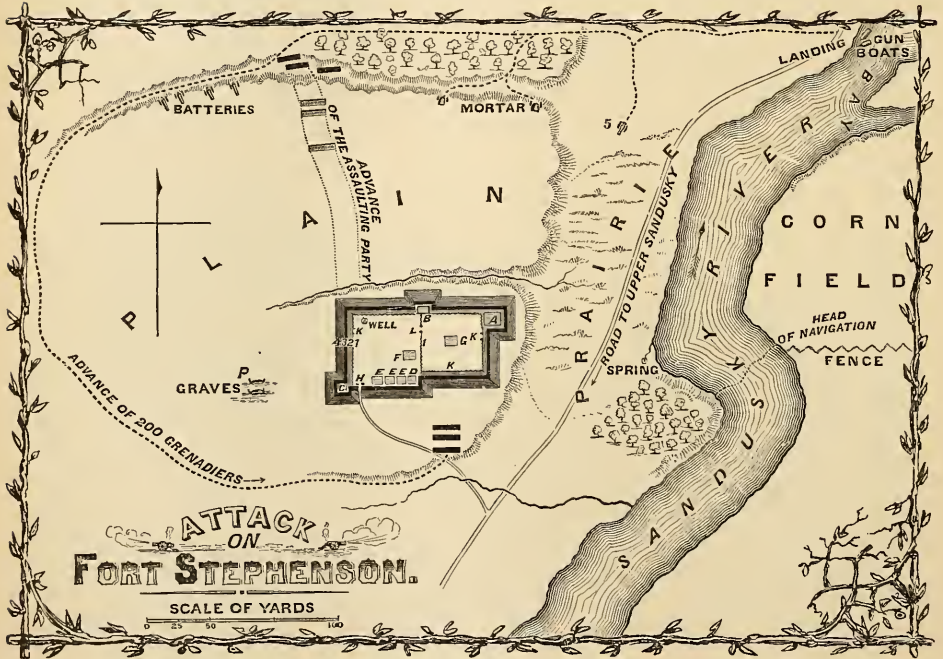
"There they come!" A soldier shouted it; and Major Croghan beheld through the smoke a column of red-coated soldiers not one hundred feet distant. They leap into the ditch, led by Colonel Short.

"Cut the pickets away; show the Yankees no quarter!" he shouts. Never again will his lips utter an order. The loop-holes of the fort blaze; he falls headlong dead. The six-pounder hurls its balls and spikes along the ditch, mowing a path its entire length.



MAJOR CROGHAN.

"In with the balls and spikes!" shouts Major Croghan; and in an instant it is filled again to the muzzle, and the missiles sent into the struggling British. Five minutes, and it is over—the living fleeing to escape the bullets of the riflemen. In the ditch lie one hundred and twenty dead and wounded, while in the fort only one has been killed.



The storm bursts—lightning flashing and thunder rolling. Night comes. In the darkness Proctor steals on board his boats. When morning dawns the ships are far out on the lake, and not an Indian is to be seen. Never again will a British soldier set foot in Ohio or Michigan except as a prisoner.

Admiral Cochrane commanded the British fleets along the Atlantic coast. "Destroy the coast, and ravage the country," was the order he issued to the captains of the ships. Admiral Hardy was charged to destroy Stonington, Connecticut, and appeared off the harbor with the *Ramillies*, seventy-four guns; *Pactolus*, forty-four guns; *Despatch*, twenty-two guns; and the *Terror*, a bomb-ship. At five o'clock on the afternoon of August 9, 1813, he sent a boat with a white flag on shore, with this message to the "select-men:"

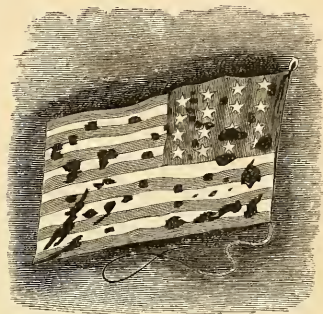
"The inhabitants can have one hour in which to leave the town."

What had the people of Stonington done that their town must be burnt? Nothing. It was barbarous warfare. The select-men were men of pluck.

“If our houses are to be burnt we shall fight till the last extremity,” was the answer sent to Admiral Hardy.

Along the roads streamed the old men, the women, and children—hastening away from the town with what they could carry; while the young men remained to fight. Upon a hill overlooking the harbor were two old eighteen-pounder cannons, two six-pounders, and one four-pounder; but they had only a few pounds of powder, and not many balls. Lieutenant Hough was commander.

The sea was calm, and as there was no wind Admiral Hardy could not get near enough to use his cannon; but just at sunset each ship lowered its boats, which towed the bomb-vessel close in shore, and the *Terror* began to throw shells and rockets among the houses.



STONINGTON FLAG.



JEREMIAH HOLMES.

The Stonington men saw that if they could get one of the cannon out upon a point of land they could make it uncomfortable for the bomb-ship, and in the darkness dragged one of the eighteen-pounders along the pebbled beach. They threw up a breastwork, planted the cannon, rammed in two balls, and sent them crashing into the British boats. So damaging was the fire that the British made all haste to get away.

Morning dawned, and with the freshening breeze the *Despatch* came sailing in, opening her broadsides upon the men managing the old cannon. Jeremiah Holmes was chief manager. He had been a prisoner on board a British man-of-war, and knew how to manage the gun. He sighted it, and sent the shot plump into the side of the

Despatch, and kept up the fight till he had used up his last cartridge; then drove a spike into the vent-hole, and went up to the breastwork on the hill, where the shot from all of Admiral Hardy's vessels were flying thick and fast.

"Had we not better surrender?" asked a faint-hearted citizen.

"No! The Stars and Stripes never shall come down while I live!" shouted Holmes; and when the wind died in the calm summer evening, and the flag hung limp against the staff, he stood on the breastwork and held it out with the point of his bayonet, that the British might see that it was still there. Three shot passed through while he was thus holding it. More powder—six kegs had been obtained; and the Stonington men during the night drew the old cannon down on the point of land to Mr. Cobb's blacksmith shop, got the spike out, drew it back again, and then Jeremiah Holmes sent the solid shot, one after another, into the hull of the *Despatch*, doing such damage that the captain was obliged to cut his cables and get beyond reach. The *Ramillies* and *Pactolus* sailed in and opened a terrific fire, but the old cannon still thundered back its reply.

Admiral Hardy rained more than fifty tons of iron upon the town. Several houses were set on fire; but the people dashed on water and put out the flames. After three days' bombardment, after having twenty men killed and fifty wounded, the British fleet sailed away.

Only one American was injured, Frederic Denison, who died of his wounds. He was only nineteen years old. He was very brave, and fought so nobly that the State of Connecticut erected a monument to his memory.

The country rung with praises of Jeremiah Holmes and the handful of men who defended the place so gloriously, and Admiral Hardy was laughed at for his ignominious failure.

Philip Freneau wrote a ballad setting forth his exploits:



DENISON'S MONUMENT.

"The bombardiers, with bomb and ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
That stood a mile from Stonington.

"They killed a goose, they killed a hen;
Three hogs they wounded in a pen—
They dashed away—and, pray, what then?
That was not taking Stonington.

“The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw,
Though every house was full in view,
Could burn a house in Stonington.”

The British ship *La Hogue* came into Scituate Harbor, near Boston, intending to burn two vessels that were loaded with flour. The men of



A MUSICAL STRATAGEM.

Scituate were at work in their fields; but there were two plucky girls, who determined to see what they could do toward fighting the British—Rebecca and Abigail Bates. Rebecca was eighteen, Abigail fourteen. Rebecca had learned to play the fife, and Abigail knew how to beat the drum.

“You take the drum, and I’ll take the fife,” said Rebecca.

“What good will that do?”

“We’ll make the red-coats think that a whole regiment is coming.”

The ship had lowered its boats, and was moving toward the shore. The girls stationed themselves behind the rocks, and Rebecca struck up “Yankee-doodle;” while Abigail beat the drum and shouted, “Right face! march!”

Suddenly the rowers rested on their oars and the officers listened. More shrill the fife—louder the drum. A signal-flag went up on the *La Hogue*. “Come back,” it said; and the sailors hastened back to the ship just in season to get away before Captain Bates and the men hastening in from the fields had the six-pounder cannon ready to open fire.

By their stratagem and pluck the girls saved the town from the marauders.

While this was taking place on land the American ship *Argus*, of twenty-one guns, was making great havoc with the British vessels off the coast of England, but after a while was captured by the *Pelican*. Off Portland the American brig *Enterprise*, of fourteen guns, captured the *Boxer*, of fourteen guns. Captain Blythe, of the *Boxer*, and Captain Burrows, of the *Enterprise*, were both killed. The *Enterprise* sailed into Portland with her prize, and the two officers were buried side by side in the cemetery. So, after the loss of the *Shannon* and *Argus*, American sailors were once more victorious.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND AND THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR.

“SAIL ho!” A man on the bluff of an island in Lake Erie shouted it. He could see a fleet far away. The cry rung from ship to ship through Commodore Perry’s fleet. He had been longing to catch sight of the British fleet, which was commanded by Captain Barclay, who had



PERRY'S LOOKOUT.

fought under Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. Commodore Perry had nine vessels—the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, twenty guns each; the rest all small vessels, carrying one or two guns each. Commodore Barclay had six vessels—the *Detroit*, twenty-one guns; *Queen Charlotte*, eighteen guns; *Lady Prevost*, thirteen guns; *Hunter*, ten guns; the others one gun each. Commodore Perry had in all fifty-four cannon, Commodore Barclay sixty-eight.

Commodore Perry was on board the *Lawrence*.

“Pour all your broadsides into the American flag-ship,” was Barclay’s

order. He hoped by sending that vessel to the bottom to win an easy victory.

“The *Lawrence* will engage the *Detroit*, the *Niagara* the *Queen Charlotte*, and each captain must lay his vessel along-side the enemy as soon as possible,” were Perry’s instructions.



COMMODORE PERRY.

Barclay had thirty-five long-range guns, Perry only fifteen; and the British commander calculated to cripple the *Lawrence* before Perry could get near enough to do any injury to his fleet. Perry’s guns were larger than the British, and he hoped by coming to close quarters at once to win the victory. At the mast-head of his ship floated a flag with this inscription: “*Don’t give up the ship*”—

the last words of the commander of the American frigate *Chesapeake*.

It was half-past eleven, September 10. “Give the men their dinner,” was the signal from the *Lawrence*. Commodore Perry knew that if the men went into battle with full stomachs they would ram home the balls with increased vigor.

Commodore Barclay is confident of victory. He has sailed down from Malden to annihilate the American fleet, and as soon as he has accomplished it General Proctor will cross Detroit River and attack General Harrison and annihilate him.

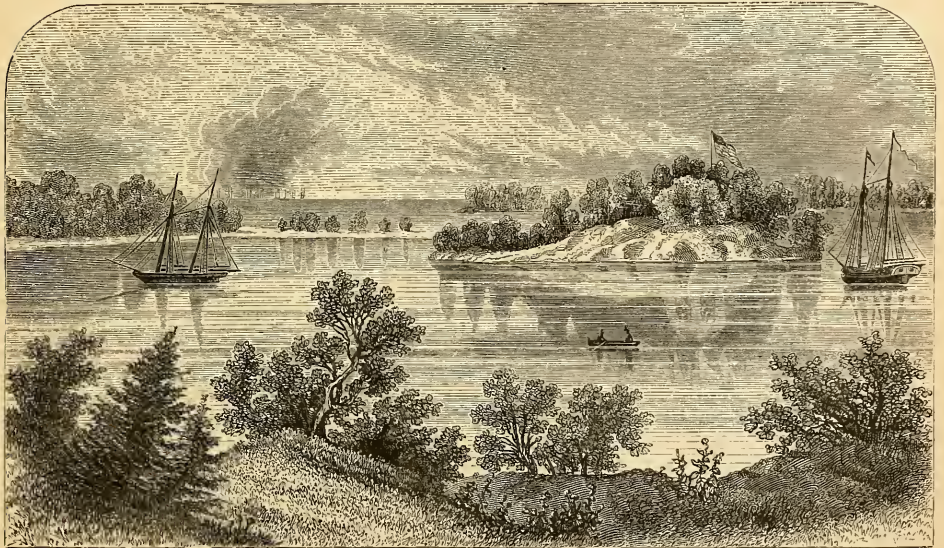
It wants fifteen minutes to twelve when the fifers and buglers on the *Detroit* strike up “Rule, Britannia,” and a shot from a twenty-four-pounder skims over the water at the *Lawrence*; but the distance is a mile and a half, and it falls short. Five minutes, and a second shot crashes through the side of the *Lawrence*. The men at the guns are eager to give a return shot.



PERRY’S BIRTHPLACE, SOUTH KINGSTON, R. I.

“Steady, boys, steady,” is the only answer of the self-possessed man, twenty-nine years old, who stands upon the quarter-deck, who before the sun goes down will write his name large on the scroll of fame.

Twelve o'clock. The *Scorpion* is nearest the British fleet. Lieutenant Stephen Champlin, Commodore Perry's cousin, is commander, although but twenty-five years old. He has two guns, and fires a thirty-two pound ball at the nearest British vessel. At fifteen minutes past twelve the *Lawrence*, fastest of all the American vessels, is in advance of the other Amer-



PUT-IN BAY. (BATTLE IN THE DISTANCE.)

ican ships. She is alone, and so near the British fleet that the gun of every vessel can reach her. The shot go through her sides, make great rents in her sails, dismount cannon, killing and wounding the sailors.

The *Lawrence*, *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Caledonia*, of the American fleet, are engaged. The *Niagara* and the small vessels are far behind. The British vessels are pouring all their broadsides into the *Lawrence*.

“All the officers in my division are cut down. Can I have any more?” is the word which Lieutenant Yarnell sends to Perry. A few minutes later he stands before his commander with the blood streaming down his face from a wound caused by a splinter which has passed through his nose.

“I must have another officer.”

“I have none to send you.”

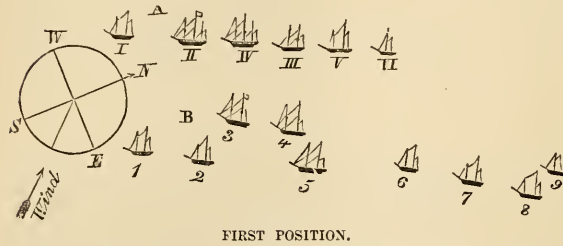
Lieutenant Yarnell goes to the forward deck, and the next moment his scalp is torn by a splinter; but he wipes away the blood and sights his gun once more.

A shot crashes through the pantry and smashes all the plates, cups, and

sancers. A little dog, which has been hiding there, leaps upon the deck and sets up a furious barking at the British.

It is half-past two. For two hours and a half the British cannon have been pouring their shot into the *Lawrence*.

The battle is going



FIRST POSITION.

AMERICAN VESSELS: 1. *Scorpion*; 2. *Ariel*; 3. *Lawrence*; 4. *Caledonia*; 5. *Niagara*; 6. *Somers*; 7. *Porcupine*; 8. *Tigress*; 9. *Trippe*. BRITISH VESSELS: I. *Chippewa*; II. *Detroit*; III. *Hunter*; IV. *Queen Charlotte*; V. *Lady Prevost*; VI. *Little Belt*.

against Perry. The *Lawrence* is a helpless wreck. In a few minutes there will not be a man left. What shall he do?

There are supreme moments in men's lives; such a moment has come to Oliver Hazard Perry. Though his decks are running with blood, though he has but one gun left, though his ship is a wreck, he will win the victory! It is only a great soul that can come to such a determination. Astern, half a mile away, is the *Niagara*, with as many guns as the *Lawrence* had at the beginning. Scarcely a shot has struck her. Captain Elliott, for some reason, has not come into the battle. The other vessels of the fleet are but little injured. Commodore Perry decides to go on board the *Niagara* and begin the battle anew. He has worn a plain blue jacket, but now pulls it off and puts on his uniform.



STEPHEN CHAMPLIN.

"Lower the boat!" The order is executed, and, with his flag under his arm, accompanied by his little brother, Commodore Perry steps into it. He stands erect. The oars dip, and the boat shoots out from the *Law-*

rence. Captain Barclay beholds it, and comprehends the meaning. His own ship, the *Detroit*, is almost a wreck from the pounding which it has had from the great guns of the *Lawrence*, for, though silent now, they have been worked with terrible effect. He knows that if Perry gains the deck of the *Niagara* the battle will rage more furiously than ever.

“Fire upon the boat!” are his orders, and the shot plough the water around it. The oars are splintered; one shot passes through the boat.



PERRY CHANGING SHIP.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” The American sailors swing their hats and give a cheer as they behold their brave commander passing through the storm. He climbs the sides of the *Niagara*, and then up goes his flag to the mast-head.

“Close action.” That is the meaning of the signal which he flings out. If the British think that the battle is nearly won they are mistaken; so far as Perry is concerned it is about to begin.

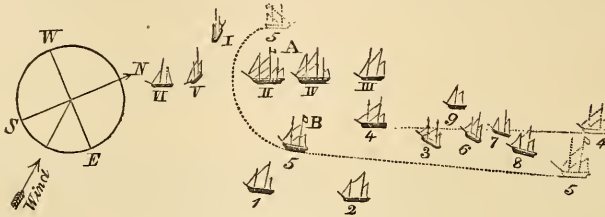
“Double-shot the guns!” The sailors on the *Niagara* ram home the balls.

A breeze is freshening from the south-west. All the British vessels are north of the *Niagara*. Perry determines to break through Barclay’s line.

How the spirit of that one brave heart on the quarter-deck of the *Niagara* goes out over the waters of Lake Erie—to the farthest gun-boat,

and to every sailor of the fleet! Conquer, or go to the bottom! that is the feeling.

The sailors square the sails to the breeze, and each lagging vessel



POSITION AT THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

The dotted line from 5 to 5 shows the course of the *Niagara*, and the line from 4 to 4 the course of the *Caledonia*. BRITISH VESSELS: I. *Chippewa*; II. *Detroit*; III. *Hunter*; IV. *Queen Charlotte*; V. *Lady Prevost*; VI. *Little Belt*.—AMERICAN VESSELS: 1. *Scorpion*; 2. *Ariel*; 3. *Lawrence*; 4. *Caledonia*; 5. *Niagara*; 6. *Somers*; 7. *Poreupine*; 8. *Tigress*; 9. *Trippe*.

surges nearer to the enemy. The *Niagara* breaks through the line, having the *Lady Prevost* on the right side, and *Chippewa* on the left. The double-shotted guns sweep their decks from stem to stern. She pours a broadside into the *Detroit*, dismounting cannon and making terrible havoc.

“Port the helm!”

The *Niagara* sweeps to the right—giving broadsides to the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*. Up on the other side of these vessels comes the *Caledonia*, her sides ablaze.

Three o’clock. For the first time during the three long hours all the

We have met the enemy and they are ours:
Two Ships, two Brigs one
Schooner & one Sloop.

Yours, with great respect and esteem
O. H. Perry.

FAC-SIMILE OF PERRY’S DESPATCH.

American vessels are engaged—all except the *Lawrence*, which can no longer work a gun, and which has pulled down its flag; but the British



JOHN BULL AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

cannot take possession of her. Eight minutes past three. Down comes Commodore Barclay's flag, and then one after another the flag of every British vessel.

The thunder of the cannon ceases, and Perry, standing on the deck of the *Niagara*, writes upon the back of an old letter this despatch to General Harrison :

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

For the first time an American fleet had met a British fleet and captured it. The news electrified the country. Everywhere the deeds of Commodore Perry and the officers and sailors of his fleet were rehearsed. Verse writers were busy with their pens. Thus ran one of the songs :

"Bold Barclay one day to Proctor did say,
 'I'm tired of Jamaica and cherry ;
 So let us go down to that new floating town,
 And get some American Perry.*
 Oh, cheap American Perry !
 Most pleasant American Perry !
 We need only all bear down, knock, and call,
 And we'll have the American Perry.'"

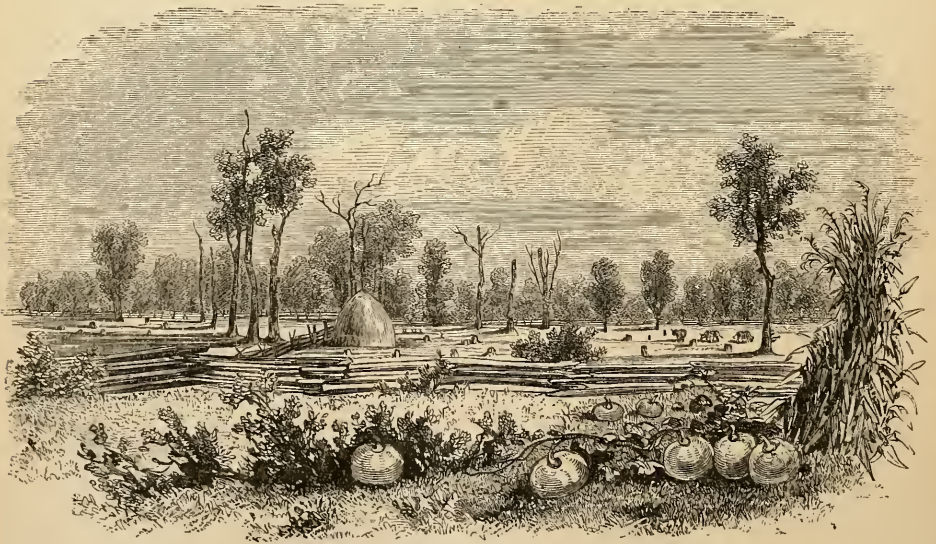
General Harrison's time for action had come. He was at Fort Meigs,

* Perry is a drink made from pears.

with five thousand men; and now that the British could not interfere with his crossing Detroit River he would let Proctor know that there were blows to take as well as blows to give.

On September 27 the fleet and army sailed across the head of the lake and landed in Canada, to find that Proctor had set Malden on fire, and was fleeing northward.

The Americans overtook him at the River Thames, where Proctor formed his troops in a narrow space between the river and a swamp. It was a short battle. Colonel Johnson, with his regiment of Kentucky riflemen, on horseback, dashed upon the Indians under Tecumtha, who was killed. Proctor lost all courage, and fled at the beginning of the battle. The British troops gave way, and the Indians fled into the swamp. In fifteen minutes Proctor's army was scattered to the winds—five thousand guns, all the baggage captured; the Indian confederacy which Tecumtha had organized broken; the power of the British over the Indians gone forever.

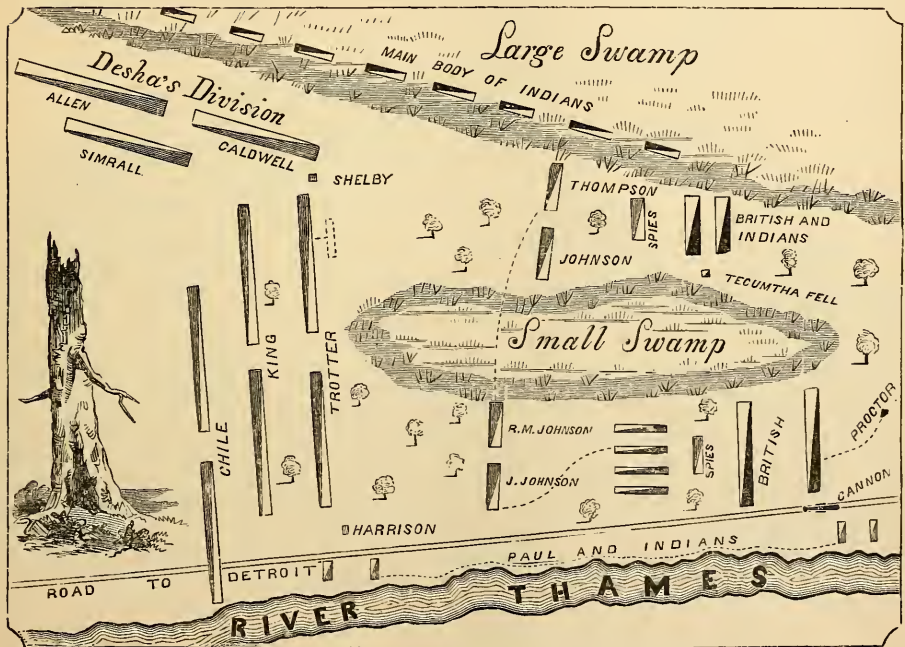


THAMES BATTLE-GROUND.

In contrast, very humiliating was the outcome of affairs at Niagara. Generals Dearborn, Wilkinson, and Hampton, each, in turn, mismanaged military operations. The Secretary of War, General Armstrong, made things still worse.

Through the summer of 1813 the Americans held a strip of country along Niagara River, in Canada; but in December General M'Clure, who

commanded at Fort George, saw that he must retreat to the American side. He did a wicked and cruel act, for which there was no excuse—burning the village of Newark. It was bitter cold, and the poor people were made homeless by the unpardonable crime. The British, to retaliate, crossed the river and burnt Lewiston and Buffalo. The Indians massacred Mr. Luffer's and Mr. Lecort's families at Black Rock; murdered Mr. Gardiner; killed, scalped, and mangled sixty helpless soldiers in the hospital at Fort Niagara, and thirty-three at Buffalo. In midwinter men and women were obliged to flee from the burning dwellings to save their lives.

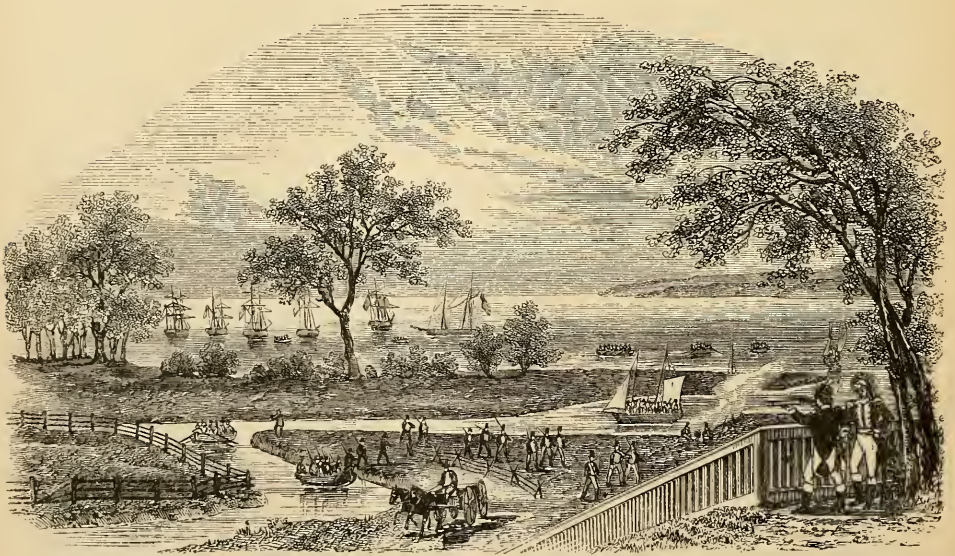


PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

Not a life had been taken at Newark. M'Clure had burnt it, and the American people everywhere condemned the cruel act. Greater the infamy that will forever surround the acts of Generals Murray, Drummond, and Riall for allowing the Indians to massacre the unoffending inhabitants along the Niagara frontier.

Nearly all the fighting up to this time had been done by soldiers who had had very little training. But the Americans, through their repeated defeats and failures, had been learning a lesson. Discipline means education, drill, subjection to rule, hard work. Its outcome is victory.

During the winter of 1813-'14 General Winfield Scott and General Ripley were drilling their brigades at Buffalo. General Brown was Commander-in-chief. His first movement in the summer of 1814 was the sending of General Scott across Niagara River opposite Buffalo at night, to take Fort Erie. It was done, and two hundred British were captured, with a loss of only seven men. General Scott moved along the river with thirteen hundred men to Street's Creek, where he found General Riall, with seventeen hundred. Back from the river stretched a plain, and beyond it were thick woods, filled with Indians. General Porter swung out toward them. Captain Towson planted his cannon by the river and opened



BUFFALO, 1813.

fire. There was a rattling of guns in the woods, and the Americans under Porter retreated; but Colonel Jessup came up and stopped the British and Indians, who were rushing on, yelling the war-whoop.

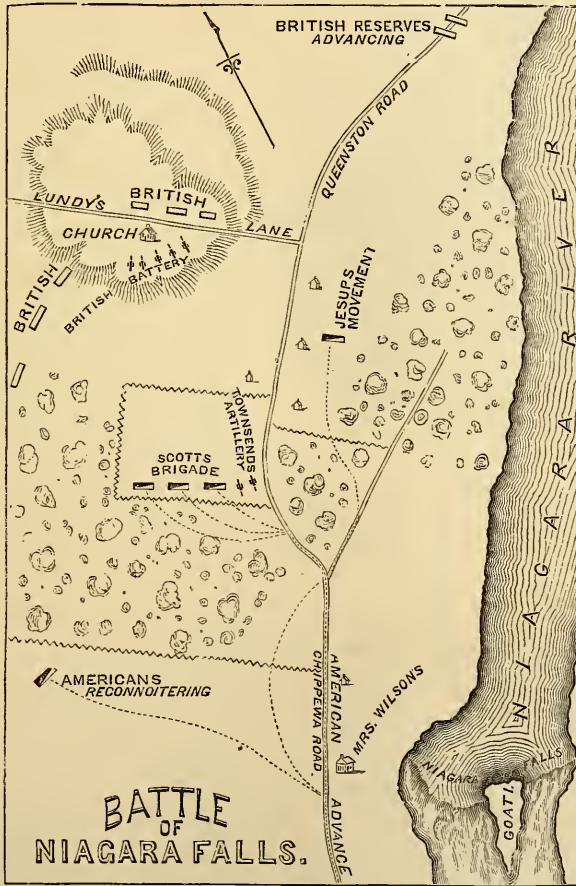
The two armies were not more than three hundred feet apart—the soldiers deliberately firing into each other's faces.

General Scott discovered a gap in the British line. Colonel M'Neil's regiment was on his left flank. He knew what stuff M'Neil was made of, and directed him to charge with the bayonet. The Colonel addressed his men:

"The British say we cannot stand the cold steel. Give the lie to the slander. Charge bayonets!"

With a yell the Eleventh swept across the plain, their bayonets gleaming in the light of a July sun. The British line wavers, then melts away before the onset. Over the plain flee the soldiers who have fought under Wellington in Europe; but the charge is so sudden, unexpected, and irresistible that they cannot stand before it.

Discipline, training, submission to rule has won the victory. The Brit-



ish had lifted their guns breast-high and pulled the trigger, while the Americans had taken deliberate aim. Their loss was only three hundred and thirty-five; the British, six hundred and four.

The Indians who had come to take scalps, as soon as they found their own in danger took to their heels, and never stopped till they reached their haunts far away on the shores of Lake Huron.

Several thousand British troops, which had fought under the Duke of

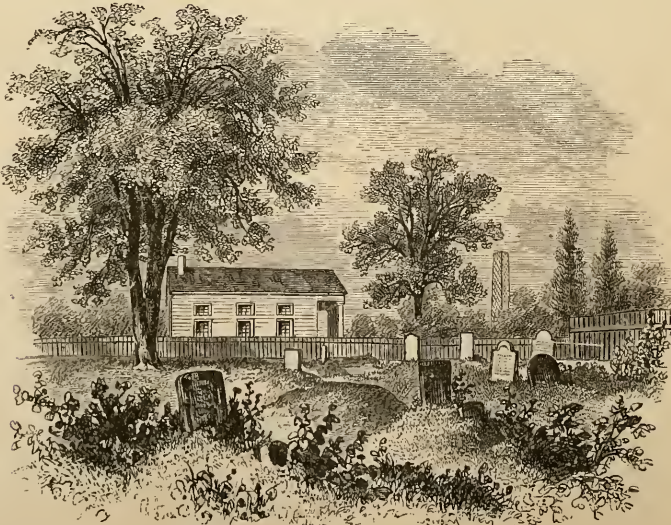
Wellington in Spain, arrived at Montreal, and were sent to Niagara to General Riall. He had nearly five thousand men.

On July 25 General Scott, with twelve hundred Americans, started from Chippewa and marched along the river bank. Suddenly he found himself confronted by the whole British army, drawn up in order of battle, along a lane leading to Mrs. Lundy's house. It was near the Falls of Niagara. What should he do? He could not stand still and wait for the rest of the army, under General Brown, to arrive. He could not well retreat. In an instant he decided to strike such a blow that the British would think the whole of General Brown's army was upon them. The sun had gone down; but General Scott could see that the



JOHN M'NEIL.

British troops were arranged in the form of a crescent, with seven cannon in the centre, on a hill. He saw that the line did not extend to the river.



VIEW AT LUNDY'S LANE, 1860.

That was the place to strike first. General Jessup, with his regiment, swept down the river bank, struck the end of the British line, and drove it back toward the hill. General Riall galloped down to his fleeing soldiers, and in the darkness rode up to the Americans.

"Make room for General Riall to pass!" shouted an aid.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Captain Ketchum.

The troops moved aside. General Riall and his officers rode through, but the next moment found that they were prisoners.

The British sweep down upon the Americans, but are driven back again to the hill.

General Brown arrives and General Ripley, with his brigade, making the Americans twenty-six hundred against

forty-five hundred British. It is just nine o'clock, and the last ray of twilight has faded away. Upon the hill the British cannon are flaming, and Captain Towson with his two guns can make only a feeble reply.

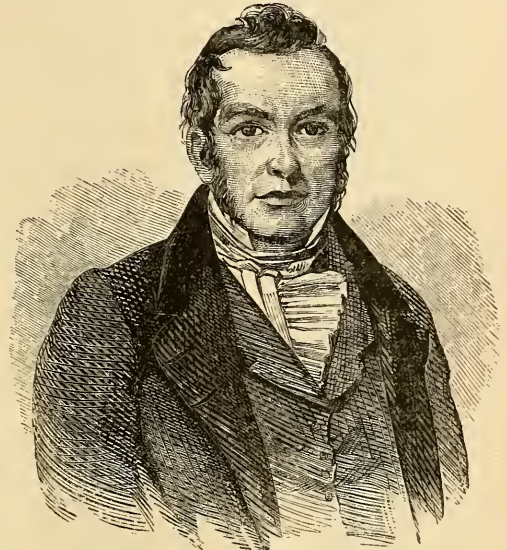
"You cannot hope to win the battle unless you silence those cannon on the hill," Major M'Ree—a sharp-sighted engineer—remarks to General Brown.

"Then the battery must be taken."

General Brown knows the man who can take it—Colonel James Miller, who was born amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, in April, 1776, six days after the boys of '76 drove the British from Concord back to Boston and cooped them up in that town. In his boyhood he heard his father tell over and over again the story of Bunker Hill, Bemington, and Saratoga. He was with Harrison at Tippecanoe. He is now Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of United States troops—brave, strict in discipline, but kind-hearted; his soldiers love him, and have faith in him. The supreme moment of his life has come. General Brown rides up to him.

"Colonel Miller, I want you to take that battery."

Seven guns are pouring solid shot, shell, and canister upon the Amer-



JAMES MILLER.

icans, making terrible havoc. Back of the cannon are soldiers who have fought at Talavera and Salamanca, in Spain. He must march straight up the hill, driving the British with the bayonet. He has but three hundred men. Can it be done? No demnr or hesitation.

"I'll try, sir."

No other answer. They are words which will go down the ages—forever an inspiration to earnest souls.

Colonel Nicholas's regiment is already giving way before the terrible fire of the guns, but that is nothing to this self-possessed man. In double files the three hundred move up the hill till they are within fifty feet of the cannon.

"Take aim. Fire!"

The three hundred muskets flash.

"Charge!" They rush forward amid the guns. They meet the British. There are bayonet thrusts, sabre strokes—the clashing of steel, the hand-to-hand grapple. The *mêlée* ends, and the three hundred—what is left of them—stand there victorious. Discipline has won.

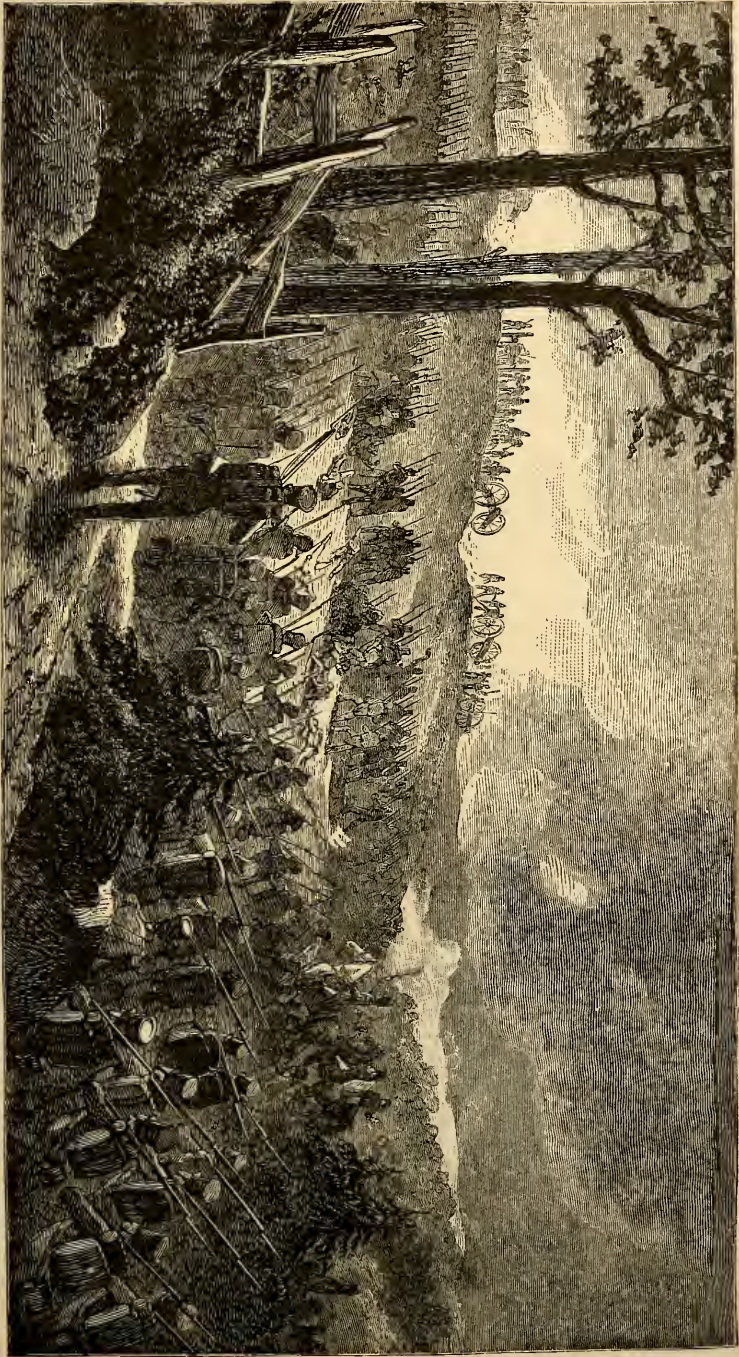
The battle was over—the British in retreat. General Brown and General Scott were both wounded, and the command devolved on General Ripley, who, instead of holding the hill, very strangely marched back a mile to reorganize the army, leaving the cannon. General Drummond, commanding the British, when morning came, seeing the cannon still there, took possession of them once more.

General Gaines arrived and took command of the Americans. He was at Fort Erie, which General Drummond tried to capture, but who was repulsed with great loss. Drummond then erected batteries, and poured shot and shell into the fort; but on September 17, a little after midnight, the Americans moved silently out, made a rush, drove the British, and spiked the guns. General Drummond lost so many men—between eight and nine hundred—that he hastened to get beyond Chipewewa River.

The country rung with the praises of General Brown, General Scott, and General Gaines, who had redeemed it from dishonor. But discipline was behind it all.

Great events were taking place in Europe. Napoleon had abdicated his crown, and was on the island of Elba, in the Mediterranean. The British troops which had been fighting him were pouring into Canada, where Sir George Prevost was making preparations to invade the United States by Lake Champlain—following the track of Burgoyne.

He had fourteen thousand men, besides a fleet of vessels on the lake



BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.



—the *Confiance*, carrying thirty-eight guns; *Linnet*, sixteen; *Chub*, eleven; *Finch*, eleven; eight gun-boats, each carrying two guns, and four carrying one gun each—sixteen vessels, carrying ninety-five guns.

With such an army he would make quick work with General Macomb, who was at Plattsburg, with thirty-five hundred Americans, of whom more than one thousand were sick; and with such a fleet he would sweep from the lake the American vessels—the *Saratoga*, twenty-six guns; *Eagle*, twenty-six; *Ticonderoga*, seventeen; *Preble*, seven; and ten gun-boats—in all fourteen vessels, carrying eighty-six guns.

The British fleet was commanded by Captain Downie, the American by Commodore Macdonough.

The British army and fleet were to attack at the same moment.

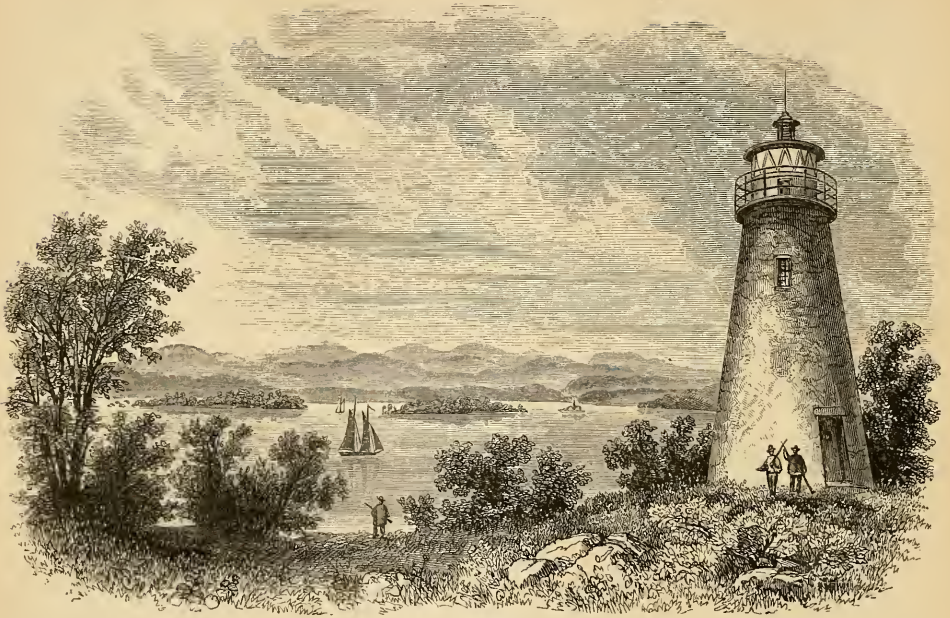
On September 11 the British fleet appeared. Commodore Macdonough stationed the *Preble* near Crab Island, next in line the *Ticonderoga*, *Eagle*, and last the *Saratoga*, his flag-ship. They formed the front line across the entrance of Plattsburg harbor. Behind them were the gun-boats.

Just before the British were near enough to open fire Commodore Macdonough knelt upon the deck of the *Saratoga*, with all his officers and men around him, and offered a prayer to Almighty God. The next moment he sights a cannon and fires a shot, which smashes the wheel of Captain Downie's flag-ship, the *Confiance*, and kills several men. Now comes a broadside from the *Linnet* into the *Saratoga*, one of the balls destroying the hen-coop, and a pet game-cock flies out, lights upon a gun, flaps his wings, and gives a lusty crow. The sailors swing their hats over the omen of victory.

A sheet of flame bursts from the *Confiance*—sixteen double-shotted twenty-four-pounders at once, all aimed at the *Saratoga*, killing forty of the crew, among them Lieutenant Gamble. But a ball from the *Saratoga* a moment later dismounts a cannon on the *Confiance* and indirectly kills Captain Downie.



THOMAS MACDONOUGH.



VIEW FROM CUMBERLAND HEAD.

The *Eagle* sends broadside after broadside into the *Linnet* with such terrible effect that in five minutes her flag comes down, and a loud hurrah from the Americans is heard above the roar of battle. A little later the *Finch*, in trying to escape from the terrible fire of the *Ticonderoga*, drifts upon the rocks and surrenders.



ALEXANDER MACOMB.

While this is going on the fourteen British gun-boats pour such a fire into the *Preble* that she is compelled to move farther up the harbor. All of the guns on one side of the *Saratoga* are disabled, and the *Linnet* is raking her from stem to stern.

Commander Macdonough is quick to act. He sends out

a small boat with an anchor, the sailors take up the cable, and the *Saratoga* swings slowly round, paying no attention for the moment to the *Linnet*, but sending such a broadside into the *Confiance* that her captain pulls down his flag. Now it is the *Linnet's* turn, and the shot crash into her sides till her flag comes down.

The *Ticonderoga* and American gun-boats have been fighting the fourteen British gun-boats, which one after another strike their colors.

On land the battle has been waxing hot. The Americans are on the south side of the Saranac River, the British on the north. General Pre-

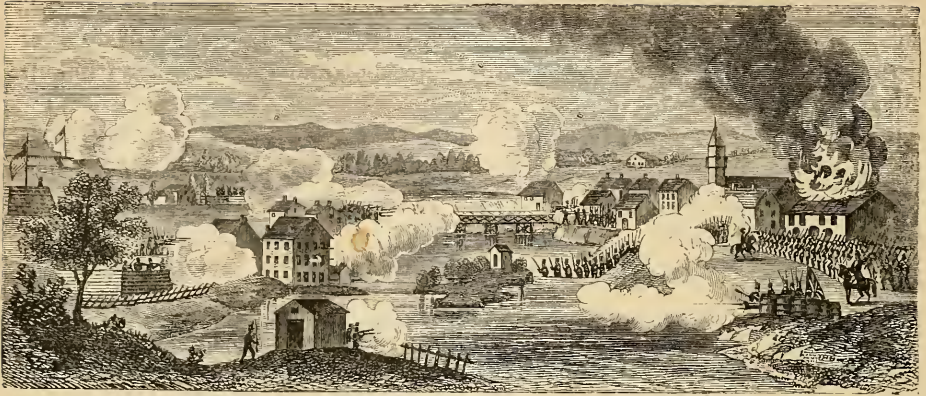


NAVAL BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

vost places his cannon in position, pouring a shower of shot and shell across the stream.

The troops advance, one column fording the river above the town, and gaining a foothold on the south bank, then attempting to ford the stream at the village, but are driven back. Again they advance.

Messengers are riding in hot haste with the news that the British fleet has surrendered. A wild cheer goes up from the Americans, and the British, losing heart, flee to the north shore. It is all over with Sir George Prevost. He has lost his fleet. He hastens back to Canada, leaving all his sick and wounded.



BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

The country rings with the praises of Macomb and Macdonough.
 Everywhere were sung the songs composed by village rhymsters:

“ Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo, John,
 Behold on Lake Champlain,
 With more than equal foe, John,
 You tried your fist again.
 But the cock saw how 'twas going,
 And cried ‘ Cock-a-doodle-doo !’
 And Macdonough was victorious,
 Oh, Johnny Bull, my jo.”

CHAPTER XV.

CLOSE OF THE WAR WITH ENGLAND.

IN 1812, after General Hull's surrender at Detroit, Tecumtha, his brother Elks-wa-tawa, and thirty Indians, prepared to make a journey South, to enlist the Indians of Alabama and Georgia against the Americans. The British General Proctor urged them on. The British called Tecumtha's attention to a faint star in the northern sky, which every night was growing brighter—a comet—the harbinger of war.

Tecumtha and his followers made their way through the woods of Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and visited the Chickasaws and Choctaws. They would not go to war against the Americans, but the Creeks were ready to listen to him. A great council was held at the Falls of Tallapoosa—a gathering of five thousand Indians, who blackened their faces, put eagles' feathers in their hair, and fastened buffalo tails to their girdles, which trailed upon the ground as they marched with haughty strides, brandishing their tomahawks.

The chiefs welcomed Tecumtha—all but one—Captain Isaac, who wore buffalo horns on his head, and who shook them at Tecumtha.

“The chief from the lake is a bad man,” he said.

“You do not believe that the Great Spirit has sent me,” said Tecumtha. “You shall believe it. I shall go home to Detroit. When I get there you will see my arm all on fire up in the northern sky. I will stamp my foot, and make the ground tremble and shake your houses.”

The agent of the British at Pensacola would supply the Creeks with guns and powder, and was ready to pay them five dollars for every American scalp taken.

Tecumtha departed.

The Creeks beheld in amazement a fiery star with a long trail slowly sweeping night after night across the northern sky.

“It is Tecumtha's arm,” they said. Suddenly they felt the ground tremble. It was the rumbling of an earthquake which shook the houses. “Tecumtha is stamping his foot,” they cried. His words had proved true:

the Great Spirit had sent him. They could doubt no longer, and made ready for war. On the east bank of the Alabama River, near its junction with the Tombigbee, stood Fort Nims. The settlers, fearing an attack, had fled to the fort for protection. In all there were now there five hundred soldiers, citizens, women, and children. Major Beasley commanded the troops.

"The woods are full of Indians," said two negro slaves, who had been out pasturing cattle, and who, out of breath, came running into the fort, August 29, 1813.

Major Beasley sent out some scouts, who came back and said that it was a lie—they had not seen any Indians.

"I'll teach you to tell a lie," said Major Beasley, who tied up one of the negroes and had his back cut to pieces with a whip.

Noon came, August 30. The soldiers were at dinner; the gate of the fort was wide open—suddenly the people heard the war-whoop and beheld the Indians rushing in. The other negro, who had not been whipped, but

who was tied up to a post, was the first one shot. Major Beasley, who had refused to believe his story, went down. The fight began, and lasted from twelve till five. When it was ended more than four hundred men, women, and children were lying upon the ground, mangled by the Indians. Only twelve white men escaped. The Indians spared the negroes and made them their slaves. The Indians made their way to Pensacola, the scalps of women and girls dangling at their belts, and received their reward from the British Gov-



JAMES ROBERTSON.

ernment—five dollars given for every scalp!

James Robertson, of Tennessee, was the agent of the United States to the Chickasaws and Choctaws. He had great influence with them, for he treated them with kindness; instead of joining the Creeks, they were ready to fight them.

General Andrew Jackson was appointed commander of the Southern Department; General Coffee was his second in command. They defeated the Creeks at Talladega, where the Indians lost nearly three hundred. Their great leader was Weathersford, a half-breed, who was brave and humane. He gathered his tribe at a bend in the River Tallapoosa, shaped like a horseshoe. The women and children were there. He had a great quantity of corn, and erected breastworks, determined to defend it to the last. There were more than twelve hundred Indians in all.

General Jackson had two thousand soldiers and friendly Indians and two cannon. He sent General Coffee, with the friendly Indians and a portion of the troops, to the south side of the bend, to prevent the Indians from escaping, and attacked the breastworks with the rest of the troops. The Indians opened fire. Colonel Williams, with the United States troops, led the advance. Behind them came the volun-



JOHN COFFEE.

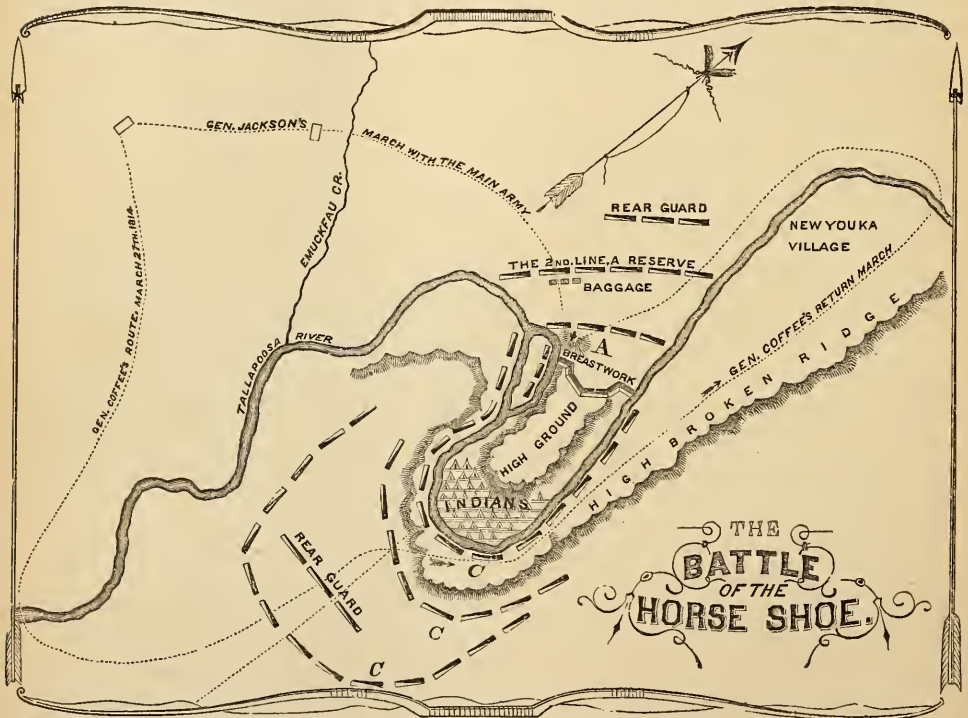
teers from Tennessee. "Follow me!" shouted Major Montgomery, leaping upon the breastworks, to go down with a bullet through his brain. By his side was a boy—Sam Houston—who was wounded by a barbed arrow.

Over the breastworks streamed the soldiers, bayonetting the Indians, who soon fled in terror—some swam the river, to be shot down by the men under Coffee.

"All who will surrender shall be spared," shouted a messenger to the Indians, repeating Jackson's order; but the Creeks, instead of surrendering, shot the messenger. The exasperated soldiers then shot them down without mercy. Of the one thousand Indian warriors, all except two hundred were killed. Jackson lost one hundred and twenty-five. The chief, Weathersford, escaped on a horse; but he could fight no longer—nearly all his warriors had been killed.

The sun was setting, five days after the battle, when a man on a white horse rode up to General Jackson's tent and alighted.

"I am Weathersford," he said. "I have nothing to request for myself—you can kill me; but I came to beg for the lives of the women and children, who are starving in the woods. I hope you will send out parties to bring them in and feed them. I did what I could to prevent the massacre at Fort Nims. I have fought the United States; if I had an army I would still fight, but I have not. I ask nothing for myself. I am your prisoner. For my people, I can only weep over their misfortunes."



General Jackson admired him; but there was no safety for the brave man even under General Jackson's protection. The relatives of those who had been massacred at Fort Nims thirsted for his blood. He was obliged to flee; but when the war with England was over he returned, and became a respected citizen of Alabama. The troops went out, and brought in the Indians and gave them food. So the Creek war was ended.

The President and the Cabinet and nearly everybody else thought, when the war began, that the fighting would all be along the lakes and in Canada. The idea now came to them that England would threaten Washington and Baltimore. In August, 1814, a great fleet, commanded by

Admiral Cockburn, and several thousand troops, under General Ross, made their appearance in the Chesapeake. Commodore Barney, who commanded a fleet of gun-boats, was obliged to flee up the Patuxent River. The British followed, and Barney destroyed his boats. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn landed, and the British army marched toward Washington, only twenty miles distant.

President Madison and the inefficient Secretary of War, General Armstrong, were astounded. Orders were issued for the militia of Maryland to hasten and repel the invaders.

They were commanded by General Winder, a brave and gallant officer, who had a hard task before him; but the ablest and bravest man that ever lived could have done very little under the circumstances. The

British army was composed of veteran troops. The Americans were mostly farmers—men who had had no military training.

No one knows how the story started, but it was whispered that the slaves in Maryland and Virginia were going to take the opportunity to make themselves free, by murdering their masters and mistresses. There was not a word of truth in it; but women whispered it, with white lips, and many of the militia were very reluctant to leave their homes. Those who hastened to the rendez-



JOSHUA BARNEY.



WILLIAM H. WINDER.

vous had only shot-guns. They were undisciplined. What could they do against soldiers who had been fighting in France and Spain? The British troops numbered five thousand, while General Winder had but thirty-five hundred. Yet he determined to fight a battle at Bladensburg. President Madison, General Armstrong, and the Secretary of the Navy, James Monroe, were there, but hindered far more than they helped by giving orders—thus upsetting his plans.



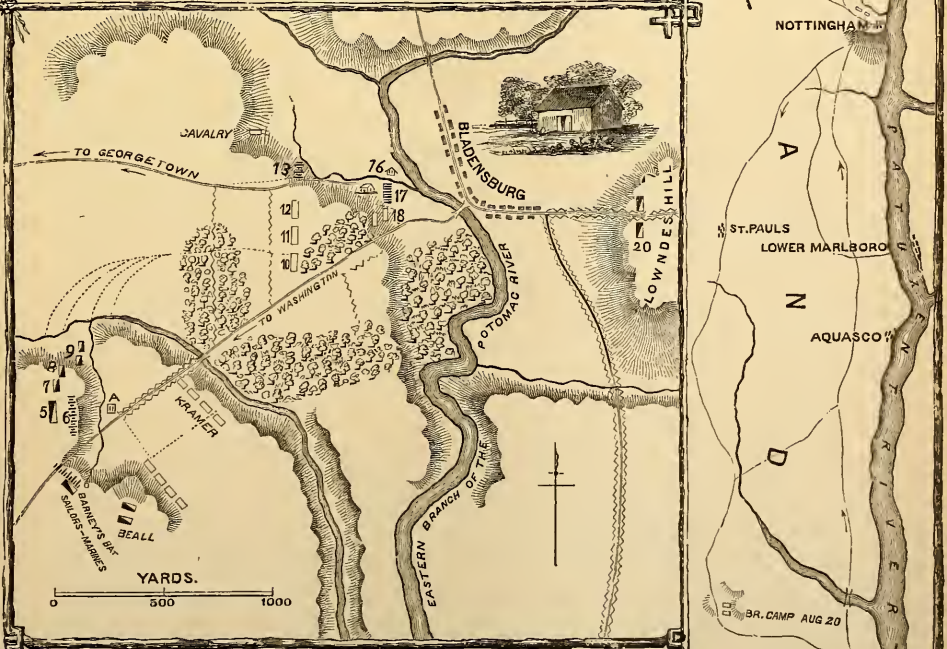
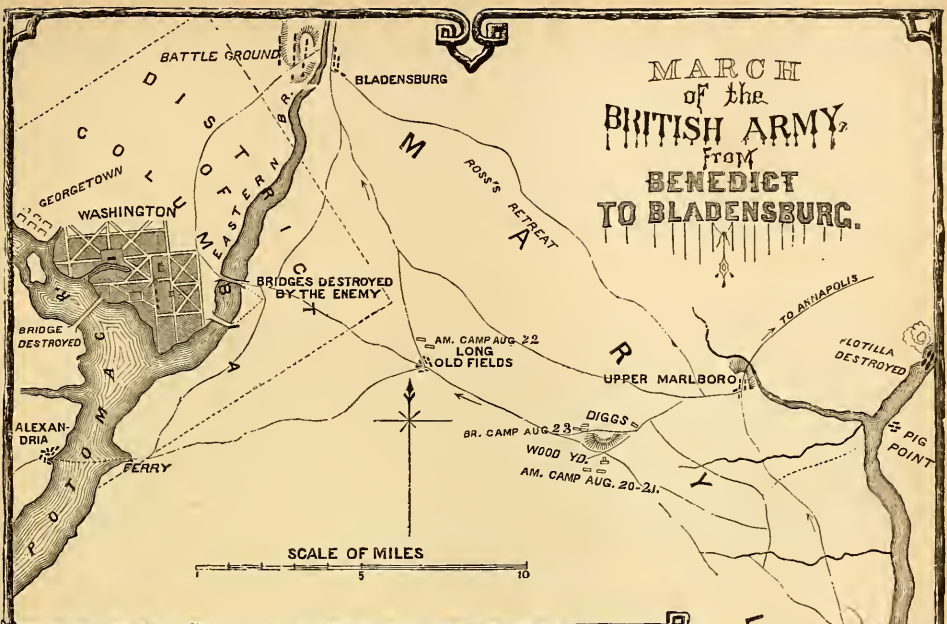
BRIDGE AT BLADENSBURG.

The Americans were on the west bank of the eastern branch of the Potomac, which General Ross must cross before he could reach Washington. The sailors, under Commodore Barney, fought bravely. General Ross lost more than five hundred men before getting across the river; but when he got a foothold on the west side he turned the left flank of the militia, who threw down their guns and fled, and the British marched on to Washington. Admiral Cockburn, vice-admiral of the English navy, a high officer with great pay, entered the Capitol, which was only partly finished, stood in the Speaker's chair with his muddy boots, swung his hat, and gave a cheer.

“Burn the building!” he shouted, and very soon the flames were bursting out of the windows.

All the records, all the government papers, the library—all were consumed; nothing but the blackened walls remained. Sir George Cockburn did not comprehend what the verdict of the world would be—that though

MARCH of the BRITISH ARMY From BENEDICT TO BLADENSBURG.

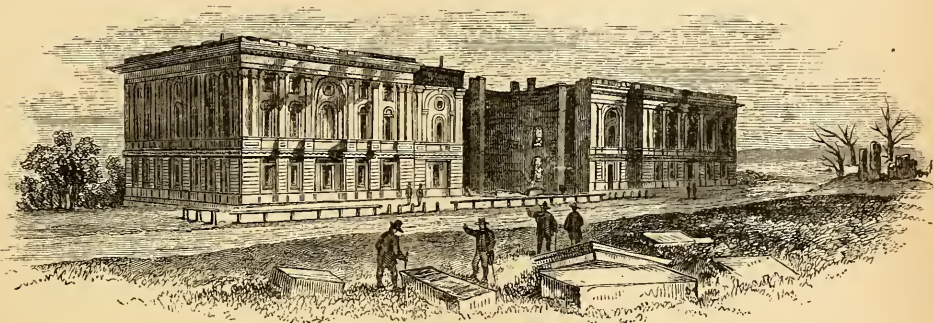


PLAN OF THE BATTLE GROUND AT BLADENSBURG

an Englishman, a vice-admiral, a baronet, he was nevertheless a barbarian.

He sent Lieutenant Pratt, of the navy, to burn the President's house, from which Mrs. Madison had just fled, carrying away the portrait of Washington in her arms to save it from the marauders.

The Treasury buildings, the Arsenal, barracks for soldiers, the office of the *National Intelligencer*, private houses, and hotels—all were licked up by the flames.

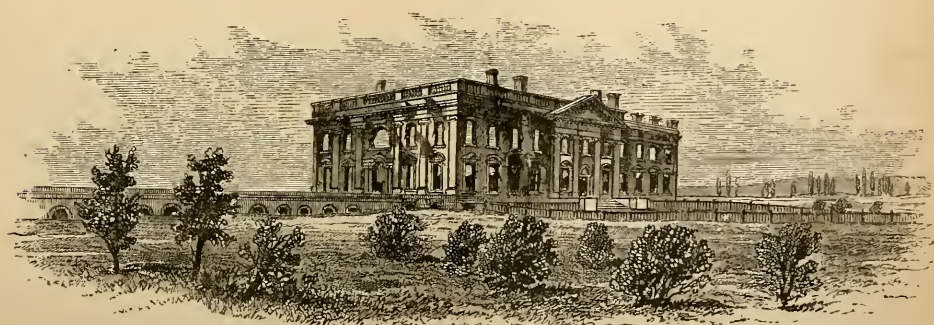


THE CAPITOL AFTER THE FIRE.

At midnight the British silently stole away, leaving their wounded for the Americans to care for. They reached their ships, sailed down the river and along Chesapeake Bay, sending expeditions on shore to plunder the people and burn the dwellings.

Sir Peter Parker, commanding the frigate *Menelaus*, Admiral Cockburn and General Ross, and other officers, went on shore at a little village where there were only women and children.

“I give you ten minutes to get out of your houses before I set them on fire,” said Cockburn.



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.

One of the officers wrote to his friends in England about it.

“We most valiantly,” he said, “set fire to the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears of the women, and, like a parcel of savages, as we were, danced around the wreck of ruin. We came to a dwelling-house on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house. The door was open, and we unceremoniously intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea. Sir George Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome.

“Sir George was austere, but Sir Peter was the handsomest man in the navy, and to the latter the ladies appealed. Cockburn told them that he knew their father to be an American officer—a colonel of militia—and that, his duty being to burn their house, he gave them ten minutes for removing what they most desired to save. The young women, on their knees, begged the admiral to spare their house.



MRS. MADISON.

“The youngest, a girl of sixteen, and lovely beyond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter’s feet and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment, and I was so bewildered

at the afflicting scene that I appeared to see through a thick mist.

“Cockburn was unmoved, with his watch on the table, measuring the fleeting minutes. The other girls were in tears, asking for mercy. Sir Peter had opened his lips to plead for them, when the brutal Cockburn stopped him, and ordered his men to bring the fire-balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, while the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat. Admiral Cockburn walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two elder girls, who vainly implored him to countermand the order. In a moment the house was in flames. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of destruction, which made the inno-

cent houseless and the affluent beggars. . . . By the light of that house we embarked and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand unwillingly recall and publish."

"I must have a frolic with the Yankees," said Sir Peter Parker, and he crossed the bay and landed his marines to plunder Moorsfield. He landed in the night, marched toward the village, but suddenly was confronted by a flashing of guns. The citizens of Moorsfield had turned out to defend their homes. Nineteen of the British were killed. One of the number was Sir Peter.



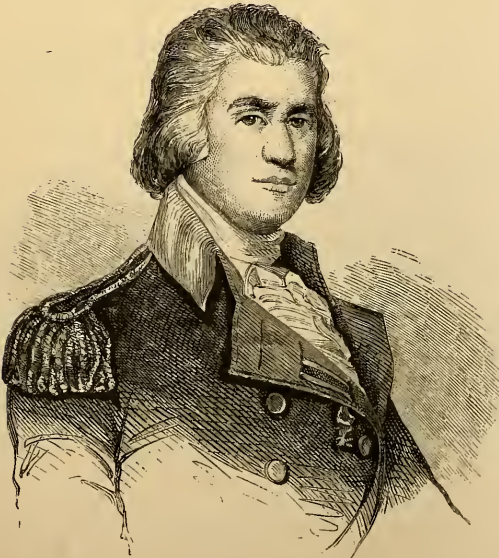
ADMIRAL SIR PETER PARKER.

"I shall make my winter-quarters at Baltimore," said General Ross as the fleet sailed toward that city. "It is a doomed town," said Vice-admiral Warren.

Baltimore had forty thousand inhabitants, and would be a delightful place to winter in.

At midnight, September 11, General Ross landed at North Point, fifteen miles from Baltimore, with nine thousand men. He would march to the city, while the fleet would sail up and demolish Fort M'Henry.

General Samuel Smith, who had been appointed to command the troops which were to defend Baltimore, was cool-headed, brave, and ener-



SAMUEL SMITH.

getic. The citizens determined to make a brave fight. General Smith had nine thousand men. He sent General Stricker, with thirty-two hundred, down the road leading to North Point, to annoy the British in their advance.



GENERAL STRICKER.

General Stricker posted his men where there was a creek on one flank and a marsh on the other. He sent one hundred and fifty riflemen down to Mr. Cole's store, to see what General Ross was doing. Two of them, Daniel Wells and Henry C. M'Comas, had been in the battle of Bladensburg. They concealed themselves in a hollow, and soon discovered the British army advancing.

Admiral Cockburn was riding with General Ross, and they were very jolly over the prospect of soon being in Baltimore.

The one hundred and fifty riflemen suddenly open fire, and the British reply. General Ross rides up to see what is going on. Daniel and Henry



BATTLE-GROUND AT NORTH POINT.

fire at him, and he falls from his horse mortally wounded. The next moment both of the brave men are shot down.

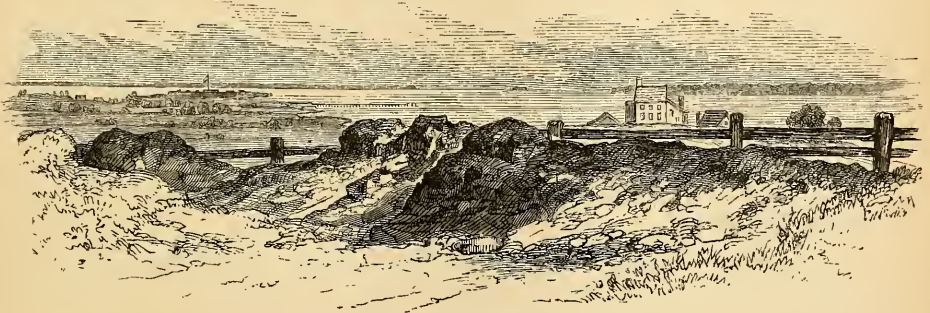
Colonel Brooke takes command of the British, who rush on to avenge

the death of their commander; but for two hours the twenty-five hundred Americans hold their ground, then slowly fall back half a mile to the intrenchments which General Smith has erected.

Colonel Brooke condescended to wait till Admiral Cockburn could batter Fort M'Henry to pieces, and silence the guns in the batteries along the shore, before attacking General Smith.

Major George Armistead commanded the fort, and Commodore Rodgers of the navy the batteries.

The morning of September 13 dawns, and sixteen war-vessels open fire upon the fort and batteries along the shore. All day and night shot and shell are rained upon the fort.



REMAINS OF BATTERY.

When the sun goes down the people in Baltimore wonder if, when it rises, the Stars and Stripes will still be flying. In the dim gray of the morning the thunder suddenly ceases. Has the fort surrendered?

From the steeples, from the house-tops, the people gaze with anxious eyes toward the fort. The sun rises—it is still there. The British ships are sailing away, and the British army is hastening on board their vessels. In the enthusiasm of the moment Francis S. Key takes an old letter from his pocket and writes upon it the song of the “Star-spangled Banner:”

“Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?
 Oh say! does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?”

Admiral Cockburn, instead of plundering and burning Baltimore, as he had Washington, hastened down the Chesapeake.

There was great rejoicing in London when the news arrived of the burning of Washington. The cannon in the Tower were fired, and Parliament passed a vote of thanks to Admiral Cockburn. When, a few days later, news was received of the death of General Ross, Parliament set up a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, and authorized his descendants to style themselves as "Ross of Bladensburg." The London *Times*, which represented the aristocracy of England, had this to say :

"That ill-organized association (the American Republic) is on the eve of dissolution, and the world is speedily to be delivered of the mischievous example of a government founded on democratic rebellion."

When Admiral Cockburn died, in 1853, the London *Times* spoke of the burning of the Capitol as a "splendid achievement."

There were a few men in England who were ready to hide their faces in shame over the terrible atrocities committed by Cockburn, who will ever be known in history as a barbarian and marauder; but most of the dukes, lords, and nobles gloried over his acts. In the United States there was deep mortification over the national humiliation. Secretary of War Armstrong, who had mismanaged military affairs from the beginning, was obliged to resign.

Far reaching was the effect of the humiliation. It aroused a hostility toward England—a sense of injury—which, though seventy years have rolled away, is still felt by the people of the United States.

Those were weary days to President Madison. There was very little gold or silver money in the country. The United States Treasury issued its notes—promises to pay—to the soldiers, and to those who were selling beef, flour, and supplies; but everybody was asking when the notes would be paid. The credit of the government began to decline. The ships of the country were destroyed or blockaded. Grass was growing in the streets of the seaports.

The President had divided the country into military districts, and gave the generals authority to call out the militia. Governor Strong, of Massachusetts, maintained that the governors of the States, at the request of the President alone, were authorized to order out the militia; and because the troops of that State and of Connecticut were not placed under the command of General Dearborn, at the beginning of the war, the Secretary of War refused to pay any of the expenses which had been incurred by those States. The people of New England complained that the government had treated them unfairly. Their ships were destroyed or were rotting at the wharves, their industries paralyzed. The President had, it was asserted, issued orders not authorized by the Constitution.

The Star-spangled Banner.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
That so proudly we hail'd as the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the night,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare - the bomb bursting in air,
In our perilous night, that our flag was still there,
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave? —

In December, 1815, twenty-six delegates from the New England States assembled in convention at Hartford, Connecticut, and discussed the power of the national government, and prepared amendments to the Constitution. The President believed that they intended to dissolve the Union, and sent General Jesup to Hartford with a regiment; but there was no truth in the reports.

History is a net-work of events. Inseparably connected with the last great battle of the war is an event that transpired far away in the harbor of Fayal, one of the Azores.

The American privateer *General Armstrong*, commanded by Captain Chester Reid, sailed into the harbor September 26, 1814. He wanted to fill his casks with fresh-water, and in the morning he would be out upon the ocean searching for British ships; but just at sunset in came six war-vessels, with two thousand troops on board. Admiral Lloyd commanded the squadron, which was on its way to the West Indies, to join Admiral Cochrane, who, with Sir Edward Pakenham, intended to capture New Orleans. The British commander determined to seize the American vessel, although in a neutral port under the government of Portugal. It would be a violation of the laws of nations. But he cared very little for international laws.



SAMUEL CHESTER REID.

The sun went down. "Clear the decks for action!" said Captain Reid.

"The British will not dare to molest you," said Mr. Dabney, who had come on board.

"Perhaps not; nevertheless it will do no harm to be ready for them."

The moon threw its silver light upon the calm and peaceful sea. Captain Reid heard the dipping of oars, and saw four boats approaching.

"Boats ahoy!"

No answer to the hail.

"Boats ahoy!"

No reply.

“Boats ahoy!”

No sound but the dipping of the oars. He turned to the crew.

“Every man to his place. Stand ready. Fire!”

Cannon and muskets flamed. A wail rent the air from dying men, and the boats pulled away to the ships.

A boat shot out from the shore to the British fleet with a letter from the governor to the commander. “I forbid hostilities. The *General Armstrong* is under the guns of the castle, and entitled to protection,” was the message.

“If any attempt is made to shield the *General Armstrong* I will bombard the town,” was the answer sent back by Admiral Lloyd, who was in a great rage.

Out from their houses and down to the shore rushed the people. It was midnight, and by the light of the moon they saw fourteen boats, with five hundred men on board, moving swiftly in.

“Boats ahoy!” shouted Captain Reid.

No answer. Again flashed the cannon of the *General Armstrong*, loaded with grape. The British sailors give a cheer, bend to their oars, run along-side, and begin to climb the sides of the *Armstrong*, some to fall back again with their hands chopped off, or wounded by bayonet stabs and pistol shots. By the side of Captain Reid is a pile of pistols, all loaded and cocked. He fires them two at a time, using both hands. Of his men Lieutenant Williams is killed, Lieutenant Worth and Lieutenant Johnson wounded; but the brave men under him have no thought of yielding. For forty minutes the fight goes on—the British not for an instant gaining a foothold on the deck. All the boats are beaten off, three sent to the bottom, the others making their way back to the ships. The bay is filled with floating corpses, the water crimsoned with the blood of more than three hundred killed and wounded. Of those on the *Armstrong* only two were killed and seven wounded.

Morning dawned. The *Coronation*, carrying twenty guns, sailed in and opened fire; but the cannon of the *General Armstrong*, sighted with truest aim, did such execution that she was driven back. Then all the fleet flamed. Captain Reid, seeing no chance of saving the vessel, but determined that the British flag should never float from its mast-head, scuttled the ship, escaping with his men to the shore.

“Deliver up the Americans as prisoners,” was Admiral Lloyd’s order to the governor. “If you do not I will land five hundred soldiers and take them.”

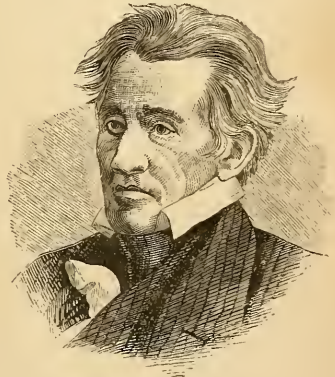
“We will not be taken,” said Captain Reid. He took possession of a stone convent.

The British commander, after the loss he had suffered, did not dare to attempt their capture. He had lost more than five hundred men (among them some of his best officers), and had received so much damage that ten days passed before he could sail. They were ten days that could not be recalled.

In the net-work of events on this terrible defeat in the harbor of Fayal hung another defeat for the British army before New Orleans.

Up the Gulf of Mexico sailed a fleet of fifty vessels, with seven thousand troops, under General Pakenham. The officers were accompanied by their wives. They had gay times on the vessels, and intended to pass a pleasant winter in New Orleans, which was so far from the settled portions of the United States that they expected to meet with no great opposition from the Americans. Once taken, it could be held forever.

The man who, when a boy during the Revolution, refused to black the boots of a British officer in South Carolina—Andrew Jackson (see “Boys of '76”)—was in command at New Orleans.



ANDREW JACKSON.

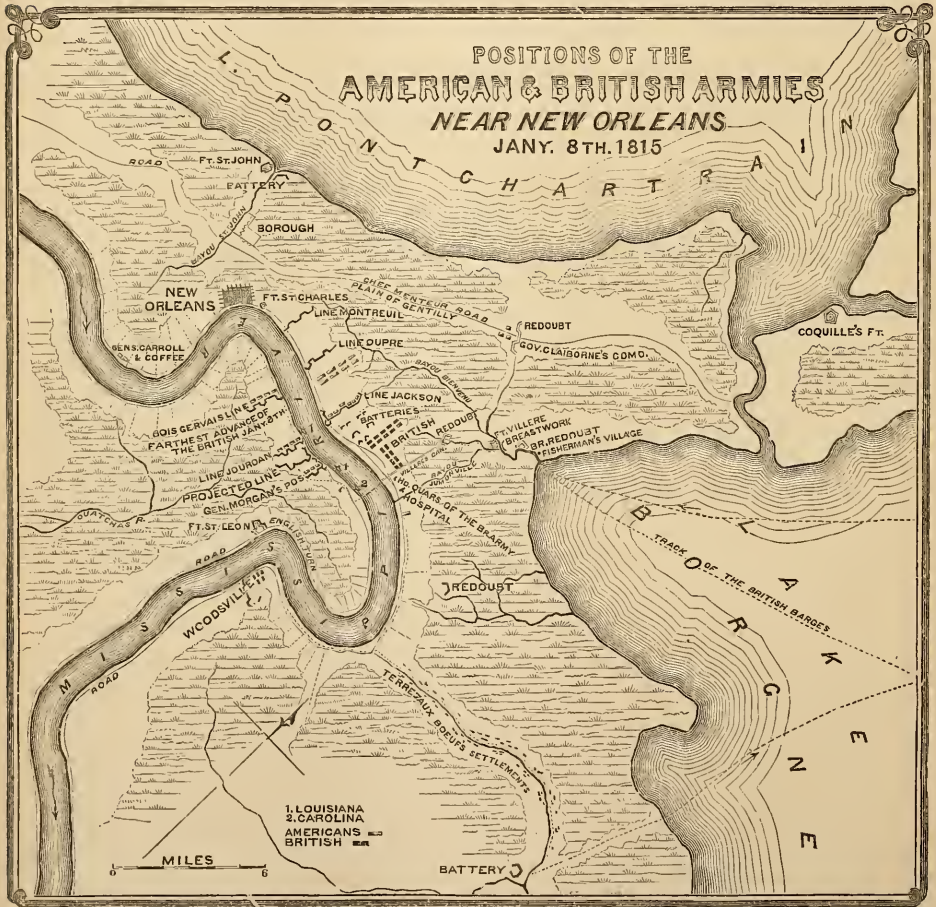
When the British fleet appeared off the coast he had but a few undisciplined men; but troops from Kentucky and Tennessee were coming down the river on flat-boats—hunters who could bring down a partridge on the wing. If they came before the British General Jackson could hold the city. Time was what he wanted. Invaluable to the Americans those ten days lost at Fayal.

General Pakenham made his way in boats through Lake Borgne, and approached New Orleans.

All through Christmas-week there was skirmishing and some hard fighting between the British and the troops which Jackson had stationed at Chalmette's plantation. The hunters from the North arrived. General Jackson threw up a breastwork below the city from the Mississippi to a cypress swamp. Slaves and citizens worked with the spade and shovel. Teams carted hogsheads of sugar and bales of cotton, which were used to strengthen the line. General Jackson had twenty cannon, which were placed along the embankment. Colonel Ross commanded the right wing,

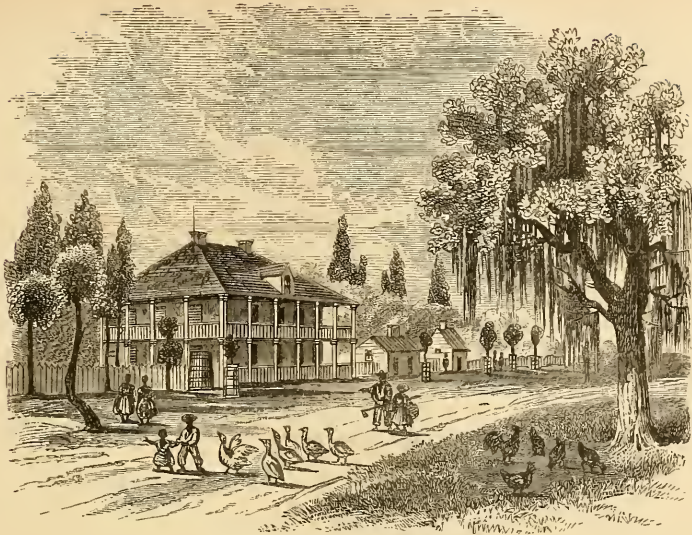
General Carroll the centre, and General Coffee the left. A mile and a half in rear of his first line General Jackson threw up a second, so that if driven from the first he would make a second fight.

Daylight gleamed in the east January 8, and the Americans, behind their earthworks, beheld a long line of red-coated soldiers advancing in



three columns. Some of the British had bundles of brush on their backs, which they were bringing to throw into the ditch in front of Jackson's breastworks, that they might cross it. Some had ladders, which they were to use in climbing over the breastworks.

Pakenham opened fire, and Jackson replied. On came the British; but suddenly there was a sheet of flame all along the breastworks, the



JACKSON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

soldiers taking deliberate aim, the men in the rear loading the guns and handing them to those in front—whole platoons go down in a twinkling. Among the killed are General Pakenham, General Gibbs, and General Kean, next in rank.

By the river Colonel Renie, leading his men, rushes up to the parapet. "Hurrah, boys! the day is ours!" he shouted. But it is not theirs.

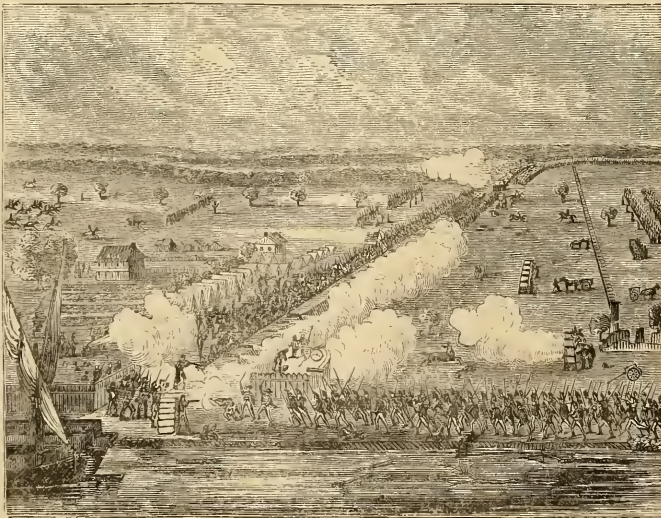


CHALMETTE'S PLANTATION.

He goes down in the storm. Everywhere the British are repulsed, fleeing at last, leaving twenty-six hundred killed and wounded on the field, while General Jackson has lost eight killed and thirteen wounded.

Never had a British army experienced a more decisive defeat. The ten days lost at Fayal had a great deal to do with it.

The war was over. Peace had been signed at Ghent before the battle of New Orleans was fought, but the news of the signing of the treaty was not received in New York till February 11. There was great rejoicing. A courier on horseback started for Boston. He arrived there in thirty-two hours, early on the morning of the 13th, just as the people were eat-



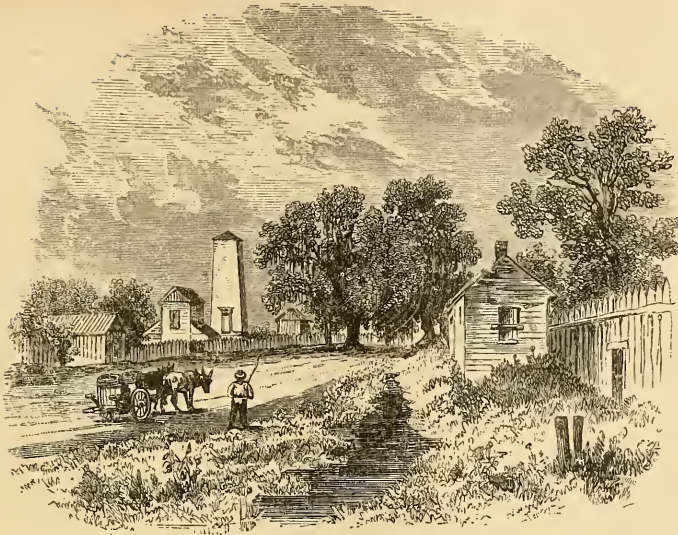
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

ing breakfast. They rushed into the streets tossing their hats into the air and shouting the welcome news. The church bells rung, and the people came from all the surrounding towns, wondering what had happened.

Flags were flung out from windows; drums beat; the military companies paraded; everybody who owned a horse harnessed it. There was a grand procession of sleighs and sleds; everybody was invited to ride. From the day of the news of Cornwallis's surrender there had been no such hand-shaking, hurrahing, waving of flags, tossing of hats, and singing of songs. A week later there was a grand procession of all the trades and industries; an oration at King's Chapel; fire-works; a ball in the evening, where the ladies danced with British officers belonging to the war-vessels which had sailed into the harbor and dropped anchor—



BEHIND THE BREASTWORKS.



REMAINS OF RODRIGUEZ'S CANAL, NEW ORLEANS.

daunting and drinking of healths, forgetting that a few days before they had been enemies.

“Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of war’s great organ shakes the skies;
 But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.”

The war began, on the part of the United States, in disaster and humiliation; it ended in victory. The commissioners who signed the treaty of peace said nothing about the imprisonment of seamen; but from that day to the present no American citizen has been imprisoned on board a British war-vessel. England had learned an unwelcome but useful lesson—that she was no longer supreme ruler of the seas, and that beyond the Atlantic was a people who would fight for a principle. The people who but a few years before had paid tribute to the Algerians had humbled the pride of England. The world rejoiced over the result.

To the people of the United States came the dawning of the idea that the country was not a confederacy, but a union of States, connected by patriotic blood, bound together by inseparable ties—a government of all the people.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM 1817 TO 1832.

JAMES MONROE became President in 1817. The people began to realize, as never before, that the United States were destined to become a great and powerful nation. The people were still poor; but in their poverty remembered that there were many thousands still living who had served in the army of the Revolution, and to show their gratitude pensioned those still living and the widows of those who had died. No other nation has ever shown such gratitude and care. On the banks of the Thames, at Greenwich, stands a stately building, erected by Sir C. Wren, on the site of a palace of the kings of England. Edward I. and Henry VIII. lived there. William III. set it apart for a hospital for officers and soldiers of the army and navy; and every seaman in the navy had sixpence per month set aside from his wages for its support. But neither Great Britain or any other nation ever pensioned as the United States have done the men who had served in its armies. Before the last soldier of the Revolution died the government had paid sixty-five million dollars in pensions.



JAMES MONROE.

Away back in 1777, when the people were fighting for Independence, Congress decided that the flag of the country should consist of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes—one for each State. That was the flag which waved at Saratoga and Yorktown. In 1794 Congress passed a law that when a new State was added there should be an additional stripe and star. The stripes had been narrowing, and with new States would become still narrower. The States were increasing in number, admitted in the following order: 1812, Louisiana; 1816, Indiana; 1817, Mississippi; 1818, Illinois; 1819, Alabama.

The man who had fought such a brave battle in the harbor of Fayal, on the deck of the *General Armstrong*, Samuel Chester Reid, was the first to see how the flag could be kept in its true proportions and yet represent



PENSIONERS.

every State that might be added to the Republic—it was to have always thirteen stripes to represent the States which established the Republic, but to add an additional star on the admission of a new State.

In April, 1818, Congress passed a law that from July 4 of that year such should be the flag of the country. In Captain Reid's drawing-room, in New York City, Mrs. Reid and her lady friends laid out the white and crimson stripes and the field of blue, as in the old flag, spangled with



stars, sewed them together, and sent the flag to Washington, where, on the morning of July 4, it was raised above the Capitol to represent to the world the rising dignity and the imperishable glory of the young Republic :

“Bright flag, at yonder tapering mast,
 Fling out your field of azure blue;
 Let stars and stripes be westward east,
 And point as freedom's eagle flew.”

Though the war with England had closed there was great distress. Not much money had been coined at the Mint in Philadelphia. The silver in circulation was of Spanish or English coinage. Congress had established a decimal currency of dollars, cents, and mills; so, although the country was independent of Great Britain, and a nation politically, it was not independent in money.

People still kept their accounts in shillings and pence. There was much confusion in money-matters, for there were several kinds of shillings. An English shilling was twenty-five cents; a New England shilling, sixteen and two-third cents; a York shilling, twelve and a half cents. In New England twelve and a half cents was ninepence; in New York, a shilling; in Ohio, a "bit." In New England six and a quarter cents was fourpence half-penny; in New York, sixpence; in New Orleans, a "pica-yune." In New England six shillings made a dollar; in New York it required eight. People were obliged to trade by barter for want of money. Banks were chartered which issued bills—promises to pay—which were valuable only in proportion to the ability of the banks to pay a dollar in silver for its notes. The bank-bills served for money so long as the people had confidence that the banks were able to pay; but if they mistrusted their ability and demanded silver there was trouble. Very few of the banks in the country towns could pay. Many failed. The directors of one bank were very shrewd. They sent to Boston and obtained several kegsful of fourpence-half-penny pieces, and it took the cashier so long to count one hundred or one thousand dollars in such small pieces that the men who presented the bills usually got tired of waiting. The directors never let the kegs get empty, and so prevented a run, and saved the bank from failure. When a bank failed the people were the sufferers.

When Monroe became President there were four hundred and forty-six banks in the country, with a capital of ninety million dollars. Most of them failed or were obliged to wind up their affairs. The charter of the United States Bank, which Hamilton planned soon after the adoption of the Constitution, expired in 1811. During the war with England there was no United States Bank, and the banks chartered by the several States were prosperous; but in 1816 a new charter was granted, with a capital of thirty-five million dollars. The United States held seven millions of the stock. The Government kept all its spare money in the bank, which made it so powerful that it could control the business of the country.

With nearly all the other banks failing, and little money to be had,

there was a stagnation of trade. The farmer could not sell what he raised; carpenters, joiners, and bricklayers could not find work. There was no price for property; few sales except by the sheriff; few purchasers except the creditors who bid off farms and goods, at the sheriff's auction, at their own price.

Amid the distress new forces were coming into play to revolutionize society. The revolution began in England when James Hargreaves and Richard Arkwright set mill-wheels and steam-engines to work to spin cotton and wool. In 1789, the year that the Constitution of the United States was adopted, Samuel Slater came from England to the United States to become an American citizen. He had seen Arkwright's machines for spinning. He had few tools; but, after overcoming many difficulties, he made four spinning-frames, and set them whirling by a water-wheel in an old fulling-mill in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1790—starting the first cotton manufactory in the United States. Eli Whitney invented, in 1793, the cotton-gin. In the year 1800 Arthur Scholfield, who had been making spinning and carding machines in England, decided to become an American citizen. The British Government had passed a stringent law prohibiting any one from sending any manufacturing machinery out of that country, as England wanted to manufacture cotton and woollen cloth for all the world. The British custom-house officers would not let him bring his own tools to this country, for fear that he would construct carding and spinning machines on this side of the Atlantic. He came without them. He had no drawings of machines, but remembered how they were constructed; and, with such tools as he could find in a blacksmith's shop, set himself to work at Pittsfield, Mass. On November 2, 1801, he issued this advertisement:

“Arthur Scholfield respectfully informs the inhabitants of Pittsfield and the neighboring towns, that he has a carding-machine where they may have their wool carded into rolls for twelve and a half cents per pound; mixed, fifteen cents per pound. If they find grease and pick the grease in, it will be ten cents per pound.”

It was the first machine in the United States used for carding wool. He sent the woollen “rolls” out to the farm-houses, where they were spun and woven into cloth by women and girls. When he had fulled and dressed his “broadcloth” he tried to sell it to Isaiah Bissel, who kept store in Pittsfield; but neither he nor any other of the store-keepers would purchase it.

“Nobody will buy broadcloth manufactured here,” they said.

Mr. Scholfield took it to New York, but was obliged to sell it very cheap. Weeks went by; Mr. Bissel, meanwhile, had been there to purchase goods.

“Step in and see my broadcloths,” he said to Arthur Scholfield.

Mr. Scholfield examined them. “I have seen those broadcloths before.”

“Seen them before! Where?”

“I made them; there is my private mark.”

Mr. Bissel was astonished to learn

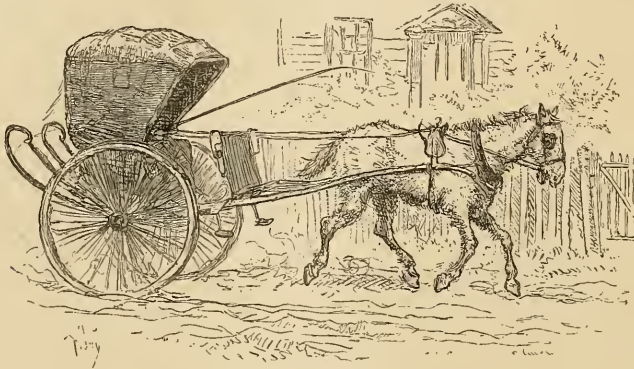


THE STAGE.

that he had purchased as British broadcloth what had been manufactured within a few rods of his store, and which he had once refused to purchase.

In 1808 Mr. Scholfield manufactured thirteen yards of broadcloth from the wool of Merino sheep, and presented it to President Madison, who had it made into a suit of clothes, which he wore when he was inaugurated President of the United States.

Through the years people had been riding horseback—women on side-saddles or on pillions, carrying their children in their arms. Before the Revolution wagons were in use in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, but very few in the country. They were rudely constructed, and their pounding and rattling created a racket which was called “homespun thunder.” Stages came into use at the beginning of the century—gayly-painted



OLD-TIME CHAISE.

coaches, drawn by four or six horses, carrying nine passengers inside, two on the seat with the driver, and three on the top, with a pile of trunks on the rack behind; changing horses at the country towns, making seventy miles a day. Chaises came into use, but only well-to-do people could afford to use them.

The Dutch farmers who lived along the Mohawk River, in New York, could go in boats from Schenectady up to Little Falls; but there the river foamed over a rocky ledge, breaking navigation. General Philip Schuyler, who had fought bravely during the Revolution, conceived the idea of digging a canal around the falls, in which there would be several locks. He invited the farmers to meet him at a tavern, near Little Falls, to see what could be done. The Dutchmen liked him, and were ready to believe all he had to say; but they could not understand how he could get a boat over the falls.

“I will do it with locks.”

“Vy, sheneral, you no make ze vater run uphill!”

Notwithstanding his explanation they shook their heads. A thought came to him. He went into the garden, dug a little canal, made dams across it, poured in a pailful of water, and locked a chip from the lower end up past the dams.

The Dutchmen saw how it was done, and were delighted.

“Vell, vell, sheneral, now ve understand, and ve vill go mit you for ze canal,” they said.

The canal around the falls was built in 1796, and was of great benefit to the United States during the war with Great Britain, enabling boats with supplies for the troops to go from Schenectady to Lake Oneida.

It is not known who first conceived the idea of a canal from Hudson



DE WITT CLINTON.

River to Lake Erie, but Gouverneur Morris and James Geddis were talking about it in 1810. Mr. Geddis lived in Onondaga, and was so full of the scheme that he made surveys at his own expense. A commission was appointed by the governor to explore a route; but the war began, and they had other things to think of.

De Witt Clinton was mayor of New York. He saw emigrants pushing Westward—a constant stream of wagons through the Mohawk Valley from New England—to settle Western New York and Ohio. He saw that if a canal were constructed from Hudson River to Lake Erie it would bring a great tide of commerce to New York, and be of incalculable benefit to the

country. A meeting was held in October, 1815, in the City Hall, to see what could be done about it.

"The whole line of the canal," said the mayor, "will exhibit boats laden with flour, pork, beef, pot and pearl ashes, flaxseed, wheat, corn, barley, hemp, wool, flax, iron, lead, copper, salt, gypsum, coal, tar, fur, peltry, ginseng, beeswax, cheese, butter, lard, stoves, lumber, and merchandise from all parts of the world. . . . It remains for a free State to create a new era in history, and to erect a work more stupendous, more magnificent, and more beneficent than has hitherto been achieved by the human race."

"Don't thee think Friend Clinton has a bee in his bonnet?" asked a Quaker.

The far-seeing man was laughed at by some of his friends, but the people believed in him, and elected him governor. July 4, 1817, came, and as the sun was rising De Witt Clinton and the commission appointed to construct the canal stood in a field at Rome.

"By this great highway," said Samnel Young, "which we are about to construct, unborn millions will transport their surplus products to the Atlantic, and hold profitable intercourse with the maritime nations of the earth."

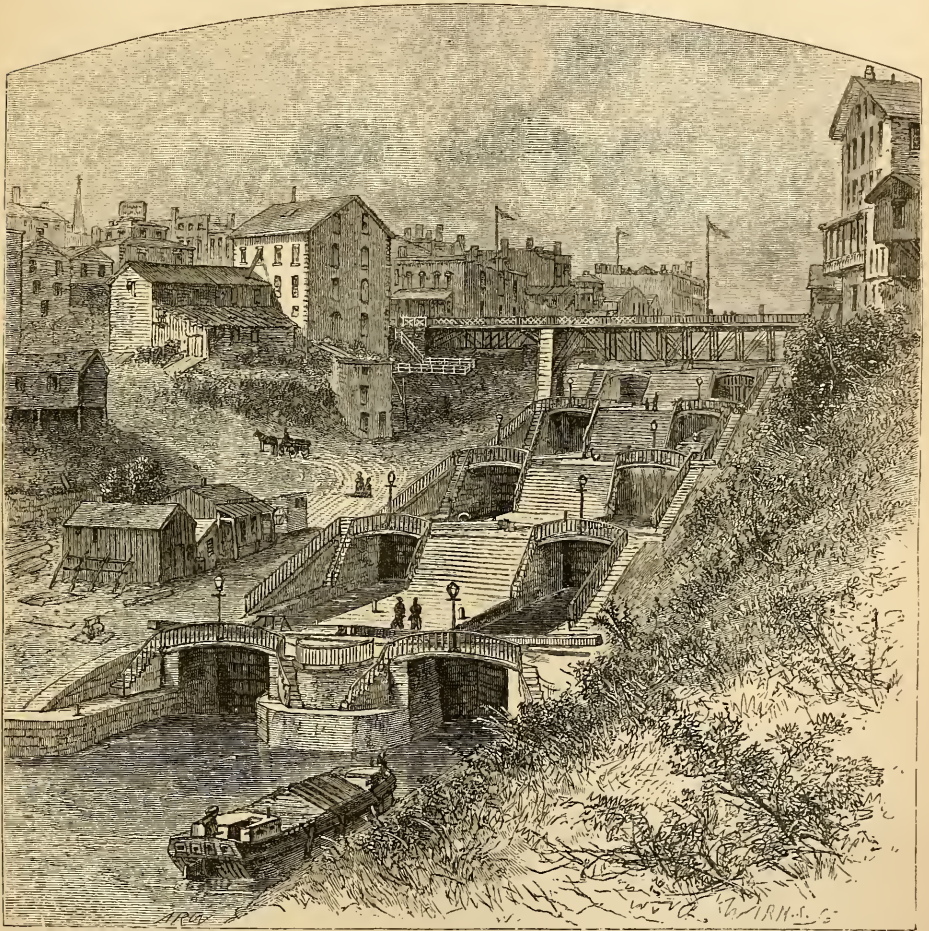
Judge Richardson threw up a shovelful of earth, and the work was begun. Eight years went by. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, was President. De Witt Clinton the while had been pushing his great enterprise. People laughed at him.

"He is digging a big ditch, and will bankrupt the State," they said; but the work went on all the same.

On October 26, 1825, at ten o'clock in the morning, a cannon was fired at Buffalo—a signal that the canal was completed, and that the water had been let into it. Cannon had been stationed along the canal and the Hudson River to New York City. One by one they took up the signal, transmitting the joyful news in one hour and thirty minutes.

The canal-boat *Seneca Chief*, drawn by four gray horses gayly caparisoned, with Governor Clinton and invited guests on board, followed by other boats, started from Buffalo eastward. One of the boats was *Noah's Ark*, with two eagles, a bear, two deer, a great variety of birds, and two Indian boys on board, representing the contribution of the great unsettled West to the civilized East. Flags floated above the boats. In every town were celebrations, speeches, music, firing of cannon, and feasting. At sunrise, November 4, all the church-bells of New York were ringing, cannon thundering, flags flying, while a multitude of people from New Eng-

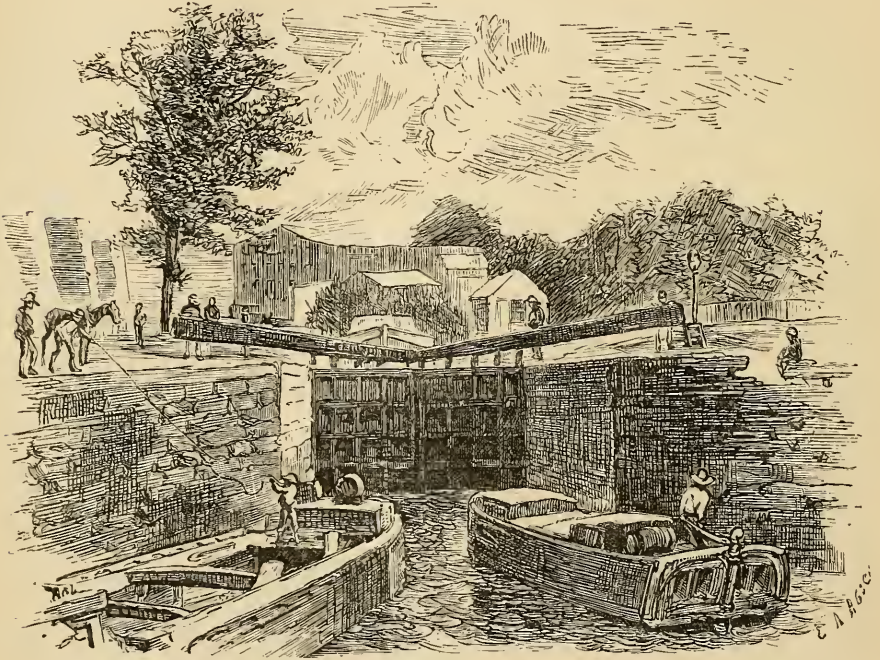
land, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Southern New York thronged the streets and crowded the wharves, to welcome the fleet of twenty-nine steamboats escorting the *Seneca Chief* and *Noah's Ark*, and the other



LOCKS AT LOCKPORT.

boats which had arrived from Buffalo. The harbor swarmed with ships and small craft. Every vessel displayed flags from bowsprit to top-mast. The British war-ships ran out their cannon and fired salutes. The sailors climbed the rigging, stood upon the yards, and waved their caps. Their bands played "God Save the King," and the American bands gave "Yankee Doodle." Governor Clinton, standing on the deck of the *Seneca Chief*, lifted a gilded keg filled with water from Lake Erie and poured it into the harbor.

“May the God of the heavens and the earth,” he said, “smile most propitiously on this work, and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race.”



ENTRANCE TO THE ERIE CANAL AT TROY.

Other canals were built in Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, and Maryland; but the Erie Canal, far beyond all others, was of benefit to the country and to the world.

From the time when Cabez-de Vaca landed in Florida, in 1528 (see “Old Times in the Colonies,” p. 25), that portion of the country had been held by Spain. The Seminole Indians, who built their palmetto huts in the everglades, began to murder settlers in Georgia. The Creeks in Alabama joined them, but General Jackson quickly put an end to their depredations. He marched with one thousand men and destroyed their corn and cattle. He learned that the Spaniards in Florida had stirred up the Indians, and upon his own responsibility invaded Florida, going to St. Mark’s, where he found two Englishmen, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, who had been urging the Indians to murder the Americans. They were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and hung. He discovered that the Spanish governor at Pensacola was helping the Indians, and marched to that town.

The governor fled to Fort Barancas, but when he saw General Jackson getting ready to attack it surrendered. The Spanish minister at Washington protested against the invasion, but the President and the country approved of what he had done. Spain cared little for Florida, and offered to sell it for \$5,000,000. The offer was accepted, and in 1819 it came into possession of the United States.

Missouri and Maine were ready to become States. Missouri had been settled by the French in 1755. The oldest town was St. Genevieve. It was west of the Mississippi, and in the Territory of Louisiana (purchased from France). People from Kentucky and Tennessee had gone there with their slaves. Should it be a free or slave State? That provision in the Constitution which recognized slaves as property entitled to representation had become a political power. The people of the Southern States wished it to come in as a slave State, that they might keep even with the Northern States in Congress. Should the people of Missouri be prohibited from holding slaves? There was angry discussion in Congress—threatenings to dissolve the Union on the part of Southern members if slavery was to be prohibited. It was the first conflict between slavery and freedom under the Constitution. Slavery won. The State was admitted, with no restriction against holding slaves, but it was agreed that in the territory north of latitude thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, the southern boundary of Missouri, slavery should be forever prohibited. It was called a compromise.

Among the members from the Southern States who took part in the discussion was John Randolph, of Virginia, who was a descendant of Pocahontas. He was sometimes eloquent,

but usually sarcastic. Another member was Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who was born in Virginia, in 1777, and went to school in a log school-house. He drove a team of mules when he was a boy, drawing corn to mill; and in after life, when he became a great statesman, he was called



JOHN RANDOLPH.

the "mill-boy of the slashes." When he was very young, he went to Lexington, Kentucky, became a lawyer, and began his great career. He was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1808, and had a great deal to do with building the nation. He lived at Lexington, and gave the name of "Ashland" to his home.

The nation was still teaching by example. Republicanism in France had gone out in anarchy. Napoleon Bonaparte had swept Europe with the armies of France, but the Empire which he established had gone down. The kings of Europe had put down all attempts of the people to secure their rights; but the countries of South America and Mexico, following the example of the United States, were determined to become free and independent.

The people of La Plata were tired of being robbed by the governor sent out by Spain. They started an insurrection in 1811. The people of Chili, Peru, Venezuela, and all the other Spanish provinces caught the spirit of liberty, and one by one declared their independence. Spain could not reconquer them. There was much fighting, but the Spanish were defeated. Ought not the United States to recognize the new republics? Henry Clay became an earnest advocate in Congress for such recognition, and made eloquent speeches. The patriots in South America translated his speeches and circulated them, erected monuments to his honor, and celebrated his name in patriotic songs. In 1822 the United States recognized them as independent nations.



HENRY CLAY.



ASHLAND.

ments to his honor, and celebrated his name in patriotic songs. In 1822 the United States recognized them as independent nations.

This is what President Monroe said in his message to Congress :

“ We should consider any attempt on the part of European powers to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety, . . . and should regard it as a manifestation of unfriendly disposition towards the United States.”

This has become known in history as the “ Monroe doctrine.” It was a notice to Europe and to the world that the people of the western hemisphere—of North and South America—were to choose for themselves what form of government they would have ; and that any interference on the part of any European country would be regarded as a menace to the United States ; that this western world was to be thenceforth forever set apart for a trial of the form of government which William Brewster, William Bradford, and the men of the *Mayflower* inaugurated, which the people of the United States had developed and adopted—a government of the people based on equal rights.

In 1824 Lafayette, who had aided the Americans in achieving their Independence, arrived in New York. He had commanded the armies of France at the beginning of the French Revolution. When the Jacobins came into power he fled to Holland, where the Austrian soldiers seized him. He had been kept in prison five years. He crossed the ocean to see once more the land for which he devoted his life and fortune



LAFAYETTE.

—the guest of the nation. He arrived in New York August 15. All the city gathered to welcome him ; cannon thundered, bells rung, flags waved ; and when he made his appearance upon the balcony of the City Hall the great multitude rent the air with their hurrahs. He had not expected such a demonstration, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he beheld around him men who had fought by his side in the great struggle for liberty.

He travelled to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Richmond. Congress was in session, and voted him \$200,000 in money and a township of land. He went to North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. From New Orleans he went up the Mississippi to St. Louis; thence to Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania; to New York, then on to Boston, Portsmouth, Portland, Concord, Burlington, and back to New York.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

It was a great day at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825, when the cornerstone of the monument was laid—the hill covered with people—all the military companies in their showy uniforms present; the vessels in the harbor thundering a salute; Daniel Webster delivering the oration, forty soldiers who had stood in the redoubt and behind the rail fence, and Lafayette, around him.

During the year a new frigate was built. It was named the *Bran-dywine*, and was employed to bear Lafayette to France. President John Quincy Adams bade him an affectionate farewell. Very tender and touching was Lafayette's reply.

“God bless you, sir,” he said, “and all who surround us! God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government! Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart. Such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat.”

Manufacturing by machinery had begun in the United States. England had been using machinery for a third of a century, and was becoming rich by manufacturing goods for the people of other countries.

The question of a tax or tariff on foreign goods agitated the country. The word *tariff* had its origin on the



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

other side of the Atlantic. From the point *Tarifa*, near the Straits of Gibraltar, pirate vessels used to dart out upon ships that were sailing through the Straits and compel the captains to pay them money for the privilege of going through. The pirates assumed to own the Straits; and the captains, rather than have a fight, paid them for the privilege of going on their way. In the course of years the word came to mean a tax or duty imposed by government on articles imported or exported.

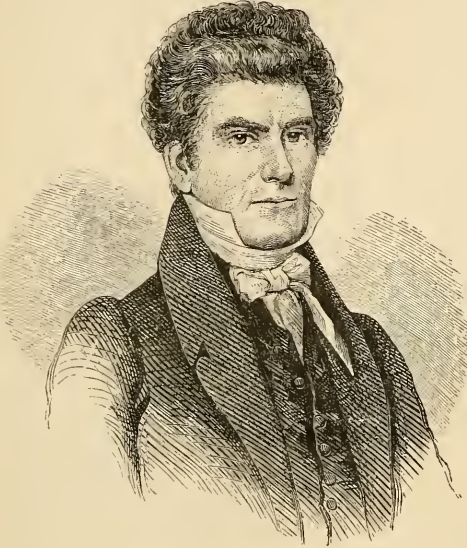
Henry Clay believed that it would be a good way to build up manufactures in the United States to tax cotton and woollen cloth and a great variety of goods manufactured in England and other countries, and which the people of the United States were beginning to manufacture. Under his influence, largely, the "American system," as it was called, was inaugurated. In 1816 a tariff, or list of taxes, on goods manufactured in other countries was established. It was done to encourage and protect the manufacturers of the United States. The men who were beginning to manufacture had little money, while the manufacturers of Great Britain were rich. Money was dear in America. Men who had to borrow paid ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent. for it; in Great Britain the rates were not half so great. Labor was dear in the United States, but cheap in England. America was new. The people were obliged to build roads, bridges, school-houses, and churches. England had the advantage, and could manufacture clothes cheaper than they could be made in the United States. Hence the tariff.

There were no manufactories in the Southern States, but they were springing up all over New England. The tariff made goods dear to the planters of South Carolina, who wished to repeal it. The people of New England were thriving. Towns were springing up, water-wheels were whirling, spindles humming, shuttles flying; everywhere in the Northern States there were signs of thrift and industry. In 1828 Congress passed a still stronger tariff, which gave great offence to South Carolina. In 1829 General Jackson became President. When he was a boy he showed what stuff he was made of by refusing to black the boots of a British officer (see "Boys of '76"). During the second war with Great Britain and in the wars against the Indians he had shown the country how energetic he could be. The time had come when the nation needed a fearless man to execute the laws.

The people of South Carolina and Virginia remembered that Thomas Jefferson had written in 1798, resolutions which were passed by the Legislature of Kentucky, that the Union was only a compact between the

States, and that each State had a right to judge of the validity of laws passed by Congress.

South Carolina, under the lead of John C. Calhoun, determined to *nullify* or make void the tariff so far as that State was concerned, and passed a law which declared the acts of Congress of no account, and forbade the custom-house officers at Charleston collecting any revenue. The Governor ordered the troops of the State to be ready to support the law.

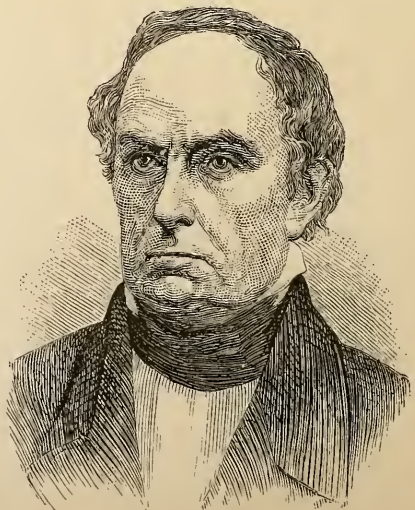


JOHN C. CALHOUN.

In 1832 came a great debate in the United States between Senator Hayne of South Carolina and Daniel Webster on nullification. South Carolina had started upon a course which would bring civil war—the overturning of the Consti-

tution, breaking up of the nation. Very eloquent were the words of Mr. Webster:

“While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fra-



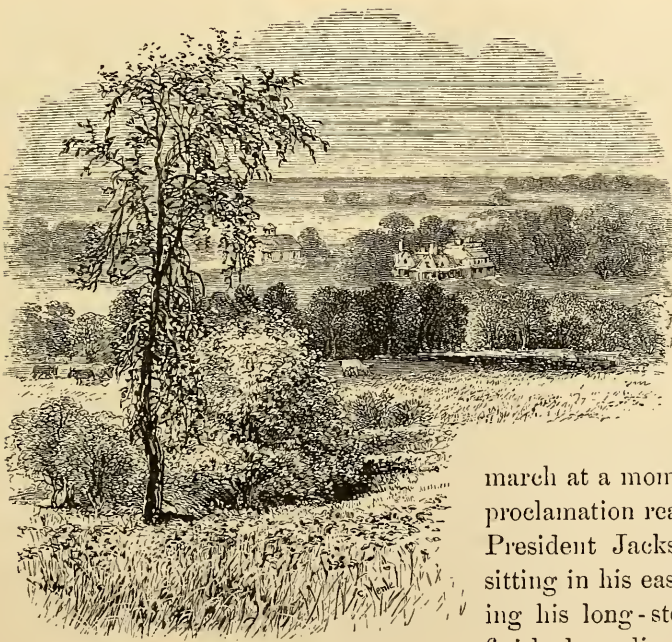
DANIEL WEBSTER.

ternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre—not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as ‘What is all this worth?’ nor those other words of delusion and folly, ‘Liberty first, and Union afterward;’ but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other senti-

ment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

The Governor of South Carolina issued a proclamation. The troops of the State were to be ready to

march at a moment’s notice. The proclamation reached Washington. President Jackson read it while sitting in his easy-chair and smoking his long-stemmed pipe. He finished reading, dashed his pipe into the fireplace, and smashed it



WEBSTER'S PLACE, MARSHFIELD.

to atoms. He lifted his right hand; his eyes flashed.

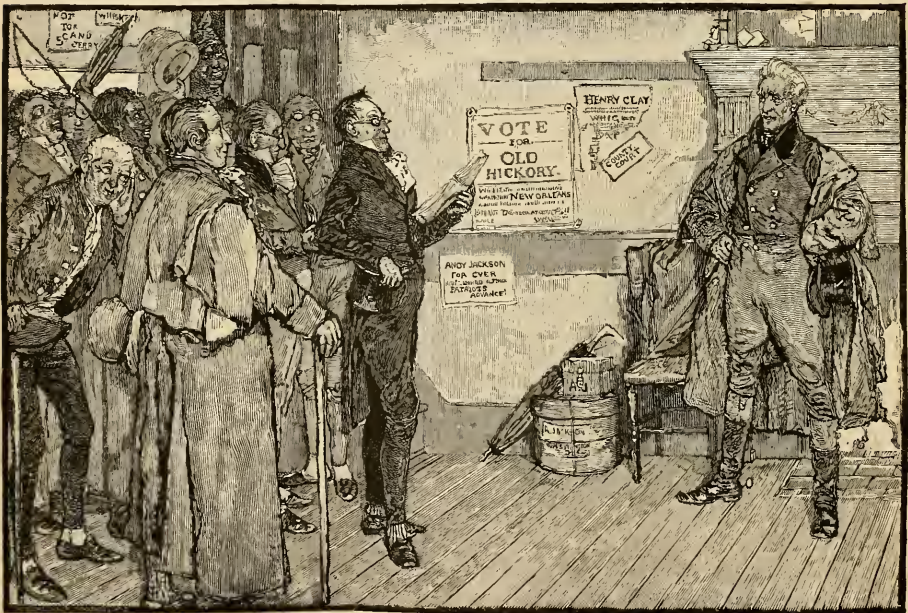
“The Union! It must and shall be preserved! By the Eternal! Send for General Scott!”

President Jackson little knew how his words would ring through the country, firing the hearts of the people—how men who had opposed him would become his supporters and friends—how, thirty years later, it would be like a fire-bell at night to stir the souls of men.

United States troops were sent to Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney. Commander Elliott sailed with a fleet, and the people of Charleston saw the cannon of ships and forts pointed toward the town. Every morning

they beheld the Stars and Stripes flung out from the top-masts, and heard the bands playing "Hail, Columbia!" This first attempt at nullification was the outgrowth of the thistle-seed sown in the resolutions of 1798. A State had risen against the nation, but the nation, in behalf of constitutional liberty, asserted its right and its might to legislate for all the people.

President Jackson became very popular. The people called him "Old Hickory," because he was so unyielding, like the hickory-tree. Whenever he travelled, people crowded to see him, throwing up their hats, shouting—"hurrah!" the great men of the towns presenting addresses of welcome.



ADDRESS TO "OLD HICKORY."

CHAPTER XVII.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL FORCES.

TO establish an enduring State, to build a nation great and strong, there must be not only the achievement of independence, the clearing away of the forest, laying out of farms, building of ships, growth of towns, increase of population, but there must be also the development of ideas, the exercise of moral and religious forces. Men do not think alike; well for the world that they do not. Otherwise there would be no progress.

The establishment of common schools in New England, the education of the people, promoted free thought. Men began to think for themselves in matters of religion. When the Constitution was adopted the men who framed it saw that it was the right of every man to believe what he pleased in religion; that he had the right to be protected in his belief and form of worship. In New England, during the Colonial period, the meeting-houses were built by the towns, and all the people were taxed to support the ministers. In Virginia the ministers received their pay in tobacco. Congress left each State to settle questions in regard to ministers, and churches. One by one the States, from 1800 to 1820, repealed the laws which compelled people to support ministers. It was left for each church to support itself, pay its own minister, and regulate its own affairs. Men gladly do voluntarily what they will not do under compulsion. It was the beginning of a new era in the world's history. The people of other lands with astonishment beheld the building of a nation without a bishop in any way connected with government, voluntarily paying their ministers, and erecting their churches. The result was a great quickening of religious zeal. Ministers had greater liberty, preached with more fervor. From 1810 to 1830 was a period of remarkable revivals of religion—resulting in the formation of charitable and benevolent societies, and missionary organizations.

When King James determined to have only one form of worship in England, and that the Episcopal, William Bradford, William Brewster, and the men and women of Scrooby, fled to Holland, and from Holland

to America, to worship God in their own way. They would not be Episcopalians. When they landed at Plymouth they had no minister, but the members of the Church came together in a congregation and chose William Brewster. No bishop consecrated him by the laying on of hands, but he preached all the same; and, so far as William Bradford, Edward Winslow, and their fellow-pilgrims could see, his ministrations were just as acceptable to themselves and to God as if he had been ordained by Archbishop Laud.

The Pilgrims believed that the members of each individual Church should rule themselves. They were *Congregationalists*. The Puritans who settled at Boston were members of the Church of England, but refused to conform to the rules laid down by the archbishops and bishops, and were called *Non-conformists*. When they made America their home, and saw that the Pilgrims at Plymouth were ruling themselves in everything, they too became Congregationalists.

Roger Williams, who came to Massachusetts in 1630, was a minister of the Church of England, but became a Congregationalist. He had been sprinkled when he was an infant, but thought that he had not been properly baptized. As there was no minister to immerse him, it was done by Ezekiel Holliman, a member of the Church who also had been sprinkled. When Mr. Williams had been immersed he in turn immersed Mr. Holliman and ten others, and established the first *Baptist* Church in America. Although Baptists, they were Congregationalists in that they ruled themselves, and have become a great and powerful body of Christians.

When the Reformation, which started in Germany in the time of Martin Luther, spread through that country, Switzerland, Holland, and Scotland, the Churches which protested against the authority of the Pope of Rome chose elders and presbyters to manage affairs, and became known as *Presbyterian* Churches. The Presbyterian Church of Holland was known as the *Dutch Reformed Church*.

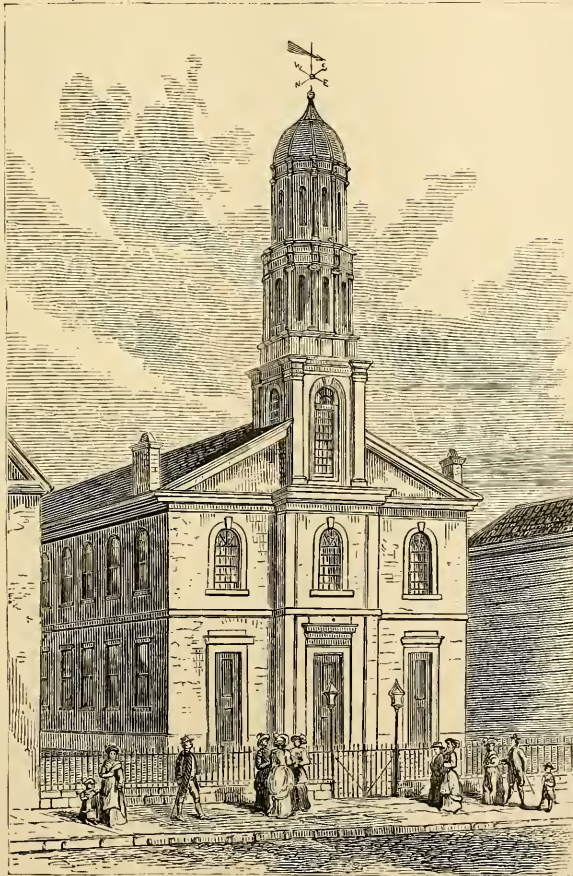
The burghers of Amsterdam, who sent the Walloons to settle New York (see "Old Times in the Colonies"), provided the settlers with a minister, the Rev. Everardus Bogardus, who was the first minister of that branch of the Presbyterian Church in America.

When Charles II. came to be King of England, in 1660, he determined to make the people of Scotland, who were Presbyterians, become Episcopalians. They refused—were imprisoned and oppressed. Fighting began. Men, women, and children were cut down by the British soldiers, and their houses destroyed. America offered them a place of refuge.

Between the years 1670-'80 a company of Scotch Presbyterians settled

near Norfolk, in Virginia; at Snow Hill and Bladensburg, Maryland; and at Port Royal, in South Carolina. The first Presbyterian minister in the United States was Francis Makensie, who began to preach at Norwalk, in Virginia, in 1684. He visited the older Presbyterians, who had settled in New Jersey and Philadelphia.

When Louis XIV. was King of France he sent a great army to ravage



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

the beautiful country along the river Rhine, called the Palatinate. He conquered so many cities and towns that he could not garrison them all. The people were mostly Protestants. What should he do with them? His minister, Louvois, was wicked and cruel. The woman whom Louis had privately married, Madame de Maintenon, who could wind the King round her little finger, was doing penance for the sins of her early years

by being very devout. Was there any better way to gain an entrance into heaven than by getting rid of heretics? She joined with Louvois in influencing the King to exterminate the Protestants. It was done. In 1689 the general commanding the army of Louis stood in the old tower of Mannheim, on the Rhine, and gleefully rubbed his hands when he saw great black columns of smoke darkening the sky—north, east, south, and west—at every point of the compass—twenty-two cities and villages in flames, and one hundred thousand men, women, and children—old men with tottering steps, women with babes in their arms—fleeing to the fields for safety; houses, furniture, everything destroyed; orchards hewn down, fruit trees girdled, vineyards trampled—desolation everywhere; food all destroyed; thousands of hungry, starving people—no one to feed them, no one to succor them—the soldiers mocking at their misery! Down the Valley of the Rhine fled the fugitives to find shelter and hospitality among the people of Holland. Queen Anne of England pitied them, and sent ships across the Channel to transport them to London, where many thousands were fed, on Blackheath Common. Fifty families were sent to Limerick County, in Ireland, where land was given them, and where they built once more their humble homes. Three-fourths of a century passed, and during the time their descendants had forgotten to be religious; but the followers of John Wesley went among them, preaching and praying; and they left off swearing, fighting, and carousing, and became industrious and sober people. John Wesley himself went to see them in 1758, and wrote this in his journal: “I found no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house among them. Their diligence had turned the land into a garden.”

Times were hard, and some of them determined to make America their home, and came to New York in 1760. One of the emigrants was Philip Embury, a carpenter, who had been licensed to preach. He lived in a little house that stood in Park Place. The emigrants were in a new country—in a town of twenty thousand inhabitants. There were taverns and ale-houses; sailors and soldiers thronged the streets, cursing and swearing. Philip Embury, with no house to preach in, with few to hear him, left off preaching. The religious fervor of the emigrants waned. But there was one godly woman among them, Barbara Heck, who, visiting her cousin, Paul Buckle, found him idling away his time and playing cards. She seized the cards and threw them into the fire. She found Philip Embury.

“You are responsible for our souls, and God will require them at your hands,” she said.

He felt the rebuke, and began to preach once more, in his own house, to Barbara Heck and four other women. People passing along the street heard strange sweet music floating out through the windows of the carpenter's house. They stopped and listened. Three musicians from the King's Regiment went in to see what was going on. Others followed, filling the room. Methodism had begun in America. One Sunday an



BARBARA HECK.

officer who had lost an eye at Louisburg, who had been wounded in his right arm on the Plains of Abraham, came to the meeting, wearing his uniform, his sword clanking on the floor—Captain Thomas Webb, who had heard John Wesley preach in England, and whose soul was on fire to turn men from their wicked ways. Wesley had licensed him to preach. He laid his sword on the table, and preached so eloquently that great crowds came to hear him. Barbara Heck, seeing her opportunity, went



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN NEW YORK. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

round among the people and obtained money enough to build a church. The building was sixty feet long and forty-two wide, built of stone—the first Methodist church edifice in the United States—erected in 1768.



STRAWBRIDGE MEETING-HOUSE. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

Other men began to preach, among the number Robert Strawbridge, at Frederick, Maryland, who built a log church, twenty-two feet square, with a square hole on one side for a window. He was so eloquent that people far and near flocked to hear him, and he held camp-meetings through Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.

In 1770 Francis Asbury came from England, landed at Philadel-

phia, and journeyed through all the country, from Georgia to Massachusetts, preaching in houses, barns, and in the open air to multitudes of people. He inspired other men to preach, sent them out on circuits, forming classes and churches. He was made a bishop—the first of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. When the Revolutionary war was over and the country at peace, he again travelled all over it.

“Where are you from?” asked one of his hearers in Ohio.

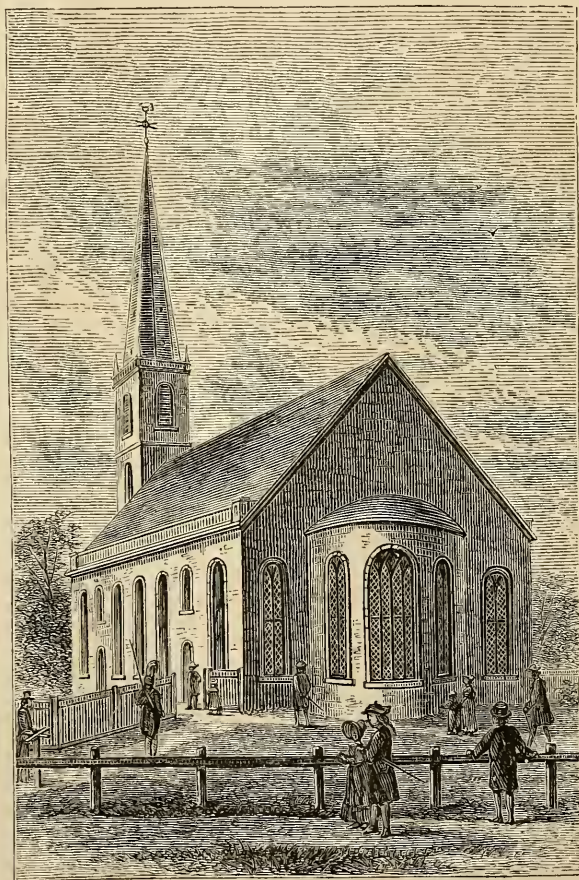


FRANCIS ASBURY.

“From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or almost any place you can think of,” he replied.

It is only a little more than one hundred years since the hymn sung on a Sunday morning in Philip Embury’s house floated out on the summer air; but it has echoed over the continent, making the Methodist Church one of the mighty moral and religious forces of the century.

There were not many people in the Colonies when the Revolution began who attended the Episcopal Church, and there were fewer when it closed. The royal governors during the Colonial times were all Episco-



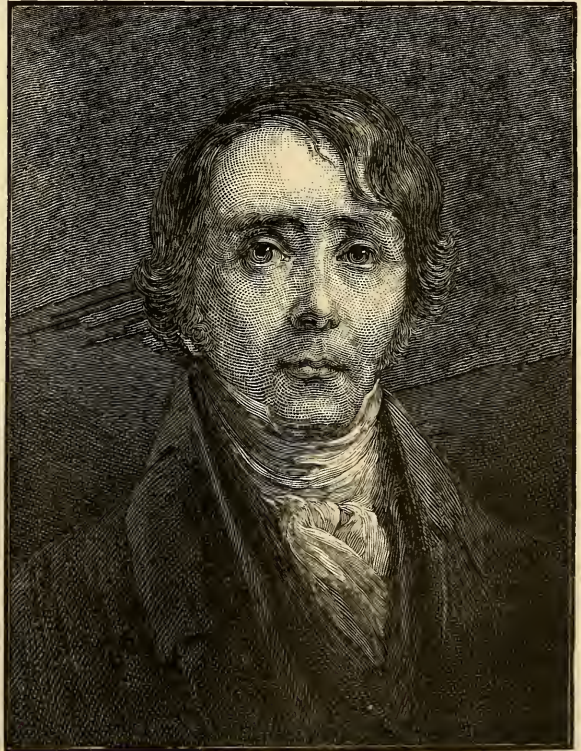
TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, 1774.

palians, and did what they could to build up that Church. The Episcopal ministers sided with the King. They were regarded as Tories, and the men who were fighting for freedom would not listen to their preaching. When the war was over, and the United States independent, the Prayer-book had to be altered. The King of England might need praying for, but he was no longer ruler of the United States. There was no bishop in America. No minister could be ordained to preach unless consecrated by a bishop. He must be consecrated to keep, as is claimed, an

unbroken line of consecration back to the Apostle Peter. To complete the chain, according to the belief of the Episcopalians, the Rev. Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut, crossed the ocean in 1784, and was consecrated at Aberdeen, Scotland, by three Scottish bishops. But the Scottish bishops had refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary when they became King and Queen of England, and the question arose whether Mr. Seabury was or was not a bishop. To make all sure—to keep the chain back to Peter unbroken—William White, of Pennsylvania, and Samuel Provoost, of New York, in 1782 went to England, and were consecrated in the archbishop's parlor at Lambeth; and the Episcopal Church took its place among the other religious bodies of this country.

The Rev. John Kelly, of London, in 1750, believed that all men, good and bad, would finally be saved from sin. He was the first minister in England to preach the doctrine. Mr. Murray, who had been listening to the preaching of John Wesley, accepted Mr. Kelly's belief.

In 1770, when the country was aflame for liberty and independence, he came to the Colonies, and formed a Church in Gloucester in 1779—the first Universalist Church in the country and the beginning of the *Universalist* denomination.



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Through all the years of the Christian era there have been men who believed that there was a unity between the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, but that they were not a trinity. In 1785 the Church worshipping in King's Chapel, Boston, struck out from its liturgy all reference to the Trinity, and thus became a *Unitarian* Church. In 1812 Mr. Belsham, of London, wrote

an article, which was republished in Boston in 1815, which stated that many of the churches in New England were at heart Unitarian. A great controversy arose, not only as to what people ought or ought not to believe, but as to the ownership of churches. There were hot discussions, angry

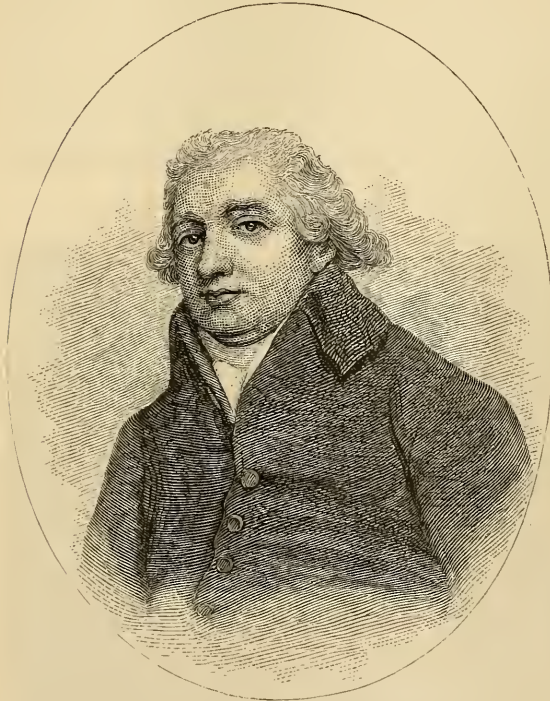
sermons, suits in courts, breaking up of churches—one hundred and fifty in Massachusetts, fifteen in Maine, and nineteen in New Hampshire becoming *Unitarian Congregationalists*. One of the most prominent Unitarian ministers was William Ellery Channing, pastor of the church in Federal Street, Boston—a man of delightful spirit, beloved and revered by everybody.

Other religious bodies came into existence, through the wise provision in the Constitution that guarantees freedom of opinion to every individual. Soon after its

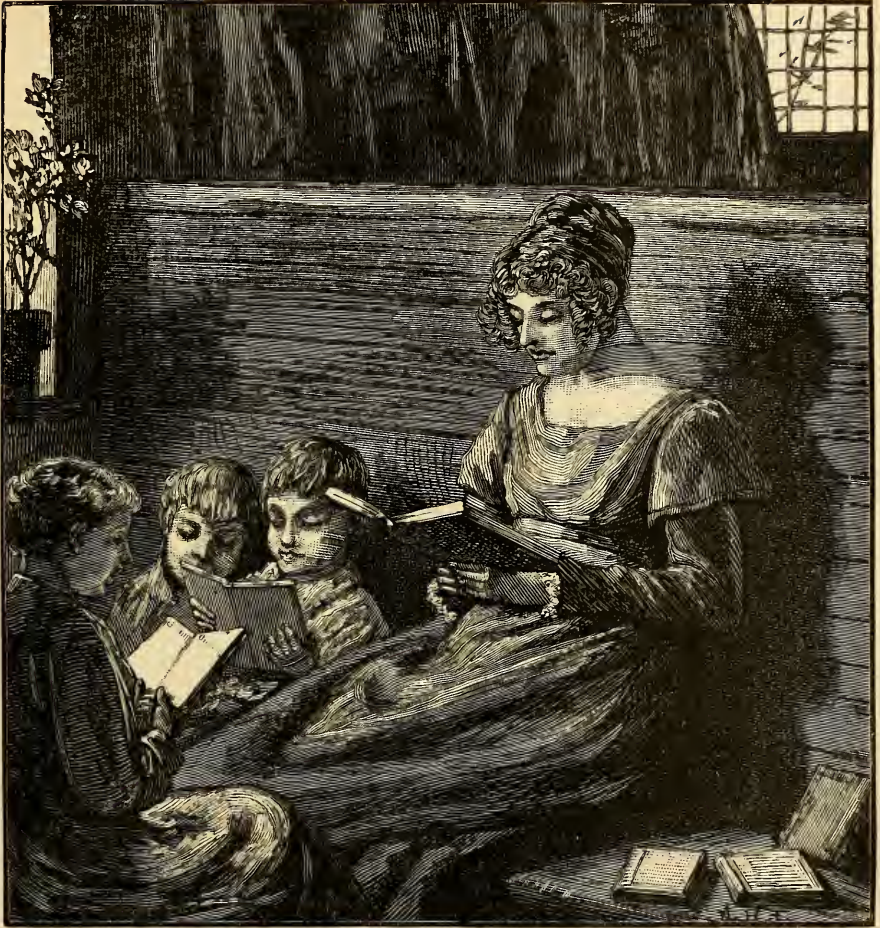
adoption moral forces unknown in past ages began to mould and fashion the moral and religious life of the nation.

Robert Raikes, of England, in 1781, seeing how the working-people spent Sunday in drinking rum, playing games, cursing, swearing, and fighting, established a school on Sunday, teaching them to read and write. In 1810 Joanna Prince was teaching a week-day school, in her own house, in Beverly, Massachusetts. Hannah Hill assisted her. A thought came to her to have the children, whose fathers were on the sea catching fish off the Banks of Newfoundland, recite verses from the Bible on Sunday.

The children were pleased with the idea, and came to her home on Sunday afternoon, and recited verses and hymns. It was the first Sunday-school in America established solely for religious teaching. People in



ROBERT RAIKES.



JOANNA PRINCE'S SCHOOL.

other towns heard what Joanna Prince and Hannah Hill were doing, and formed schools. It was a new idea. Some of the ministers and deacons, and the old gray-haired men, shook their heads. They were commanded to keep the Sabbath-day holy: would it not be breaking the command to teach a school? Even though the children recited verses from the Bible, would they not be throwing stones at the squirrels and birds and playing tag in going or coming? A church in New Hampshire, to make sure that there would be no unseemly conduct, passed this vote: "None except those of good moral character shall be admitted to the school."

Many good men were greatly disturbed when the schools were estab-

lished, fearing that it would lead to no end of evil. The mustard-seed of 1810 has become a wide-spreading tree, overshadowing all the land—the Bible the one text-book, its precepts the rule of life.

The year before Joanna Prince and Hannah Hill started the first Sunday-school nine of the Congregational ministers of New Hampshire met at the house of the Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen—in the room where Daniel Webster, when fitting for college, recited his lessons. They saw many people who had no Bibles—who were too poor to buy one or



WILLIAMSTOWN.

had not the inclination; that there were few instructive or entertaining books for children. They accordingly took measures to form, not only a society for a systematic distribution of Bibles, but of religious books and tracts. They voted to purchase and distribute four thousand copies of a pamphlet entitled “A Child’s Memorial; or, the Happy Death of Dinah Dondney.” It was an account of the happy life and death of a little girl in England. So far as known it was the first movement on this continent for the distribution of religious tracts.



OLD-TIME SINGING-SCHOOL.

Then came the formation of societies—the American Bible Society, in 1816, which has translated the Bible into nearly all languages; the formation of the American Tract Society, which has printed many millions of books and tracts, and distributed them broadcast over the land.

On a summer afternoon, in 1806, Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvy Loomis, and Bergan Green, students of Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, went out for a walk. A black cloud was rising, the lightning flashing, the thunder rolling; and when the rain came they ran to a hay-stack and curled down under it for shelter. They were studying geography, and were thinking of becoming ministers. They talked about the people in Asia who were worshipping idols.

“We can carry the Gospel to them,” said Mr. Mills.

“That is so; we can—it is our duty,” said all but one, who doubted if any great good could be done in that direction.

They sung a hymn and joined in prayer. They were young, just beyond boyhood; they were poor, working their way, as best they could, through college; they had very little influence, but a great idea had come to them, one of the greatest that can take possession of the soul—the giving of a Christian civilization to one thousand millions of the human race!



COLLEGE AND LIBRARY, WILLIAMSTON.

Not a selling, but a giving. What had they to give? Only themselves. They could be of little account; but the truth, the Gospel, the good news of God—that He was a father, Jesus Christ their Saviour and best friend—they believed that such teaching would lift men from their degradation, civilize, Christianize them, and secure their happiness in this life and in the life eternal. They formed a missionary society in the college, went to other colleges to talk it over with other students, arousing enthusiasm for the grand idea—resulting in the formation of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the first great missionary society in the United States, which has sent out many hundred men and women, who have established schools, gathered churches, giving a Christian civilization to hundreds of thousands in heathen lands.

Music has been classed as one of the fine or liberal arts; but it has also been a religious force in the history of our country.

When the Pilgrims came to this Western World they brought with them a copy of the Psalms of David, paraphrased by Ainsworth, which was their only hymn-book. In King James's version of the Bible the first and second verses of the first Psalm are thus given:

"1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

"2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

In the book from which the Pilgrims sung it read:

"1. O blessed that doth not
In wicked counsell walk;
Nor stand in sinner's way,
Nor sit in seat of scornfull folk.

"2. But setteth in Jehovah's law
His pleasurable delight;
And in his law doth meditate
By day and eke by night."

In 1640 the Bay State Psalm-book was printed at Cambridge, on the first printing-press set up in the Colonies. The one hundred and thirty-third Psalm was thus arranged:

"How good and sweet to see
It's for brethren to dwell
Together in unitee:

"It's like choice oyle that fell
The head upon;
That down did flow,
The beard unto,
Beard of Aron,
The skirts of his garment,
That unto them went down."



OLD-TIME CHOIR.

The Pilgrims and Puritans had very few tunes—not more than eight or ten—and when the seventeenth century closed the number in use did not exceed thirty. The people sung by rote. Their music could not have been very melodious, according to the Rev. Mr. Walters, who preached a sermon on music.

“Singing,” he said, “sounds like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time. The singers are often two words apart, producing noises so hideous and disorderly as is bad beyond expression. The notes are so prolonged that I myself have twice in one note paused to take breath.”

Mr. Walters, the Rev. Mr. Tufts, and a few ministers attempted to bring about a reform in singing. They wanted new tunes, and wished the singing to be improved. The young people desired reform; the old people opposed it. Mr. Tufts published a music-book, with rules and names for the notes *fa, sol, la*. The book contained twenty-eight tunes. It created a great discussion and commotion. The old ministers preached against the innovation.

“There are so many tunes,” said one minister, “that the people never can learn them. The new way of singing is popish. The notes *fa, sol, la* are blasphemous. The old way is good enough. The new way will require a great deal of time to learn the rules. It will make the young people disorderly. If they go to singing-school they will be having frolics.”

The new method made its way notwithstanding the objections. In 1764 Josiah Flagg, of Boston, published a book containing one hundred and sixteen tunes and two anthems—the first book printed in America with music in four parts. In 1770 Mr. Billings published a book which contained some of his own tunes, which became very popular.

Before the Revolution the hymns were “deaconed”—the deacon of the church standing in front of the pulpit, reading a line, the congregation singing it, then reading another, and so on through the hymn.

When the Revolution was over, when no more was heard the drum-beat calling the people to arms, the singing-master appeared. Delightful the evenings in the school-houses, where the young men and maidens learned to beat time, read the notes, the bass, treble, tenor, and counter, successively taking up their parts in the fuguing tunes of the period, and then on Sunday, standing in the singers’ seats, with a bass-viol to keep them company, making music that thrilled and delighted the congregation!

There was great opposition to the use of viols and violins in the church.

“A violin is the devil’s instrument,” said one minister.

As the years passed by good men began to see that music and musical instruments should have an exalted place in religious service, and not only viols and violins, but flutes, bugles, horns, clarinets, bassoons, and trombones began to be used, and a higher class of music—tunes composed by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart—the old fuguing compositions of Billings, Holden, Reed, and Swan disappearing about 1830. Then came songs for children—the introduction of music into the Sunday-schools, and still later into the common-schools, making music a great moral and religious force in the building of the nation.

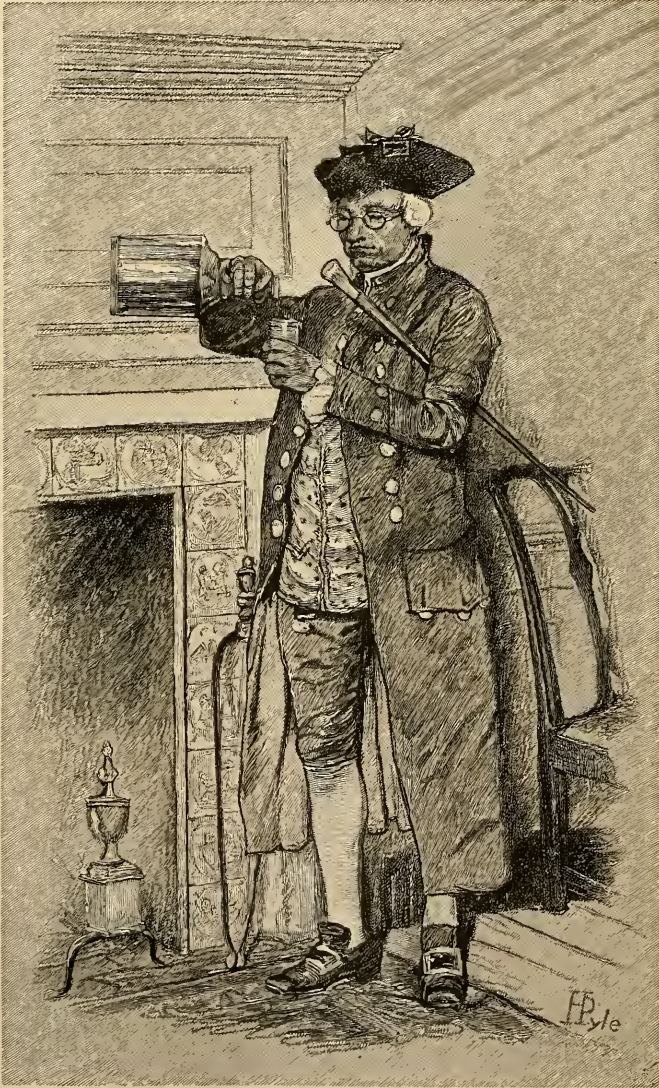
CHAPTER XVIII.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

A WAY back in the centuries an old alchemist, who was trying to find out how to make gold, discovered instead how to distil alcohol. In the course of time men learned to distil rum, gin, brandy, and whiskey.

In the year 1700 some Boston merchants, visiting the West Indies, saw that the sugar-makers were throwing away the molasses and sirup that dripped from the sugar. The merchants knew that rum could be distilled from molasses, and saw that there was a chance to make money. They shipped the drippings to Boston, built a distillery, and began the manufacture of New England rum. Everybody drank intoxicating drinks—ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers, men, women, and children. The rich merchants in the cities had mahogany sideboards and finely-cut glass decanters. Well-to-do farmers kept an array of jugs and bottles in their corner cupboards, and in their cellars casks of cider and cherry-um. Upon rising in the morning a glass of liquor must be taken to give an appetite for breakfast. At eleven o'clock the merchant in his counting-room, the blacksmith at his forge, the mower in the hay-field, took a dram to give them strength till the ringing of the bell or the sounding of the horn for dinner. In mid-afternoon they drank again. When work for the day was done, before going to bed they quaffed another glass. It was the daily routine of drinking in well-regulated and *temperate* families. Hospitalities began with drinking. "What will you take?" was the question of host to visitor. Not to accept the proffered hospitality was disrespectful. Was there a raising of a meeting-house, there must be hospitality for all the parish—no lack of liquor; and when the last timber was in its place a bottle of rum must be broken upon the ridge-pole. In winter men drank to keep themselves warm; in summer, to keep themselves cool; on rainy days, to keep out the wet; on dry days, to keep the body in moisture. Friends, meeting or parting, drank to perpetuate their friendship. Huskers around the corn-stack, workmen

in the field, master and apprentice in the shop, passed the brown jug from lip to lip. The lawyer drank before writing his brief or pleading at the bar; the minister, while preparing his sermon or before preaching it from



THE MORNING DRAM.

the pulpit. At weddings bridegroom, bride, groomsman, and guest quaffed sparkling wines. At funerals minister, mourner, friend, neighbor, all ex-

cept the corpse, drank of the bountiful supply of liquors always provided. Not to drink was disrespectful to living and dead, and depriving themselves of comfort and consolation.

In every community there were blear-eyed men with bloated or haggard faces; weeping women, starving children. On the piazza of every way-side inn were seedy loungers, running up scores on the landlord's books, or waiting to accept the invitation of neighbors or travellers to "take a drink." In every town or village were groggeries, where men



WAITING FOR A DRINK.

and boys idled their time away, spending their little earnings in drink or demoralizing games.

Lawyers found employment in making out mortgages or writing decrees of foreclosure. Sheriffs became rich through serving writs. Men, once honored and respected, who had started in life with high hopes and grand resolves, were reeling through the streets, or found themselves and families in the poor-house. In the jails were those who, in drunken frenzy, murdered loving wife, prattling child, or dearest friend.

The manufacture and sale of rum became a mighty traffic. It was

the great staple in every country store—sold by the gallon, quart, pint, or gill. It was so cheap that everybody could buy it. In 1775 (when the Revolution began), twenty thousand hogsheads were manufactured in New England. In the closing year of the second war with England more than fifty million gallons were distilled in the United States; farmers could sell their rye and corn at the distillery and obtain their rum cheap, and they were regarded as blessings.

In 1808 the citizens of Moreau, New York, appalled at the tide of demoralization arising from the drinking of rum, formed a society to



IDLING THEIR TIME AWAY.

discourage excessive drinking—agreeing not to drink rum every day, but only on special occasions: at public dinners, or when they did not feel well. It was the first temperance society organized in the country.

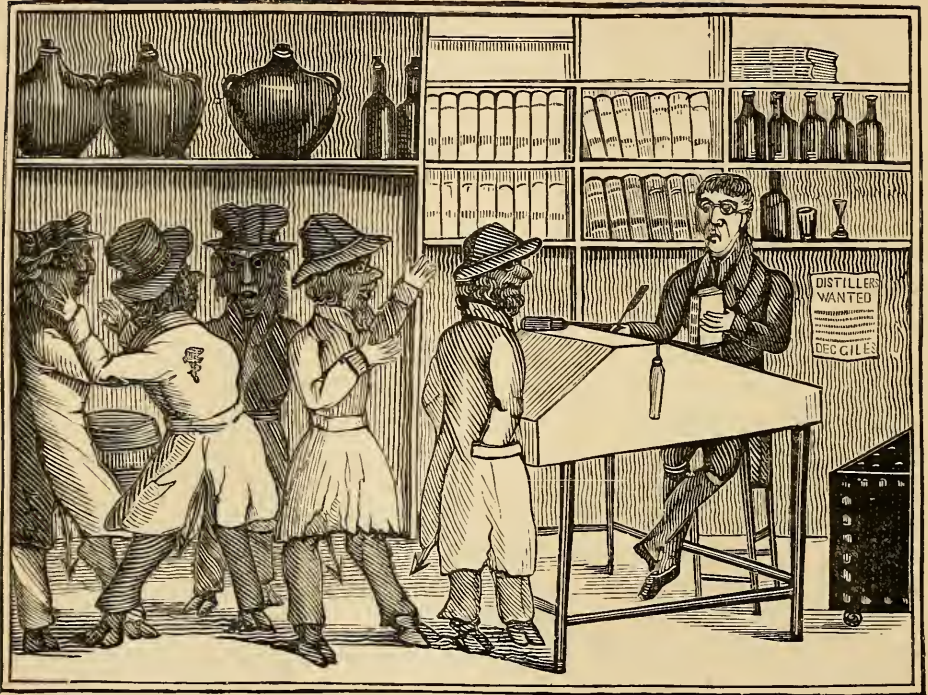
In 1813 some ministers in Boston formed a society for the suppression of intemperance; but nothing came of it, and the distilling and drinking went on. There was no abatement of misery and woe. Jails became crowded with criminals, alms-houses with paupers, and in the cemeteries the turf was heaped on those who, in the prime of life, had gone down to drunkards' graves.

The time for reform came. Thinking men saw the demoralization, and traced it to the universal use of rum. It was seen that drunkenness was a crime of the individual against himself and against society. Ministers preached in favor of temperance. Societies were formed—the members pledging themselves to abstain from drinking. Churches passed resolutions that the daily and habitual use of distilled liquors was inconsistent with upright Christian character. Some of the church-members, however, were greatly offended at such action, and said that it took away their liberty. The reform began in 1830. Many men left off drinking, but distilleries still flourished.

George B. Cheever was a young minister in Salem, Massachusetts. His soul was stirred when he looked out from his study window and saw the smoke rolling up from the tall chimneys of four distilleries, which manufactured six hundred thousand gallons of rum every year. In the harbor were vessels filled with hogsheads of molasses, brought from the West Indies to be distilled, and other vessels freighted with rum for Africa. He reflected that out of that rum would come battles, capture of prisoners, and their sale to negro traders. He saw long lines of teams loading at the doors of the distilleries, and moving away carrying rum to all the country towns. From his study window he beheld the almshouses crowded with paupers. One of the distilleries was owned by a Mr. Stone, one of whose workmen, while intoxicated, was scalded to death in a vat of hot rum. Mr. Stone was a good man. He was kind to the poor, deacon of one of the churches, treasurer of a Bible Society, and kept Bibles for sale in his counting-room, in one corner of his distillery. Mr. Cheever saw how inconsistent it was to combine the profession of religious principles with the soul-destroying traffic in liquor. His soul was on fire. He had a dream—"which was not all a dream"—about a distillery owned by Deacon Giles. He wrote it out and published it in a newspaper. This was what he dreamed :

"Deacon Giles was a man who loved money, and was never troubled with tenderness of conscience. His father and his grandfather before him had been distillers, and the same occupation had come to him as an heirloom in the family. The still-house was black with age, as well as with the smoke of furnaces that never went out. Its owner was treasurer of a Bible Society, and he had a little counting-room in one corner of the distillery, where he sold Bibles.

"Deacon Giles worked on the Sabbath. He would not suffer the fires of the distillery to go out. One Saturday afternoon his workmen had quarrelled, and all went off in anger. He was in much perplexity for want of hands to do the work of the devil on the Lord's day. In the dusk of the evening a gang of singular-looking fellows entered the door of the distillery. Their dress was wild and uncouth, their eyes glared strangely. They offered to work for the Deacon; and he, on his part, was overjoyed, for he thought within himself that, as they had probably been turned out of employment elsewhere, he could engage them on his own terms.



MAKING THE BARGAIN. (COPIED FROM A CUT IN THE PAMPHLET.)

“He made them his accustomed offer—as much rum every day, when work was done, as they could drink; but they would not take it. Some of them broke out and told him that they had enough of hot things where they came from without drinking damnation in the distillery. And when they said that it seemed to the Deacon as if their breath burned blue; but he was not certain, and could not tell what to make of it. Then he offered them a pittance of money; but they set up such a laugh that he thought that the roof of the building would fall in. They demanded a sum which the Deacon said he could not give, and would not, to the best set of workmen that ever lived, much less to such piratical-looking scape-jails as they. Finally, he said he would give half what they asked, if they would take two-thirds of that in Bibles. When he mentioned the word Bibles they all looked toward the door, and made a step backward, and the Deacon thought they trembled; but whether it was with anger or delirium tremens, or something else, he could not tell. However, they winked and made signs to each other; and then one of them, who seemed to be the head man, agreed with the Deacon that, if he would let them work by night instead of day, they would stay with him awhile, and work on his own terms. To this he agreed, and they immediately went to work.

“The Deacon had a fresh cargo of molasses to be worked up, and a great many hogsheads then in from his country customers to be filled with liquor. When he went home he locked the doors, leaving the distillery to his new workmen. As soon as he was gone you would have thought that one of the chambers of hell had been transported to earth, with all its inmates. The distillery glowed with fires that burned hotter than ever before; and the figures of the demons passing to and fro, and leaping and yelling in the midst of their work, made it look like the entrance to the bottomless pit.

“Some of them sat astride the rafters, over the heads of the others, and amused themselves with blowing flames out of their mouths. The work of distilling seemed play to them, and they carried it on with supernatural rapidity. It was hot enough to have boiled the molasses in any part of the distillery; but they did not seem to mind it at all. Some lifted the hogsheads as easily as you would raise a teacup, and turned their contents into the proper receptacles; some scummed the boiling liquids; some with huge ladles dipped the smoking fluids from the different vats, and, raising it high in the air, seemed to take great delight in watching the fiery stream as they spouted it back again; some drafted the distilled liquor into empty casks and hogsheads; some stirred the fires; all were boisterous and horridly profane.

“I gathered from their talk that they were going to play a trick upon the Deacon, that should cure him of offering rum and Bibles to his workmen. They were going to write certain inscriptions on all his rum casks, that should remain invisible until they were sold by the Deacon, but should flame out in characters of fire as soon as they were broached by his retailers, or exposed for the use of the drunkards. When they had filled a few casks with liquor, one of them took a great coal of fire, and, having quenched it in a mixture of rum and molasses, proceeded to write, apparently by way of experiment, upon the heads of the different vessels. Just as it was dawn they left off work and vanished together.

“In the evening the men came again, and the Deacon locked them in by themselves, and they went to work. They finished all his molasses, and filled all his rum barrels and kegs and hogsheads with liquor, and marked them all, as on the preceding night, with invisible inscriptions. Most of the titles ran thus:

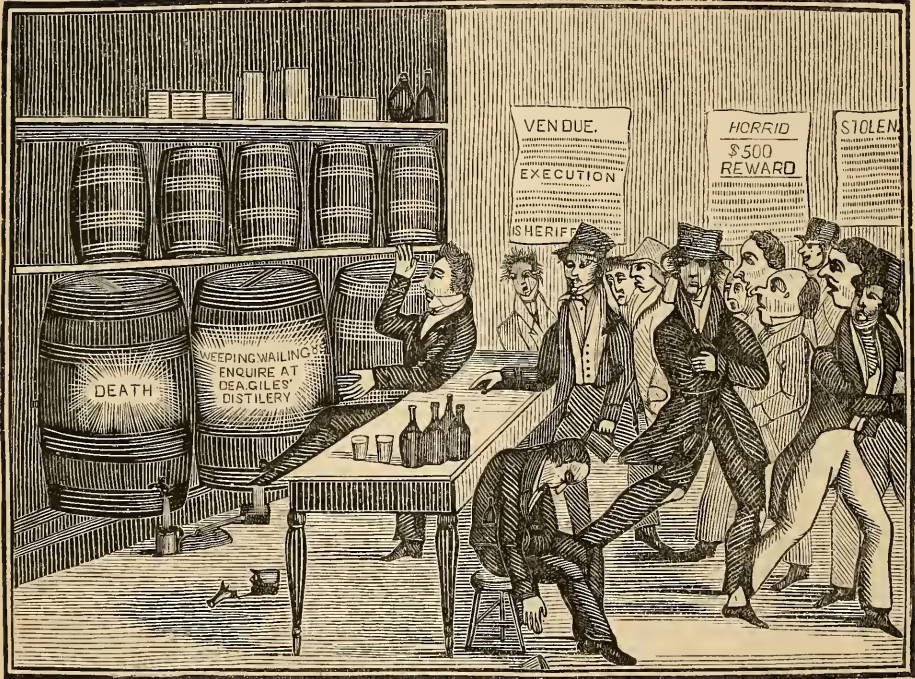
“‘Consumption Sold Here. Inquire at Deacon Giles’s Distillery.’ ‘Insanity and Murder. Inquire at Deacon Giles’s Distillery.’ ‘Delirium Tremens. Inquire at Deacon Giles’s Distillery.’

“Many of the casks had on them inscriptions like the following:

“‘Distilled Death and Liquid Damnation.’ ‘The Elixir of Hell for the Bodies of Those whose Souls are Coming There.’



THE DEMONS IN THE DISTILLERY. (COPIED FROM A CUT IN THE PAMPHLET.)



BURSTING OUT OF THE FLAMES. (COPIED FROM A CUT IN THE PAMPHLET.)

“Some of the demons had even taken sentences from the Scriptures and marked the hogsheds thus:

“‘Who hath Woe? Inquire at Deacon Giles’s Distillery.’ ‘Who hath Redness of Eyes? Inquire at Deacon Giles’s Distillery.’

“All these inscriptions burned, when visible, a ‘still and awful red.’

“In the morning the workmen vanished as before, just as it was dawn; but in the dusk of the evening they came again, and told the Deacon it was against their principles to take any wages for work done between Saturday night and Monday morning, and as they could not stay with him any longer, he was welcome to what they had done. The Deacon was very urgent to have them remain, and offered to hire them for the season at any wages; but they would not. So he thanked them, and they went away, and he saw them no more.

“In the course of the week most of the casks were sent into the country, and duly hoisted on their stoops, in conspicuous situations, in the taverns and groceries and rum-shops. But no sooner had the first glass been drawn from any of them than the invisible inscription flamed out on the cask-head to every beholder: ‘Consumption Sold Here, Delirium Tremens, Damnation, and Hell-fire.’ The drunkards were terrified from the dram-shops; the bar-rooms were emptied of their customers; but in their place a gaping crowd filled every store that possessed a cask of the Deacon’s devil-distilled liquor, to wonder and be affrighted at the spectacle; for no art could efface the inscription.

“The rum-sellers, and grocers, and tavern-keepers were full of fury. They loaded their teams with the accursed liquor, and drove it back to the distillery. All around and before the door of the Deacon’s establishment the returned casks were piled one upon another, and it seemed as if

the inscriptions burned brighter than ever—Consumption, Damnation, Death, and Hell mingled together in frightful confusion; and in equal prominence, in every case, flamed out the direction, ‘Inquire at Deacon Giles’s Distillery.’

“The Deacon had to turn a vast quantity of liquor into the streets, and burn up the hogsheads, and his distillery has smelled of brimstone ever since; but he would not give up the trade. He carries it on still, and every time I see his advertisement, ‘Inquire at Amos Giles’s Distillery,’ I think I see Hell and Damnation, and he the proprietor.”



BRINGING BACK THE RUM. (COPIED FROM A CUT IN THE PAMPHLET.)

The newspapers all over the country published the dream. Mr. Stone was greatly offended at Mr. Cheever, who was arrested for publishing a libel. Everybody talked about the dream. Men saw what they never before had seen—how terrible the woe that came from so much drinking. The ablest lawyers of Massachusetts were employed to prosecute and defend. The Court said it was a libel, and then Mr. Cheever was put in jail, which made it all the worse for Mr. Stone and those who owned distilleries.

But his dream, with its illustrations, was sown broadcast over the land. The temperance cause, which had begun to die out, went on with increased vigor. Societies were formed, public sentiment aroused, distillery fires ceased to blaze; there were fewer paupers, less misery and woe. It may

be questioned whether any other pamphlet published in the United States has been so far-reaching in its influence as that describing Deacon Giles's distillery.

How should men be kept from drinking rum? Massachusetts passed a law forbidding the sale of less than fifteen gallons of liquor—thinking that, as nobody could drink fifteen gallons at once, and as few men would want to purchase that amount, it would put an end to the sale. Men found a way, however, to get liquor notwithstanding the law. At a cattle-show a man advertised that in a tent by itself was a most wonderful pig—with black, red, green, and yellow stripes around its body. People paid ten cents to see it. Crowds went in, and came out smacking their lips. They had seen the painted pig, and had a drink into the bargain.

John Pierpont was minister of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, which had a cellar under it, which was rented to a distiller for the storage of rum. Mr. Pierpont drank cold water, and preached against rum-selling, which made some of his church-members very angry. They arraigned him before an ecclesiastical council, and compelled him to leave the pulpit.

Somebody published the following lines about the Hollis Street Church and the rum in the cellar:

“There's a spirit above,
And a spirit below;
A spirit of love,
And a spirit of woe:
The spirit above is the Spirit Divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.”

While the members of the Hollis Street Church were prosecuting their pastor for his preaching on temperance a scene of a different character was transpiring in Baltimore.

In the bar-room of a tavern, when work for the day was done, a tailor, carpenter, coach-maker, silver-plater, and two blacksmiths met one evening in 1840, as they were accustomed to meet, to drink their grog.

“There is a temperance-meeting close by; let us go and hear what they will have to say,” said one.

“Agreed.”

Four of them went, and when it was over came back to the tavern to take another glass of rum.

“Temperance is a good thing,” said one.

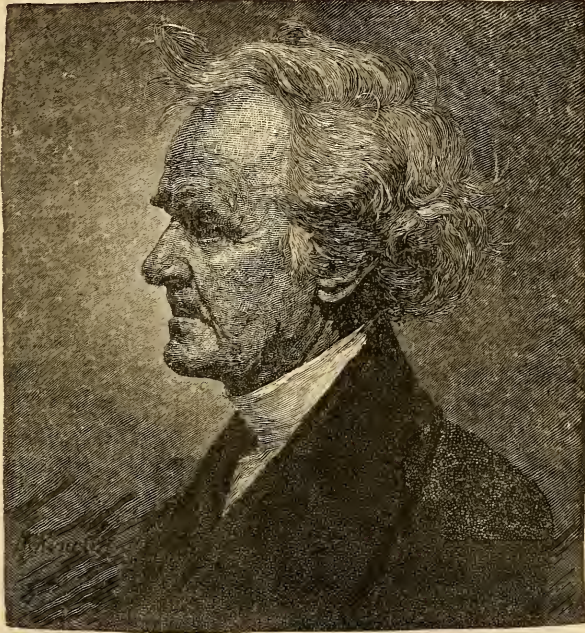
“Ministers and temperance people are hypocrites,” said the landlord.

“Oh, yes! you cry them down because you want to sell liquor,” James McCurly, the coach-maker, replied.

"I'll tell you what, boys: let us form a temperance society, and make Bill Mitchell president," said George Steer, one of the blacksmiths.

"Ha! ha! ha! Agreed."

They laughed at the joke; but, as they thought it over, the idea did



JOHN PIERPONT.

not seem to be a joke, but something worth thinking about in earnest. Saturday night came. They met once more in the bar-room, not to drink, but to talk over a plan for a total abstinence society.

"We do pledge ourselves as gentlemen that we will not drink any spirituous or malt liquor, wine, or cider," was the agreement to which they signed their names. The Washingtonian Temperance Society was formed, and each member agreed to bring a friend to the next meeting.

"See here: if you ain't going to drink, you can't stay here," said the landlord's wife, and the society went to a carpenter's shop. Each man brought a drunkard to the next meeting. The men who had been down were helping their friends who were down. It was a new evangel, which swept over the land, purifying, ennobling—the incoming of a far-reaching and enduring moral power.

CHAPTER XIX.

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

IT is natural for men to hate those whom they have wronged. When the planters of Virginia, in 1619, bought their first slaves (see "Old Times in the Colonies"); when the people of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and all the other Colonies began to purchase slaves stolen from Africa, they began a great wrong, out of which, as time went on, came throughout the Northern States an intense prejudice against free negroes, and a desire to get them out of the country; for it is also natural in men to endeavor to get rid of those whom they have injured.

In 1773 the Rev. Samuel Hopkins and the Rev. Ezra Staples, of Newport, Rhode Island, knowing that the slave-trade was a horrible business, conceived the idea of sending free negroes to Africa, to plant colonies along the coast, which they thought would put an end to the traffic.

Nothing came of it, however, till 1816, when Samuel J. Mills, the warm-hearted man who had helped form the American Missionary Society at Williamstown, Massachusetts; Francis S. Key, who wrote the "Star-spangled Banner;" R. B. Finley, of New Jersey, a philanthropist; and others, formed the American Colonization Society. They believed that colored men never could be of any account in the United States, because of a prejudice against them. In the dictionary we have this definition of *prejudice*: "An unreasoning predilection for or against anything."

A colored person was called a "nigger." He had no rights. Negroes fought under General Washington; they were soldiers in the war of 1812-'15. Negroes stood behind the breastworks at New Orleans, under General Jackson; but the nation had accorded them no rights under the Constitution. Society gave them no privileges equal to those of white men. A colored man might be intelligent, well-behaved, courteous—a gentleman in deportment—but he must do menial service. His place was in the stable, kitchen, doing drudgery. If he wanted to travel he must go on foot. He could not ride on a stage unless on the top

or on the rack behind with the trunks, even though he paid full fare. Colored people were regarded as baggage. In the meeting-house their place was in the gallery, in the "nigger pew." Though members of the church, they could not sit down-stairs with the congregation. At communion they must wait till the white members had taken the bread and wine.

In the common-school there was no seat for a colored boy or girl. Missionaries were making their way to India to teach the heathen. Indian boys and girls were being gathered into schools, but there was no school-master for the colored people. The men who founded the Colonization Society thought that by sending them to Africa the whole of that dark continent would in time be civilized and Christianized. They did not see that they themselves needed Christianizing.

"We do not intend to interfere with slavery; we shall send only free negroes," they said.

The Rev. Mr. Mills and Ebenezer Burgess sailed to Africa, and selected a place for a settlement. Agents travelled through the country, preaching on Sunday of the glorious work, picturing the redemption of the heathen tribes from barbarism through the civilizing influences of the free colored people who were to be sent there. Church-members contributed liberally of their money. Congress appropriated \$100,000; and in 1820 thirty-eight colored people emigrated to Africa, and made a settlement at Liberia.

Men were thinking as never before in regard to human rights. England had eight hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies. Large-hearted men—Wilberforce, Clarkson, Gurney, in England, and Daniel O'Connell, in Ireland—were doing what they could to induce Parliament to emancipate them.

When the Constitution was adopted, in 1787, it was agreed that the slave-trade should cease in 1808. It was supposed that slavery in the Southern States would die out, as it had in the Northern; but the men who framed the Constitution did not see what would come of James Hargreaves and Richard Arkwright's inventions in spinning, and of Watts's steam-engine—that England would set millions of spindles whirling; that no end of cotton would be wanted. They did not see that the earth, turning on its axis from west to east, creating a current at the equator, flowing westward, striking against the coast of Brazil, streaming into the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, heated and evaporated by the sun, would make the Gulf a steaming caldron; that the soft south winds, wafting the warm vapor inland, would make the whole coast, hundreds of miles inland—from North Carolina to Mexico—the great cotton-produce-



THE RISING POWER.

ing area of the world; that there the snow-white fibre would be soft as silk, and delicate as the finest gossamer; that, in consequence, Old England and New England would become hives of industry; that millions of spindles would be whirling and myriads of shuttles flying to supply the world with cloth-

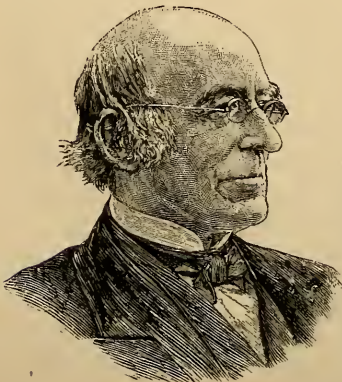
ing; that slavery, instead of dying out, would become more firmly entrenched—that it would become a mighty political and social force, dominating one-half of the States, and making its influence felt in commerce,



POOR WHITE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

in the halls of legislation, in courts of justice, in churches, and every walk of life.

Slavery was having a great effect upon the white people of the Southern States—making class distinctions. The rich were growing richer, the poor poorer. Labor was a sign of inferiority. The poor white people became more degraded. They were called “crackers,” “clay-eaters,” and other opprobrious names. The negroes called them “poor white trash,” because they were low down, living in miserable cabins, with no ambition to better their condition.

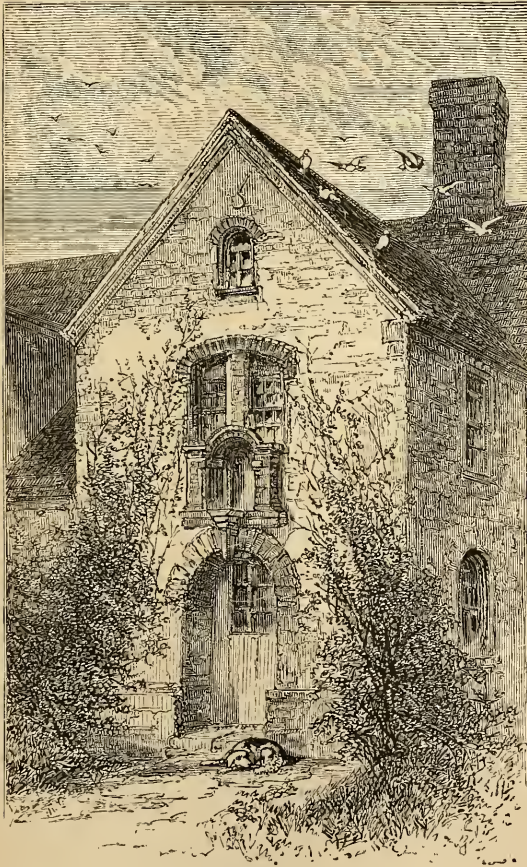


WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In 1818 the Presbyterian Assembly of the United States passed a resolution declaring that “the enslaving of one part of the human race is a gross violation of the most sacred rights of man, inconsistent with the laws of God.”

Benjamin Lundy, of a mild, benevolent spirit, who hated injustice, travelled

through the country with a set of types, printing and distributing a paper which he named the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. He established his paper in Baltimore in 1829. A young man born in Newburyport, Massachusetts (William Lloyd Garrison), helped him set types. The ship *Frances*, owned in Newburyport, came to Baltimore, took a cargo



GARRISON'S BIRTHPLACE.

of slaves, and sailed for New Orleans. The young printer heard the weeping and wailing of the heart-broken men and women as husbands, wives, and children were parted forever. A revelation like a flash of lightning came to him. He had been giving addresses in behalf of the Colonization Society; he saw that, although the open traffic in slaves with Africa was closed, the domestic trade was in full vigor, with all its woe. In the next number of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* there was a vigorous article denouncing the domestic slave-trade. A few hours later the young printer, with the sheriff's hand upon his shoulder, was brought into court, where a jury found him guilty of inciting the

slaves to insurrection, and the champion of right was marched off to jail.

Men whose souls are on fire with a great resolve laugh at bolts and bars. He wrote this upon the walls of his cell:

“High walls and huge the body may confine,
 And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze;
 And massive bolts may baffle his designs,
 And watchful keepers eye his devious ways;

Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
 No chain can bind it, and no cell enclose.
 Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
 And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
 It leaps from mount to mount. From vale to vale
 It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers.
 It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
 Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
 And in its watches wearies every star."

A generous-hearted man, Arthur Tappan, of New York, heard that the printer was in prison, paid his fine, and he was set at liberty.

During his seven weeks' imprisonment the printer made a discovery—that the prejudice against colored people was far greater in the Northern than in the Southern States. The conviction came that slavery would never die of itself; that emancipation could not be gradual, but must be, whenever it came, an immediate act—all the slaves liberated at once. He saw that the Colonization Society, instead of helping on emancipation, was really riveting the manacles upon the slaves more firmly. By removing the free negroes the slaves would be made more contented. He saw that slavery was degrading the poor white people of the South; that its influence for evil was felt everywhere in the land. A great resolve took possession of him—to wage relentless, uncompromising war against the institution. What could he do? He was poor—without a dollar. He had no friends. Nobody wanted to hear anything about slavery. He would be opposed. Men would call him a lunatic. He would be one against the whole country. But justice, right, eternal truth would be on his side. One with God is more than all the world beside. He could set types, and types would carry conviction.

The young printer went to Boston, resolving to speak in the meeting-houses on the sin and iniquity of holding men in slavery; but no meeting-house opened its doors to him. There were no slaves in Boston. Why should anybody hear what an obscure young man who set types for a living had to say about slavery?

The ministers of Boston little knew how resolute he was. Speak he would, and, if he could not have access to a meeting-house, he would obtain a hall. There was one on Pearl Street where ladies and gentlemen danced, and where Mr. Jullien supplied them with supper from his restaurant, getting up a delicious soup. He has passed away, but the soup which he concocted is still eaten the world over. An infidel society held meetings in the hall on Sundays; sleight-of-hand performers pulled ribbons

from their mouths, fried eggs in gentlemen's hats, made ladies' finger-rings mysteriously go and come, and performed other wonderful legerdemain upon its platform; and there, on the evening of October 16, 1830, the printer began his warfare against slavery.

"He is a prophet. He will shake the nation to its centre," said the Rev. Samuel J. May to Bronson Alcott, when the lecture was over.

"Come to my house, Mr. Garrison, and we will talk about slavery," said Mr. Alcott.

When the clock struck twelve they were still listening to what he had to say, and were enlisted heart and soul to carry on what he had begun.

The next Sunday Mr. May preached a sermon against slavery in the Unitarian church in Summer Street—the first preached in the United States under the new crusade. The Rev. Mr. Young was pastor of the church, and was greatly displeased.

"I never will ask you to preach again in my church," he said.

"Such a sermon is incendiary and fanatical," said the rich men of the congregation.

The printer started a newspaper—the *Liberator*—the first number making its appearance January 1, 1831. The New England Antislavery Society was formed the following week—Arnold Buffman, President.

The great idea was getting a foothold.

Some of the colored people held a meeting in Philadelphia to see what could be done toward establishing a school for themselves. They thought that New Haven, Connecticut, would be a good place for the school. Yale College was there, and Connecticut had done a great deal for education. Great the excitement in New Haven over the proposition. The mayor called a meeting of the citizens, and a resolution was passed declaring that the education of colored people was an unwarranted and dangerous interference with the affairs of the State, and could not be allowed.

There were learned professors in Yale College. There were scholarships to aid those too poor to help themselves to an education. Ministers preached on the duties and obligations of men to help their fellow-men. Earnest the appeals for money to send missionaries to the heathen; fervent their prayers for the conversion and enlightenment of the world. In the missionary concert, to the music of the pealing organ, pastor, president, professor, and people sung Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain."

It was their Christian duty to educate the heathen in India; but they could not think of permitting a negro school in New Haven!

Miss Prudence Crandall was a teacher, and at the request of the people of Canterbury, Connecticut, purchased a house in that village and opened a boarding-school for young ladies. A colored girl (Sarah Harris) became a pupil. She wished to acquire an education that she might teach colored children.

"We cannot have our daughters attend school with a nigger," said the parents of the white girls, taking them out of school. Miss Crandall thereupon opened a school for colored girls. The selectmen called a town meeting, which was held in the meeting-house. The moderator stood in the deacons' seat and read a series of resolutions condemnatory of the school. Andrew L. Judson, who was a candidate for Governor, and who afterward became a judge of the United States District Court, made a speech, saying that the school must not be permitted to go on. The resolutions were passed. The store-keepers would not sell anything to Miss Crandall. The well in her yard was filled up by a gang of ruffians. The selectmen called upon her. "Under the vagrant law of the State," they said, "you must pay one dollar and sixty cents a week for every pupil not an inhabitant of Canterbury; and if the colored girls do not leave town within ten days they will each be tied to the whipping-post and flogged." The sheriff seized Eliza Ann Hammond, from Providence; but the Rev. Mr. May, the first minister to enlist with Mr. Garrison in Boston, was preaching in the next town, and gave his bond for ten thousand dollars, and the sheriff did not flog her. The selectmen did not really want her whipped; they had a suspicion that it would not read well in history. Besides, they had another plan. They went to the Legislature and obtained the enactment of a law prohibiting the teaching of a school for colored children by anybody without first obtaining the consent in writing of a majority of the people and the selectmen of a town.

Church bells rung, and there was a firing of cannon when the news came that the Governor had signed the bill and it was a law of the State. The sheriff put Miss Crandall in jail—into a cell from which a man had just been taken and executed for murdering his wife. Her friends promised that she would be in court at the time fixed for her trial, and she was released. She went back to her school, but her old acquaintances would

not speak to her. Her neighbors would not let her draw a cup of water from their wells. The doctor refused her medicine.

“You must not enter the meeting-house with your niggers,” said one of the deacons.

In the court-house, within a stone’s-throw of the old home of General Putnam, who, when the news came of what was taking place at Lexington and Concord in 1775, left his plough in the furrow and started for Boston (see “Boys of ’76”), Miss Crandall stood up before judge and jury to be tried for the crime of teaching colored girls how to read and write. The lawyers said that the law was unconstitutional. Mr. Judson, who made the speech in town-meeting against Miss Crandall, said it was not. The jury disagreed. Miss Crandall went back to school. Her house was set on fire; but she threw on water and extinguished it. Then a mob came at night, with axes and crow-bars, hurled stones through the windows, and beat down the doors. She could live there no longer, and the scholars went to their homes. Prejudice had triumphed. But it does not read well in history.

Were the people of Canterbury more prejudiced than the people of other towns? Not at all; the dislike was universal. In Canaan, New Hampshire, was an academy where a negro boy was endeavoring to obtain an education, which so incensed the people that the farmers of the town came with their cattle—fifty yoke of oxen—and drew the building into a pasture, breaking up the school. It was a wicked and cruel prejudice, born of slavery—which only the march of events inaugurated by the young printer could change.

CHAPTER XX.

TEXAS.

TO get at the history of Texas we must go back to the wonderful man, Robert Caveliér de La Salle, who launched the first vessel that ever floated on the lakes of the North-west; who, just two hundred years ago, descended the Mississippi River, and on a dry spot of land at its mouth set up a cross, and buried a leaden plate with this inscription: "Louis, the great King of France and Navarre. April 9, 1682." He took possession for France of all the country drained by the Mississippi. He went up the river the next year, reached Quebec, and sailed to France. On the first day of August, 1684, four ships, with two hundred and eighty men, sailed from France to make a settlement in Louisiana. The vessels touched at St. Domingo, and passed on into the Gulf of Mexico. The King had appointed La Salle governor of the settlement which he intended to make on the banks of the great river, but which he did not do, because the man who had been selected to navigate the ships made a mistake in his calculations and found himself at Matagorda Bay. He had sailed past the Mississippi. Instead of returning eastward to the great river, La Salle landed, built Fort St. Louis, and made the first settlement in Texas. The great explorer was murdered in 1688, while trying to make his way to Illinois. The Spaniards in Mexico, not wanting a colony of Frenchmen so near them, came and took the fort, thus getting possession of the country.

From the time of Cortez to 1821 Mexico had been under the dominion of Spain; but, influenced by the example of the United States, and by what was going on in South America, the Mexicans, under the lead of General Iturbide, revolted from Spain. Iturbide made himself Emperor, but was overthrown and banished, and a constitution was adopted modelled on that of the United States.

When the Spaniards conquered Mexico they enslaved the Indians, treating them with great cruelty. When the Indians died they stole negroes from Africa to work the mines and the sugar-plantations; but

the Mexicans, having made themselves independent—wiser in one thing than the people of the United States—inserted a clause in their constitution that any child born after its adoption should be forever free. This, however, did not suit the people: they wanted immediate freedom for everybody; and, in 1829, they set all the slaves free, and declared that there never again should be a slave in Mexico.

Texas was a part of Mexico—a beautiful country of woodlands, far-reaching prairies, pastures, cotton-fields, noble rivers, a fertile soil, adapted by nature to be the home of myriads of the human race. After the war with England was over the energetic traders of St. Louis and Natchez began to send trains of wagons and pack-mules to Texas, opening trade with the Mexicans, who had great ranches with herds of cattle and horses. The traders saw what a beautiful country it was, and one adventurer, James Long, in 1819, with seventy-five other restless men, went there, and issued a proclamation, styling himself President of the Council of Texas, but was killed, and his fellow-adventurers scattered.

We come upon two other men whose names are inseparably connected with the history of Texas—Moses Anstin and Stephen Fuller Austin—father and son. Moses Austin was born in the town of Durham, Connecticut. In his boyhood none of his playmates were more energetic than he. Durham was too small for him, and he went to Philadelphia, where his brother Stephen had a store, and was importing goods from England. He fell in love with a young girl and was married before he was twenty. He went to Richmond, Virginia, and opened a store. He bought the lead-mine on New River, Wythe County, moved there, and sent over to England for workmen, made shot and rolled out sheet-lead. His money gave out, and in 1796 the sheriff took possession of his works.

He heard that there were lead-mines in the far West beyond the Mississippi, in Upper Louisiana, owned by France. Across the Alleghany Mountains, down the Kanawha River and the Ohio, and up the Mississippi, he travelled, with his wife, in 1799, and settled at Potosi, Washington County, Missouri.

Twenty years go by. Louisiana has been purchased. Moses Austin hears of the wonderful richness of the lands in Texas owned by Spain. Why not go there? Why not stay where he is? His is a tireless spirit. His energy will not let him rest where he is. South-west, across Arkansas, swimming rivers, through forests, over nine hundred miles, he makes his way to Bexar, in Texas.

One day in December he enters the little Spanish town, the capital of Texas, and calls upon the governor.

"I have come to see if Americans will be allowed to settle in Texas," he said.

"Let me see your passport," said the governor.

"I have none."

"You have no right here. You will leave instantly, and get out of the country as soon as you can."

Who can tell how it happened that Baron Bastrop, of Prussia, who had been in the United States, should happen to be walking across the square in Bexar as Moses Austin came from the governor's house; that on their meeting should hinge the history of one of the great States of the Republic?

"I will see the governor," said the baron.

"Mr. Austin became a subject of Spain in 1799—before it was re-ceded to France. He has a right to be here," he said to the governor.

"A Spanish subject! That alters the case."

Once more Mr. Austin appeared before the governor. He asked permission to settle three hundred families. The governor acceded to the plan, and Mr. Austin started for St. Louis. It was in January. He was obliged to swim rivers; he had little to eat; he took cold, grew weaker day by day, reached home only to die. But the son, energetic as the father, resolved to go on with the plan. On July 5, 1821, with seventeen men, he started for Bexar, explored a vast region of country, saw how beautiful it was, and began a settlement, which received the name of Austin, now the capital of the State. He went to Mexico to obtain grants of land from the government, where he had to wait a year.

The people of the Southern States began to go there. After the discussion in Congress, whether Missouri should be a free or slave State, the



TEXAS AS CLAIMED BY THE UNITED STATES.

far-seeing men of the South turned their eyes toward Texas. They saw that from the territory acquired by the purchase of Louisiana only two more slave States could be organized, and that in a few years the slave-holding States would lose their political power in Congress and in the affairs of government.

"If Texas could be obtained," said Judge Upsher of Virginia, "it would raise the price of slaves, and be of great advantage to the slave-holders."

"It would raise the price of slaves fifty per cent.," said Mr. Gholson, of the same State.

"Texas will make five or six slave States," wrote Thomas H. Benton of St. Louis.

Companies were formed to promote emigration. One in New Orleans was called the "Galveston Bay and Texas Company;" one in St. Louis, the "Arkansas and Texas Company." By 1833 nearly twenty thousand Americans had left the United States to become Texans.

They had trouble with the Mexicans. They found it difficult to obtain titles to their lands. The constitution adopted in Mexico had been overthrown by Iturbide, who wanted to be an autocrat; but three generals of the army—Victoria, Bravo, and Santa Anna—overthrew him, and he was banished.

Then came other revolutions. The Mexican people were ignorant. The priests had great power over them. A government of the people to be enduring must have schools; the people must be intelligent, and able to think and act for themselves. When the generals of the Mexican army wanted money they made forced loans, which was one way of plundering the people, for the loans never were repaid. There was so little law and order and justice under the Mexican government that the Americans who had emigrated to Texas declared themselves independent of Mexico, and adopted a constitution. Many of them held slaves, and they adopted an article which made slave-holding constitutional. They elected Henry Smith, who had emigrated from Kentucky, governor; and Sam Houston, who was born in Virginia, and who had been Governor of Tennessee, commander-in-chief of the army. Fighting began. General Cos, with fourteen hundred Mexicans, was besieged in San Antonio by eight hundred Texans, and compelled to surrender. Santa Anna, who was at the head of affairs in Mexico, came with four thousand men to bring the Texans once more under his authority.

The news that the Texans were fighting for independence stirred the people of the Western and Southern States; and men who loved adventure, who were thrilled with the thought of securing the same independence

for Texas that the people of the United States had won from Great Britain, hastened with their rifles to take part in the struggle. Among them



was David Crockett, member of the Congress of the United States from Tennessee, who could pick off with his rifle the end of a squirrel's nose on the highest tree. He had killed so many raccoons that the hunters used

to say that the coons in the woods knew him; that one day, just as he was going to shoot a coon, he heard a voice asking,

“Is your name David Crockett?”

“Yes.”

“Then don’t shoot. I’m a gone coon. I’ll come right down!”

Across the country to Nacogdoches, and from there westward to San Antonio, rode this fearless hunter of Tennessee to take part in the struggle.

The people of New Orleans held a meeting, contributed money, purchased guns and uniforms for two hundred and fifty men. The people of Cincinnati sent two cannon, which were labelled the “Twin Sisters.” Down the Mississippi, on steamboats to Natchez, and thence across the country to Texas, streamed the adventurous spirits to aid in achieving the

independence of the people who had flung to the breeze a flag with a single star—the flag of the “Lone Star State.” They rode fleet horses, and were organized into companies of Rangers.

In February, 1835, Santa Anna, President and Dictator of Mexico, reached San Antonio. There were only one hundred and eighty-eight Texans there; but though Santa Anna had four thousand, Colonel Travis determined to hold the place

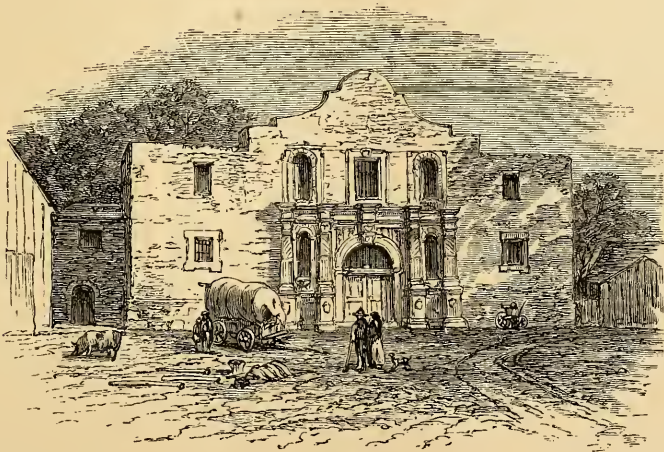


SANTA ANNA.

till General Houston came to his aid. He put his men into the little old church and mission building, just out of the town, where for more than one hundred years the Jesuit priests had chanted their prayers and counted their beads. They called it the Alamo. The walls were of stone, thick and strong.

Santa Anna sent a demand for the Texans to surrender, and they fired a cannon-shot into his lines as their reply. Day after day the Mexican cannon battered the walls, but with little effect.

Sunday morning, March 7, 1835, dawned, and the Mexicans, with scaling-ladders, made a rush upon the Alamo. Every loop-hole flamed, and the Mexicans were compelled to retreat. A second time they advanced, and again were driven back. A third time they come to the walls, place ladders against them, and climb to the top. Scores go down, but others take their places. Swarming on the wall, they fire down upon the Texans and leap to the ground. Now comes the hand-to-hand struggle—a clubbing of guns, pistol-shots, the clash of swords, the gleaming of knives—oaths, yells, and curses, clinching of teeth, splitting of skulls. Colonel Travis falls. David Crockett goes down. One by one the Texans drop.



THE ALAMO.

The sun is climbing the eastern sky. Its beams fall upon the grass still wet with dew. The battle is over—all is still. Within the Alamo—an enclosure one hundred and twenty by one hundred and ninety feet—upon the stone floor, where priests and penitents for a century have knelt in prayer, lie one hundred and eighty-eight Texans—every man who was in the enclosure at the beginning of the battle—and five hundred and twenty Mexicans—all dead, besides as many men wounded—the ghastliest spectacle ever beheld in North America! In all sixteen hundred Mexicans were killed and wounded.

Colonel Fanning and four hundred and forty-five Texans were taken prisoners at Goliad by Santa Anna. He promised to treat them kindly, but, in violation of his solemn pledge, ordered them to be put to death. Twenty-seven escaped, the others were murdered.

There was terror in Texas. Eastward along the roads streamed the

flying settlers. Eastward marched the seven hundred and eighty men under General Houston, who had a plan which he intended to execute. The Mexicans would follow, and at the right place and the right time he would give them battle.



SAMUEL HOUSTON.

Santa Anna, elated by what had been done, eager to capture the Texans, followed in swift pursuit. To travel faster he divided his army, little forecasting how disastrous it might be.

Eastward for two days and a half, scarcely resting, retreated the Texans, halting on the afternoon of April 20th on the shore of San Jacinto Bay, where the Buffalo bayou joins its sluggish waters with the sea. He had the two cannon which the citizens of Cincinnati sent him—the “Twin Sisters.”

On by another road came the Mexicans, crossing the Buffalo at Vince’s Bridge, forming in line of battle as the sun went down, ready to fall upon the Texans with its rising on the morrow. There was a little skirmishing in the evening, but Texans and Mexicans alike were too tired with the swift marching to go into battle. Thirty men on horses were General Houston’s scouts. Early in the morning they were in their saddles.

“Boys,” said John Cokes, “we are going to have a bloody battle, and I think it would be a good plan to burn Vince’s Bridge, and cut off the retreat of the Mexicans.”

“That’s so—we will do it!” shouted the other scouts.

“I’ll see what the general says about it,” said their captain, Deaf Smith.

“Do you think you can do it without being cut to pieces by the Mexican cavalry?” Houston asked.

“Give me six men, and I’ll do it or die.”

“Do it.”

The six fearless men make their way past the Mexicans, gain their rear, reach the bridge, and set it on fire. It was a little thing in itself that they had done, but of great moment in connection with what followed.

Along the low lands, by the groves of live oak fringing the marshes of the bay, Santa Anna formed his line, with his cannon in the centre.

Along the southern bank of the Buffalo bayou, with a cannon on each wing, General Houston formed his little army. Between the two armies were islands of timber, two beautiful green groves dotting the prairies. Breakfast is eaten. Westward rises a column of smoke from the burning bridge.

The Texans have not halted to be attacked but to attack. Forward to the islands of timber moves the line, the two cannon opening fire; the cavalry on the right swinging out in advance. The Mexicans are astonished. They came to attack, not expecting the Texans would dare to confront them. Steady the march. They reach the green islands, pass them. The "Twin Sisters" open their brazen lips, pouring causter into the Mexican line, only six hundred feet distant.

The Mexicans open fire, but there is no faltering in the Texan ranks. There is a clicking of gun-locks, a flashing of rifles fired with deadly aim.

"Remember the Alamo!" The shout rings out as the Texans rush upon the Mexicans, beating them down with the butts of their guns. The Mexican line breaks, and a panic seizes the soldiers. Over the prairies they flee, followed by the Texans. Fifteen minutes, and the battle is over—six hundred and thirty Mexicans killed, seven hundred and thirty taken prisoners. Among the spoils are twelve thousand dollars in money.

Among the captured was Santa Anna, President of Mexico, who was discovered by a soldier cowering in the tall grass, with his blanket over his head.

General Houston had been wounded, and was lying on a mattress when Santa Anna was brought before him.

"I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—a prisoner of war at your disposal."

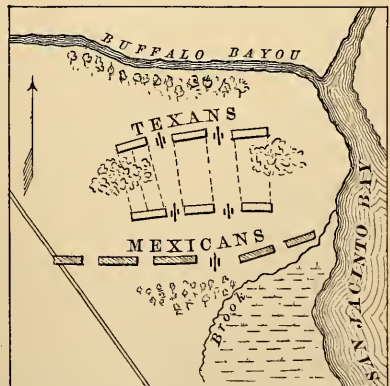
"Will you please sit down on that camp chest?"

"I would like a piece of opium, if you have any, and would like to purchase my freedom."

"That is for the Government of Texas to decide upon."

"You can afford to be generous. You have conquered the Napoleon of the West."

"You showed no mercy at the Alamo; how can you expect mercy now?"



BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

“By the rules of war, when a fort refuses to surrender and is taken the prisoners are doomed to death.”

“Such warfare is a disgrace to civilization. By what rule do you justify the massacre at Goliad?”

“I had orders from government to execute all taken with arms in their hands.”

“You are the government; you are Dictator of Mexico, and have no superior; you must write an order directing all the Mexican troops now in Texas to leave it,” said General Houston.

The order was written and executed, and thus came about the independence of Texas—the revolution inaugurated and accomplished by emigrants from the United States.

CHAPTER XXI.

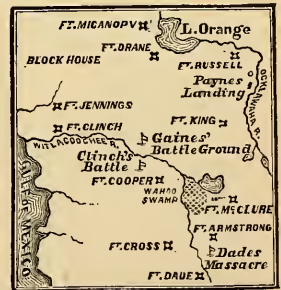
WAR WITH THE SEMINOLE INDIANS.

IN the everglades of Florida, where the live oaks were hung with trailing festoons of moss, the Seminole Indians had their home. Negroes from Georgia, fleeing from their unrequited toil and brutal masters, made their way to the wigwam of the Seminoles—so far away amid the solitudes that the blood-hound could not track or the master ever regain them. So many negroes escaped that the slave-holders of the Southern States petitioned the government to remove the Seminoles beyond the Mississippi. The Indians did not want to go. Florida was their home. Had they not a right to remain there? What right had the government to remove them? Some of the chiefs agreed to go, but Osceola, the most powerful of all, and most of the Indians, refused to leave their old homes and hunting-grounds.

The Secretary of War sent General Thomson with troops to compel them to go, and war began. Osceola was wily. General Clinch was at Fort Drane, which Osceola was intending to capture. Major Dade, with one hundred and seventeen men, was sent from Tampa Bay to re-enforce him. Osceola watched his opportunity, fell upon Dade, and massacred all but four of the soldiers, who managed to escape and tell the woful tale. Osceola stole upon General Thomson and five of his friends while they were at dinner and killed them.

Through 1836 the war went on, the soldiers following the trails of Indians through the terrible swamps, rarely overtaking them; the Indians, on the other hand, watching their opportunity to fall upon the soldiers.

Some of the chiefs, tired of the war, agreed to go west of the Mississippi, but Osceola still fought on. In October, 1837, he appeared before General Jesup with a white flag asking for a truce, and General



SCENE OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

Jesup treacherously held him prisoner, sending him to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, where he died of fever and a broken heart. His arrest and imprisonment will remain forever a blot upon the honor of the country.

Osceola was dead, but the Seminoles still resisted. Thousands of soldiers perished of fever in the swamps. There were nine thousand soldiers hunting them down. The Indians suffered a severe defeat in a battle fought by General Zachary Taylor near Lake Macaco; but not till 1839, after a war of seven years, costing \$40,000,000, were they finally subdued and removed to the Indian Territory.

On March 4, 1837, Martin Van Buren, of Kinderhook, New York, became President. The country, seemingly, was very prosperous. The Erie Canal had opened a new highway to the West; and the people of New England and New York were selling their farms and moving to Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois. People in North Carolina and Virginia who did not like slavery were packing their goods in wagons and making their way over the mountains, to rear their houses in the free States beyond the Ohio. People from Europe were hastening across the sea—eighty thousand arriving in 1837, most of them from Ireland—to wield the pick and spade in the building of railroads; the twenty-three miles of 1830 becoming fourteen hundred and ninety-seven miles in 1837.

It cost \$40,000,000—a great deal of money for those days—to build that number of miles. Other millions were required to build the great factories of Lowell, Pawtucket, and other places in New England. The employment of so much money, the movement of so many people, brought about much buying and selling of houses and lands, which began to rise in value. Men and women were getting more money for their labor. Girls who had been doing housework in the country farm-houses, earning fifty cents a week, were now receiving from two to three dollars a week in the factory. Men who had been earning eight or nine dollars a week were obtaining from twelve to fifteen dollars.

Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati were gaining very fast. Speculators laid out towns and cities all over the West. Land which had cost them one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre was divided



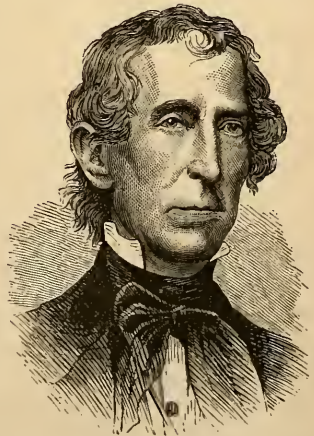
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

into house-lots and sold for five hundred or one thousand dollars an acre—people for the most part giving their notes for payment. The banks were issuing a great many notes, which passed for money; but they were only promises to pay. Many people in the Eastern States, hearing of the fertility of the land in Illinois, gave notes to the banks and bought lands in the far West, expecting to get rich by the rise in value. A fever for speculation set in. Everybody was trading—paying very little money, but giving promises to pay. Multitudes, instead of working, began to speculate, creating fictitious values, issuing more promises to pay, adding nothing to real accumulations, but mortgaging prospective earnings. They bought and sold—scattered that which they called money issued by the bankers, not knowing that everything in the universe is under the domain of law, and that sooner or later the laws which govern progress, which are powerful to build up, are equally powerful to destroy. They did not comprehend that industry is at the base of all material wealth.

When the men who had given their notes could not obtain money to pay them the crash came. Speculators, merchants, farmers, manufacturers, bankers—all failed. Men who thought themselves rich found that they were poor—their property in the hands of the sheriff. There was distress everywhere—so great that the President called an extra session of Congress to adopt some measure for the relief of the people.

The government was in the hands of the Democratic party, which had had a long lease of power. The Federal party had disappeared—the “Whig” party taking its place. The name came from Scotland, from the old Covenanters, who, when they met on Sunday in out-of-the-way places to escape the fury of the soldiers who were hunting them down, because they would not worship as the King determined they should, quenched their thirst with *whiggam*, or whey. When Charles II. came to the throne, the gay, frivolous, and wicked courtiers around him ridiculed the sober-minded men who opposed him, calling them “whey-drinkers,” or “whigs.” So in England it became the name of a political party opposed to the Tories, and was adopted in the United States by those opposed to the dominant Democratic party.

Congress did not pass any law at the extra session to relieve the people, and there was great dissatisfaction.



JOHN TYLER.

In 1840 the Democrats re-nominated Martin Van Buren for President. The Whigs selected General William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, as their candidate, and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice-President. The Whigs called General Harrison "Old Tippecanoe," remembering what he had done in the war with England in 1812. The political speakers pictured him as living in a log cabin on the banks of the Ohio, wearing a coon-skin coat and cap, living on corn-bread, and drinking hard cider. There were great political meetings, processions, banners, log cabins, speeches, singing of songs by young men and boys. One was called the Tippecanoe song. Thus it ran:

"Oh what has caused this great commotion
Our country through?
It is the ball now rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

General Harrison was elected by a great majority; but he lived only a short time, and John Tyler became President.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT MOVEMENT.

THE seed-corn planted by the young printer was taking root. The *Liberator* published by him was making its way over the country. Some copies went South. When the slave-holders discovered them they were very angry. The postmasters were on the alert to destroy any copy they might find—violating the law which prohibited any one from meddling with the mails. Other antislavery newspapers were established: the *Emancipator*, in New York; the *Herald of Freedom*, at Concord, New Hampshire. The American Antislavery Society was formed. In many towns and cities of the Northern States auxiliary societies were organized to bring about the freedom of the slave in a peaceful way. England was abolishing slavery in the West Indies—why should it not be abolished in the United States? The Colonization Society opposed the movement.

“This society is in nowise allied to any abolition society in America or elsewhere, and is ready to pass censure upon such societies,” was the vote passed by that society.

That stirred the blood of Mr. Garrison, who went to England to inform the philanthropists of that country of the attitude of the colonizationists. William Wilberforce, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Samuel Gurney, of England, and Daniel O’Connell, of Ireland, sent out their protest against the Colonization Society. They said:

“Its pretexts are a delusion. It takes its roots from a cruel prejudice against colored people. It fosters caste, widens the breach between the two races, exposes the colored people to persecution in order to force them to emigrate. It is a scheme gotten up in the interest of slave-holders and to perpetuate slavery. After seventeen years, and the expenditure of a great deal of money, only three thousand negroes had been transported to Africa—equal to the birth-rate of two and a half days of the colored population of the United States.”

The people of the Northern States began to see the society in its true light, and left off contributing to its support.

A national antislavery convention was held in Philadelphia in December, 1833. Fifty-seven years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence a second declaration was issued, recognizing the right of each State to legislate for itself on the subject of slavery, but declaring that



LUCRETIA MOTT.

Congress had the right to suppress the slave-trade between the States, and to abolish it in the District of Columbia and all the Territories. Sixty-two persons, representing ten States, signed it.

While the convention was in session a lady with a fair, sweet face, wearing a Quaker bonnet, rose. She had something to say, but hesitated, for fear somebody would be offended if a woman were to speak.

“Go on,” said the president.

It was Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia. Her address in the convention was the beginning of a new era in the lives of women in the United States. From that day to the present their voices have been heard in the discussion of public affairs.

James G. Birney lived in Hmmtsville, Alabama. He was a lawyer and a Presbyterian minister—arguing cases in court on week-days, preaching Sundays. He had a cotton plantation and held slaves. One of his slaves had been licensed as a minister, and preached to the others. One preacher of the Gospel owning a fellow-preacher! Mr. Theodore Weld thought it a singular spectacle.

“May I ask by what moral right you hold your brother-minister in bondage?” he asked of Mr. Birney, who had invited him to dinner.

It was an arrow which went straight into the heart of Mr. Birney. When night came he could not sleep. All through the midnight hours he turned it over. Frank and manly his answer in the morning: “I cannot show any moral right to hold slaves,” he said. He liberated them, purchased a printing-press, and was going to establish an antislavery paper in the town of Danville, Kentucky.

“We will not have any such paper in this State,” said the slaveholders.

Mr. Birney went to Cincinnati and established the *Philanthropist*.

“The citizens of Cincinnati are requested to meet at the Lower Market-



FIT ONLY TO BE A SLAVE.

house, to see if they will permit the publication of an abolition paper," read the hand-bills posted on the walls of the houses. The postmaster presided. A committee of thirteen was elected; eight of them were members of churches; Jacob Burnett, Judge of the Supreme Court, Senator in Congress, was chairman.

"Unless the *Philanthropist* is discontinued there will be a riot," said the committee to a committee of the Ohio Antislavery Society.

Judge Burnett and the eight church-members helped on a mob which scattered the types in the street and threw the printing-press into the Ohio River. They tried to find Mr. Birney.

"We will tar and feather him!" shouted a mob of ruffians. Not finding him, they smashed the windows in the houses of the colored people.

A mob in Philadelphia attacked the colored people living there. One negro was killed; another, to escape, jumped into the Schuylkill and was drowned. Many were brutally beaten; women and girls indecently assaulted. The windows of forty-four houses were smashed, the doors beaten down, and the furniture thrown into the street. In New York there were like scenes.

The churches, instead of being foremost to help on the antislavery idea, strenuously opposed it—Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Unitarian, Episcopal, alike. Ministers in the Northern States began to preach in defence of slavery, claiming that it was sanctioned by the Bible—a divine institution ordained by God for the well-being of the human race. Was not Canaan cursed? Was he not to be a servant all his days? Negroes were of an inferior race—fit only to be slaves.

The women of Boston formed a Female Antislavery Society, and held a meeting October 21, 1835. The young printer, Mr. Garrison, and George Thompson, of England, were there. Mary Parker read a chapter from the Bible and offered prayer. Mingled with the supplication were oaths and shouts from a mob outside the building.

"We pray Thee to bless the slave in his bondage," from the lips of Mary Parker.

"Snake out the Abolitionists. To the tar kettle with them!" is the shout of the mob.

"I entreat you to dissolve the meeting," cried Mayor Lyman, rushing into the room.

"We demand protection," said the women.

"I cannot protect you."

Into the room rush the ruffians, knocking Mr. Garrison's hat from his head, putting a rope around his neck, dragging him into the street.

"Hang him! hang him!" shouted the mob. The police rescued him, taking him into the old State-house, in State Street, hustled him into a carriage, and drove him to the jail, to save him from the infuriated men—not from men whose homes were in old houses in out-of-the-way streets, but merchants and traders who had ships on the sea, and who bought cotton at Charleston and New Orleans; who went from their counting-rooms to well-furnished houses, and drank wine at dinner.

That 21st of October, 1835, was a day of riots. There was one in Utica, New York. An antislavery convention was to meet there.

"It would be better to have Utica destroyed, like Sodom and Gomorrah, than to have the convention meet," said Samuel Beadsley, member of Congress from Utica. The convention met, but a mob rushed in and broke up the meeting.

"Come to my house," said Gerritt Smith, of Peterborough. He had come to Utica—not an antislavery man—to hear what the abolitionists would have to say. He loved justice and fair discussion, and from that hour was an abolitionist, giving freely of his money to help on the cause.

There was an antislavery meeting in Pittsfield, New Hampshire. The Rev. Mr. Curtis was offering prayer. The Rev. George Storrs, who was to give an address, was kneeling beside him, when the sheriff seized him, and dragged him before a justice of the peace, who sentenced him to the House of Correction for three months.

In Philadelphia stood Pennsylvania Hall, which cost \$40,000, dedicated to free discussion. A meeting was held there for the discussion of three great moral questions: how to save drunkards; how to benefit the Indians; how to abolish slavery. From South Carolina came two liberty-loving women to attend the meeting—Angelina and Sarah Grimke.

A mob broke the windows with clubs and stones. Mr. Garrison made an address.

"The mob think to silence us," he said; "but there shall be no silence till the howlings of the bereaved slave-mother are turned into shouts of gladness.

"If you will surrender the keys of the hall to me I will save it from destruction," said the mayor.

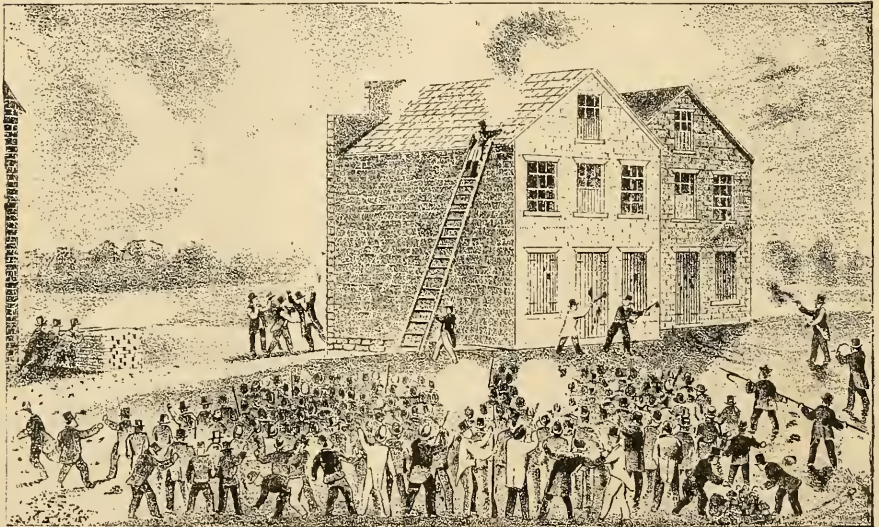
The keys were given to him; but at midnight it was set on fire by the mob and totally destroyed.

In St. Louis a negro committed a heinous crime. He was seized by

the mob, tied to a stake, wood heaped around him, tar poured upon the wood, a fire kindled—roasting him alive. When life was extinct, and the crisped body was hanging to the stake, men and boys threw stones to see which should first smash the skull.

“Such an act”—wrote the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister, in a newspaper which he was editing—“is worthy of savages or of the dark ages,” whereupon the mob threw his printing-press into the river.

He moved to Alton, Illinois—into a free State. The right of free



DEATH OF LOVEJOY. (FROM A PRINT OF THE TIMES.)

speech was the great question of the hour. He sent for another printing-press, calling on the mayor for protection. Mr. Lovejoy and some of the citizens of the town were made special policemen to protect his property. The press arrived at night, and was put into a stone warehouse. Up from St. Louis came a steamboat crowded with armed men. Mr. Gilman owned the warehouse in which the press was stored.

“It is my right and my determination to defend the property,” said Mr. Lovejoy and the citizens with him in the building, who were armed with guns.

“Tear down the building! Shoot the abolitionists!” shouted the mob, who began to fire bullets through the windows. The citizens in the building returned the fire, killing one and wounding another.

“Burn the building!” cried the mob. They raised a ladder, and a man went up with a torch to set the roof on fire. Mr. Lovejoy came

out with a gun in his hands, but the next moment fell pierced with five bullets. The citizens, seeing him fall, fled from the building, the mob firing upon them as they came, then entering the building, breaking the press to pieces, and throwing it into the river.

Liberty of speech, the right of free discussion, was the question before the country now. Men who had taken no part in the antislavery question saw that there was a mighty issue at stake. A great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, where on the walls are portraits of Washington, Otis, Hancock, and Adams. Dr. Channing made a speech condemn-

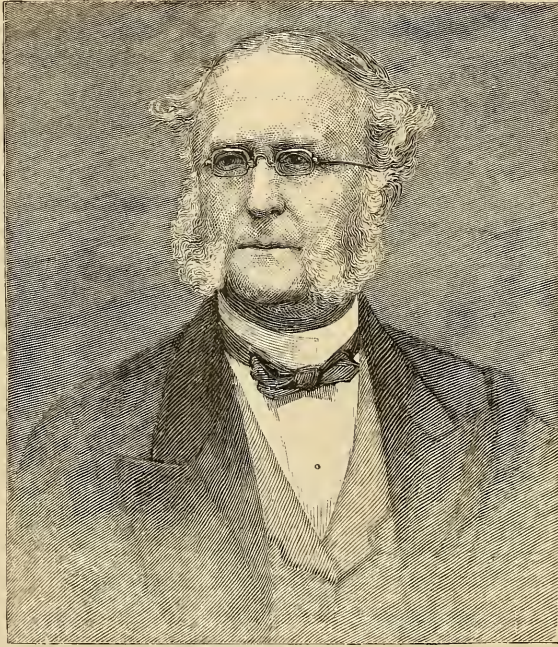


WENDELL PHILLIPS.

ing the outrage at Alton. Then the Attorney-general of the State, James T. Austin, sprung to his feet.

“Lovejoy,” he said, “died as the fool dieth. The men who threw his

press into the Missouri were as patriotic as the men who threw the tea into Boston Harbor before the Revolution. We have a menagerie in our city, with lions, tigers, hyenas, an elephant, a jackass or two, and monkeys in plenty. Suppose, now, some man with philanthropic feelings who be-



EDMUND QUINCY.

lieves that all are entitled to freedom as an inalienable right, should engage in the humane work of giving them their liberty, and should try to induce them to break their cages and be free. Now, the people of Missouri had as much reason to be afraid of their slaves as we of the wild beasts of the menagerie. They had the same dread of Lovejoy that we should have of this supposed instigator, if we really believed the bars would be broken and the caravan let loose to prowl about our streets."

"Hurrah!" shouted the crowd—well-dressed men as well as ruffians—who applauded the speaker.

Upon the platform stepped a young man whose voice never before had been heard in the Hall—Wendell Phillips.

"When I heard the gentleman," he said, "lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis, Hancock, Quincy, and Adams I thought those pictured lips on the

walls would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—slanderer of the dead. For the sentiments the gentleman has uttered on the soil consecrated by the prayer of Puritans and the blood of patriots the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up.”

“Take that back!” shouted the crowd, shaking their fists at him.

Mr. Phillips was not a man to take it back, but went on to say just what he pleased, determined that in the “Cradle of Liberty,” as Faneuil Hall is called, there should be freedom of speech forever.

Another man, Edmund Quincy, grandson of the patriot of the Revolution, from that evening became a leader of the movement for free speech and the freedom of the slave. He was an able writer, and his pen was ever employed in defending the principles which he had espoused.

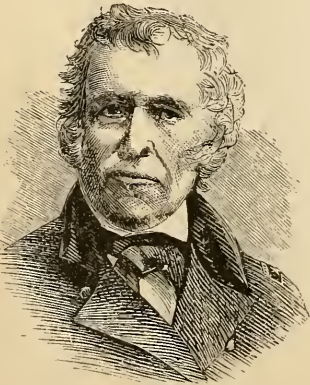
There were mobs and riots in many places, every outburst of violence setting men to thinking more seriously upon the great question of the hour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

TEXAS was a free and independent government. The Americans who had settled there wished to be annexed to the United States. The slave-holders in the United States ardently desired its annexation, because it would increase their political power.

“Slavery should pour itself abroad without restraint, and find no limit but the Southern Ocean,” said Mr. Wise of Virginia, in Congress.



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

He was looking into the future, and saw that there was very little territory south of the southern boundary of Missouri that could be made into slave States. The slave-holders wanted not only to annex Texas, but to obtain all the country between Texas and the Pacific Ocean. In March, 1845, Texas was annexed by act of Congress. What was its western boundary? President Polk claimed that it was the Rio Grande; Mexico that it was the river Nences. The strip of country between the two streams was nearly two hundred

miles wide. The flag of Texas never had waved over it. President Polk ordered General Zachary Taylor, who was at the mouth of the Nences, to take possession of the disputed territory. He marched across the country, and reached the Rio Grande. The people of Matamoras, on the western bank, beheld with astonishment the planting of cannon opposite the town. The river is narrow, and the Americans were so near that they could lift their caps to the Mexican ladies and salute them with “Buena Senoritas.”

General Taylor stationed two vessels at the mouth of the Rio Grande to blockade the river. A Mexican vessel loaded with flour attempted to enter, but was stopped; and flour became so scarce in Matamoras that a barrel was worth forty dollars.



CHARGE OF CAPTAIN MAY'S CAVALRY. (FROM A PRINT OF THE TIME.)

ROBERTA MOORE'S

General Taylor sent Lieutenant Thornton with a party of dragoons to scour the country.

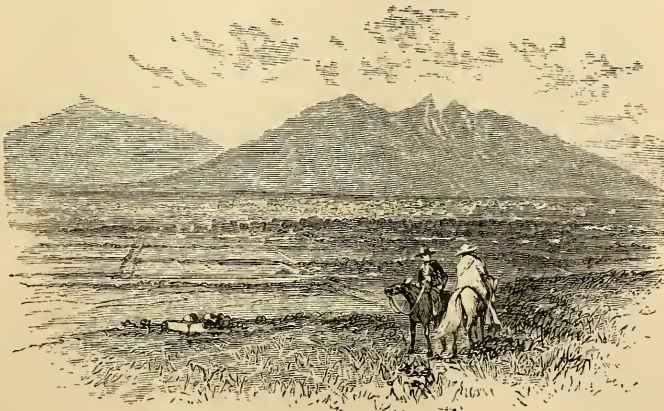
“You are to capture and destroy any parties of the enemy you may meet,” read his orders.

Lieutenant Thornton discovered a party of Mexicans and charged upon them. There was a fight, in which sixteen Americans were killed and wounded.

There had been no declaration of war, but it had begun through the aggressive acts of the United States. Mexico was in a state of anarchy. In 1844 Santa Anna was President, but had been deposed and banished.

General Canaliza succeeded him; but General Herrera brought about another revolution and became President. He was soon deposed by General Paredes, who wished to be supreme dictator—these the changes of eighteen months.

There were four distinct classes of people in Mexico: the Indians; the Mestizas, descendants of the early Spanish settlers and Indians; the Creoles, pure-blooded descendants of the first settlers from Spain; and the Spanish who had been born in Spain, but who had emigrated to Mexico. The Creoles hated the Spaniards, and called them *Gauchapins*—a con-



MONTEREY.

temptuous epithet. The Mestizas outnumbered all the others. They loved display, to wear uniforms, to be called general or colonel.

They had made themselves independent of Spain, and had established a republic, but had little conception of what constitutes a republic—that there must be intelligence, virtue, morality. There were frequent revolutions—each general aspiring to be President, and attempting, by using the army, to accomplish his purpose.

The people were ignorant, the country poor. The priests owned more than half the land. The Mexicans knew very little of the power of the United States. They held the Americans in contempt. The Mexican Government paid no attention to the claims of the United States for property of American citizens taken and destroyed. The men who one after another became Presidents were looking after their own aggrandizement, and gave little heed to the welfare of the country or its relations to other countries. When General Taylor marched to the Rio Grande and

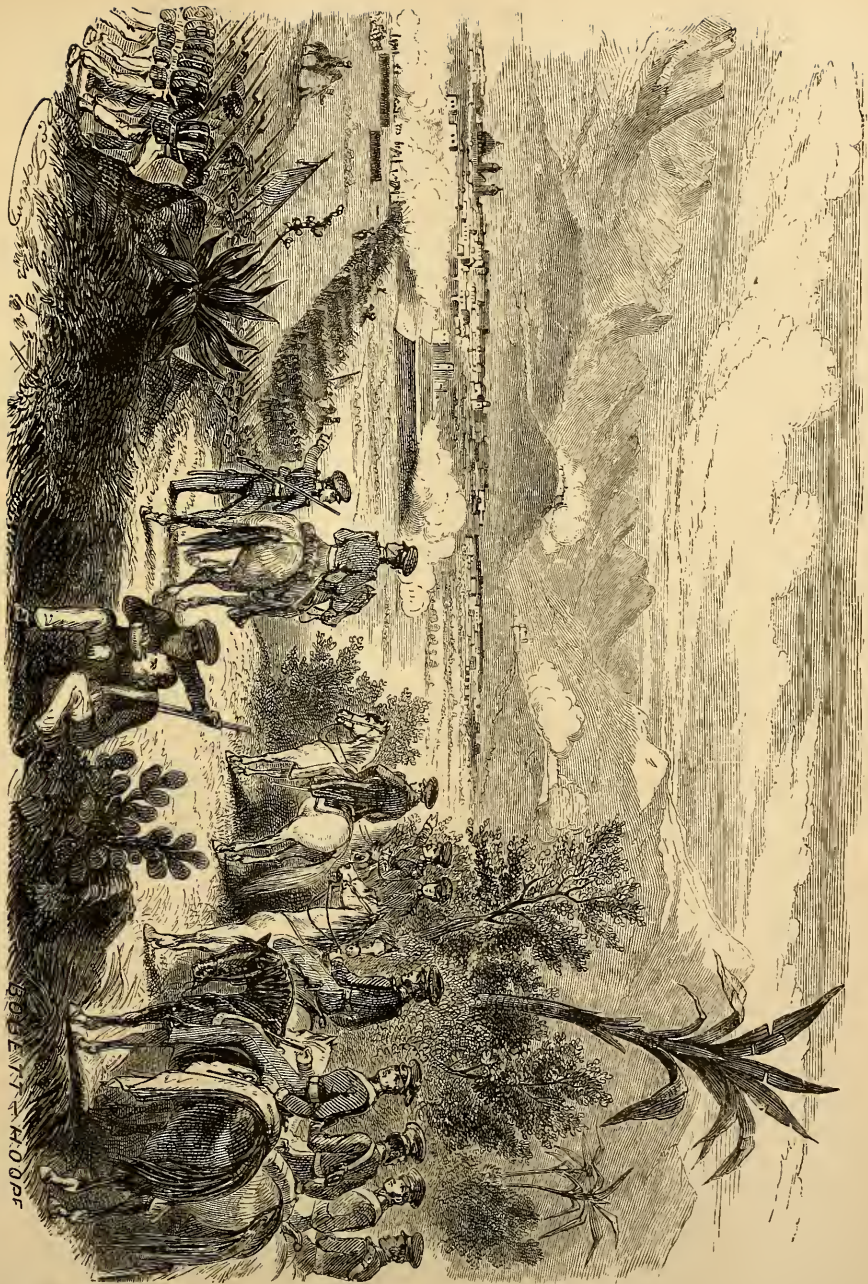


FIGHT IN THE STREETS OF MONTEREY.

occupied the country the Mexicans regarded it as an invasion. They were proud, and determined to fight.

General Taylor, with twenty-three hundred men, was marching north from Point Isabel, on the sea-coast, toward Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras. He had twelve cannon, two of them eighteen-pounders. General Arista, with six thousand men and twelve cannon, crossed the Rio Grande, and chose a spot between two thickets, where he would give battle. The Mexican troops were brave; but the artillery was no match for Major Ringgold's and Duncan's batteries of flying artillery.

General Arista placed his cavalry on his left wing, then two cannon, then a line of infantry, then four more cannon—so extending his line from thicket to thicket.



BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

BENTLEY H.O. 1847

It was noon, on May 8, 1846, when General Taylor discovered the Mexicans. He left the Fifth Regiment of infantry and a squadron of cavalry to protect his three hundred wagons, and formed his troops across the road. The artillery galloped forward and wheeled; the men leaped from the gun-carriages and opened fire.

The Mexican cavalry, under General Torrejon, came round the thicket on General Taylor's right to seize the wagons; but a volley from the Fifth Regiment sent them flying over the plain. The tall grass took fire from the gun-wads, and the flames swept toward the Mexicans. Under cover of the smoke General Arista moved a portion of his troops to attack the Americans; but they were badly cut up by Major Ringgold's cannon. There was little musketry firing, but the cannon on both sides thundered till night. The Americans lost fifty-six killed and wounded; the Mexicans between three and four hundred.

During the night General Arista retreated to Resaca de la Palma. Two thousand re-enforcements joined him, increasing his force to more than seven thousand. He stationed them along a ravine with thickets on both sides. General Taylor advanced. The artillery opened. Captain May, with his squadron of dragoons, swept over the plain, the horses upon the run charging upon a battery, cutting down the gunners, and capturing General La Vega. The infantry came on, fell upon the Mexicans, and drove them in confusion across the ravine. The battle was won. General Arista lost all his cannon, baggage, arms, ammunition, and five hundred pack-mules.

A Mexican poet celebrated the encounter in the following lines:

“Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Saw men ever such a sight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight?”

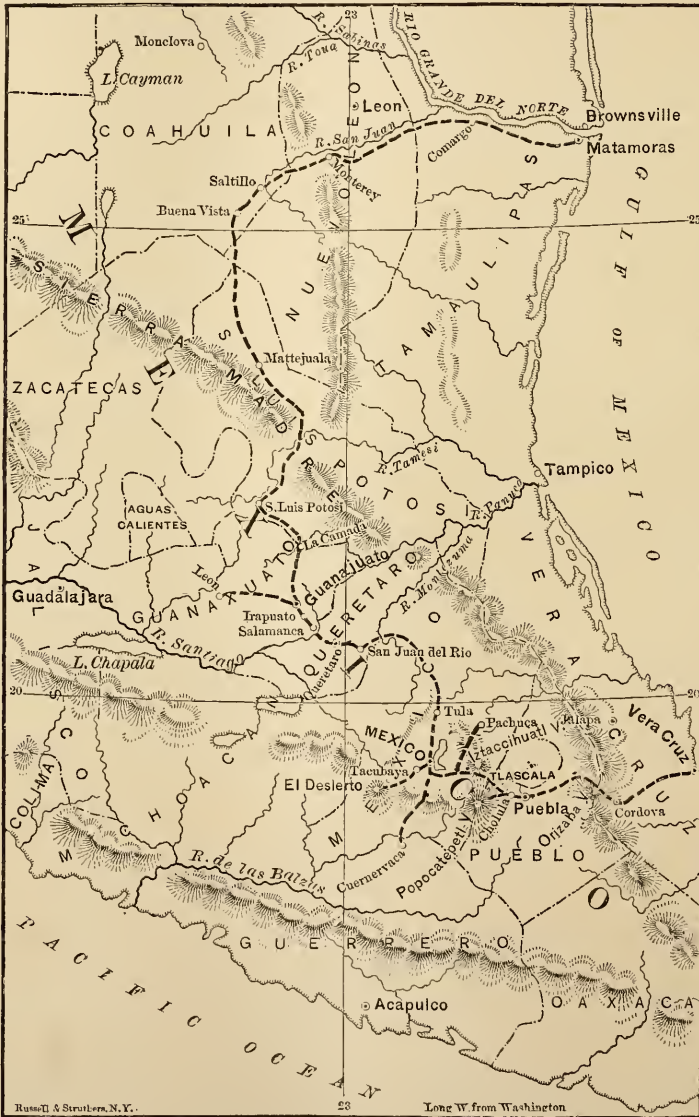
“Dark is Palo Alto's story,
Sad Resaca Palma's rout;
On those fatal fields so gory
Many a gallant life went out.

* * * * *

“On they came, those Northern horsemen—
On like eagles toward the sun;
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.”

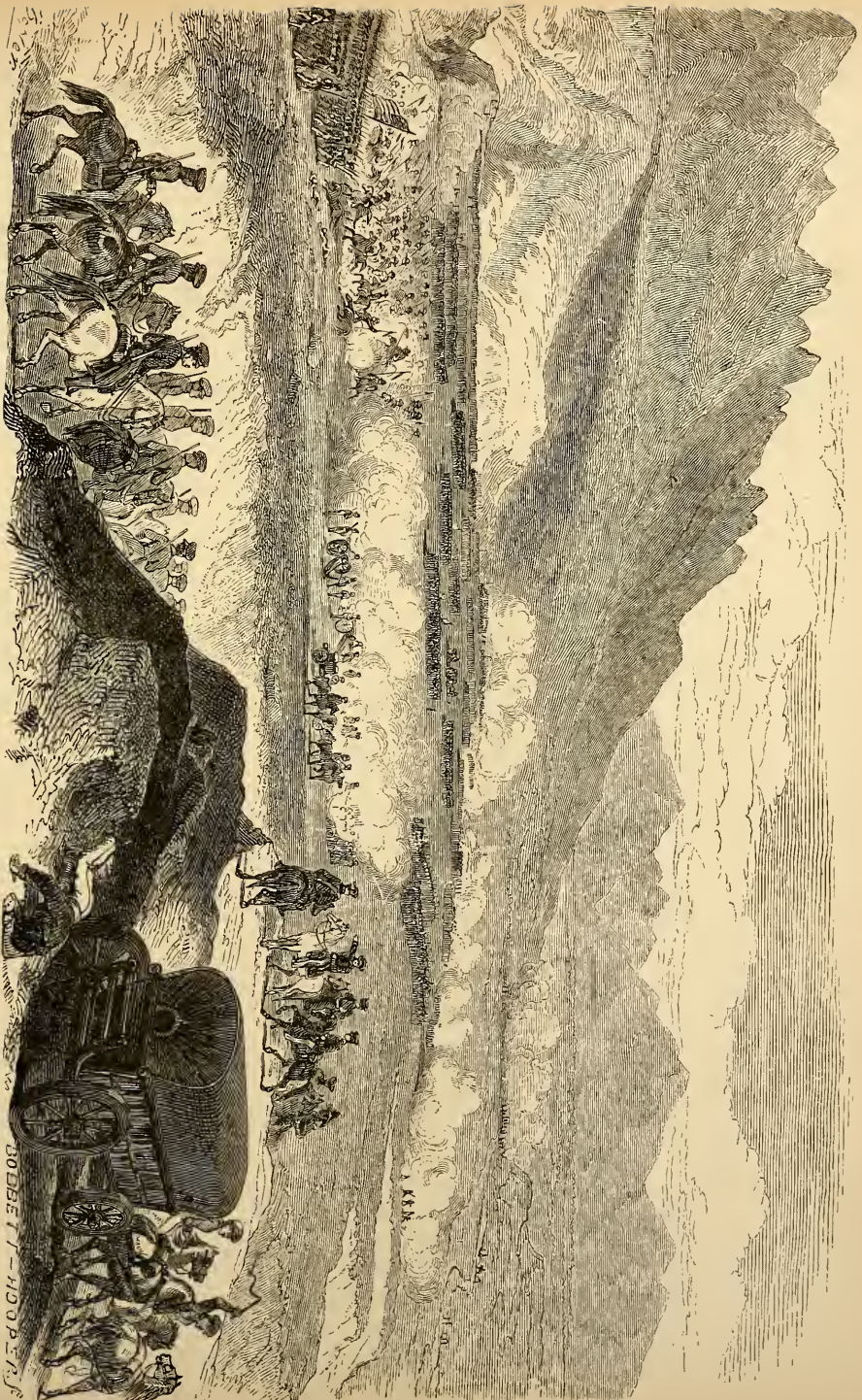
General Taylor, with six thousand five hundred men, marched at once to Monterey, the capital of the State of New Leon. It is distant

one hundred miles from the Rio Grande, and is situated in a beautiful valley, amid the Sierra Madre, or Mother Mountains. General Ampudia



ROUTE OF THE MEXICAN ARMIES BETWEEN VERA CRUZ AND THE RIO GRANDE.

was posted there with ten thousand Mexican soldiers. He erected forts and batteries, and planted cannon to defend it. One by one they were taken, and General Ampudia's retreat cut off. He sent a flag of truce,



BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

ROBERT HOOVER'S

offering to surrender the town if General Taylor would permit him to leave. The offer was accepted, and he marched away.

Mexico was in no condition to carry on the war successfully. It had no money; everything was wanting. The officers were inefficient. General Taylor was sweeping all before him. His name was a terror. Another larger and more powerful American army, under General Scott, was getting ready to capture Vera Cruz and march for the city of Mexico. What should be done?

General Santa Anna, who had been an exile in Cuba, hastened to Mexico. The government wished him to become dictator; but he refused the offer, and was made commander-in-chief.

Money must be had. Where could it be obtained? Why not take the property of the Church? A law was passed by the Mexican Congress empowering the government to take such property sufficient to raise fifteen million dollars. It was a great blow to the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico—one which must not be lost sight of in connection with the history of that country. The State of San Luis de Potosi authorized its governor to seize the property of individuals. Santa Anna pledged a portion of his own property. By these means money was obtained.

In January, 1847, Santa Anna was marching north with twenty-five thousand men. It was eight hundred miles from the city of Mexico to Monterey; but in less than a month's time he had organized the army and was ready to fall upon General Taylor. He would crush him, then hasten back and sweep General Scott into the sea.

General Taylor had only four thousand five hundred men; but he believed that he could win a victory at Buena Vista—"Beautiful View." It lies in a narrow valley, with lofty mountains on each side. Just south of the farm-house of Buena Vista was La Angostura, "the Narrows;" beyond, the valley southward, was a mile and a half wide. The plain was cut into deep ravines by the torrents which sometimes poured down from the mountains. General Taylor had retreated from Agua Nueva—the "New Wells"—twelve miles, to Buena Vista. Santa Anna thought that he was fleeing to get beyond the Rio Grande, and sent General Minon, with two thousand cavalry, over the mountains toward Saltillo, or Monterey, to cut off his retreat, and pressed on to overtake him.

February 22. It was Washington's birthday. At sunrise the drums beat, bugles sounded, and the band at Buena Vista played "Hail, Columbia!" as the regiments unfurled their flags to the breeze.

Up the valley beyond the Narrows the soldiers beheld the Mexican army deploying to sweep them out of the valley or be cut to pieces.

An officer with a white flag came down the valley, bringing a letter from Santa Anna to General Taylor.

"You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot avoid being cut to pieces. . . . I give you this notice that you may surrender at discretion," read the letter.

"I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request," was General Taylor's reply.

Across the valley at La Angostura, where it was narrowest, General Taylor formed his line of battle. On the west side of the little stream were Bragg's battery and the Kentucky Volunteers. At Angostura he placed Washington's battery of eight guns, with the First Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. Next in line stood the Illinois Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Hardin, and a company of Texans. This made the line complete to the higher ground of the broad plateau.

The First Dragoons, the Second Illinois, and Second Indiana and Arkansas regiments were far out on the plateau, toward the base of the mountain. Washington's battery was the key to the position. The Narrows must be held, or all would be lost.

Santa Anna ordered General Ampudia to climb the mountain-side beyond the head of the ravine and turn the left flank of the Americans. It was past two o'clock in the afternoon before the Mexicans were ready to move. When General Taylor saw them climbing the mountain he directed the Arkansas and Kentucky troops—all under Colonel Marshall—to head them off.

From the Narrows across the plateau, almost to the base of the mountain, galloped Lieutenant O'Brien with two of Washington's cannon.

"Can you spare me another?" General Wool asked of Washington.

"Yes."

"If I take three guns what will become of the key to our position?"

"I will defend it."

Another gun went up over the plateau.

It was three o'clock. Ampudia was far up on the mountain-side. The time had come for the battle to begin. The Mexican cannon opened, and Lieutenant O'Brien replied. Nearer to each other came the mountain-climbers. The musketry began—the Mexicans firing wildly, the Americans resting their rifles on the rocks and taking deliberate aim—the fight going on till the sun went down behind the peaks of the Sierra Madre. When night came on the soldiers of each army rested in their positions. In the evening General Taylor rode to Saltillo to see that everything was safe there against an attack from General Minon.

Morning dawns. Santa Anna has arranged to attack with three columns. The first, commanded by General Villamil, to move straight down the valley and seize the Narrows; the second, composed of General Pacheco's and General Lombardini's divisions, to sweep along the base of the mountain; the third, General Ampudia, to gain the rear of the left flank, and with the second division sweep the Americans pell-mell out through the Narrows.

On the mountain once more begins the rattle of musketry. The Mexican cannon open fire. General Pacheco is crossing the first ravine. Lieutenant O'Brien saw his opportunity, galloped forward with his guns, and threw the shot and shell thick and fast into the advancing host. General Lane sent Colonel Bowles with the Second Indiana Regiment to support him. They opened fire, but Colonel Bowles suddenly issued a strange order.

"Cease firing and retreat!" he shouts.

Why he gave the order no one knows; but in an instant the regiment was broken up, the men running across the plateau to the rear. On came the Mexicans.

"Double-shot with canister!" shouts O'Brien.

The three guns flash, mowing great swaths in the ranks now close upon him. Down go the horses and men of one gun. Again two of the cannon flame. He can stay no longer. Back over the plateau the horses drag the two guns, leaving the third to the Mexicans. He reaches the Narrows. Some of the artillerymen are dead on the plateau—all are wounded; not a man, except Lieutenant O'Brien, has escaped uninjured.

Toward the advancing hosts rattle two of Sherman's guns. The men leap from their seats, wheel them into position, and send canister-shot into the Mexican lines.

With steady step move the Second Illinois Volunteers; Colonel Bissell commands them. The air is thick with balls, and the men involuntarily duck their heads.

"Steady, boys. Don't duck your heads."



JOHN E. WOOL.

With a roar a cannon-shot passes by: Colonel Bissell involuntarily stoops in his saddle.

“You may duck the big ones, boys.”

He is cool, brave, kind-hearted, and the soldiers love him. With a cheer they move on.

Mexicans in front, on their right, and a great cloud sweeping round on the left of this one regiment, whose rifles are a sheet of flame. Colonel Bissell sees that he must fall back on his supports.

“Face to the rear! March!”

The troops move as they have been accustomed to move upon parade.

Four companies of Arkansas Volunteers had been ordered up; but when the bullets began to fly they fled, and were not seen again during the battle.

Down from the mountain moves Ampudia's infantry, folding back the Americans under Colonel Marshall, turning their left flank.

With steady step down the valley, across the plateau, move the troops under Villamil—straight upon the five guns at the Narrows. Ampudia, Pacheco, and Lombardini are driving all before them. Villamil will take Washington's five guns holding the gate-way, and then will come the rout of the Americans. The five guns open, sending shells into Villamil's lines. The gap closes, and the Mexicans move on. They are in column, and the shells tear through the successive ranks.

“Give them canister.” It is Washington's quiet order, and the howitzers, double-shotted, send a withering fire upon the head of the column. It melts away, moves back, and the next moment the men are fleeing to find shelter in the ravines.

Along the base of the mountain, still turning the American left flank, move Ampudia, Pacheco, and Lombardini. Villamil has been repulsed, but things look badly for the Americans.

Up to this hour General Taylor has not been upon the field, but he is coming with May's dragoons from Saltillo. The soldiers behold a cloud of dust at Buena Vista, and recognize their brave commander. They swing their hats and give a cheer. General Wool has been directing the battle, but now General Taylor takes command. Villamil has been crushed. There is no need for Bragg and the Kentucky regiment to stay on the west side of the brook. They are ordered to the plateau. Up the plateau toward the Mexicans, the horses upon the gallop, rumble Bragg's and Sherman's guns. Six cannon open fire—not now toward the south, but east and north-east. Still advances Ampudia. The Mississippians, under Colonel Jefferson Davis—one small regiment—alone confronted him: the

Mexicans on the south and the Mississippians on the north bank of a ravine.

“Forward!” The whole regiment shouted it. Their blood was up. Down the north bank they leaped; up the southern, standing face to face with the Mexicans. They brought their guns to the level—a sheet of flame burst forth. The Mexicans reeled, wavered, became confused, and then fled to find shelter in the ravine behind them.

Still toward Buena Vista pressed the Mexican cavalry.

Major Dix, Paymaster, was there. Toward Saltillo were streaming the fugitives of the Second Indiana. His soul was on fire. He seized their colors, shamed them by his brave words, gathered up the fugitives of all regiments. Dragoons came. General Taylor sent two cannon. They moved out in front of the Mexicans and stopped them. On the plateau stood the Mississippians and First Indianas with one of Sherman’s howitzers. In close column of squadron, fifteen hundred Mexican lancers came upon them, the troops gayly dressed, their horses elegantly caparisoned, the lancers sitting erect. The brigade was the pride of Santa Anna. They were rich men’s sons—the most dashing troops ever put into the field by the Mexicans. Like the rumbling of distant thunder was the tread of the horses’ feet.

One charge and that handful of Americans would go down beneath their feet, pierced by lances, trampled to jelly. Motionless as statues, silent as the dead, stood the Mississippians and Indianas, their rifles loaded. The Mexicans were astounded.

Why did not the Yankees run? Why did they not fire?

The gallop slackened to a trot, to a walk, then halted—only three hundred feet away. Fatal mistake! Ride on into the jaws of death, launch your column like a thunder-bolt, if you would win, O Mexican commander!

“Make ready!”

There was a clicking of locks.

“Take aim!”

The five hundred rifles came to the level—each rifleman singling out his man.

“Fire!”

Down went the column—men and horses together in a ghastly heap. Canister from the howitzers tore through them. Back over the plateau fled the living.

The supreme moment of the battle had passed. The tide which had been bearing the Americans back little by little had turned, and now the Americans were pursuing the Mexicans back to the mountains.

Washington's, Sherman's, and Bragg's cannon—all were thundering. Mexican fugitives were beginning to climb the mountains. Ampudia and Pacheco were hemmed in.

A Mexican officer with a white flag came down the plateau, bringing a letter. The roar of battle ceased.

"What does General Taylor want?" was the remarkable question asked by Santa Anna. It took a little time to receive it; and while the firing ceased Ampudia and Pacheco made haste to get beyond the pitiless storm from Bragg's and Sherman's guns. Santa Anna had another object in view: he wished to know just how many Americans there were at the Narrows.

The officer bringing the letter made good use of his eyes. Santa Anna marshalled his reserves. Ten thousand Mexicans under Villamil once more advanced. By concentrating all his force upon the Narrows he could win the battle. The Mexicans rushed upon O'Brien's two guns and seized them.

Bragg and Sherman are on the plateau.

"To the Narrows!" was General Taylor's order, and the drivers lashed the horses to a run.

Davis and Lowe with their soldiers, upon the double-quick, streamed over the plain. Washington sends canister into the faces of the Mexicans; Bragg and Sherman into their flank. No troops can stand against such a pitiless storm. The rifles of the Mississippians and Indianas rattle once more. The column breaks; the Mexicans throw down their guns and flee. The battle is won. From daylight till three o'clock it has raged—the four thousand five hundred Americans defeating twenty-five thousand. Of the Americans two hundred and sixty-seven were killed and four hundred and fifty wounded; of the Mexicans the killed and wounded numbered about five thousand.

Morning dawned. The Mexican army was fleeing southward, leaving more than two thousand wounded to be cared for by General Taylor. The Mexican women of Buena Vista and Saltillo ministered to them; and, to their honor, extended their kindness to the wounded Americans. The fame which has resulted from the heroic devotion to the calls of humanity by these noble-minded women prompted the lines by Whittier entitled "The Angels of Buena Vista:"

"Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? Who is winning? Are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear?"

“ ‘Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls ;
Blood is flowing, men are dying—God have mercy on their souls !’
‘Who is losing? Who is winning?’—‘Over hill and over plain
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain.’

“ Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
‘Speak, Ximena—speak, and tell us who has lost and who has won?’
‘Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall:
O’er the dying rush the living. Pray, my sisters, for them all!’ ”

CHAPTER XXIV.

WAR WITH MEXICO—*CONTINUED.*

DOWN the coast of Mexico sailed a fleet, commanded by Admiral Conner, transporting fourteen thousand men. General Scott, who won the battle of Lundy's Lane, was commander-in-chief of the army. Under him were Generals Worth, Twiggs, Pillow, Patterson, and Quit-

man. General Scott was planning to capture Vera Cruz, a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and then march inland to the city of Mexico.



WINFIELD SCOTT.

Vera Cruz was surrounded with fortifications. At the south-western side, upon the beach, was Fort San Jago; on the north stood Fort Conception. Between the forts west of the city were redoubts and redans. In the harbor was the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa. On the fortifications there were two hundred and eighteen can-

non. In the city and castle were four thousand soldiers, under General Morales.

General Scott, instead of attacking the castle with the fleet, decided to land the army, besiege the city, and compel its surrender, with the castle. If he could cut off all supplies want of provisions would soon bring it about.

General Morales was making his calculations on a different plan. It was March. The noonday sun was sending down its scorching heat; sick-

ness would soon make its appearance. The yellow-fever every year swept the Terra Caliente, as the Mexicans called the hot plains of the sea-coast. Sickness and the “vomito” would be the allies of the Mexicans. He would hold the city till the yellow-fever made its appearance.

The American fleet reached Vera Cruz. General Scott, on a small steamer, sailed along the roadstead—running in so near the castle that the great guns began to flame, sending one shell close to the steamer. He discovered a landing-place three miles south of the city—a long reach of yellow sand, a smooth beach, with no Mexicans near to oppose the landing. If there were any they were out of sight, secreted in the chaparral crowning the sand-hills back from the beach.

When all was ready the surf-boats were launched, the sailors at the oars. The soldiers of General Worth’s division stepped in, and the flotilla swept toward the beach. Officers up in the rigging of the vessels looked landward with their glasses, expecting to see a Mexican army show itself beyond the sand-hills to oppose the landing; but none appeared. General Morales with half a dozen cannon might have done them much harm; but for some reason he did nothing, and they landed without opposition.

It was slow, hard, and tedious work to get the heavy siege-guns, the cannon-balls, powder, tents, wagons, provisions, horses, and mules on shore.



VERA CRUZ.

There was a heavy swell. A “norther” came on, rolling great waves upon the beach, smashing the boats, wrecking several of the ships. There was no harbor, no projecting point of land to shelter the ships. The troops are suffering for want of fresh-water. When the storm abated all hands worked with a will. The engineers reconnoitred the country. One of

them was Robert E. Lee; another was Captain Ulysses S. Grant—names inseparably connected with the history of our country.

On March 22 the Americans had taken possession of the country west of the city, and the siege-guns and mortars were in place. No one could



BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

enter or depart from the town. General Scott sent a white flag to General Morales demanding its surrender.

“The city will be defended to the last,” was the reply.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the cannonade began. Till darkness came, through the night, the next day—for nine days—shot and shell were rained upon the town—the Mexicans replying.

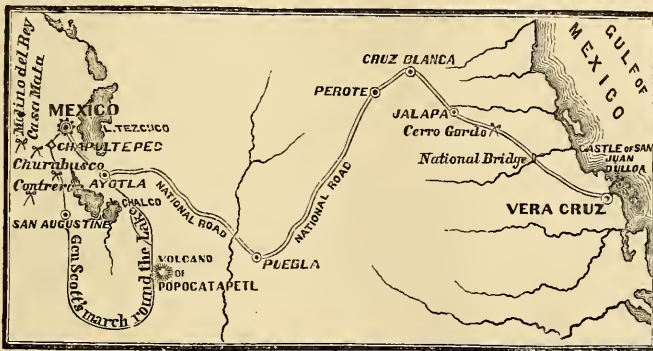
General Morales had not calculated correctly in regard to provisions; they were getting scarce. The yellow-fever had not come. The people were suffering; shells were exploding in their houses. The Americans were planting their batteries still nearer. He saw that the town must be surrendered. General Scott demanded the castle also, and town and castle were both given up—the troops, after laying down their arms, having liberty to go to their homes. The Americans had obtained a foothold on the sea-coast, and soon would be on their way to the interior.

Santa Anna, defeated at Buena Vista by General Taylor, was hastening back to Mexico. The country and the city were in a state of anarchy. His army had crumbled to pieces. The nation had no government wor-

thy of the name. Some of the officers of the army had begun a revolution, but he put it down, and began organizing another army.

General Scott must be defeated. Morales aroused the patriotism of the Mexicans; compelled the poor peons to go to work with their spades digging ditches and throwing up intrenchments at Cerro Gordo, a pass in the foot-hills, where the Americans could be defeated. In a few days he had an army of thirteen thousand, with cannon on the hills to sweep the valley. To provide water for his troops he made the peons dig a ditch twelve miles long.

The Americans reached Cerro Gordo on April 17. They found it a rugged pass in the hills, a small river winding through it. General Scott



ROUTE TO MEXICO.

ordered General Pillow to attack on the right, General Worth the left, and General Twiggs to gain the rear of the Mexicans by marching to the left, and, if possible, cut off their retreat.

There was some fighting just at sunset on the 17th, but the soldiers of both armies lay down without tents, knowing that in the morning the battle would begin. The sun rose, and soon after the Americans were on the march. The Mexicans, looking down from their batteries, beheld the lines of men in blue advancing along the deep ravine, over rocky ground, through thickets of scrub oak and cactus. The Mexican cannon flashed. Solid shot and shell were rained upon the advancing columns, which still continued to advance. Soldiers unaccustomed to firing downhill usually overshoot the mark; experienced hunters aim low—General Putnam and John Stark, at Bunker Hill, told the soldiers to aim at the waistbands of the British. When the Mexican muskets began to flame the bullets went over the heads of the men in blue, who, firing uphill, made terrible havoc. It was a hard-fought battle, but the men in blue rushed up the heights at



ATTACK ON CERRO GORDO.

last, leaped over the breastworks and took possession of them, routing the Mexicans at every point, capturing the cannon (forty-seven in all) and more than three thousand prisoners. The Americans lost four hundred killed and wounded. When night came Santa Anna was fleeing toward the city, and Mexico had no army.

General Scott marched on to the city of Jalapa, so called because from that city, in 1610, the root of the jalap-plant—the *Convolvulus purga*

—was first exported to Europe, and which from that time to the present doctors have administered to their patients.

General Scott was obliged to wait at Jalapa for supplies. The time for which the volunteers had enlisted had expired, and they must be sent home. He must await the arrival of three thousand new recruits, under General Franklin Pierce, before moving on. The soldiers needed rest. They were up amid the hills—out of the Terra Caliente. The air was healthful, and they had fine times eating oranges and figs, and, whenever they could get it, drinking pulque, made from the juice of the magney, or century plant. The Mexicans make an incision in the plant, collect a pailful of the juice daily, allow it to ferment, then put it into bottles made of pig-skin. If they drink too freely, the fumes, as of other liquors, set them singing or dancing, or make them weak in the legs. The soldiers drank so much that General Scott was obliged to put a stop to it. Discipline won the battle at Lundy's Lane, and discipline and valor must win in Mexico.

Great the consternation among the Mexicans in the city when it was known that all was lost at Cerro Gordo. Deeper than ever the hatred of the Yankees.

"Death to the Americans!" "Viva la Republica Mexicana!" were the shouts that rent the air. They would fight to the last. A new army was organized. The shop-keepers closed their stores and became soldiers. In a short time Santa Anna had again an army, far larger than that at Buena Vista—in all an army of thirty-five thousand. All were animated by one idea—to prevent the capture of the city by General Scott.

Onward from Jalapa, over the National Road, marched the Americans, beholding the white-capped dome of Popocatepetel.

When Cortez invaded Mexico the city was surrounded by a shallow lake, but now the water has dried up, and there is a wide expanse of marsh-land, with canals, along which the farmers go in boats, carrying vegetables, hay, and pig-skins filled with pulque to market. Across the marshes runs the Aqueduct, built on massive stone arches, conveying pure water from the mountain streams to the city. Over the marshes also runs the National Road to Vera Cruz, along which General Scott was marching.

Santa Anna expected that the Americans would attempt to march directly into the city by that road, and erected fortifications and planted cannon to sweep it. To prevent their approach from the north side still stronger batteries were erected by the peons. Ditches were dug, embankments thrown up, and cannon placed in position. East of the city lies Lake Tezcuco; south of it, six miles away, are two other lakes: Lake Chalco, reaching to the foot of the mountains, with only a mule-path be-

tween the mountains and Lake Chalco—a path leading over rugged lava-beds. The Mexicans never dreamed that General Scott would leave the wide and hard-beaten National Road and take his cannon and baggage-wagons along such a rocky path. But General Scott remembered what Bonaparte once said: “Never go where your enemy wants you to go.” Santa Anna wanted the Americans to march along the National Road to El Peñon, where he had erected batteries; or he would not care if they



THE AMERICAN ARMY APPROACHING MEXICO.

went up the east side of Lake Tezcuco and approached the city from the north. He did not think it likely that General Scott would choose to advance from the south-west, and did very little to protect that quarter. He made no attempt, after the defeat at Cerro Gordo, to stop the Americans. He would let them get through the gap in the mountains into the valley, far from all their supplies. He would fight on the defensive, putting the Americans to disadvantage.

Up over the hills, ascending all the way from Vera Cruz, marched ten thousand Americans to attack a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, defended by thirty-five thousand men in arms. The soldiers reached the divide, and, looking westward, beheld the wide reach of marshlands, the placid waters of the lakes gleaming in the sun, the glistening crosses on the spires of cathedral and churches.

“The mule-path can be made practicable for the cannon and wagons,”

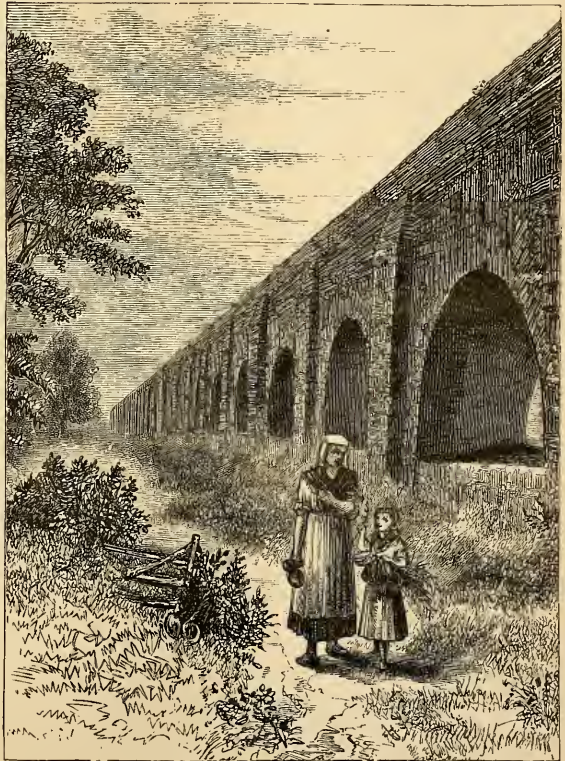


MAP OF THE LOWER VALLEY OF MEXICO.

LOWER VALLEY OF MEXICO

said the engineers, and General Scott, instead of going where Santa Anna wanted him to go, turned off from the main road. The peons, who had been compelled to work for the Mexicans, were just as ready to work for the Americans. They rolled rocks out of the road, levelled down the steep hills, filled the ravines, and the army moved on around Lake Chalco and across the *pedregal*—“the lava-beds”—as the Mexicans called it.

With five thousand Mexicans, General Valencia confronted the Americans at Contreras. This officer was proud, self-willed, boastful. He was intriguing to overthrow Santa Anna and become commander-in-chief himself. Santa Anna, seeing that Valencia could not maintain his position at Contreras, ordered him to fall back toward a stronger position at Cherubusco. There was no reason why he should stay at Contreras, except that there the mule-path joined the main road. When an American reconnoitring party came



THE AQUEDUCT.

down the path the Mexicans fired upon it and killed a horse. The reconnoitring party retired, which so elated Valencia that he sent word to Santa Anna, at Cherubusco, that he had driven back the Americans and won a great victory.

“Fall back” was Santa Anna’s order repeated.

General Valencia refused to obey. He would hold his position, defeat the Americans, and become the great man of the nation—commander-in-chief and dictator. He had twenty-two cannon. There was a ravine in front of him; the lava-beds protected his right flank. There were skir-

mishing and cannonading, marching and countermarching. Santa Anna came from Cherubusco with twelve thousand men.

"I have won a second victory" was the message which he received from Valencia, who, because the Americans had retired after finding just how he was situated, thought that he had defeated them.

Santa Anna announced the victory to his troops in front of the hacienda of San Jeronimo.

"Viva el General Valencia!" "Viva la Republica Mexicana!" were the shouts that rent the air. The Americans heard the cheering and the music of the bands.

A thunder-storm came on, and the soldiers were chilled by the rain. At midnight the moon came out. Santa Anna was not pleased with the position occupied by Valencia, and sent a message ordering him to spike his guns, destroy his stores, and retreat before he was cut off from the main body of the Mexican army. Santa Anna could see by the light of the moon that the Americans had not retreated, but were ready to attack. General Valencia, in his pride and ignorance of generalship, refused to obey the order.

"The Americans are shut up among the lava-beds, and I shall annihilate them in the morning," was his answer.

At the little village of San Jeronimo were four American brigades—Smith's, Cadwallader's, Riley's, and Shields's. Santa Anna, dissatisfied with his own position, retreated in the darkness toward Cherubusco. Day was dawning when the soldiers, laying aside their blankets, took their position in line, crossed a little brook, rushed up the bank of the ravine, and attacked Valencia. There was a flashing of cannon and muskets, bayonet thrusts, and clashing of swords. Fifteen minutes and the battle was over; the Mexicans on their knees begging for quarter, or fleeing in consternation over the lava-beds and up the sides of the mountain—Valencia the foremost in the flight. The Mexican loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners exceeded three thousand; the American loss, sixty. Valencia, in his pride, arrogance, wilfulness, and incompetence, had lost the battle, and the Americans were at liberty to move on toward the city.

General Santa Anna was at Cherubusco. The river runs from west to east, and the road to Mexico crosses it by a stone bridge. There is a convent built of stone, in and around which he posted his troops and along the bank of the river. He planted his cannon to sweep every approach. North of the bridge, in the road, were his reserves. The whole Mexican army, numbering thirty thousand, were in position. In the village, around the houses, along the roadway, were groves of magney. In the fields were



BATTLE OF CHERTUBUSCO. (FROM A PRINT ISSUED IN 1848.)

ANDRETTI & WOODPER, 55.

vegetable gardens. The foliage was so thick that the engineers could not see how the Mexican troops were stationed; the army must feel its way. The generals only knew that the whole Mexican army was concentrated before them, and that there was to be a desperate battle; that along the banks of the Chernbusco, sheltered by the cactus hedges, were thousands of Mexicans, and artillery ready to sweep every road.

Generals Worth, Pillow, Cadwallader, and Twiggs marched from the cluster of houses at San Antonio, straight along the road; Pillow and Twiggs turning to the left across the marshes; Cadwallader going straight toward the convent; Generals Pierce and Shields marching out on the left to the little village of Coyacan, west of the convent, crossing the river, and pushing east to attack Santa Anna's reserves along the causeway toward the city. It was a very bold and hazardous movement, but one which had a great deal to do with determining the result of the battle. It was an attack, front and flank, on an army three times as great as the force under General Scott.

Very stubborn was the fighting. The convent windows were sheets of flame. From the shelter of the corn in the fields came volleys into the faces of the men in blue; from the maguey hedges poured leaden rain; from the Mexican cannon a pitiless storm of shells.

Steady the advance of the Americans. Down the roadway flew the shells from the American batteries, exploding where the Mexicans stood thickest. Through the walls of the convent crashed the solid shot, scattering the bricks—every brick a missile to lacerate and destroy.

Nearer pressed the Americans—Captain Taylor, with his battery, advancing within three hundred feet of the convent. Hours passed. The men in blue were falling thick and fast. The decisive moment came. With a "Hurrah!" General Worth's troops leaped across the ditches, cut their way through the hedges, and climbed the embankment beyond. The Mexicans, taken by surprise, threw down their guns and fled panic-stricken along the causeway, through the reserves—which in like manner are seized with panic and flee in consternation, leaving thirty-seven cannon, all their wagons, supplies—everything. The troops in the convent, finding that they are deserted, that their retreat is cut off, give themselves up as prisoners.

What a scene is that along the causeway! Twenty thousand fugitives, with horses, mules, and wagons, wedged into the narrow road, shot and shell tearing through them from Chernbusco; and Shields and Pierce cutting them in pieces from the corn-fields on the west! Along the causeway rode Kearney's cavalrymen, their sabres gleaming in the sun, the

horses upon the run, trampling down the fleeing Mexicans, pushing on almost to the gates of the city. Two Mexican cannon stationed there send charges of canister into friend and foe alike. Men go down before it like grain before the reaper.

In this battle General Scott lost more than eleven hundred men; the Mexicans, seven thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners.

A white flag came out from the city with a proposal for an armistice.



CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

It was agreed upon, August 20. Sixteen days passed in negotiations for peace. But the Mexicans were not ready for peace. The army was being secretly reorganized. Bells were being taken from the steeples of the churches to be cast into cannon, it was said, at Molino del Rey—the King's Mill—west of the city, close by the Castle of Chapultepec. General Scott ordered General Worth to march to Molino del Rey and break up the machinery. General Worth found Molino del Rey to be a stone building, with loop-holes in the walls, defended by a battery and by a large body of troops. The armistice was at an end. The Mexicans were ready

to renew the strife. General Scott had only eight thousand five hundred men, and might be defeated.

General Worth advanced against the Mill, not expecting much resistance, but soon discovered that the Mexicans were in a strong position. The Americans were repulsed; and the Mexicans, rushing out, barbarously put the wounded to death. Re-enforcements came, and after a sharp struggle the seven hundred Mexicans were taken prisoners, and the rest driven to the shelter of the strong Castle of Chapultepec. A Spanish governor built it for a castle and palace. Under the Mexican Republic it had become a military school. It stood on a hill one hundred and fifty feet higher than the surrounding plain. The walls were of stone, twelve feet high. The enclosure was nine hundred feet in length. There were eleven cannon on the walls. Around the base were beautiful groves, the ground laid out in gardens, with walls and aqueducts. Six thousand



PALACE OF MEXICO.

men defended it. To capture it the Americans must force their way through the groves, disperse the Mexicans stationed there, climb the steep hill, set ladders against the walls, gain the top, and drive the Mexicans before them with the bayonet.



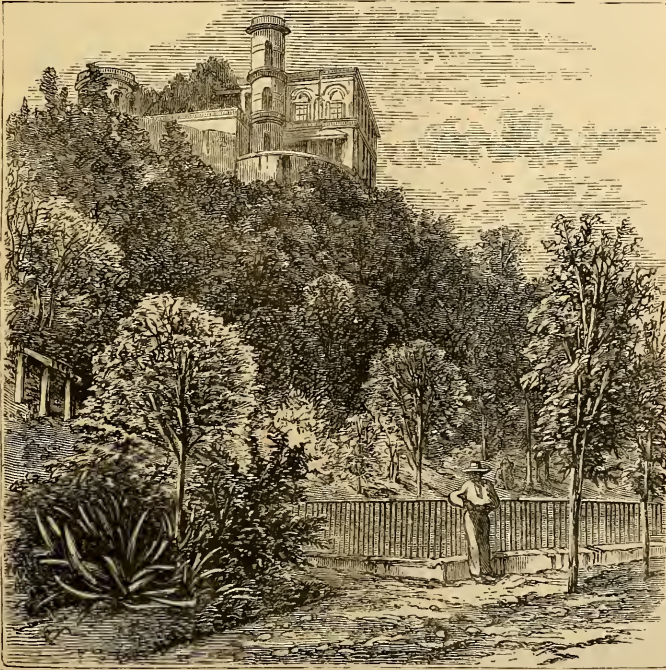
BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY. (FROM A PRINT OF THE TIME.)

On September 13 the American cannon opened fire. When all was ready the troops advanced. Desperate was the fighting in the orchards and gardens. Inch by inch the Mexicans were driven. The storming party quickly placed their ladders against the walls. Lieutenant Selden was the first to mount. A bullet brought him down. Lieutenant Rogers and Lieutenant Smith fell dead, with many of the men. Captain Howard was the first to reach the top of the wall unhurt. After him

swarmed the soldiers, pouring leaden rain upon the astonished Mexicans, leaping down, charging bayonets, gaining the castle, and sending up such a "Hurrah!" that the people in the city heard it, and knew that the Americans—victors in every battle from Palo Alto down to that moment—were in possession of Chapultepec.

There was still some fighting at one of the gates of the city; but the Mexicans had no longer power to resist. On September 14 the army marched in and took possession of the public square and the capital. General Scott had less than seven thousand men left. In every engagement his troops had been victorious. Bravery, valor, discipline, superior civilization had won.

While General Scott had been moving upon Mexico, General Stephen W. Kearney had left Fort Leavenworth with an army, marched nine hun-



CHAPULTEPEC.

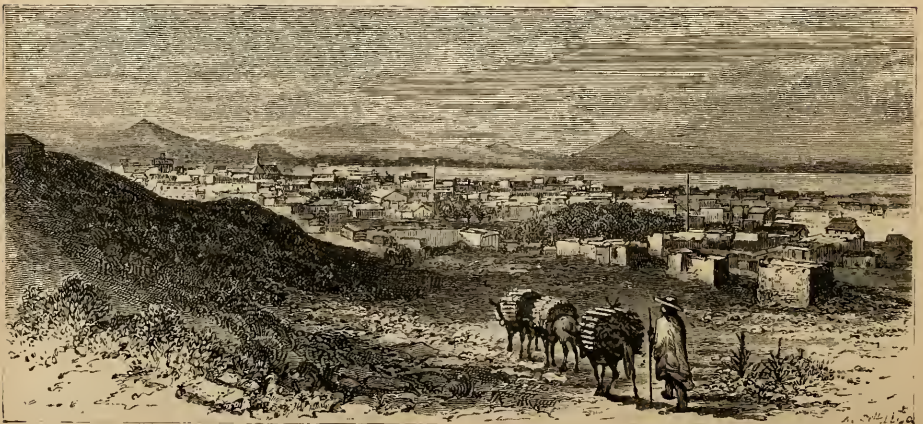
dred miles across the plains, over mountain ranges, reached the valley of the Rio Grande, captured Santa Fé, and organized a provisional government for New Mexico. He started for California; but a messenger met him with the information that Lieutenant-colonel Fremont and Commodore Stockton had taken possession of that country.



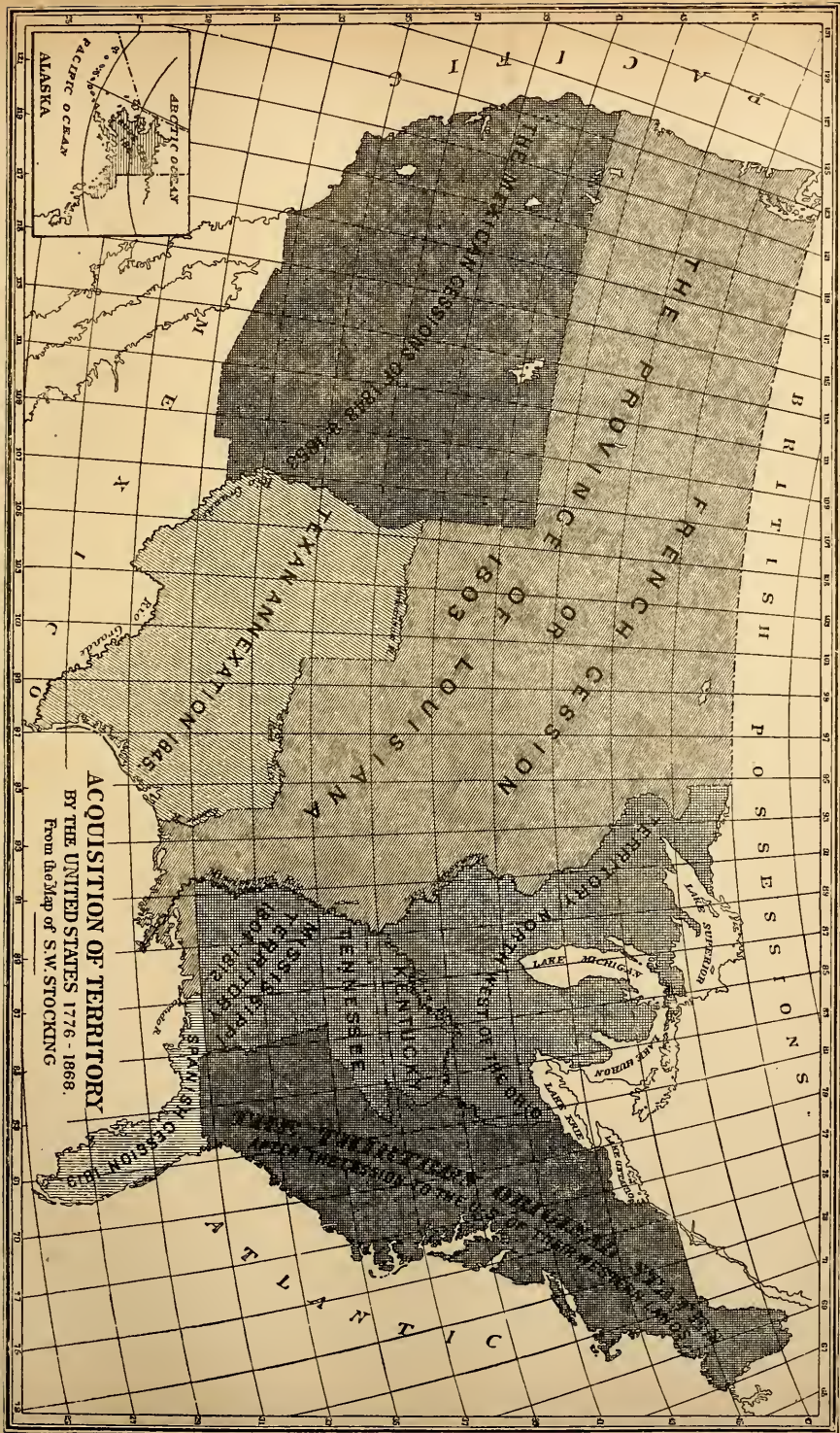
THE ARMY IN MEXICO.

On February 2, 1848, the Mexican Congress concluded a treaty of peace with the American Commissioners at Guadalupe Hidalgo, surrendering New Mexico and California to the United States, receiving in return \$15,000,000, and the United States agreeing to pay \$3,500,000 to American citizens who had claims against Mexico.

On July 4 President Polk proclaimed peace between the two countries. Thus it came about that the vast region from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, north of the present boundary, was added to the United States.



SANTA FE.



ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY
 BY THE UNITED STATES 1776 - 1868.
 From the Map of S.W. STOCKING



ARCTIC OCEAN
 PACIFIC OCEAN
 ALASKA

CHAPTER XXV.

CALIFORNIA.

IN October, 1776, while Washington was getting ready to drive the British out of Boston, a company of friars from Mexico established a mission in California, which they named after their patron saint—San Francisco. They built a church, set it off with red and yellow pictures, built a house, a blacksmith-shop, granary, and a store-house of bricks dried in the sun.

They gave the Indians rings for their ears and red blankets, sprinkled them with holy-water, and set them to work. The garden seeds flourished; cattle multiplied in the valleys—great herds which ran wild; wheat grew luxuriantly. While the people of the United States were fighting for independence this far-away province of Spain was thus being settled.

In 1807 a strange ship, with a crew wearing seal-skin coats, came down from the North with an ambassador from the Czar of Russia on board—Count Von Resanoff, from Sitka. He was exploring the coast with the intention of founding a colony. The Spanish Governor of California had a beautiful daughter, with whom the count fell in love; but he could not marry her without the consent of the Czar. To obtain it he sailed back to Sitka, then across the Northern Pacific Sea to Kamtchatka, and started on the long journey through Siberia for St. Petersburg; but, before reaching there, fell from his horse and died from the injuries. When the sad news after many months reached San Francisco the governor's daughter in her grief became a nun, and spent her life in ministering to the sick.

The Russians had established themselves in Alaska, and intended to take possession of the whole west coast of the continent. In 1812, just as the war between England and the United States was beginning, one hundred Russians, with a large number of Indians from Alaska, sailed down the coast and began a settlement north of San Francisco. They set their traps along the streams for otter, and speared the seals that climbed upon the rocks along the coast. They married Indian wives, built a village of log-huts, and a church.

A messenger in 1822 reached Monterey with great news—that Mexico had thrown off the yoke of Spain and had become independent. What



should California do? The generals of the four presidios, two captains, a lieutenant, and the bishop met at Monterey, and agreed to own allegiance to Mexico.

The Indians out in the Sierra Nevada Mountains heard that the white

men had got rid of their chief who lived beyond the sea, and, as they had a chief whom they also wished to get rid of, they tied him to a stake, piled brush around him, and roasted him to death. Then they danced for a week.

"What right have you to burn your chief?" demanded the friars of San Francisco.

"You did not like your chief; we did not like ours: you got rid of yours; we have done the same. If our new chief is not good we will burn him too," they said.

The Russians were tired of California. There was no winter. The furs which they obtained were of little value. A young man from Switzerland came along, John A. Sutter, who bought their land, and they went on board a vessel and sailed back to Alaska, to enjoy themselves amid the fogs, ice, and snow of that country.

There were so many cattle in the valleys running wild that the merchants of Boston sent their ships around Cape Horn to obtain their hides, which were taken to Massachusetts to be made into leather by the tanners and curriers of Danvers, and into shoes by the shoemakers of Lynn.

The Hudson's Bay Company, with its head in London, its forts and trading-posts all over the north-western section of the continent, intended to control the trade of California, and established themselves on the coast. The men in London managing its affairs, and the men managing the affairs of England, were looking forward to the time when England would be in possession of all the country west of the Rocky Mountains; but their calculations were all upset by the agent whom they sent to San Francisco, who drank too much brandy, neglected his business, and ended his life by blowing out his brains. Just about the time he did it some of the people of Missouri, impelled by a strange desire to be moving somewhere, with a vague idea of finding a land of riches, comfort, and happiness, regardless of hardships and hostile Indians, left their homes on the banks of the Missouri, packed their goods in wagons and on mules, made their way across the prairies, over lofty mountains and waterless plains—a long and weary journey of more than two thousand miles—and became citizens of California.

John Charles Fremont, topographical engineer, in 1845, with sixty-two men—Kit Carson, an old hunter, their guide—crossed the Rocky Mountains making explorations. Captain Fremont visited Governor Castro, at Monterey, California, and asked permission to rest a few days. Leave was given him, but soon countermanded, and he was ordered to leave the country. He moved toward Oregon. While he was making his way north a



JOHN A. SUTTER.

messenger from Mexico reached California with the information that probably war would soon begin between Mexico and the United States.

The Americans who had made their way from Missouri to California were greatly stirred by the news. They did not like the Mexicans. They were only a handful, but on July 14, 1845, they formed themselves into

a military company, elected Mr. Merritt captain, seized General Vallejo and all the other Mexican officers, and declared California independent of Mexico. For a flag they painted a black bear on a strip of white cotton cloth, and flung it to the breeze as the standard of the Republic of California.

Commodore Sloat, with the frigate *Savannah*, was at Mazatlan, Mexico. The British ship *Collingwood* was also there. Commodore Sloat knew that Great Britain wished to get hold of all the country from British Columbia to Mexico, and he also knew that there was a prospect of war between the United States and Mexico. He was instructed by the Secretary of War, George Bancroft, not to wait for official notice of a beginning of hostilities, but at the first news was to take possession of California. From rumors that came to him, Commodore Sloat, July 7, 1846, landed



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

at Monterey, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, fired a salute, and issued a proclamation that California was a part of the United States. He sent word to Captain Montgomery, commanding the *Portsmouth*, at San Francisco, who also raised the flag there. Montgomery sent word to the men that had raised the flag with the black bear upon it, who pulled it down, hoisted the Stars and Stripes instead, swung their hats, and fired their rifles, by way of saluting it.

It was all too soon. No one had any reliable news that war had begun, and Commodore Sloat wished that he had waited a little longer before hoisting the Stars and Stripes.

Fremont had turned back from his march toward Oregon, and the Californians joined him. A few days later Captain Stockton arrived at Monterey in the frigate *Congress*; and Commodore Sloat, wishing to return home, placed Stockton in command, who determined to take possession of California and hold it. Fremont joined him. Stockton landed two hundred and fifty marines, who had six small cannon, and with Fremont marched to take possession of Los Angeles. General Castro was there, with a large force of Mexicans.

"The town will be your grave if you attempt to enter it," was the word sent by Castro to Stockton.

"Please tell General Castro to have the bells tolled to-morrow morn-



WHERE THE GOLD WAS FOUND.

ing at eight o'clock, for at that hour I shall enter the town," was the answer of Stockton.

Morning dawned, and the Americans entered the town, to find that Castro and the Mexicans had fled. There was a little fighting, but the Americans were victorious in all skirmishes, and the Pacific coast from San Diego to Oregon was added to the Republic.

The emigrant from Switzerland, John A. Sutter, who had bought the land of the Russians, began to build a saw-mill at Coloma. He hired James W. Marshall to dig a ditch to carry the water to the wheel.

"I wonder what that yellow stuff is?" said Mr. Marshall as he threw up a shovelful of earth in which there were yellow particles heavier than earth. "I wonder if it is gold?"

"I guess it is brass," said one of the workmen, who knew very little about brass or anything else.

"I will see what vinegar will do to it," said Marshall. He put the particles into vinegar, but they suffered no change.

It was on January 19, 1848, that these workmen speculated as to what the "yellow stuff," as they called it, was.

"I am going to San Francisco, and will see what they say about the stuff down there," said Mr. Bennett, who went to San Francisco and showed it to Isaac Humphrey, who had worked in the gold-mines of Georgia.

"It is gold," said Humphrey, who went to Coloma to see if there was any more. He filled a tin pan with earth, washed it in the brook, and discovered particles of gold at the bottom of the pan.

The men building the saw-mill threw down their tools and went to whirling tin pans, filled with earth, in the brook. Mr. Sutter laughed at the idea of there being gold on his land. He was angry at the workmen for leaving his saw-mill unfinished.

The news reached San Francisco, a village of twelve hundred people, many of whom hastened to Sacramento and on to Coloma; among them the editor of the *San Francisco Star*. He saw men shaking tin pans—nothing more. Perhaps he expected to see nuggets of yellow ore; but there was nothing that looked like gold.

"It is all a sham," he said in the paper the next week.

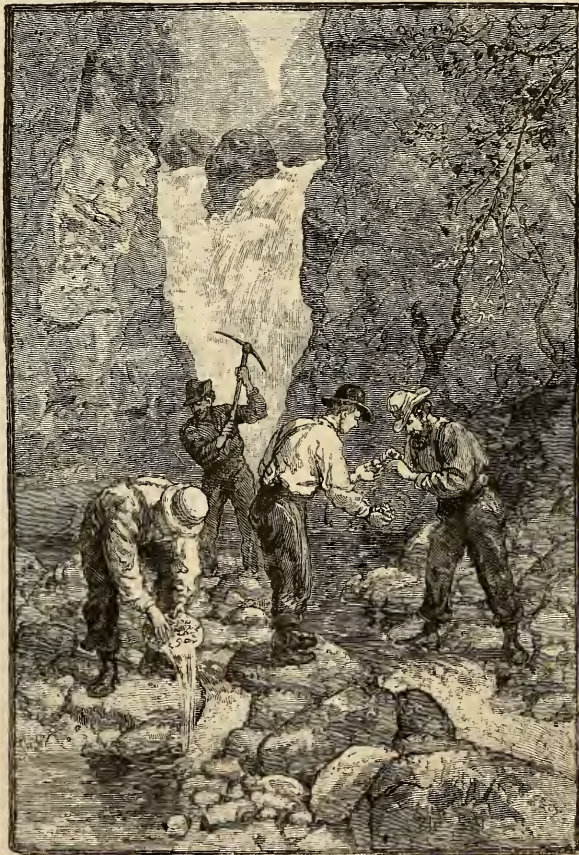
"A sham! Oh no; here is half a pound of gold-dust which I have just purchased," said a man who had set up a jeweller's shop in San Francisco.

Everybody who came from New Helvetia, as Captain Sutter's place was called, brought gold-dust, which the jeweller bought—paying four dollars an ounce. The news spread. The carpenters and joiners of San Francisco threw down their tools; the blacksmith let the fire of his forge go out; clerks in the stores left their desks; salesmen dropped their yardsticks; laboring men shouldered their shovels and started for the "diggin's." So many went that there was little to eat at New Helvetia. Some who went to dig gold returned to scour the country for food. Prices be-

gan to rise. In June and July gold-dust valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was received at San Francisco. Lieutenant Beale left Monterey with despatches for the United States, crossed Mexico, and reached Washington.

“Rich gold-mines have been discovered in California,” was the announcement by the *Baltimore Sun*, September 20.

The news was flying up and down the western coast to Panama, Callao, Valparaiso, and the Sandwich Islands. Whale-ships at Honolulu,

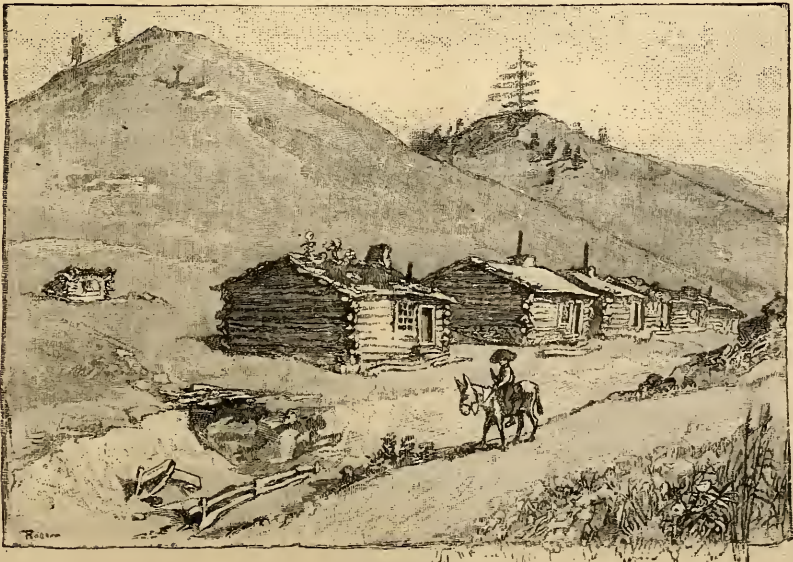


FINDING GOLD.

sailing home to New Bedford and Nantucket, carried wonderful accounts of the richness of the mines. Miners were making fortunes. Men who never had a dozen dollars at a time in their lives were becoming rich.

Gold! In all ages men have been ready to sacrifice ease, comfort,

happiness, home, friends, everything dear to obtain it. Soldiers who had marched to Mexico, fought at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, just discharged from the army, who had acquired a love for adventure, started for California. The news spread far and wide, exciting, as nothing else could have done, the people of every State. The men of Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and Arkansas started in caravans from St. Louis. From New York, Boston, Salem, and Baltimore vessels took their departure laden with beef, pork, flour, tobacco, whiskey, shovels, tin pans—goods of every description—and crowds of eager, restless men, who in imagination saw the ground yellow with gold, and fortunes awaiting those first on the spot. A gold hunger seized the community. "For California" read the signs of scores of vessels in the seaports. By February, 1849, ninety vessels had sailed, carrying eight thousand men. Seventy ships in addition were preparing to unfurl their sails for the voyage of seventeen thousand miles around Cape Horn. Bakers could not supply the demand for ship-bread; day and night their ovens were glowing. Tinsmiths sat up nights to manufacture tin pans. Gunsmiths could hardly supply the demand for rifles and pistols. The hardware merchants could not fill their orders for picks and spades. Never had there been such a call for thick-soled boots. Companies were formed to fit out expeditions. Those who could not go subscribed to the stock. Those who went and those who helped them go alike expected to make their fortunes.



MINERS' CABINS.

Newspapers began to publish wonderful accounts of the richness of the soil in gold, stimulating the imagination of the multitude hungry for gold. Ministers, seeing their parishioners departing, preached against undue desire for wealth, which added fuel to the flame. Sober-minded men, who at the outset counselled their friends not to go, in a few weeks were themselves on the way. Ministers who had preached against the gold-fever as sinful joined the increasing throng of emigrants. Men who had comfortable homes, well-cultivated farms, who had passed the prime of life, saw in imagination the banks of the Sacramento gleaming with golden sands; they sold all for what it would bring, and made their way to the far-off land of promise. People from Mexico, Peru, Chili, England, France, Germany, Ireland—energetic, determined, reckless of life—thieves, vagabonds, ruffians, gamblers, joined the swelling tide. Into the Golden Gate sailed the white-winged ships. By midsummer more than four hundred vessels were lying at anchor in the Bay of San Francisco—most of them deserted. The sailors had run away, and were in the mines or at work on shore on their own account, earning more in a day than they could in a month on shipboard. The captain might command them, but was powerless to compel their return.

Over the mountains streamed a long line of weary, worn, poverty-stricken men—hungry for gold, more hungry for bread. Thousands dropped by the way never more to rise. Their comrades laid them in shallow graves and hastened on. From the Missouri to the Pacific shore the route was marked by the bleaching bones of oxen, mules, and men.

Greater the hurly-burly with every arrival. San Francisco, which had two thousand people in 1848, had twenty thousand in 1849—a city of shanties and tents—a jostling, hurrying crowd. The number increased so rapidly that in October, 1850, California was admitted as a State to the Union, yielding, between 1848 and 1850, \$500,000,000 in gold.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OREGON.

WHEN Elizabeth was Queen of England, and England and Spain were at war, Sir Francis Drake captured so many Spanish vessels that people spoke of him as "singeing the beard of the King of Spain." On his third voyage to the coast of South and Central America he landed on the Isthmus of Darien, climbed the mountains, and beheld the Pacific Ocean. He fell upon his knees and thanked God, and made a vow that if his life was spared he would navigate its peaceful waters in search of new lands. In 1578 he sailed from England with five ships—the smallest of fifteen tons, the largest, the *Golden Hind*, of one hundred and twenty tons. Some of the vessels were lost; the captain of another turned back to England; but Sir Francis kept boldly on, rounded Cape Horn, captured many Spanish ships, filling the *Golden Hind* with gold and silver from the mines of Peru, and silks and satins taken from Spanish vessels sailing homeward from China. He kept on northward till in June he found himself in a broad, deep bay, which, so far as can be ascertained, was the Bay of San Francisco.

He named the country New Albion.

Two hundred years passed, during which Spanish vessels sailed up the coast to Mendocino, and on to the Strait of Fuca—trading with the Indians.

While Congress, in Philadelphia, 1776, was issuing the Declaration of Independence, Captain James Cook was sailing from England with two vessels—the *Resolution* and *Discovery*.

"You are to proceed," read his instructions, "to the coast of New Albion, and explore it northward to the Arctic Sea, and to take possession of the country in the name of the King of England."

He reached New Albion, saw a point of land, which he named Cape Flattery. He did not know that he had sailed past the mouth of a great river, or that the inlet at Cape Flattery was a wonderful arm of the sea, running far into the land, with deep bays and spacious harbors. He sailed

on to Nootka Sound, where the sailors sold their old clothes to the Indians and exchanged buttons and knives for the beautiful fur of the sea-otter—making themselves soft beds.

Captain Cook sailed to the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by the natives. The ship kept on to Canton, in China.



MAP OF PUGET SOUND.

To the astonishment of the sailors, the Chinese were ready to pay a great price for the furs they had obtained in exchange for their old coats and tronsers—more than their wages for the entire voyage amounted to.

The *Resolution* and *Discovery* reached England, and an account of the voyage was published. A copy of the book fell into the hands of Doctor Bulfinch, who lived in Bowdoin Square, Boston. It was in 1787. His

near neighbor, Mr. Barrel, spent an evening with him, and Doctor Bulfinch read this passage from the interesting volume:

“The sea-otter abounds at Nootka Sound. The fur is softer and finer than any other. The skins are sold by the Russians to the Chinese for from sixteen to twenty pounds (\$80 to \$100) each.”

“There is a rich harvest to be reaped by those who first go into that trade,” said Mr. Barrel, who saw that by sending vessels to the west coast of North America with fish-hooks, trinkets, buttons, knives, red and yellow blankets—bright-colored articles—and exchanging them for furs; then sailing to China and exchanging the furs for silk and tea, to be sold in Boston, much money might be made.

Mr. Barrel laid his plan before several of his friends, who joined him in fitting out the ships *Columbia* and *Washington*. The vessels reached Nootka Sound. Captain Kendrick remained with the *Washington* on the coast; while Captain Gray, with the *Columbia*, sailed to China, sold his furs, purchased a cargo of tea, and sailed for the United States by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

In August, 1790, the people of Boston saw the *Columbia* sailing into the harbor—the Stars and Stripes flying at the mast-head—the first vessel that had carried the banner of the new nation around the globe.

In six weeks the *Columbia* was once more on the sea, sailing around Cape Horn and up the coast. On May 11, 1792, Captain Gray saw the white waves breaking on a sand-bar, where the waters were in turmoil, waves rolling in—a great current of fresh-water pouring into the sea. He crossed the bar, and found himself entering one of the great rivers of the globe, which he named the Columbia.

The Indians flocked around. Captain Gray treated them kindly, told them that he came from Boston, and ever after the Indians called the Americans “Boston men.”

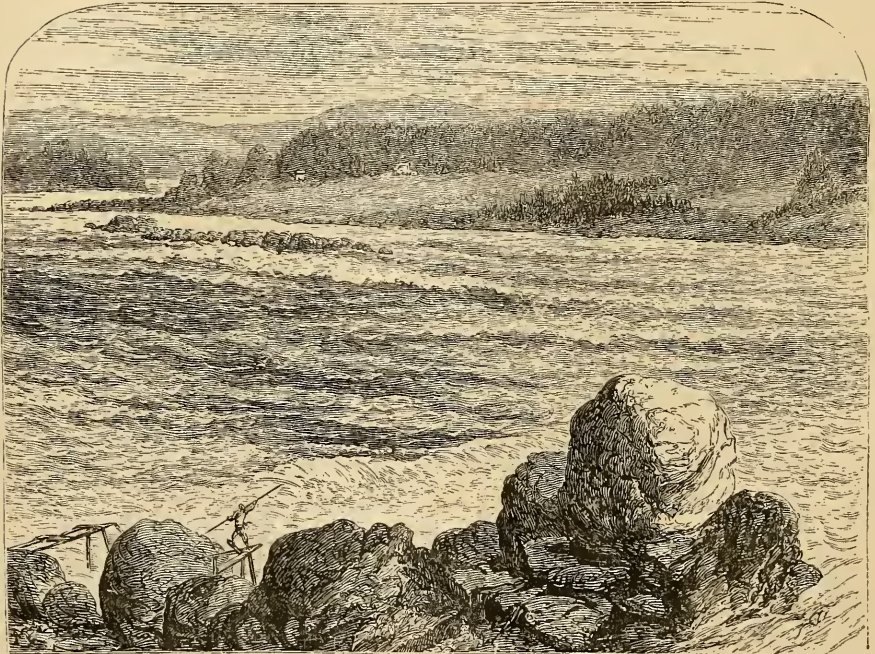
Captain Gray was charmed by the scenery—dense forests of pine and cedar, lofty mountains—Mounts Baker, Hood, and Rainer, twelve thousand feet high, their summits white with snow. The river swarmed with salmon.

“The first vessel entering the mouth of a river gives title, by right of discovery, to the territory drained by all the tributaries of that river.”

That was the doctrine of Great Britain which she had laid down and enforced. Accordingly, the United States could claim all the vast region of the North-west beyond the Rocky Mountains up to latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ —the most northern source of the Columbia.

In “Old Times in the Colonies” there is a chapter upon the “Forces

of Civilization," showing among other things how the desire to wear soft and beautiful furs has been a great force in the history of our country. To obtain furs the Dutch settled New York, the French Canada. The English saw how the Dutch and French were making money by trading with



INDIANS SPEARING SALMON.

the Indians, and organized the Hudson's Bay Company, which Charles II. chartered in 1669. The North-west Trading Company also was organized. Forts and trading-posts were built all over Canada and the country east of the Rocky Mountains.

When Jefferson was President, he sent, in 1804, Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke up the Missouri to explore the country which had been purchased from France. They were to cross the Rocky Mountains and descend the great river which Captain Gray had discovered. They reached the country of the Mandan Indians—where the Northern Pacific Railroad now crosses the Missouri—and there spent their first winter. North of the Mandans, on the Assiniboine, the Hudson's Bay Company had a trading-house, and the agent, Mr. McKenzie, made a visit to Lewis and Clarke. He had sharp eyes, and was looking keenly after the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company. He sent word to the officers in London

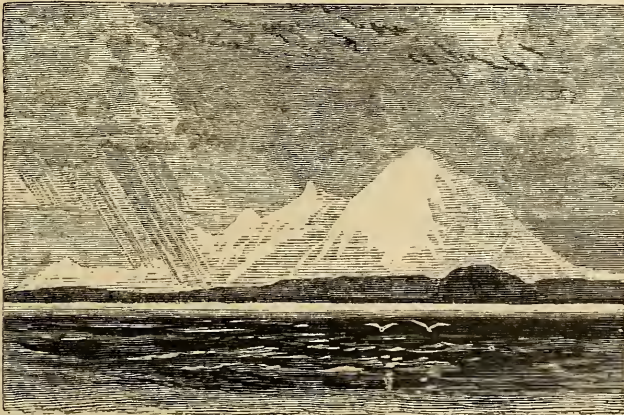
that the country beyond the mountains on the Columbia was rich in furs—a great hunting-ground, which must be occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, or the Americans would get possession of it.

Over the mountains, through the country of the Nez Percés (Pierced Noses), Lewis and Clarke made their way down the great river to the sea, spending their second winter near where Captain Gray had dropped anchor.

In 1806 the ships *Vancouver* and *Pearl* and the brig *Lydia*, all from Boston, were in the Columbia, trading with the Indians. Every year vessels entered the great river, the Indians always welcoming the Boston men.

An energetic, far-seeing man in New York was turning his attention to this far-away region—John Jacob Astor, who was born in Germany in 1763, and who when he was sixteen years old went to London, where he had a brother, who was selling violins, flutes, drums, and other musical instruments. The boy wanted to do a larger business. Why not go to America? He crossed the Atlantic, bought furs in Montreal or wherever he could find them, and turned over his money to such good advantage that in a short time he had two hundred thousand dollars. He sent the ship *Tonguin* to the Columbia. A trading-post was established, which was named Astoria.

Alas for the ship and those on board! It was commanded by Captain



MOUNT RAINIER.

Thorn, who, against the orders of Mr. Astor, allowed a large number of Indians on board. Suddenly there was a terrible yelling. They knocked Mr. McKay on the head with a club, killed Captain Thorn, but not till

he had killed their chief. Mr. Lewis was stabbed, but with four sailors reached the cabin, barricaded the door, seized their guns, and shot so many of the Indians that the rest fled to the shore. Night comes, and the four sailors jump into a boat, intending to reach Astoria. Mr. Lewis will not



MOUNT BAKER.

go with them. He has another plan. Again the Indians surround the ship. They see no white man. They climb the sides, and dance the deck in frantic joy. Down below in the magazine sits the wounded man, biding his time to be revenged. Hundreds of Indians are on the deck. There comes a flash, a roar, and deck, masts, spars, cannon, boxes, barrels, and the great crowd of Indians rise high in air, and rain down into the sea. The vessel disappears, the waves roll over the scene. Hundreds of Indians have perished.



ASTORIA.

War began between England and the United States. Mr. McDougal, whom Mr. Astor had taken as partner, was from Canada. He sold Astoria to the North-western Fur Company for a song. A British ship arrived in the Columbia River, pulled down the Stars and Stripes and hoisted the British flag, taking possession of all the vast territory west of the Rocky Mountains. The Hudson's Bay Company and the North-western Fur Company became one. They built forts and trading-posts as far south as San Francisco, intending to hold all the country for Great Britain.

In 1832 four strange Indians from beyond the Rocky Mountains made their appearance in St. Louis.

"We have heard," they said, "of a wonderful book from heaven, and have come to get it."

Who told them? Had a trapper, while catching beaver along the mountain streams, informed them that what made the white men so powerful was a book given by the Great Spirit? Or had they learned it from the Indians who lived along the Missouri? No one knows, but the story had gone down deep into the hearts of the Nez Perces. They talked about it in their wigwams. Long was the journey to the country of the white men—more than two thousand miles—but they must have the book. A chief and four warriors started, and reached St. Louis.

Captain Clarke, who had passed through the country of the Nez Perces in 1805, was still living to welcome them. He took them to his church, and also to the theatre. The Indians were disappointed.

"We come," said the chief, "with one eye partly opened; we go back with it closed. Our people sent us to get the book which came down from heaven. You took us where we saw your people worship God with candles: the book was not there. You took us to see your women dance: the book was not there. Our women do not dance. We go back without the book, and our people will die in darkness."

The Indians departed, but only the chief reached home to tell the tribe that he had not found the book; the others were killed by hostile Indians.

"A strange affair! Four Indians from the Nez Perces, beyond the Rocky Mountains, have been here to obtain the Bible," wrote a young man in St. Louis to Mr. Catlin, in Pittsburg, who had been out among the Indians of the far West, painting their portraits, which are now to be seen in the gallery of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.

"Is it true what I hear?" asked Mr. Catlin of Captain Clarke.

"It is true," Captain Clarke replied.

Mr. Catlin told the story to warm-hearted men; and when Captain Wyeth started, in 1834, with a caravan to open trade with the Indians

along the Columbia, Jason and Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepard, and T. L. Edwards, sent by the Methodist Board of Missions, accompanied him to establish a mission in Willamette Valley, Oregon. With Captain Wyeth, also, were the Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ithaca, New York, and Dr. Marcens Whitman, of Rnshville, New York.

Captain Wyeth built a trading-post on Snake River, and named it Fort Hall. The Nez Perces heard that the white men were there, and came to see them. One of the Nez Perces was named Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats, who could talk so fast and so well that the Americans called him "the lawyer." He liked the Americans, but did not like the men sent by the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mr. Parker went with him to explore the country and select a good place for a mission, while Dr. Whitman turned back to the States, to find men and women who would be willing to brave the dangers and hardships of the wilderness to give the Bible to the Indians.

"I will be here to meet you next year," said Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats.

Go to the Rocky Mountains to teach Indians! It was too far away, too many dangers and hardships, were the objections which the young ministers in the theological seminaries made when Dr. Whitman asked if they would go.

The American Board of Missions was establishing a mission among the Indians in Kansas, and Henry Herman Spalding, of Prattsburg, New York, near Lake Canandaigua, who had just married Eliza Hart, of the same town, were going there. The young wife was tall and slender; she had mild blue eyes, but was of resolute spirit.

The young missionary and his bride had bade good-bye to their friends and were on their way. It was in March, and the snow was still lying along the road; in a few days it would be gone, and they would need wheels, so their carriage was half sleigh, half wagon—a wagon body on runners, the wheels ready for use at any moment. They were riding westward. Suddenly they heard a "Halloo!" from a man behind them.

"I want you for Oregon." It was Dr. Whitman who had called to them.

"For Oregon! How long a journey is it?"

"The summers of two years."

"What convoy shall we have?"

"The American Fur Company to the mountains; beyond that ourselves."

"What shall we live on?"

"Buffalo, till we can raise our own grain."

“How shall we go?”

“On horseback.”

“How cross rivers?”

“Swim them.”

Mr. Spalding turned to his wife.

“My dear, my mind is made up, but will leave it for you to decide.”

They rode on to a tavern, and the young wife went away by herself to pray. Hardship, suffering, privation, danger, sickness, separation from friends, home, all dear old things—possibly death on the one side; on the other, duty, obligation, carrying the Bible to those who had called for it, lifting the degraded, bringing life and immortality to light, their earthly and eternal welfare.

Out from the tavern chamber came the woman—a few weeks a bride—with a glory on her face.

“I will go.”

“But your health?” said the husband.

“I take the command just as it stands—‘Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.’”

“But the perils—you don’t begin to know how great they are.”

“The danger and the weakness are His—the duty mine.”

“The Indians will take you prisoner. You will never see your friends again.”

It was the husband who was weak. Tears were rolling down his cheeks.

“What mean you to weep and break my heart? I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, or in the Rocky Mountains, for the Lord Jesus.”

It was the voice of Paul echoing down the ages. It was settled. Not Kansas, but Oregon, was to be their home.

Dr. Whitman rode on to the town of Angelica, to a large old farmhouse, where a fair and lovely young lady, Narcissa Prentiss, became his bride. A few weeks later and the two young men and their wives, with William H. Gray, were in St. Louis, buying horses, two wagons, camp kettles, tin plates, a frying-pan, dippers, garden seeds, a quart of wheat, and such things as they needed for their outfit.

The agent of the fur company with whom they were to travel did not want to be bothered by missionaries and women, and purposely left them behind, going up the Missouri by steamer to Council Bluffs. He had been gone five days when the missionaries reached that outpost of the frontier. They started on, but had many mishaps. When crossing the Missouri in

a ferry-boat a cow jumped overboard, and Mr. Spalding, trying to prevent her, went head-foremost into the river. Their cattle ran away, and they had hard work to collect them.

"We never shall get there," said Mr. Spalding. "We shall have to go back."

"I have started for Oregon, and expect to get there," was the reply of his intrepid wife.

The traders were obliged to halt, and the missionaries overtook them.

Day after day the long line moved on over the treeless, far-reaching plains.

The delicate woman who had been so resolute to go—Mrs. Spalding—found her strength failing. She reached Fort Laramie.

"You must stop here. You will die if you attempt to go on," said Captain Wyeth.

"I started to go in the name of my Saviour, and shall go on," was her reply.

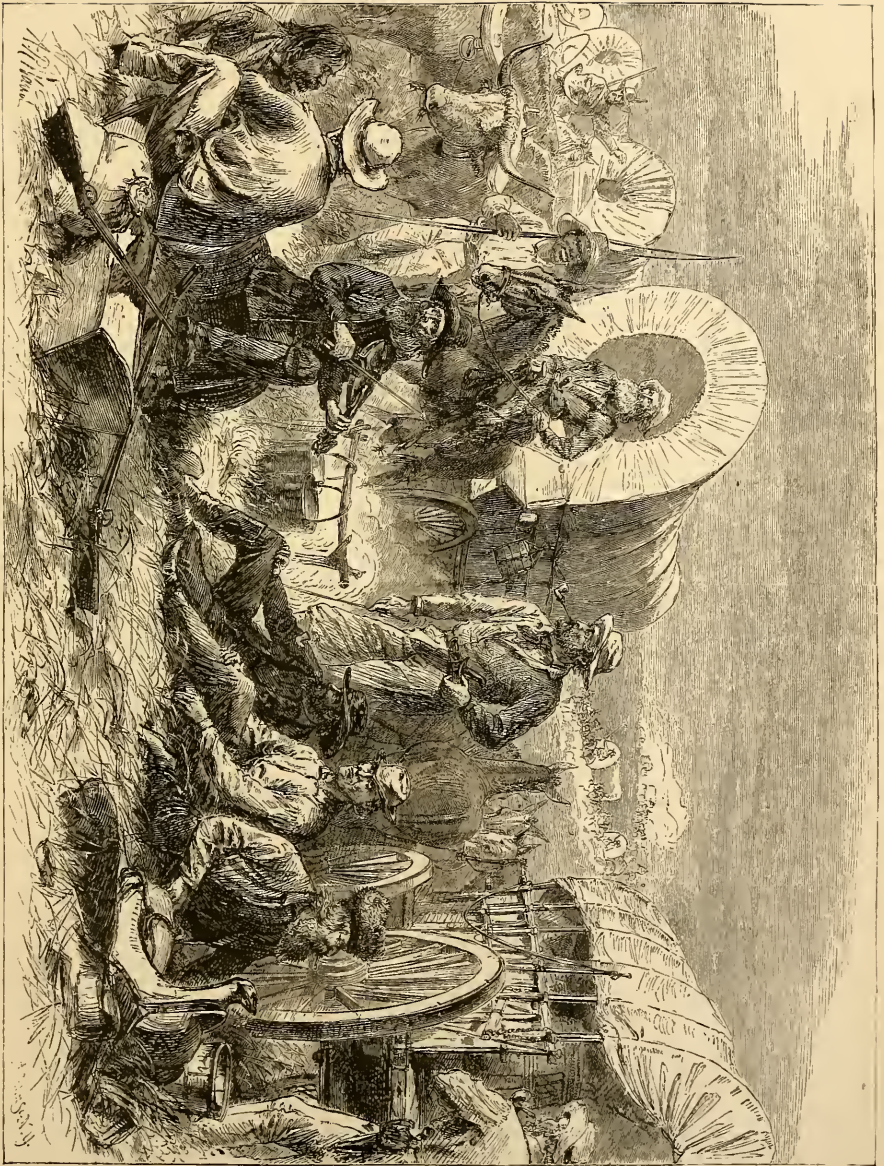
Far away she could see the peaks of the mountains. On July 4—anniversary of the birth of the nation—the bugle sounded the *réveille*, and the caravan moved on, but Mrs. Spalding was too weak to mount her horse.

"Leave me. I shall die here. Tell mother I am glad I came."

The caravan moved up the long swell of land to the South Pass—the divide between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The missionaries and the fainting woman had been left behind. The captain was troubled. He could not go on without them. Back over the prairie rode a party of horsemen to bring them on. Mrs. Spalding had gained strength. Once more she was in the saddle. They reached the divide where the caravan had halted. The hunters fired their rifles, and the missionaries kneeled upon the green grass, with the Bible in one hand and the Stars and Stripes in the other, offered prayer, and sung a hymn.

They were on the western boundary of the territory purchased by Jefferson from Louisiana. Who owned the country beyond? The Hudson's Bay Company had its forts and trading-posts on the Columbia, and intended to hold all the vast region for Great Britain, notwithstanding Captain Gray had discovered the Columbia. These two intrepid missionaries, on the sixtieth anniversary of the nation's birthday, kneeling upon the earth, with loyal hearts, fervid prayers, and undying faith, in the name of Almighty God took possession of it for the American people for all coming time.

Beyond the South Pass, on Green River, whose waters flow to the



THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

Gulf of California, a great number of Indians had gathered, among them Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats and a company of Nez Perces, who had come hundreds of miles to meet the men and women who were bringing them the "Book" which had been given by the Great Spirit. The Nez Perces women dug strengthening roots for Mrs. Spalding. The Indian fishermen hastened to the streams to catch the speckled trout. They shot the grouse in the wild sage that she might have something sweet and tender to eat.

The caravan reached Fort Hall, the point for which it had been fitted out. Beyond that the missionaries must make their way alone, accompanied only by the Nez Perces.

"You never can get to the Columbia with your wagon; you may as well leave it here. There are impassable mountains," said the agent of the company.

Dr. Whitman thought differently. He would try. On over the dreary plains, cutting a path through sage-brush, crossing rivers in boats made of buffalo hides stretched on sticks, they made their way; and on November

29 the missionaries and their wives, wagon, and horses were on the banks of the Columbia. Dr. Whitman built a house at Walla Walla with the

Cayuse Indians, while Mr. Spalding went on one hundred and twenty miles farther, to live with the Nez Perces. At Fort Vancouver were Mr. Lee and his associates—not teaching the Indians, but the children

of the men employed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The agent of the Hudson's Bay Company did not care to have Americans settling in Oregon, and disturbing their profitable trade with the Indians, who never could comprehend the mystery of the steelyard in weighing furs, or how it was that the Company always had the best of the bar-



MYSTERY OF THE STEELYARD.

gain. He wanted only French Canadians and half-breeds, who would hunt and trap, make long marches, live on small pay, and be dependent on the company, and who would hold the country for Great Britain.

Two members of the society organized by Ignatius Loyola (see "Story of Liberty"), Father Blanchet and Father Demerse, made their appearance on the Columbia. They told the Indians that the missionaries were heretics. It was the renewal in Oregon of the conflict that had drenched Europe in blood—the conflict of two religions and two civilizations.

"The Boston men intend to take away your land," said Demerse to the Indians.*

"We do not come to take away your land, but to teach you how to cultivate it," said Dr. Whitman, who sowed the quart of wheat which he brought from Missouri, gave the Indians garden seeds, showed them how to till the soil, and cared for them when sick.



CARE FOR A SICK INDIAN.

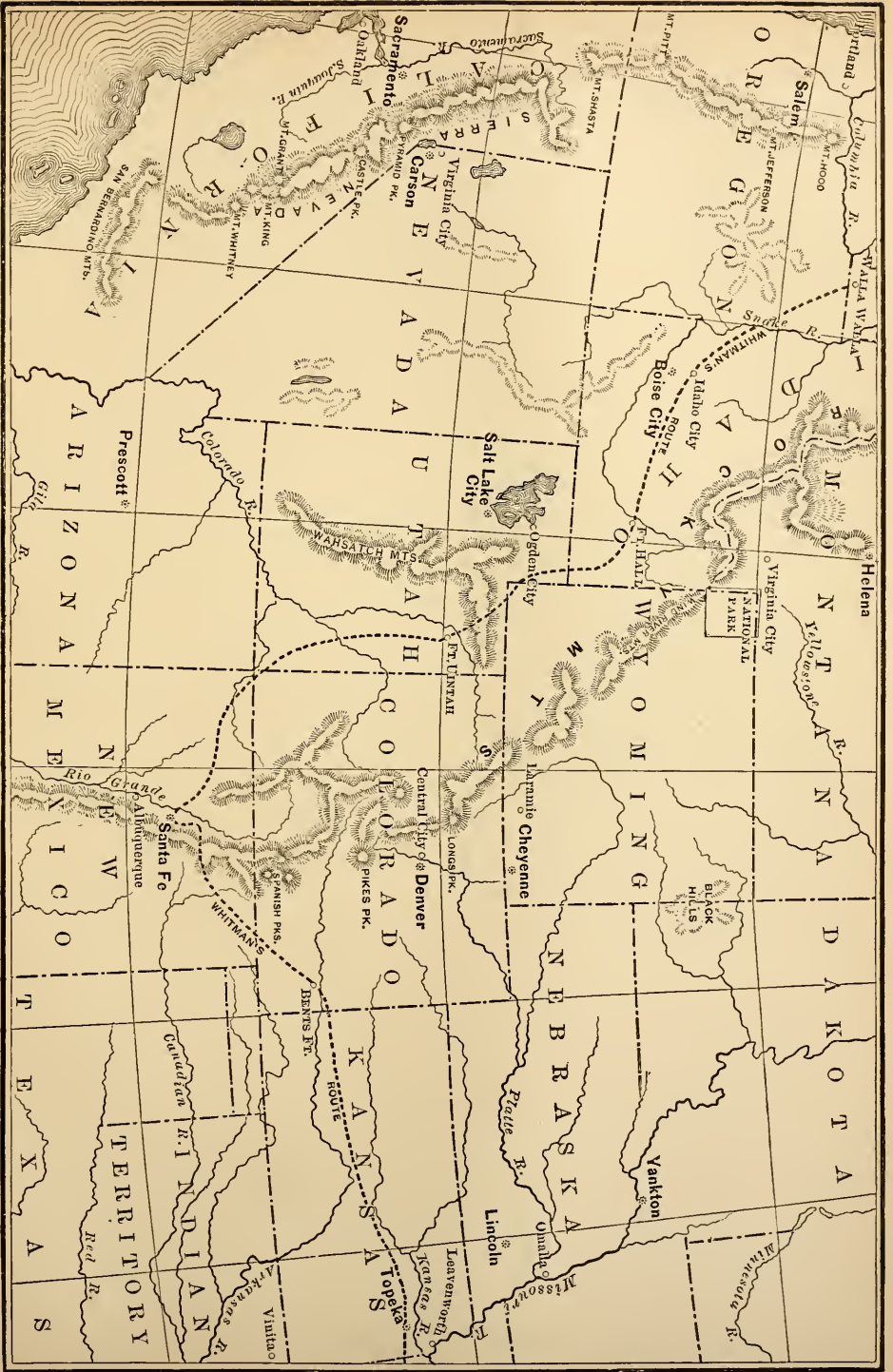
October, 1842, came. Dr. Whitman was in the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Walla Walla, giving medicine to an Indian. The agent of the company invited him to dinner, and he sat down to a long table with trappers and one of the Jesuit priests. A messenger entered with the news that a large company of French Canadians had made their way across the plains and mountains. They had come to make a settlement.

"Hurrah! The United States are too late. The country is ours!" shouted the priest, clapping his hands.

The United States too late! A great thought like a lightning-flash came to Dr. Whitman—that there was a deep-laid scheme to hold Oregon for Great Britain.

"We have got possession of Oregon, and no power can take it from us," said the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. "Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Territory, is on his way to Washington

* Gray's "History of Oregon," p. 183.



MAP OF WHITMAN'S ROUTE.

to negotiate a treaty with the American Government, and Oregon will be given to Great Britain. The settlers are here; the country is ours, and you cannot prevent us from having it."

"I will see," was Dr. Whitman's quiet reply.

Over the plains of the Columbia in hot haste, his horse afoam, he rode on that afternoon. A great thought was seething in his brain—a mighty resolve taking possession of him. He leaped from his saddle at the door of his log-house.

"I am going to Washington," he said.

"To Washington!"

"Yes, to bring settlers to Oregon, and show up a deep-laid scheme which must be defeated."

"You cannot get there. It will be impossible at this season of the year; you will perish," said his wife, astounded at his words.

"I must go. Oregon must be saved to the United States."

Twenty-four hours later he is on his way, on horseback, with a single companion, A. L. Lovejoy. Their rifles are slung to their shoulders. They have provisions enough to take them to Fort Hall. Their horses must feed upon the dried grass. They have no tents; the earth will be their bed at night. Over the blue mountains, across the lava-beds of Idaho, swept by November winds, they make their way—four hundred miles—to Fort Hall in eleven days. From there it is two hundred and fifty miles south-east to Fort Uintah. A trapper guides them over the Uintah Mountains, along gloomy defiles, through deep cañons, across treeless plains. They swim rivers filled with floating ice. They are in a country of hostile Indians, and must be ever on the watch. Terrible storms come on. They wade through deep snows. The guide loses his way. For ten days they wander.

"I am lost," said the guide.

"You stay and feed the horses on cotton-wood bark, and I will find the fort," said Dr. Whitman.

They remained in a cotton-wood grove, and he departed, reached the fort, obtained provisions, fresh horses, another guide, returned, and pushed on to the Grand River, which farther down becomes the Colorado. It was six hundred yards across it, and the water frozen far out from the shore. In the middle the current was sweeping dark and deep.

"We cannot cross it," said the guide.

"We will try."

The doctor mounts his horse, and Mr. Lovejoy and the guide push the animal into the swirling, ice-cold stream. The current bears them away.

Will not horse and rider be chilled to death before they gain the other shore? Terrible the suspense. They reach the ice on the farther side; the doctor springs from his saddle, the horse leaps upward; they are safe. Mr. Lovejoy and the guide follow, and cross in safety. They kindle



Granger

SCENE IN SANTA FÉ.

a fire, rub their horses dry, and push on. For thirty days they are amid the mountains, threading their way along the gloomy defiles of Colorado, killing one by one their pack-mules for food, climbing lofty mountains, wading through deep snows, emerging at last into the valley of the Rio Grande, finding themselves at Santa Fé.

On the coldest day of the year, January 13, 1843, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Lovejoy and their guide are on the mountains between the Rio Grande and the head-waters of the Arkansas River. The cold is intense. A terrible snow-storm comes on. Their mules refuse to climb the steep ascent. The travellers see their peril: they must go back and wait till the storm is over. They attempt to return, but their tracks are covered

by the whirling snow. Dr. Whitman commends himself to the care of Almighty God, and lies down in the snow, never, so far as he can see, to rise again. Has he come so far to perish at last? Are all his heroic efforts to save Oregon to his beloved country

to result in failure? The guide is watching his mule. He notices that the animal is working his ears in a peculiar way.

“The mule will take us out!” he shouts.

They spring to their feet, give the mule his liberty. Down, down they go, through deep drifts, along frightful precipices—the mule picking its way—down into the forest. The guide falls. Dr. Whitman and Mr. Lovejoy leave him, following the mule, which suddenly stops, and they find themselves at the place where they camped the night before. The brands of their last night’s fire are still burning. They pile on fresh wood,

warm themselves a moment, and then go back, and bring in the guide. They chafe his frozen feet with snow and wrap him in their blankets till life and strength return. Day after day the storm howls through the forest. When milder weather comes they climb once more the mountain-side, cross its lofty summit, descend the eastern slope, and reach Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas. Mr. Lovejoy is so exhausted that he can go no farther; but after a few days' rest Dr. Whitman is in the saddle, riding down the valley. A few weeks later he is in St. Louis.

April comes, and a man with unshaven face, haggard, worn, emaciated, wearing coat, pantaloons, and cap of buffalo fur, stands before Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, at Washington, who has just made a treaty with Lord Ashburton, for Great Britain, defining the boundary from Nova Scotia to the Rocky Mountains. No mention of Oregon is made; the question as to who owns it is left unsettled.

"I have come from Oregon to lay before you the importance of securing that country to the United States," said the man from the West.

"Indeed! But Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Territory, informs me that the whole country is of little value," said Mr. Webster.

"I have lived in Oregon six years, and know to the contrary. It has great value."

"Sir George Simpson informs me that it will be impossible ever to get there with a wagon."

"On the other hand, I have taken a wagon there."

So runs the report of the interview between Dr. Whitman and Daniel Webster.

John Tyler was President, and Dr. Whitman hastened to see him.

"I have made my way from Oregon to Washington, braving every danger, to prevent the consummation of a scheme which will give one of the fairest sections of our country—which is ours by right of Captain Gray's discovery—to Great Britain. I would save it, with its mighty forests, far-reaching plains, its great rivers, its unparalleled resources, to our beloved country."

"Your journey, encountering such hardships and dangers, is a convincing argument of the value of that territory. You shall have every encouragement to take settlers there," was the warm-hearted response of the President.

From the Missouri westward winds a train of two hundred wagons, and a company of eight hundred emigrants, under the lead of Dr. Whitman, escorted and protected by United States soldiers. The caravan



THE MOUNTAINS.

reaches Oregon. The emigrants rear their houses, taking permanent possession.

It was in 1837 that Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding and their wives began their labors among the Indians. Great the change. Then the Indians were living in wigwams, without a hoe, plough, cattle, or clothing, except the skins of beasts; living on fish and jerked meat.

Ten years passed, and the Indians were living in houses. The one quart of wheat had become thirty thousand bushels in 1847; the two cows had become a herd. Sheep were feeding on the hills. Roses and flowers of every hue were blooming in the gardens cultivated by the Indians. From school-houses came the sweet music of five hundred children learning to read. Their language had been reduced to writing. A government had been established; a code of laws adopted. Sunday was a day of rest and worship. Men once naked were wearing decent clothing. Women and girls could spin and weave. Men and boys had learned to set types and



JERKED MEAT.

print school-books, a code of laws, a Christian hymnal, and the Gospel by Matthew. In ten years the savage had become thus far a citizen.

The picture changes. "The Jesuit priests" (states the "History of Oregon," p. 367), "co-laborers with the Hudson's Bay Company, did not hesitate to poison the minds of all who would listen to them against the Protestant missionaries and all their efforts. Neither did they hesitate as to the means so long as a certain object was to be accomplished. . . . The American missionaries and settlements must be driven from the country. . . . 'Dr. Whitman had better leave the country, or the Indians will kill him. We are determined to have his station,' said one of the priests."

The blow fell. Dr. Whitman had been visiting a sick Indian, and was sitting in his own house reading the Bible, when an Indian came behind him, lifted a tomahawk, and buried it in the doctor's skull. It was the signal for the massacre to begin. The Indians rushed upon the white people. Mrs. Whitman was kneeling by her husband. A ball pierces her

breast, she clasps her hands in prayer, and commends her soul to her Saviour. Flashing of guns, hacking with knives, the floor thick with blood, a heap of mangled corpses, houses pillaged, Indians dancing in savage glee, swine devouring the bodies of the dead, women and children fleeing in terror—Jesuit priests and agents of the Hudson's Bay Company refusing them shelter—that the scene!

The self-sacrificing missionary, the true patriot, and his wife are dead, and the mission broken up; but the conspiracy has a different ending from what the priests had planned.

Oregon, thus far, had been under a joint occupancy by Great Britain and the United States; the time had come to end such a state of affairs. The settlers drove the Indians to the mountains, organized a government of their own, elected their own officers, and asserted the superior authority of the United States over the territory—thus finishing the work begun by Dr. Whitman. Through his patriotism, hardship, self-denial, and untiring zeal—through the energy and determination of the settlers upon the banks of the mighty river—the vast domain from California to British Columbia was secured to the United States forever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

COMPROMISE OF 1850.

DURING the first years of the century many people in the slave-holding States looked forward to a time when slave labor would become unprofitable, which would in turn bring about emancipation. But the world was calling for more cotton. Spindles were humming in Great Britain and New England as never before. The planters were increasing their acres, and slaves were in great demand. So valuable were they that Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee began to raise slaves, just as a farmer raises cattle, sheep, and pigs for the market. Slave-traders made up their coffles in Baltimore, Washington, and Louisville, separating husbands and wives, parents and children—regardless of prayers and tears—and taking the slaves to Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, the great slave-markets of the South, where they were resold to the planters. The auction-rooms were large halls. The slaves stood on a high bench, wearing very little clothing, that the purchaser might see whether the men were strong of limb, and how beautiful of form were the women and girls. The dealers examined their mouths to see if their teeth were sound or to ascertain if they were past the prime of life. They handled the women and girls indecently.

From the auction-room they went to the plantation to work in the cotton-fields, beneath the broiling sun, driven by a brutal overseer sitting on a horse, with a whip in his hand, which he delighted to crack over them, or to bring down upon the back of any one that lagged. The weak and feeble must keep up with the strong in wielding the heavy hoe. When the fields were snow-white with the bursting bolls they must perform their allotted tasks in picking; the baskets must be full and running over: the number of pounds specified for a day's work to be tipped by the steel-yards, or in default they would be flogged.

When work for the day was done they went to the comfortless cabins to cook their supper of bacon and hominy, sleeping on a pile of straw, with a single blanket to cover them; to be aroused in the early morn-

ing by the blowing of a horn, to begin again the dreary round of unrequited toil.

For them no joy, no hope in life. The heart of the father or mother might ache for children from whom they had been separated in Virginia,



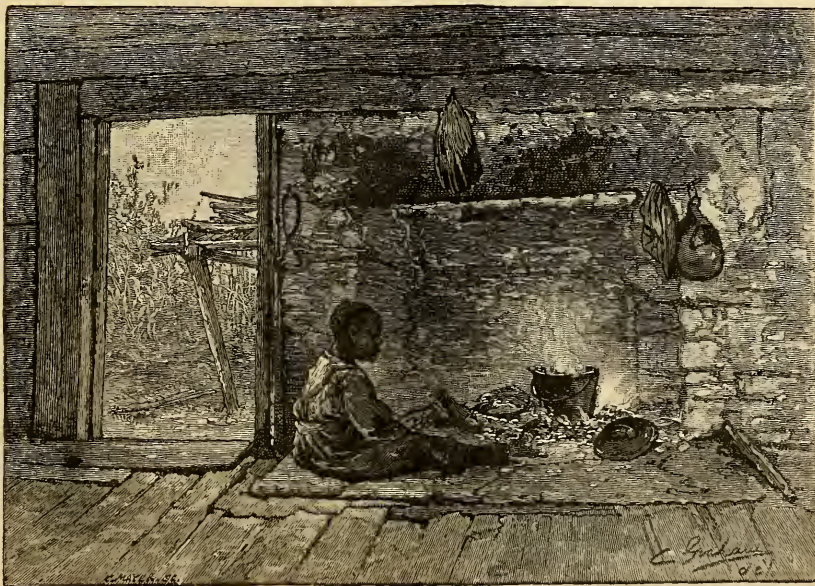
MUST HAVE THEIR BASKETS FULL.

but for them there was no comforter. At the bidding of the master the men must take other women to be their wives, and women other men to be their husbands. The marriage relation could be made or broken by the master at any time. He could deal with them as with his cattle.

The planters were growing rich, and with wealth came increase of

power. They looked down upon the poor white people—kept poor by coming in contact with slave labor. Work was a sign of degradation. For a white man to labor was to put himself on a level with the slave. Thus there came to be a class of poor but proud people who spent their time at the groceries or lounging around the county taverns, ever ready to take a drink of whiskey when invited by the planters, who purchased their votes on election-day. With no opportunity to better their condition in life they lost all ambition. There were no schools for their children, who grew up in ignorance, and whose chief delight was to visit the shire towns when the judges held court, or attend the races when the planters and jockeys tried the speed of their horses.

The mechanic arts could not flourish under such conditions. Where labor was regarded as degrading there would be no building of steam-engines, founderies, or manufactories. Without education there could be no good joiners, carpenters, or blacksmiths. When human beings could



THE COMFORTLESS CABIN.

be bought and sold there would be no employing of machines to do the work of human hands. So it came about that the houses were little better than cabins—those even of the planters being poorly constructed. The wagons, carriages, stage-coaches built by Southern workmen were rude and clumsy. Ploughs, hoes, harrows, boots, shoes, cloth, pianos—all were manufactured in the Northern States. The slave-holders sneeringly

called the working-men of the North "mud-sills," because they were at the bottom of society.

Instead of slavery being an evil, they regarded it as a blessing.

"Slavery," said the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, in a sermon, "has fashioned our modes of life and determined all our habits of thought and feeling, and moulded the very type of our civilization."



POOR BUT PROUD.

James H. Thornwell, of South Carolina, doctor of divinity, and nearly all the ministers in the Southern States, preached that slavery was a divine institution, ordained of God for the well-being of the human race; that slavery was honorable and a necessity; that it had come from the patriarchs, regulated by the law of Moses, sustained by the prophets, and was authorized by Jesus Christ, because it existed when he was on earth and he said nothing about abolishing it; therefore it was right. Moreover, the Apostles upheld it.

"We must teach," said Mr. De Bow—not a minister—"that slavery is necessary in all societies, to protect as well as to govern the weak, poor, and ignorant. . . . To protect the weak we must first enslave them. . . . Slavery is necessary as an educational institution, and is worth ten times all the common schools of the North."

With the increase of slaves came additional political power, and the slave-holders looked forward to a time when they would make themselves masters of the whole country, controlling the government, and administering it in the interests of slavery. The annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico were brought about with that end in view.

When the war with Mexico was over the President sent a message to Congress for an appropriation of money to pay for the territory to be acquired from that country. He asked for two million dollars. He had been elected by the Democratic party, which controlled Congress. It is customary for a party to sustain the men elected by the party; but in free governments those who make laws must think and act for themselves, or government will no longer be free. There were several members of Con-

gress belonging to the Democratic party who were thinking for themselves on a great question: Mexico had abolished slavery; and would it be right, after obtaining territory from that country, to prevent the introduction of slavery? Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Preston



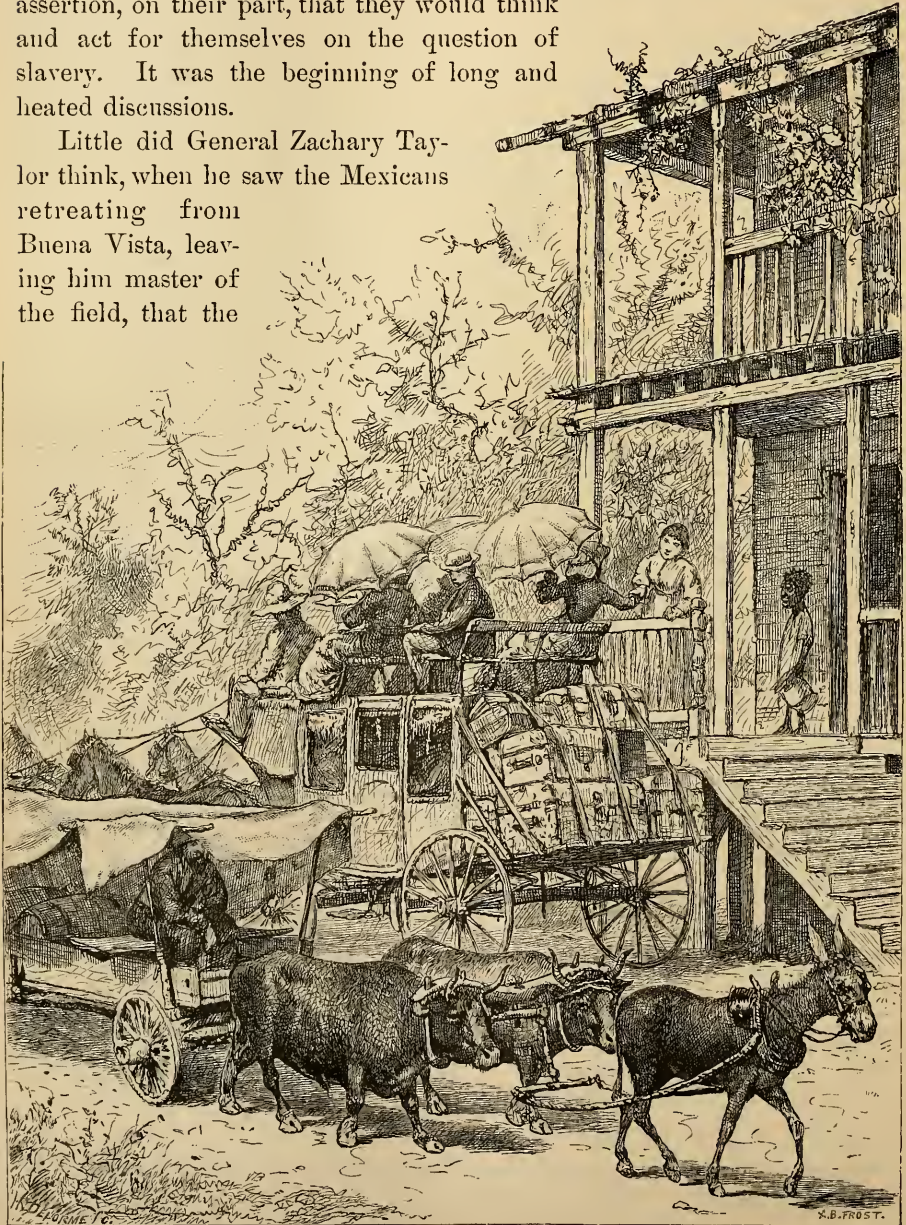
King, of New York; and David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, talked the matter over, and decided that it would not be right to permit the introduction of slavery into territory once free; and Mr. Wilmot moved that the bill appropriating money for negotiating a treaty should contain this condition: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever ex-

SOUTHERN STREET SCENE.

ist in any part of said territory.” It is known in history as the Wilmot proviso.

The position taken by these and other members of Congress was an assertion, on their part, that they would think and act for themselves on the question of slavery. It was the beginning of long and heated discussions.

Little did General Zachary Taylor think, when he saw the Mexicans retreating from Buena Vista, leaving him master of the field, that the



VILLAGE TAVERN AND STAGE-COACH.



A PLANTATION TEAM.

American people would reward him by making him President, but he was nominated to that office by the Whig party. In the Whig newspapers he was called "Old Rough and Ready," because he was inured to the hardships of camp life and was always ready for battle. He was inaugurated March 4, 1849; but died of fever July 9, and Millard Fillmore became President.

Things had come about very strangely in California. The far-off region, almost unknown before 1849, suddenly swarmed with people, who assembled in convention and asked to be admitted to the Union as a free State. The gold-hunters were mostly from the Northern States, and hated slavery. California a free State! The slave-holders would not listen to such a proposition. California was south of the southern boundary of Mis-



MILLARD FILLMORE.

sonri, which had been adopted as the boundary between slavery and freedom in 1820. Members of Congress from the slave-holding States threatened to dissolve the Union if slavery were excluded from California.

In the Southern States there was no deep and abiding love for the Constitution. The Southern people exalted the rights of the States, and

accepted the doctrine put forth by Jefferson in 1798, that the Union was only a compact between the States (see page 118). The people in the States which had abolished slavery, on the other hand, were beginning to see that under the Constitution the Union would in time become the greatest nation on earth. Bitter speeches were made in Congress, and articles were published in the newspapers so fiery that the men who wrote them were called "fire-eaters."

"Slavery is a great moral, social, political, and religious blessing," said Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi.

"Antislavery men are the outcasts and offscourings of the earth—a pestilential set of vipers that ought to be destroyed," shouted Mr. Savage, of Tennessee.

"Georgia should march to Washington and dissolve the government," said Governor Troup, of that State.

A compromise was proposed—to admit California as a free State, and abolish slavery in the District of Columbia—which, it was claimed, ought to satisfy the people of the free States. To conciliate those who were threatening to secede from the Union, it was proposed to pass a law which would enable the slave-holders to recapture the slaves which had escaped into the free States. John M. Mason, of Virginia, prepared the law for recapturing fugitives. It provided that the master, or his agent, might go into any State or Territory, with or without a legal warrant, seize the fugitive, and take him before any judge or commissioner, who must examine the proof that he was a slave, and use all the power of his office to send him back if he had ever been a slave. The fugitive could not say a word; his evidence must not be admitted. The master's oath that the fugitive was a slave was sufficient evidence. The sheriff might call upon any citizen to help him, and the citizen must obey or be amenable to the law. Democrats and Whigs alike, from the slave-holding States, threatened to dissolve the Union if slavery were excluded from the Territories.

The slave-holders, the members of Congress from the Southern States, claimed that the Constitution must respect and protect property in all States alike. If they could not recover a slave escaping to another State, just as they would a horse, they were deprived of their constitutional rights. If they could not have their rights secured and enforced under the Constitution, of what value was the Union? Mr. Mason, who framed the bill, knew that the non-slave-holding States could not be compelled to enforce the law, but that the United States courts, judges, marshals, and commissioners—those appointed by the President—only could be called upon to execute it.

Daniel Webster, who had favored the Wilmot Proviso, wanted to be President, and possibly thought that if he were to advocate the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill it would bring peace to the country, and that the people in their gratitude would elect him to the high office. He made a speech in favor of it, wielded all his great influence to secure its passage, and it became a law September 9, 1850.

This law made it a crime to aid a slave to escape, and it was also a crime to refuse to aid the marshal in sending a fugitive back to slavery. The people of the Northern States had great respect for law, but this was antagonistic to all their instincts. Some of the people of Massachusetts informed Daniel Webster that it was odious, hateful, and cruel.

“You must conquer your prejudices,” he said.

The people replied by holding meetings and resolving to resist the law, in obedience to the higher law of obligation to right, justice, and liberty. The law carried slavery into the free States, made it national, and they were determined not to tolerate it.

Nineteen years had rolled away since the imprisonment of the young printer in Baltimore for writing an article against slavery. The world had been moving the while. In Europe there had been great uprisings for freedom, while in the United States moral forces had been quickening the hearts and consciences of men for a larger and freer life. Mechanical forces, inventive genius, the employment of machinery throughout the Northern States to do the work of human hands, the arrival of many-thousand emigrants from Ireland, Germany, Sweden, and Norway, to find homes in the Western States—these influences combined were lifting the Northern States to a loftier plane of civilization; while the poor white people of the South, under the blighting influence of slavery, were sinking to a lower level.

The members of Congress from the Southern States threatened to dissolve the Union if the Fugitive Slave Law was not executed. Merchants in New York and Boston trading with the South became greatly alarmed, and organized “Union-saving” meetings. In New York a committee of one hundred was appointed to solicit money to aid the slave-catchers. If merchants declined to sign it, their names were put upon a black list and sent South, to notify the planters not to trade with them.

The “Union-saving Committees” brought their influence to bear upon learned doctors of divinity to gain their support; and Moses Stuart, of Andover, Massachusetts, and Nathaniel Taylor, of New Haven, professors of theology; Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College; Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont; Nehemiah Adams, of Boston; Orville Dewey, of New York—

all doctors of divinity—preached that the Fugitive Slave Law must be obeyed.

Other ministers equally learned regarded the Bible as the book above



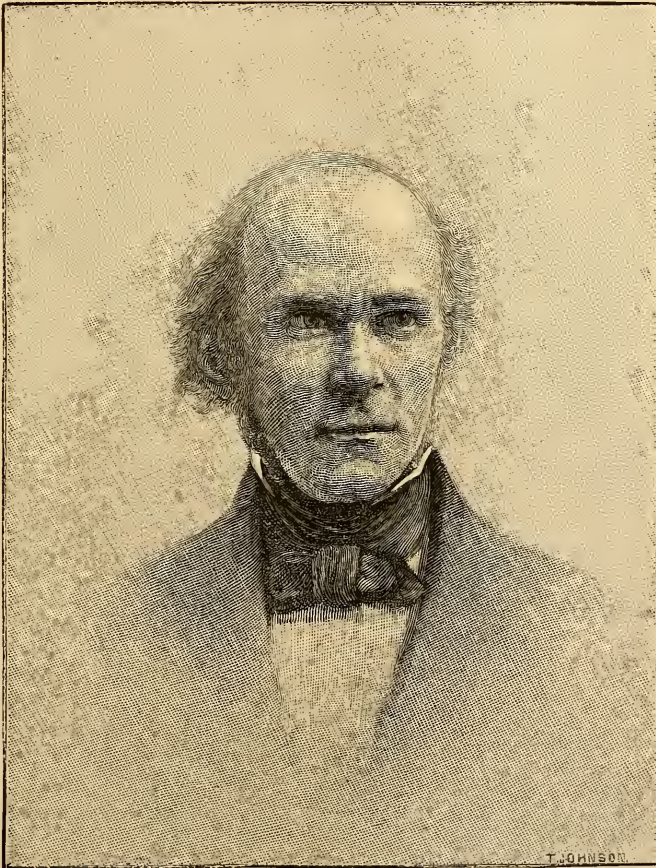
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

all others that set forth the equality of men—their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—and preached vigorously in favor of freedom and the right and duty of the people to resist the law.

Of those who wielded great influence were Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, and Theodore Parker, of Boston.

“When we have ceased to pray,” said Mr. Beecher, “when we have rooted out the humanities which, since our connection with the Gospel, have been growing within us—when we have buried our Bibles and renounced our God—then will we join with those whose patriotism exhibits itself in robbing men of every natural right, and in driving them from light and religion into heathenism.”

“Why shall I not help the fugitive?” asked Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn. “There is nothing to prevent but the parchment of the law.”



THEODORE PARKER.

But where will this parchment be when I meet this my brother in the judgment? Where will that parchment be when Christ shall say to me, ‘I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat?’”

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a book entitled “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,”

which, above all other books produced in the United States, was influential in moulding and directing public opinion. A theatre manager saw that its incidents were dramatic, and produced it as a play. The instincts and sympathies of the people who witnessed its nightly performance were all on the side of the slave. They clapped their hands when the sturdy farmers rushed between the fugitive and the slave-hunters, keeping them at bay with pitchforks and pistols. So the pulpit and theatre became allies of freedom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

MORE than thirty thousand slaves, it was claimed, had escaped to Northern States and to Canada. Those in Canada were beyond the reach of their masters; but those in the Northern States could be taken back under the Fugitive Slave Law.

As soon as the law was passed the hunters were on the track of the fugitives. At Columbia, Pennsylvania, lived a colored man—William Smith—who had a wife and two children. Two officers came to take him, and when he attempted to run one drew a pistol and shot him dead. No one arrested the murderer, and nothing came of it.

As the testimony of a negro could not be taken under the law, it was easy for slave-hunters to arrest free negroes and sell them into slavery.

Two kidnappers from Elkton, Maryland, went to the house of Mr. Miller, in Nottingham, Pennsylvania, and seized a colored girl.

“She is free,” said Mr. Miller; but the kidnappers hustled her into their wagon, took her to Baltimore, and locked her up in a slave-pen. Mr. Miller followed, brought her case before the court, and the judge decided that she was free. Mr. Miller started for his home, but never reached it—his lifeless body being found the next day dangling from a tree. The kidnappers had murdered him.

John de Bee, of Norfolk, learned that his slave Shadrach had fled to Boston, and was serving for pay as a waiter in the Cornhill Coffee-house. He determined to recapture him. He went before George T. Curtis, United States Commissioner, and swore that Shadrach was his slave. Mr. Curtis issued a warrant for the arrest of Shadrach, who was seized by the marshal and taken before the commissioner. The news flew over the city. A crowd of colored people hastened to the court-room. The marshal would not admit them, and they stood upon the stairs. Lewis Hayden gave a signal, the door flew open, and Shadrach disappeared in a twinkling; and neither the commissioner, master, nor marshal ever saw him again. In a few hours he was in Canada.

“What is to be done?” was the question telegraphed to President Fillmore by the marshal; whereupon Mr. Fillmore issued a proclamation commanding all persons—citizens as well as civil and military officers—in Boston to aid and assist in carrying out the law; and the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy were also directed to render all possible help.

Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was greatly shocked at what had happened, and offered a resolution in the Senate calling on the President for information upon this outrage. “A negro mob,” he said, “has dared to lay sacrilegious hands, in the sanctuary of justice, upon the very sword of justice itself, and wave it over its officers and ministers.”

Mr. Clay had claimed that the slavery question was settled—that there would be no more discussion; but he himself was discussing it more vehemently than ever. Congress might as well have resolved that Niagara should stop running.

Lewis Hayden and five others were arrested and tried for aiding Shadrach.

“I saw,” testified one witness, “Shadrach helped into a carriage, which was traced over Cambridge Bridge and into West Cambridge, where he was put into another carriage and driven to Concord, and then put into a wagon and driven over to Sudbury.”

Eleven of the jury voted Hayden guilty of aiding Shadrach. One jurymen—Francis E. Bigelow—would not vote to convict. The court thought it strange, for the testimony was clear. Not till years had passed did Francis E. Bigelow tell why he voted as he did. This was his reason: “I myself drove that wagon over to Sudbury.”

Thomas M. Simms was a fugitive in Boston. His master, James Potter, came from Georgia to obtain him, and had him arrested first for stealing. Samuel E. Sewell, a lawyer and friend of the slaves, called upon the United States Marshal, Patrick Riley, asking when the trial was to take place; whereupon the marshal had him arrested and put into the watch-house. To keep the crowd away, and to prevent any attempt at rescuing Simms, he had heavy chains put around the court-house, and a great number of policemen, with clubs in their hands. The judges of the State courts could not reach their rooms only as the policemen lifted the chains, and then they were obliged to stoop.

“He must go back,” said the commissioner. At five o’clock in the morning, before the people were astir, three hundred armed policemen marched him to Long Wharf and put him on board the schooner *Acorn*, which took him back to slavery.

Anthony Burns was claimed as a runaway by Charles F. Tuttle, of Virginia. Edward G. Loring, United States Commissioner for Boston, issued a warrant for the arrest of Burns. There was a consultation among the men opposed to the law.

"If Burns is taken from Boston, then Massachusetts is a conquered State," said Wendell Phillips.

"We must fight," said Francis W. Bird.

"We have been called cowards, and if we permit Burns to be taken we shall rightly bear the reproach," shouted John L. Swift.

"Virginia reaches her arms over the graves of our mothers and kidnaps men in the city of the Puritans," were the words of Theodore Parker.

The marshal had sworn in a great number of rough men as deputy United States officers, and placed them in the court-house, to prevent a rescue. A crowd gathered—friends of the slave. Among the white men were T. W. Higginson, John L. Swift, and Albert G. Brown. They seized a timber and battered down a door. The policemen flourished their clubs and drew their pistols, rushed upon the people, driving them back; but in the *mêlée* one of the policemen, James Batchelder, was unfortunately killed.

"The evidence is clear that Anthony Burns is the property of Charles F. Tuttle," was the decision of the commissioners.

Through State Street, over the spot where Crispus Attucks, a colored man, was shot by British soldiers in behalf of liberty before the Revolutionary War—within sight of Faneuil Hall—marched the soldiers of Massachusetts, with cannon, powder, and ball, accompanying the policemen guarding Anthony Burns, with manacles upon his wrists and tears upon his cheeks.



FRANKLIN PIERCE.

President Pierce has anticipated what the decision will be. He will show the slave-holders that he will execute the law, and has ordered the revenue-cutter *Morris* to be ready to take Anthony Burns back to Virginia. The slave-hunters hear hisses and groans from the multitude. The sol-

diers executing the order of the mayor hear them, and the blood mounts to their cheeks; they are only obeying orders; their hearts are beginning to throb as never before for freedom.

“Let us pray.”

It was the voice of the Rev. Daniel Foster; and the crowd, ceasing to hiss and groan, stood with uncovered heads while he prayed that God would be with the slave going back to his bondage, and that the event would be so overruled that it would purify and redeem a country that was showing itself recreant to human freedom. Down the harbor sailed the vessel; back to their counting-rooms and workshops walked the people, more than ever determined to resist the odious and iniquitous law.

A slave-hunter arrested Joshua Glover at Racine, Wisconsin, who resisted and was terribly pounded. The marshal took him bleeding to Milwaukee and put him in prison.

The people, indignant at the cruelty of the marshal, marched to the jail.

“Release him!” they shouted. The marshal had no idea of giving him up; whereupon they battered down the door, released the slave, and sent him to Canada.

The slave-hunters, determined to have their revenge, arrested Sherman M. Booth and several others, but were baffled by the decision of the Supreme Court of the State, which decided that the Constitution of the United States conferred no power upon Congress to legislate upon the subject of the surrender of fugitives from labor. Not to be defeated, the slave-hunters brought a suit in the United States District Court of Wisconsin, which sentenced Mr. Booth to pay a fine and be put in jail; but a judge of the State Court issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, and all the judges of the court united in ordering his discharge, and the people escorted him home with a band of music, flinging their hats into the air.

Very different was a scene in Cincinnati, where Margaret Garner, rather than have her little child taken back into slavery, seized a butcher's knife and cut her daughter's throat from ear to ear. She was tried for murder, but the judge decided that the claim of her master was paramount, and, instead of being punished for murder, she was taken back into slavery under the Fugitive Slave Law.

A number of negroes escaped from Kentucky, and built their cabins at Young's Prairie, Michigan. They were so far from Kentucky that they felt themselves secure; but their masters, learning where they were, determined to recapture them. Thirty men on horseback, with two large wagons, started for Michigan. They intended to seize the fugitives and carry them to Kentucky without going through the form of law. One of them was a minister, who wanted to secure his former slaves, a husband and wife.

At night, when the negroes were asleep, the slave-hunters surrounded



DEATH RATHER THAN SLAVERY.

their cabins, breaking down the doors. There were desperate struggles, but the slave-hunters were powerful, and soon had many of the negroes in irons. The minister began to batter down the door of the cabin occupied by his slave, who seized a stick of wood to defend himself. His wife, leaving him and her babe, crept out of a back window and ran to the house of Zachariah Shugart. Zachariah was a white man, a Quaker, who did not think it right to use guns and pistols; but he dressed himself very quickly, leaped upon his horse, and flew like the wind down the road to let William Jones, the blacksmith, know what was going on, who in turn aroused all the neighbors.

The Kentuckians the while, with the negroes handcuffed in their wagons, were starting for home—the minister carrying the negro babe in his arms. The child had been born in a free State, and under the law was free, but it would be worth two hundred dollars in Kentucky. The minister was a kidnapper as well as a slave-hunter.

Suddenly the caravan came to a halt, for in the road, blocking the way, stood William Jones, Stephen Bayne, and their neighbors, armed with pitchforks, axes, and stakes. The Kentuckians drew their pistols and bowie-knives, which, instead of frightening the Michigan people, made them more determined than ever to fight.

“Charge! Kill the kidnappers!” shouted the blacksmith.

The Kentuckians, finding how determined the people were, and knowing that they were kidnappers, did not dare to fire, and the blacksmith and his neighbors compelled them to march to Cassopolis, to answer the charge of kidnapping.

“Get off from that horse,” said the blacksmith.

The minister obeyed, and he had the farther mortification of seeing his own slave get into the saddle, with the help of the blacksmith, while he had to walk and carry the babe in his arms.

“Here is the man who kidnaps babies!” shouted the blacksmith as they marched into the town. The people laughed and jeered, and pointed their fingers at the minister.

Instead of marching proudly back with their slaves, the Kentuckians found themselves in the hands of the sheriff, who marched them off to jail for kidnapping.

When at last they got out the negroes were all in Canada; their long journey had been for nothing, and they had their jail fees to pay besides. They found that kidnapping was not profitable in Michigan.

The law became more hateful than ever to the people of the Northern States, who were on the lookout for slave-hunters, and ready to help the

fugitives on to Canada. There were collisions with the officers of the law all over the country, and disturbances, which set the people to thinking more earnestly than ever upon the great question of human freedom.

The slave-holders complained that the law was of no benefit to them, for it cost more to recover slaves than they were worth. It was dangerous to own a negro who had once been free; who had stories to tell of the sweets of freedom; of friends in the North who would help them; of Canada, where their masters could not touch them, where no blood-hounds could follow their track, where they could be their own masters. The neighboring planters objected to having such a negro near their plantations to make their slaves uneasy. So it came about that the law, while irritating the people of the Northern States, was of no particular benefit to the slave-holders.

CHAPTER XXIX.

KANSAS.

OVER the wide prairies west of Missouri and Iowa onward to the Rocky Mountains roamed the Kansas and Nebraska Indians. There were no white men except hunters following the buffalo in all the vast domain. But the time had come when the solitude was to teem with life. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, introduced a bill into Congress in 1854 opening the lands to settlement.

The slave-holders had a far-reaching plan to make Kansas a slave State. To do so they must first bring about the repeal of the law of 1820, which prohibited slavery in Territories north of the southern boundary of Missouri. If that law were repealed the people of Missouri would take possession of the Territory, with their slaves, elect two senators to Congress and representatives, which would enable the slave-holding interest to control the government.

"The Missouri Compromise," said the slave-holders, "is wrong. Under the Constitution we have the right to go to Kansas with our property. If Northern men can take their horses and cattle to Kansas, we have the same right to take not only our horses and cattle, but our slaves, for the Constitution makes no distinction in property. We are unjustly deprived of our rights. The law must be repealed."

Was it because Stephen A. Douglas wanted to be President, and wished to have the slave-holders think well of him, that he wielded all his powers to secure the repeal of the law? Through his influence, and that of his friends of the Democratic party in the Northern States, the law was repealed. The people of Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, while the discussion was going on in Congress, formed societies and lodges, calling themselves "Sons of the South," to make Kansas a slave State.

The bill organizing the Territory of Kansas became a law. Over the wires flashed the news; and the "Sons of the South," mounting their horses, hastened to Kansas, selected their lands, drove down their stakes, and rode back to Missouri again. By driving down their stakes they had

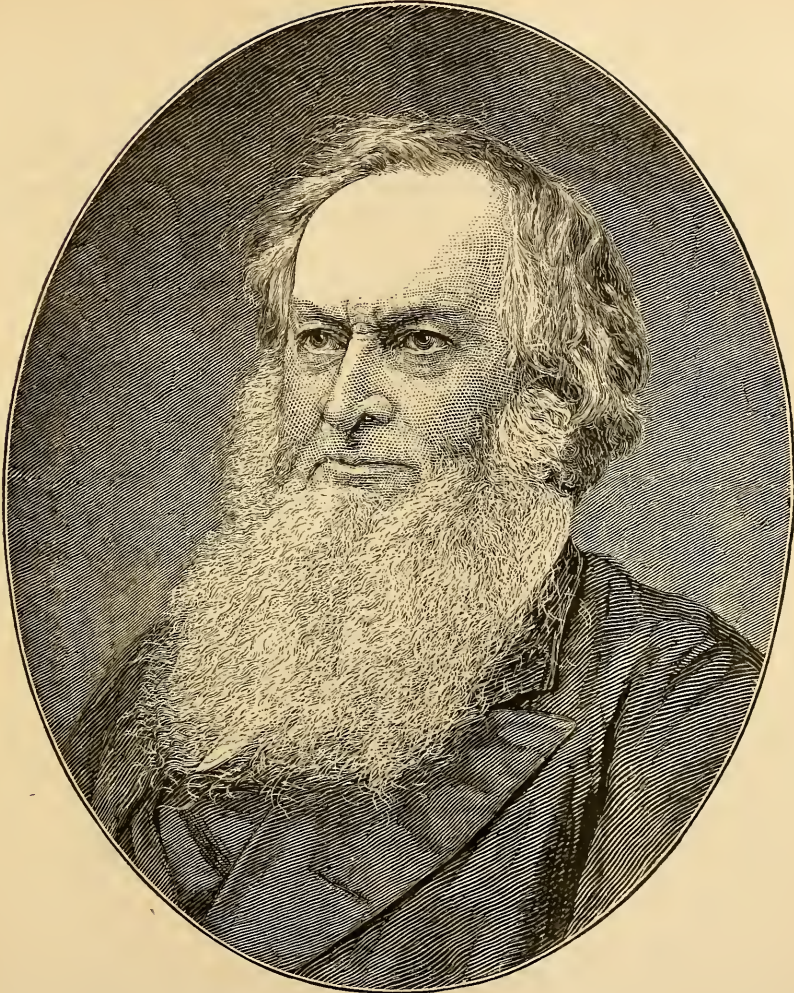
made known their intention of being settlers; and when the time came for voting would be at the polls, though citizens of Missouri.

Men whose souls were on fire with the great idea of putting an end to the encroachments of slavery on soil once free began to act. In Massachusetts an Emigrant Aid Society was formed, with Amos A. Lawrence,



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Eli Thayer, and J. M. S. Williams for its trustees, to aid and assist any one who would emigrate to Kansas. "Committees" were organized in towns, counties, and States, raising money to colonize towns in the new Territory. A national committee was organized. Among its members were Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois; Gerrit Smith, of New York; and G. L. Stearns, of Massachusetts. The first party of Free-state emigrants,



GERRIT SMITH.

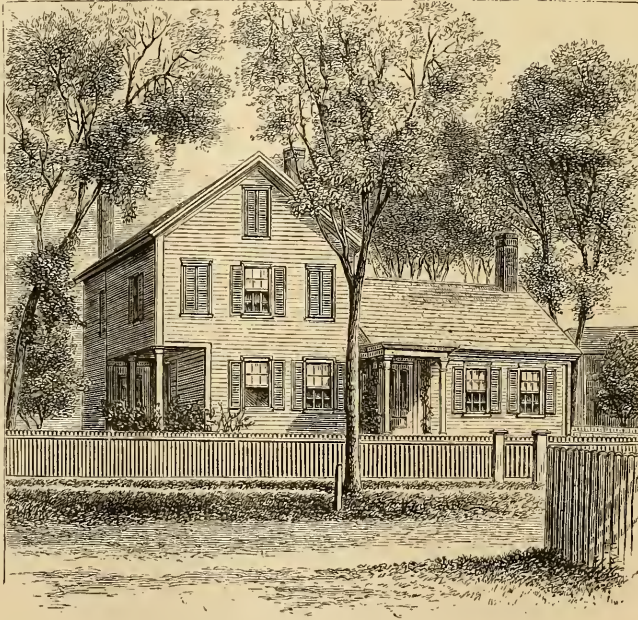
from Boston, staked out a town, naming it Lawrence, and went to their new homes singing, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," a song written by John G. Whittier:

"We cross the prairies as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East
The homestead of the free.

"We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine.

“We go to plant her common schools,
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wilds
The music of her bells.”

Among the emigrants were John Brown and his six sons, from Northern New York, who selected farms at Ossawatimie. When the time came to hold the first election, David R. Atchinson, Senator in Congress from



HOME OF WHITTIER.

Missouri, stirred up the Missourians to invade Kansas and vote; and several thousand of them mounted their horses, rode into the Territory armed with rifles and revolvers, and voted.

The Leavenworth *Herald* announced the result:

“All hail! Pro-slavery party victorious! Come on, Southern men; bring your slaves and fill up the Territory. Kansas is sound; Abolitionism is rebuked; her fortress stormed; her flag draggling in the dust.”

The pro-slavery men formed a “Vigilance Committee” to send all Free-state men out of the territory.

They seized William Phillips, who would not leave, shaved his head, stripped off his clothing, daubed him with tar, ripped open a bed and rolled him in the feathers, mounted him on a rail, and sold him at a mock auc-

tion. They put the Rev. Pardee Butler upon a raft of two logs, and set him adrift in the Missouri.

The Legislature elected by the Missourians voted that the law of their own State should be adopted entire—changing the words “State of Missouri” for “Territory of Kansas.” To make Kansas an undesirable place for a man opposed to slavery, they passed a law that if any one said anything against slavery, or if found with a newspaper or book about him that said anything against slavery, he should be imprisoned two years and put to hard work, with a chain and cannon-ball six inches in diameter riveted upon one of his ankles.

Every member of every succeeding Legislature, every judge of election, every officer, every lawyer, every jurymen must swear to uphold slavery.

The liberty-loving settlers determined not to submit to such a code of laws forced upon them by the men who lived along the border of Missouri, and who became known as “Border Ruffians.”

They elected delegates to a convention which met at Topeka, and formed a Constitution.

“Drive out the Abolitionists!” It was the war-cry of the “Ruffians.” Armed bands invaded the Territory, robbing and plundering the Free-state men, shooting Charles W. Dow, and murdering in cold blood Thomas W. Barber. Whittier, far away on the banks of the Merrimac, recognizing him as a martyr to freedom, sung his requiem :

“Bear him, comrades, to his grave ;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In all ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room
What we sow in tears shall reap.”

The Border Ruffians claimed the lands staked out by the Free-state men, for whose arrest warrants were issued.

The Governor, Wilson Shannon, was ready to do what he could to make Kansas a slave State. He ordered out the militia to aid the marshal in ejecting the Free-state men, who organized by choosing Charles Robinson for their general. They would fight for freedom.

The “Kansas Aid Committee” purchased rifles and ammunition for the settlers. They could not send them up the Missouri River on steamboats, for the Missourians searched every boat, and they were sent by teams through Iowa.

A pro-slavery grand jury indicted the two Free-state papers published

at Lawrence; and the deputy-marshal of the United States, with eight hundred men and four cannon, marched into the town, destroyed the printing-presses, threw the type into the streets, set Mr. Eldridge's hotel on fire, and pillaged the houses of the people. The troubles increased. Some of the Free-state men, burning to avenge their injuries—seeing that the Governor, appointed by the President, was doing what he could to help the pro-slavery men—took matters into their own hands, fell upon the Missourians at Potawatamie, and killed five of them. The Missourians, to be revenged in turn, organized a company, and chose Captain Pate as their commander. He had come from Virginia to help make Kansas a slave State. He crossed the boundary with fifty men, seized John Brown, Jr., put him in chains, marched him across the prairie beneath the hot summer sun—so inhumanly treating him that he lost his reason and became a raving maniac.

John Brown, the father, heard how his son had been abused. He called his steadfast friends around him, and organized them into a company. There were twenty-seven of them. They came upon the Missourians in a grove of small, scrubby black oaks, which the settlers called "Black Jack," near the present village of Palmyra. Captain Pate saw them approaching, and arranged his wagons in a semicircle, posting his men behind them. Captain Brown directed twelve of his company to attack in front, while he and the other fourteen were to gain the rear of the Missourians. When they were far away the Missourians began to fire. Captain Brown dropped on his hands and knees and crept through the grass.

"Take good aim. Don't waste your fire. Don't expose yourselves," he said to his men.

Their rifles began to crack, and the fire became so uncomfortable that Captain Pate's men began to run away. Some of Captain Brown's men also ran. Captain Pate had been very valiant when he invaded Kansas; but he had not calculated upon being attacked. He was getting tired of fighting, and tied his white handkerchief to a stick for a flag of truce. All but eight of Brown's men had fallen back; but with those he marched up and took Pate and twenty-two men prisoners, twenty-three horses, all their wagons, guns, and supplies.

Another company of Missourians, one of them a minister, seized one of Captain Brown's sons, shot, then stabbed and hacked him with their knives, and tumbled his mangled body into his own house before his young wife, who from that moment became a maniac.

Little did they know what the outcome of that ghastly scene would

be; how the father of the murdered man, transformed from that moment, would go marching down the ages—leader of Freedom's hosts! Captain Brown attacked them at Ossawatimie, and made so brave a fight that people called him "Ossawatimie Brown."

Civil war had begun. Houses were pillaged and burnt, men shot in cold blood. Everybody carried arms. The Missourians stopped all steamboats ascending the Missouri, and examined all the passengers. If they



CHARLES SUMNER.

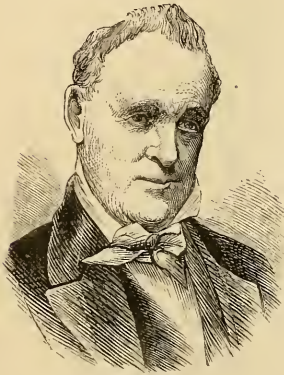
were pro-slavery they were allowed to go on, and if Free-state men they were turned back. John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, was appointed Governor, and upon reaching Kansas wrote to the President of the state of affairs:

"Desolation and ruin reigned on every hand. Homes and firesides

were deserted; the smoke of burning dwellings darkened the atmosphere. Women and children, driven from their habitations, wandered over the prairies and among the woodlands, or sought refuge and protection among the Indian tribes."

A company from South Carolina, under Major Buford, bearing a red flag, with the motto, "South Carolina and State Rights," went to Kansas to help make it a slave State.

There were heated discussions in Congress. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, made a speech on the "crime against Kansas," which so enraged Preston S. Brooks, member of Congress from South Carolina, that he entered the Senate Chamber, where Mr. Sumner was writing, and with a heavy cane pounded Mr. Sumner's head till he fell insensible and bleeding to the floor. Mr. Toombs, Senator from South Carolina, and Mr. Douglas, from Illinois, were in the Chamber, and instead of interfering beheld the scene with evident delight.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

The assault created great indignation in the Northern but was rapturously applauded in the Southern States.

By the Northern people Mr. Brooks was called a "ruffian" and "bully," while the Southern people regarded him as a hero. He received many canes as presents from gentlemen, many floral gifts from ladies.

The Whig party had dissolved, and the Republican party was organized in the Northern States to resist the aggression of slavery, nominating, in 1856, John C. Fremont for President. The Democratic party elected James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.

In Kansas the struggle between the Free-state and Slave-state men was still going on—the Government of the United States under Franklin Pierce and under James Buchanan wielding its power to make it a slave State.

Another election came round, and a great number of Missourians marched into the Territory to vote. They thought it a good joke to give their names as Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, William H. Seward, James Buchanan. They took along an old directory of the city of Cincinnati, and cast one thousand ballots on names which they read off to the clerk of elections.

On May 19, 1858, on the bank of a little river, Marais des Cygnes (Marsh of the Swans), three miles from the Missouri line, appeared twenty-seven Border Ruffians. The settlers were ploughing their fields in peace. They never had taken part in the troubles, but they wanted Kansas to be a free State.

"You must come with us," said the Border Ruffians, compelling eleven of the men to go with them. They were in a deep ravine—the men, unarmed, offering no resistance.

"Make ready!" It was the order of the Ruffian captain—Charles Hamilton. "Take aim! Fire!"

Twenty-seven rifles and revolvers flashed. Four of the citizens fell dead, the others, all but one, were wounded. The murderers rode away; but their thirst for blood not being satisfied, they returned, kicked the dead, fired once more at the wounded, and then galloped back to Missouri to boast of their morning's work. The news of the appalling atrocity flashed over the country, stirring once more the soul of the peaceful Quaker poet far away on the banks of the Merrimac:

"A blush as of roses,
Where roses never grew;
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew;
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun;
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun."

Into Missouri marched John Brown and the little band of men who called him captain.

"Would you like to be free?" was the question which he put to the slaves. Freedom! No other word so sweet. The master and mistress might be kind, they might have plenty to eat, but they would leave all for freedom. He started North with fourteen negroes. After him, in hot haste, rode the marshal of the Territory with thirty men—stimulated by the offer of three thousand dollars reward by the Governor of Missouri, and two hundred and fifty dollars by James Buchanan, President, for the arrest of John Brown.

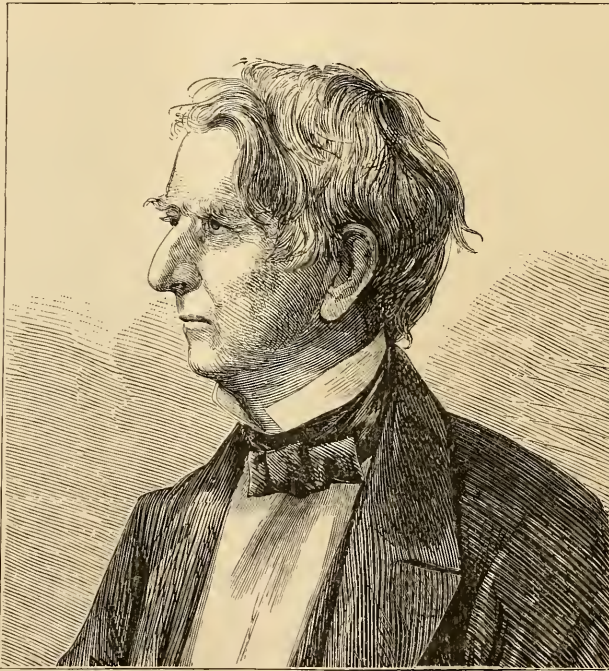
Toward a log-cabin occupied by Brown rode the sheriff, but suddenly halted, for he saw the muzzles of rifles peeping through loop-holes.

"Come on, gentlemen, if you wish to," was the hail from the cabin—a pleasant voice, with no bravado.

But the sheriff did not care to go on, neither did those who a moment

before had been very brave, they rode away instead; and when night closed in the negroes were marching across the prairie toward the North, never again to call any man master.

The slave-holders saw that the ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery in the North-west territory (see p. 21), stood in the way. The Supreme Court could decide whether a law was or was not constitutional. The judges decided that that ordinance and the "Compromise of 1820," excluding slavery from the territory north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, were both unconstitutional;



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

that Congress had no power to prohibit slavery anywhere; that negroes were not citizens of the United States; that they had no rights which white men were bound to respect.

The people of the free States stood appalled before the decision. They began to see as never before the aggressions of slavery, and its eternal antagonism to freedom.

Abraham Lincoln—born in a log-cabin in Kentucky, learning to read by the pitch-knot fire blazing on its hearth; who had wielded the axe and beetle in cutting down trees and splitting them into rails; who had paddled a flat-boat on the Mississippi; who had become a successful law-

yer, loved and trusted by everybody, kind-hearted, a man of the people—addressed his fellow-citizens of Springfield upon the great question of the hour, and said :

“‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to dissolve, but I do expect it will come to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.”

William H. Seward, senator from New York, addressing his friends at Rochester, spoke of the antagonism between slavery and freedom as an “irrepressible conflict.”

For five years—from 1854 to 1859—the struggle in Kansas goes on, till the slave-holders, seeing how insecure was their property in slaves—baffled in all their plans, out-voted—gave up the struggle; and Kansas, dedicated forever to freedom by the heroism and patriotism of her sons, was admitted to the Union as a free State.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

IT was a strange railroad. It had no locomotive, no rails, no cars. It ran in the darkness. It was invisible. Its operations were so secret that people called it the "Underground Railroad." Its charter was from Almighty God—the instincts of men against oppression and wrong; the aspirations of the human race for liberty.

The Underground Railroad ran from Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—from all the Southern States—to Canada. It had no corporate existence, no board of directors, no organization. Levi Coffin, of Indiana, had the name of being its President, because he was so active in carrying on its operations. He was born in North Carolina. When he was seven years old he saw a slave-gang—a long line of men, women, and children, handcuffed and chained together to prevent their escape, driven by a man on horseback, who took pleasure in bringing his heavy cart-whip down with a crack upon the bare backs of any one who lagged in the weary march. There were tears upon their cheeks, for husbands and wives had been separated from their children to see them no more forever.

"How terrible I should feel if my father were to be taken from me!" was the thought that came to the boy, and which made him from that time on to the end of life a friend to the slave.

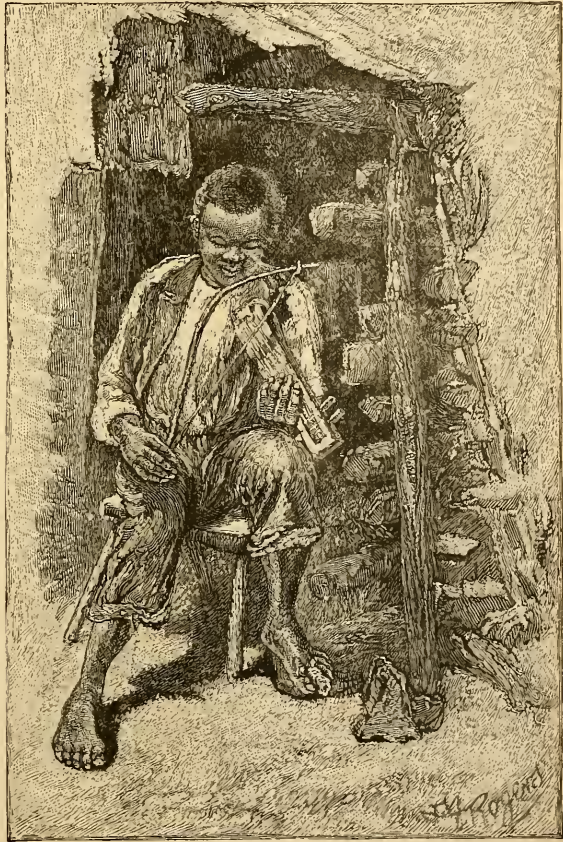
His father kept hogs, which ran in the woods; and it was Levi's business to feed them. He frequently found negroes in the forest who had run away from their masters, who were half starved, and he supplied them with food. He saw that on the side of the slave-holders there was power; that the slaves had no comforter—their only solace being to sing and dance, or play the banjo or rude fiddle made by themselves; that those who had kind masters and mistresses were liable to be sold any moment; that slavery was a system of iniquity.

While a boy he aided many negroes to escape. He hated slavery so intensely that he moved to Indiana to be in a free State. Fugitives soon

learned that there was a man in Newport, Indiana, who would help them. Slaves all over the South, somehow, had learned that there was a land called Canada—far away under the north-star—where all men were free; and they were ready to endure any hardship to reach that country.

The laws of Indiana had severe penalties for any one aiding negroes escaping from slavery; but Levi Coffin planted himself on the Bible and on the natural rights of men; law or no law, he would help the oppressed. He has written this in regard to his operations:

“Three principal lines from the South converged at my house: one from Cincinnati, one from Madison, and one from Jeffersonville. Seldom a week passed without our receiving passengers by this mysterious Underground Railroad. We knew not what night, or what hour of the night, we would be aroused by a gentle rap at the door, which was the signal of the arrival of a train; for the locomotive did not whistle or make any unnecessary noise. I have often been awakened by this signal, and sprung out of bed in the



THEIR ONLY SOLACE.

dark, to find outside in the cold or rain a two-horse wagon loaded with fugitives—perhaps the greater part of them women and children. When they were all safely inside, and the door fastened, I would cover the windows, strike a light, and build a good fire. By this time my wife would be up and preparing food for them, and in a short time the cold and hungry fugitives would be comfortable. The number of fugitives each year was more than one hundred. Sometimes fugitives came in rags, foot-sore,

toilworn, and almost wild, having been out for several months, travelling at night, hiding in cane-brakes or thickets during the day, after being lost and making little headway at night, particularly in cloudy weather, when the north-star could not be seen; sometimes almost perishing for food, and afraid of every white person they saw, even after they came into a free



PLANTATION SCENE—A NEGRO HUT.

State, knowing that slaves were often captured and taken back after crossing the Ohio River.

“If the hunters were on the track of the fugitives they were hurried on to another ‘station,’ for the ‘stations’ reached all the way to Canada. Slave-hunters often passed through our town, and sometimes had hired ruffians with them from Richmond and other places. They knew me well, and knew that I harbored slaves and aided them to escape, but never ventured to search my premises or molest me in any way.

“I told the sympathizers with the slave-traders that I intended to shelter as many runaway slaves as I could, and advised them to be careful how they interfered with my work; that they might get themselves into difficulty, if they undertook to capture slaves from my premises, and become involved in legal prosecutions, for most of the arrests were unlawful. I would have them arrested as kidnappers. The pursuit was often very close. Sometimes a company of fugitives scattered, and were secreted until the hunters gave up the chase. At other times they were hurried forward with all speed. It was a continual excitement and anxiety to us, but the work was its own reward.”

One of the fugitives aided was Aunt Rachel, who had a kind master and mistress at Lexington. She was a house-servant. Her husband belonged to another man. They had several children; but the husband was sold, taken South, nor did Aunt Rachel ever see or hear from him again. Her master and mistress died, and she and her children were sold. The children were bought by people in Lexington, but their mother was purchased by a slave-trader. Ah! the agony of separation; of no avail her prayers or tears. Her pleadings fell on stony hearts. To white men she was a chattel—a piece of property—nothing more. She was taken far away to the cotton-fields of Mississippi. Not knowing how to pick cotton, she lagged in her work. Then the overseer’s whip came down upon her quivering flesh, and the blood ran in streams.

“If you can’t keep up you shall have less to eat,” said the overseer, cutting short her rations of corn-meal and bacon.

Her heart was breaking. In her lonely cabin at night she thought only of her children. She must get back to them.

The berries were ripening. The green corn would soon be in the milk. She must get back to her old home. The north-star would guide her.

“To stay here is death. I can but die if I go,” she said to herself.

One morning the overseer missed her. She had travelled far during the night. When day dawned she secluded herself in a swamp. When the sun went down and the north-star blazed out in the heavens she was on her way. Three months passed, and foot-sore, weary, haggard, she was back with her children.

“Of course she will go there,” said her master, notifying the police, who soon had her in jail. Her master came with his heavy whip, laid it about her till the floor was thick with blood.

“That is only a taste of what you will receive when I get you back to the plantation,” he said.

He took her to a blacksmith, who riveted an iron band upon her ankles

with a chain and a six-pound cannon-ball; he then put her in a wagon to take her to Louisville—right toward the north-star.

Ah! that love that springs eternal in the human heart—love of liberty! How it has nerved men in prison, upon the scaffold, at the martyrs' stake!

It was late in the evening when the planter rode up to a country tavern. He got out of the carriage and went into the house, leaving Aunt Rachel in the wagon. She gathered the ball and chain in her hands, leaped from the wagon, and crouched by the roadside. Her master, when he came out, finding her gone, never thought of looking so near—she could almost have touched him. When he was gone she made haste as best she could through the woods. To get rid of the cannon-ball she laid the chain upon a rock and pounded it with a stone till one of the links gave way. Now she can run. She comes to a slave-cabin and finds shelter. The negroes themselves are slaves and ready to aid her. They get the manacles from her wrists, but cannot remove the riveted band upon her ankle. When night comes the negro catches two of his master's horses, puts Aunt Rachel on one, mounts the other, and they ride northward toward the Ohio. In the morning the horses are back again in the pasture, feeding quietly, as if nothing had happened. Secreted by day, going on again by night, Aunt Rachel makes her way, every step marked with blood from the chafing of the riveted band on her ankle. She finds another slave friend, who has a file, who cuts it off, bathes her wound, and goes with her. At midnight they behold the waters of the Ohio glowing in the starlight, and another negro ferries her across the stream, directing her to negro friends upon the Indiana shore. At last she is on the Underground Railroad, which takes her to the home of Levi Coffin, and on to Canada and freedom.

Many white men in the Southern States did not like slavery, and wished to see it abolished. John Fairfield, of Virginia, hated it, and ran off a great many slaves by the Underground Railroad. His uncle had a bright slave called Bill, who was John's playmate in boyhood. When John was about twenty years old he determined to visit Ohio, and persuaded Bill to take one of his master's horses and go with him. The plan was carried out, and the slave became a free man.

When John returned home he learned that his uncle was intending to arrest him, whereupon he ran off several more of his uncle's slaves, taking them over the mountains through Northern Virginia to Ohio, and on to Canada. He was bold, daring, reckless, arming himself with revolvers. The slaves very quickly discovered that he was their friend. He went to

Kentucky, pretended to be buying horses, made the acquaintance of the negroes, met them at night, and gained their confidence.

“Take your master’s best horse; be at the cross-roads at ten o’clock,” he said to them.

Ten o’clock came, and nearly twenty negroes were at the rendezvous on their masters’ horses. Instead of riding toward the Ohio River, Fairfield made a wide circuit, rightly judging that the men who would be hunting for him never would imagine that the fugitives had ridden south before striking north. When daylight came they were all secreted in the



TALKING ABOUT FREEDOM.

woods. They had ridden nearly forty miles. When night came again they left their horses in a pasture, took other horses, and reached the Ohio River at Maysville, found a boat, crossed the stream, and made their way to Canada.

There were negroes in Canada who had fled from West Virginia, and who importuned Fairfield to bring their friends out from slavery. He went up the Kanawha River to the salt-works, and had two boats built, to be loaded with salt, which he intended to sell in Louisville. He had two free colored men with him, who made the acquaintance of the slaves.

There had been heavy rains, and the river was rising. One of the boats was finished. In the darkness on Saturday night, with a crowd of negroes on board, it was sweeping down the river.

Sunday morning dawned. John Fairfield's boat and the slaves of the neighborhood—ten thousand dollars' worth—were missing.

The next night the other boat, loaded with fugitives, disappeared.

"I have lost two boats, and am ruined," said Fairfield, organizing a party to recapture the fugitives. "We will overhaul the rascals yet. Let us divide and scour the country." The pursuers, with rifles and pistols, separated to meet at an appointed place. They hunted woods and fields, and rode to the rendezvous to meet Fairfield; but instead of being there he was riding hard in the opposite direction, overtaking the fugitives, and conducting them to Canada.

From Maryland to Missouri slaves were constantly escaping. More than twenty thousand reached Canada.

The Underground Railroad aided so many to escape that the slave-holders complained that they were being systematically robbed; that the Constitution did not protect them; that the Northern States were nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law.

"Unless we can be protected we will secede from the Union," said the slave-holders in Congress and in the Southern newspapers.

It was said so often that the Northern people came to believe that they were not in earnest.

The attempts to recapture the slaves irritated the Northern people. Several of the States passed "personal liberty" bills, which made it difficult for the slave-holders to recapture the fugitives, and which, in turn, made those who wished to secede from the Union more determined than ever to bring about the secession of all the slave-holding States. From 1856—when the Republican party was formed to resist the aggression of slavery—to 1860 the Secessionists, while doing what they could to make slavery national, looked forward to the time when, no longer able to rule, they would destroy the Republic.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

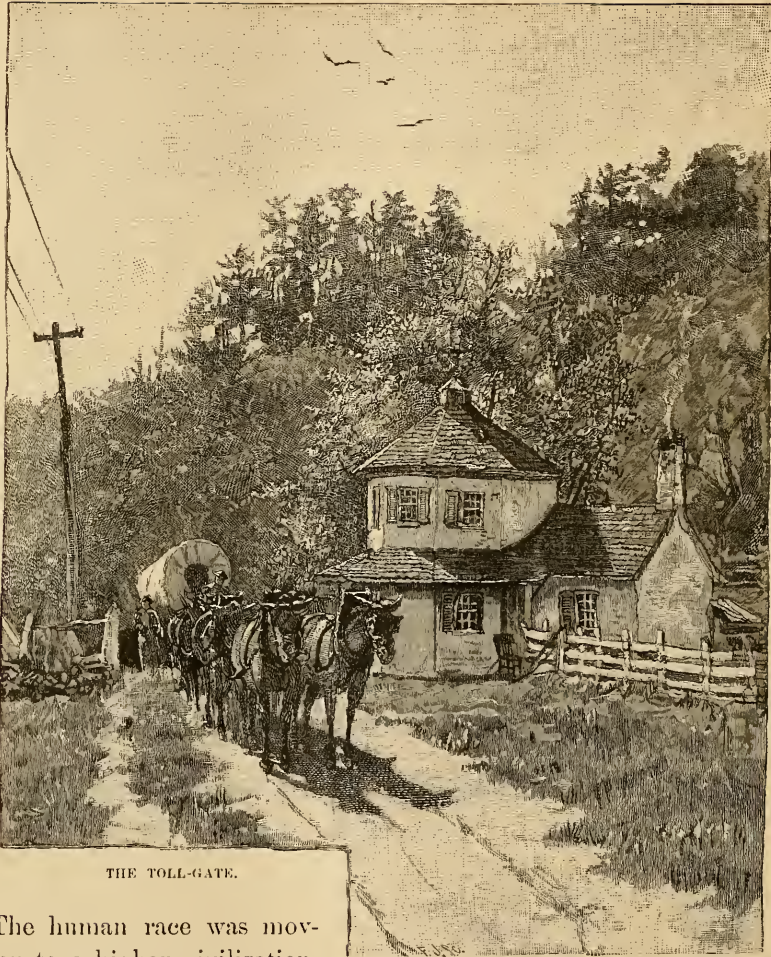
SOON after the adoption of the Constitution, Congress passed the "Patent" law, which has had a great deal to do with developing the nation.

When Elizabeth was Queen of England she granted patents to her favorites—not for any invention in machines, but the exclusive right to manufacture and sell certain articles. King James granted many such patents. As the years went on men began to see that the product of a man's brain ought to be recognized as property as well as the product of his hands.

The law of the United States passed in 1790 enabled a man by the payment of thirty dollars to have the exclusive use of any invention he might make. It set men to constructing machines to do the work of human hands.

In 1756 a boy was born in Delaware—Oliver Evans—who, as soon as he was old enough to hold a knife, began to make wind-mills and water-wheels. While he was very small he began to make experiments. He obtained an old gun-barrel, put a little water into it, rammed in a wad, plugged up the vent-hole, put it in a blacksmith's forge, and blew the bellows till it was nearly red-hot, when the gun went off with a bang. Was it powder? No; the water had only become steam. Oliver was delighted. He supposed that he had discovered a new force in nature. He began to study steam, and invented a steam-engine. In 1787 he applied to Congress for a patent for a steam-wagon and a steamboat; but the request was not granted, for Congress had not then awakened to the idea of giving men protection for the product of their brains.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that the time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam-engines almost as fast as birds can fly—fifteen or twenty miles an hour. A carriage will start from Washington, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup in New York the same day."



THE TOLL-GATE.

The human race was moving on to a higher civilization.

Moral, political, social, material forces unknown in past ages were developing in all civilized countries, especially in the United States and Great Britain. The world was beginning to use machinery. Inventors were thinking and planning. James Watt, in England, had set the steam-engine to work; steamboats were ploughing the waters of the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the great lakes. England had few steamboats, because she had no great rivers. The steamboat belonged to America. Would steamboats ever cross the Atlantic?

The learned Dr. Lardner said, "I will eat the first vessel that makes the trip." In 1819 a vessel that measured three hundred and fifty tons was built in New York for Mr. Scarborough, of Savannah. It had a

steam-engine and paddle-wheels. Moses Rogers, who had been captain of Robert Fulton's *Clermont*, was captain of the new vessel, which was named the *Savannah*.

On May 26, 1819, the vessel started from Savannah for Liverpool.

"It never will get there," said the doubters. With her deck piled with pitch-pine wood, and a cloud of smoke belching from the iron chimney, the vessel started out upon the ocean. For eighteen days and nights, till the wood gave out, the engineer kept the paddle-wheels whirling; then the sails were set, and on June 20 the people of Liverpool beheld the vessel sailing into the harbor, having made the voyage in twenty-four days—the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic. From Liverpool the *Savannah* went on to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. The people were greatly astonished to see such a craft, sailing against wind and tide. The *Savannah* left St. Petersburg, on her return home, in November, and reached the United States in safety.

When the country was first settled very little attention was given to the laying-out of roads. They were carried over high hills and through deep valleys; but at the beginning of the century the Legislatures of the different States granted charters to companies for the construction of turnpikes, allowing those who built them the privilege of charging toll. The turnpikes were more direct, and were kept in better order, than the "town" highways. As the population increased the turnpikes became crowded thoroughfares. Great wagons, drawn by six, eight, and sometimes ten horses, rolled along the way. The farmers from the interior made journeys to the large towns along the seaboard, carrying their butter, cheese, chickens, pigs, and apple-sauce to market, returning with salt, sugar, and coffee. Drovers collected cattle and sheep from the pastures on the hills, and drove them along the dusty roads to the distant towns and cities.

There were frequent taverns, where the travellers rested their horses or put up for the night, making the acquaintance of other travellers around the fires blazing in the bar-rooms.

The stage-coach was still the swiftest means of conveyance. Over the hills, through the valleys, up and down the mountains—through snow-drifts in winter and mud in spring-time—the stage-man drove his prancing team, carrying the mail, stopping at every post-office, while the post-master emptied the bag, looked over the letters and newspapers to see if there was anything for anybody in the town—the passengers in the stage impatiently waiting. The stage could only make seventy miles a day. The world wanted to get on faster.



OLD WAY-SIDE TAVERN.

Oliver Evans had made the first steam-wagon, but the roads were so rough that it could not be used.

Mechanics and inventors in England were planning how to use steam on roads. Richard Trevethick laid iron rails on the ground in Torrington Square, London, and constructed an engine which he named "Catch-me-who-can." The people were surprised to see it fly round a circle; but one

day it leaped from the track and smashed itself to pieces, and that was the last of it.

It was discovered that a block of granite weighing ten hundred and eighty pounds required a force of seven hundred and fifty-eight pounds to move it on the ground; on a plank floor it required a force of four hundred and fifty-two pounds; on wooden rollers, three inches in diameter, thirty-four pounds; and on wheels on iron rails, only four pounds. John Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1812 appeared before Congress with a plan for a railroad.

"I can see nothing," he said, "to hinder a steam-carriage from moving on its ways with a velocity of one hundred miles an hour."

But war began, and nothing was done toward carrying out his plans.

The first railroad in England was constructed between Liverpool and Manchester. It cost a great deal of money, for the men who built it were obliged to make a deep cut through a hill, build a high bridge over a wide valley, and make a circuitous line, because the Duke of Devonshire did not want the deer, pheasants, and partridges in his game-park frightened by the rumbling of the car-wheels; and he was so powerful that he compelled the company to build the line away from his grounds.

This was before the people had a voice in Parliament, and the great men could do pretty much as they pleased.

The company building the road at the outset expected to use horses, but decided to try the use of locomotives.

People shook their heads, doubting if they would work.

"What can be more absurd and ridiculous," asked a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We would as soon expect people to trust themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate."

"If a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?" asked a member of Parliament of George Stephenson.

"Yes, very awkward for the *cow*," said Stephenson, who was a Scotchman and had the Scotch dialect.

One of the locomotives was planned by John Ericsson, a young man from Sweden, whom the world has heard from since then, and who has made the United States his home. It was called the "Novelty," and ran twenty-eight miles an hour, although it weighed only three tons.

George Stephenson built the "Rocket," which weighed nearly five tons. It was more powerful than the "Novelty," and ran twenty-nine miles an hour.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

While the English engineers were bringing out their locomotives Peter Cooper, of New York, was building one, which was used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, making eighteen miles in less than an hour. It was the first locomotive constructed in the United States.

A railroad was opened from Boston to Lowell, another from Albany to Schenectady, in 1831.

With the construction of railroads the stage-coaches, the heavy teams, and the way-side inns began to disappear. Towns once stirring and populous came to a stand-still, and new villages, towns, and cities sprung up along the new highways of travel :

“To the mossy way-side tavern
Comes the noisy through no more;
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings unnoticed at the door.”

All the world was in motion. People far away became near neigh-

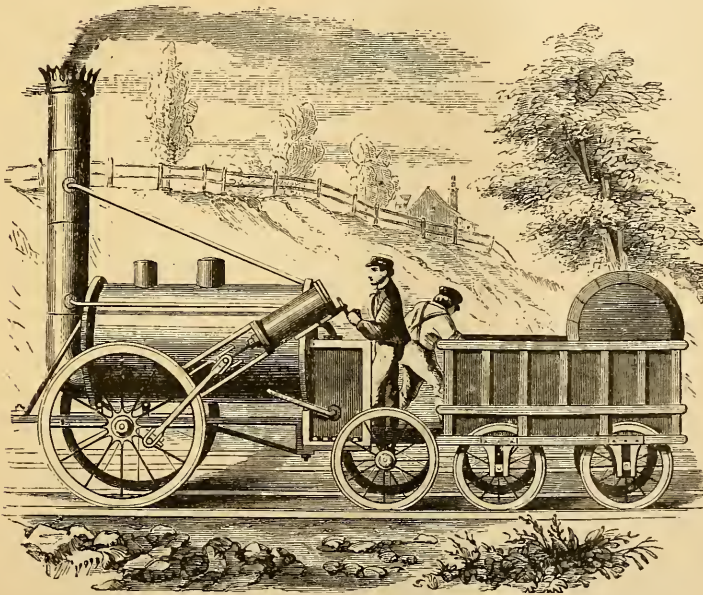
bors. Men who had been wise in their own conceit and ignorance, who thought their own roof-tree, their own village and town, the centre of the world, began to discover that the world was larger than they had dreamed.

“Do you know what is drawing that train?” George Stephenson put the question to a friend.

“Why, coal, of course.”

“We call it coal, but it is the stored up sunlight of the primeval ages,” said Stephenson.

In 1810 Francis C. Lowell, of Boston, far-seeing and patriotic, was in England. He saw how that country was beginning to manufacture for



THE "ROCKET."

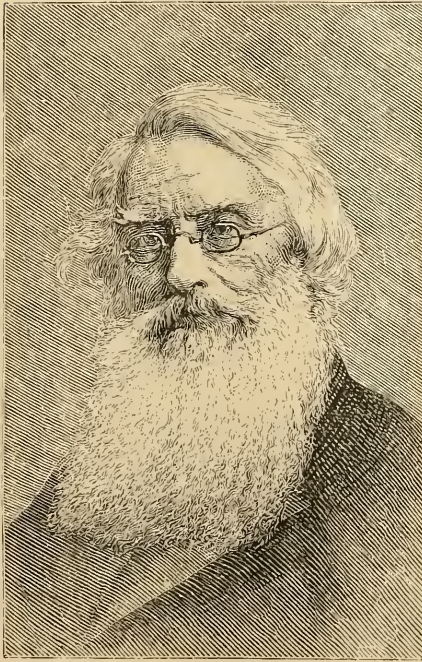
all the world; how manufacturers and merchants were becoming rich by selling goods to the people of the United States.

“The time has come for America to do her own manufacturing,” he said.

In 1816 he and his friends started a cotton manufactory at Waltham, in Massachusetts. The Merrimac River was running to waste. From the primeval ages the sun had been evaporating the water of the Atlantic; the winds had wafted the moisture to the White Mountains, the clouds precipitating it earthward, and gravitation bringing it down again to the sea. Through all the years this energy of nature had been of no account;

but in 1823 Mr. Lowell and his friends set it to work—turning water-wheels, whirling spindles, and throwing shuttles. The girls who had been spinning and carding in their country homes laid aside the hand-cards and the spinning-wheel, with which they could earn but fifty cents a week, and found employment in the manufactory, where they could earn, not only their board, but three dollars a week in addition.

At Lowell and other places there was a using of water-wheels to spin and weave—the employment of the energy of nature, the use of iron and steel,



S. F. B. MORSE.

of wheel, pinion, spindle, and shuttle, to do the work of human hands. To build the mills, to work the looms, all trades were employed. New industries sprung up. Old things—the hand-cards and spinning-wheel, flax-breaker, swingling-knife, and hatchel—disappeared. New social conditions came. Inventors found employment. Invention begins in thought. The inventor is an educator. The more thought he puts into a machine, the higher the intelligence required to operate it; so there was an increase of intelligence. Cities, towns, villages sprung up where, but a short time before, no sound but the water rushing over its rocky bed disturbed the stillness. Schools were opened; churches lifted their spires heavenward; and from morn till night rose the hum

of industry where, through uncounted ages, the birds had built their nests and foxes reared their young.

There is an old story that a shepherd who was tending his sheep on a mountain near the little village of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, and who had nails in the heels of his shoes, happened to step upon a black rock and, when he attempted to lift his foot, found that the rock had such power to attract iron that he could not stir. We need not believe this story about the discovery of magnetic iron ore unless we choose, for, if true, the shepherd must have been very weak in the legs; but since its discovery, away back in Homer's time, magnetic iron has been found in every land. The

Chinese knew its properties—that when suspended by a string, or balanced on a pivot, a piece of magnetic iron would point north and south. Discovering this, they invented the compass.

In 1762 a gentleman in Germany, happening to put a piece of zinc and a piece of silver into his mouth, felt a pricking in his tongue. He knew not what to make of it, but came to the conclusion that there was some property about the metals of which the world was ignorant.

Two years after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States a lady in Italy, Madame Galvani, who was helping her husband dissect a frog, was surprised at seeing the frog's legs move when brought in contact with a piece of copper and a piece of zinc. Out of that discovery came the galvanic battery.

Two learned men—Sir Humphry Davy, in England, and Arago, in France—in 1819 discovered that a piece of iron surrounded by a wire, with a current of galvanic electricity passing through it, would become magnetic. Five years later William Sturgeon, of London, bent a piece of



PROFESSOR MORSE EXHIBITING HIS ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

wire in the shape of the letter **U**, wound another wire around it, connected the last with a galvanic battery, and discovered that the first wire lost its magnetic property the moment the last was disconnected with the battery, and regained it the moment it was reconnected. A watch-maker of Albany, New York, Joseph Henry, who had been appointed professor of

mathematics in Albany Academy, began a series of experiments in magnetic electricity, sending a current through a wire a mile in length and ringing a bell. Another American—Samuel F. B. Morse, born in Charles-



ENGINE OF 1790—GENERAL WASHINGTON AS A FIREMAN.

town, Massachusetts, a portrait-painter—in 1832 conceived the idea of the electric-telegraph. In 1837 he exhibited his invention to a party of friends. Congress granted thirty thousand dollars to aid him in erecting a line between Washington and Baltimore. In 1844 Professor Morse sent the first message to his assistant at Baltimore: "What hath God wrought?" The Democratic Convention was in session in Baltimore, and the first public message sent over the world's first electric-telegraph was the news of the nomination of James K. Polk for President.

All the large towns and cities of the country had fire-engines. General Washington, before the Revolution, was member of a fire company, and aided in dragging the engine to fires. When a fire broke out in any of the large cities the church bells began to ring, and the firemen ran to the engine-house.

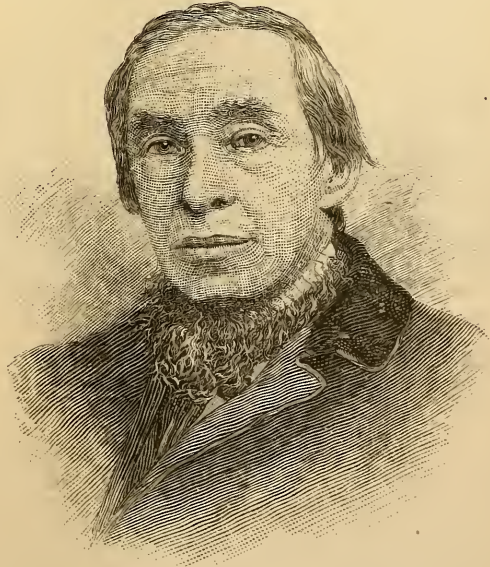
As all the bells were clanging it was difficult for them to find the fire, and they often went tearing through the streets not knowing where it was. Why not give an alarm of fire by the electric-telegraph? Moses G. Farmer, who was born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, built two machines in 1848, placed one on the top of the Court-house in Boston, and the other in the belfry of the Brattle Street Church, connecting them with a telegraph wire running to New York, and the operator in that city, two hundred and thirty miles away, set the bells ringing. In May, 1852, the electric fire alarm invented and constructed by Mr. Farmer went into operation in the city of Boston, giving instant notice of a fire. The firemen, instead of rushing blindly through the streets, knew the exact locality.

The engines were worked by hand, requiring twenty or more men—as many as could get a hand upon the brakes—to throw a stream to the top of the highest buildings. The life of a fireman was one of great excitement. At mid-day or midnight every member of the company, upon an alarm, must hasten to the engine-house, drag the engine upon the run through the streets—through mud in summer and snow in winter—the bells clanging, and the captain shouting, “Bounce her, boys!”

The firemen of the different engines took great pride in being first to start. There were lively races to see which should be first at the fire, and exciting contests as to which could throw the highest stream. Men whose buildings they were trying to save were ever ready to supply them with crackers-and-cheese and whiskey. The rivalry was so keen between the companies in the large cities and towns that a fire was frequently followed

by a fight between the members of the different fire-engine companies.

Mr. Latta, of Cincinnati, saw that steam would work engines far better than they could be worked by men, and invented a steam fire engine in



MOSES G. FARMER.

1852 which would work on hour after hour and never grow weary. The firemen in all the large cities opposed its introduction, for with steam-engines in use there would be no more exciting races or contests, no more free lunches and free fights. Business men saw how valuable an inven-



FIRE ENGINE, 1854.

tion it was, and so the United States gave the steam fire-engine to the world.

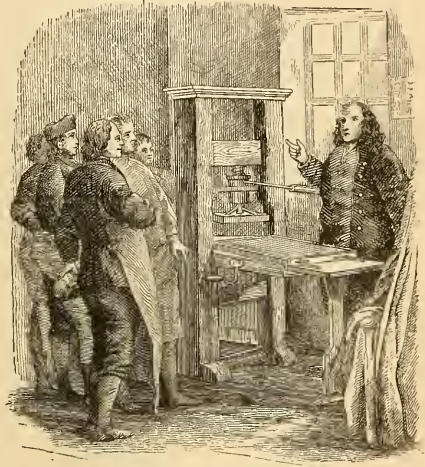
In the "Story of Liberty" will be found an account of Lawrence Koster, of Haerlem, who, in 1423, went with his children into the woods for a holiday, and who, while carving their names, saw that by making the letters of the alphabet separate he could print any word; that his apprentice, John Gutenberg, with John Fanst, improved his invention and started a printing-press at Mentz. Gutenberg began to print Bibles, and so reduced the price that a Bible which used to cost seven hundred crowns could be purchased for thirty. In 1620, at the time the Pilgrims were crossing the Atlantic, William Blaew, of Amsterdam, improved the printing-press used by Gutenberg—attaching a spring to the lever, thus caus-

ing it to fly back as soon as the impression was taken. Benjamin Franklin's printing-press was Blaew's, with a few improvements. At the beginning of the century not more than five hundred impressions an hour could be made by the best press in the world—one invented by Lord Stanhope, of England. While the war was going on between England and the United States (1812) a German mechanic (König) was at work constructing a press for the *London Times* driven by steam, which printed eleven hundred impressions an hour. George Clymer, of Philadelphia, invented a press which he named the "Columbian," a much better hand-press than Lord Stanhope's.

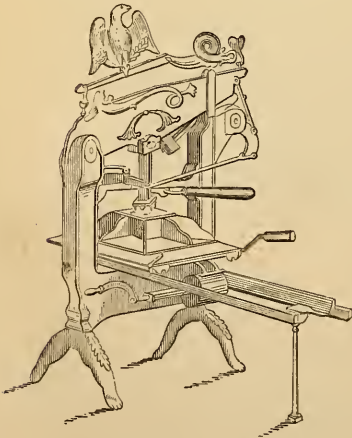
A very ingenious mechanic, Richard M. Hoe, of New York, who was making saws, went to England in 1837 to obtain a patent for an improved mode of grinding saws. He had his eyes open, and saw that a much better printing-press than that used by the *London Times* could be constructed. He returned to the United States and constructed the "Lightning Press," and then the "Perfecting Press," capable of printing fifteen thousand newspapers, on both sides, in an hour.

It is five hundred years since the copyists under John Wickliff (see "Story of Liberty") wrote out his translation of the Bible into the English language. Of the five million inhabitants in Great Britain at that time very few could read. The translations, written out with much care, were chained to reading-desks in the churches. In all the cathedral towns there were daily readings of the Bible to the people. In contrast the printing-presses invented by Mr. Hoe will print twenty-

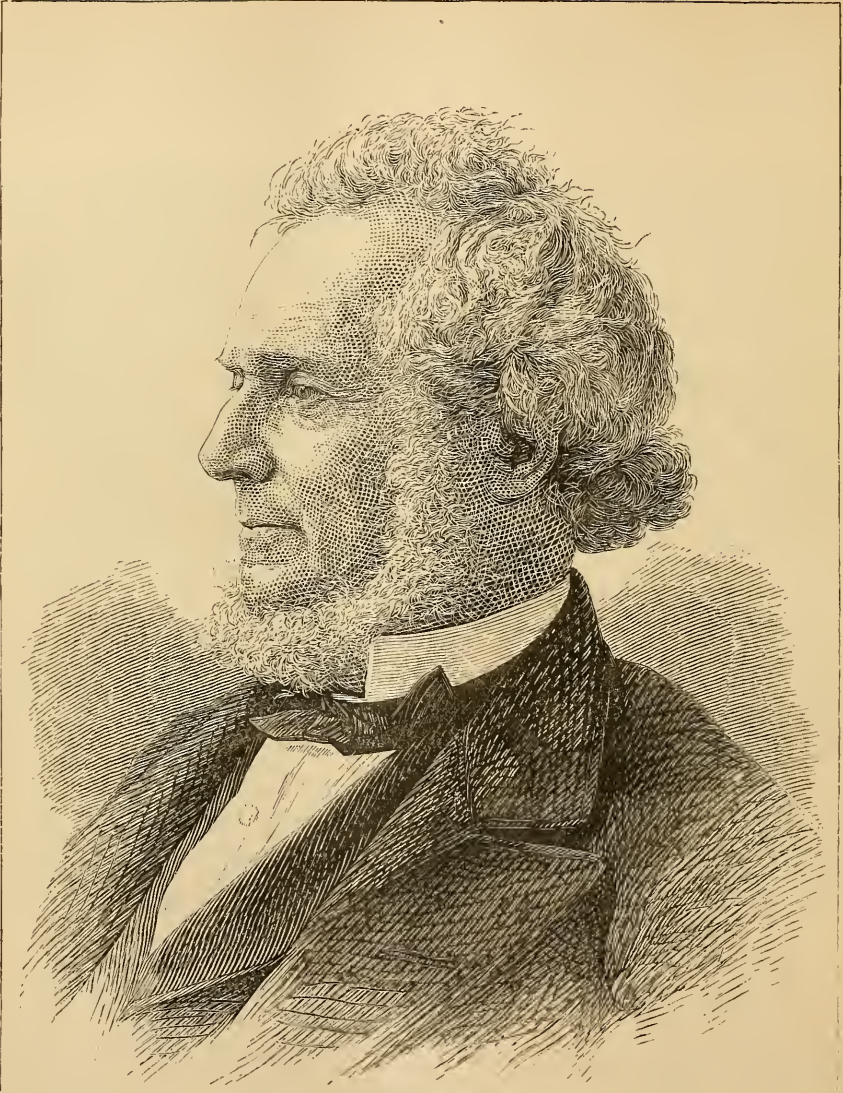
five hundred copies of the Bible in an hour; and at so cheap a rate is printing done, that the New Testament entire can be printed for two cents.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S PRESS.



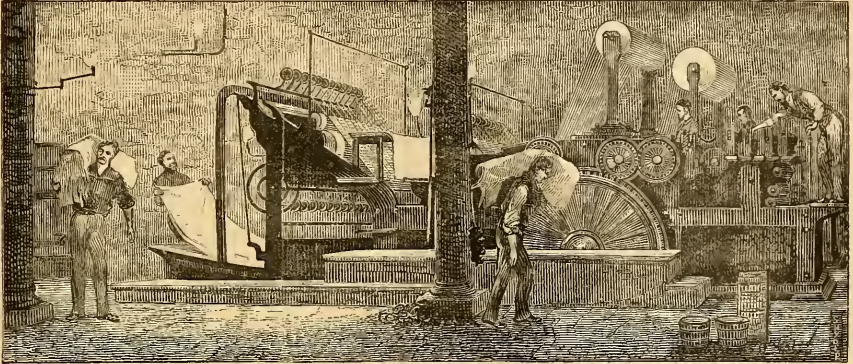
"COLUMBIAN" PRESS.



RICHARD M. HOE.

The inventions of Mr. Hoe, the introduction of the telegraph, with the construction of railroads, made it possible to produce the great metropolitan newspapers published in New York, Chicago, and other cities of the country, far excelling in variety and completeness of information the newspapers of London or Paris—employing hundreds of men to gather news, write editorials, report meetings and speeches, give accounts of accidents by flood or fire, narratives of battles—of everything transpiring,

whether on the Atlantic or Pacific coast, on the prairies, or amid the mountains; sending men to Europe, Asia, Africa; discussing all political, moral, religious, economical questions; recording the progress of the world—making the newspaper one of the mightiest forces of civilization.



THE PERFECTING PRESS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MORMONS.

IN all countries, and in all ages, there have been men and women ready to accept any religious belief, no matter what its character, origin, or foundation. In India lived the Thugs, who murdered men and women as a religious act. It is very easy for designing men to awaken religious enthusiasm and delude ignorant but well-meaning people, and use them to advance their own interests.

A great delusion, wide-spread and powerful—Mormonism—has had a strange development. In 1785 Solomon Spaulding graduated from Dartmouth College. He became a minister, but left preaching and kept a store. He wrote a story, a poor romance, about the origin of the Indians—that they were descendants of the ten tribes of Israel that revolted when Jeroboam was king.

Mr. Spaulding styled his book “Manuscript Found; or, the Book of Mormon.” He sent it to Pittsburg to be printed. One of the men in the printing-office was Sidney Rigdon, who left off setting types and took up preaching for a living—preaching in school-houses and barns. He had the manuscript in his possession, and had a great deal to say about the lost tribes of Israel.

To understand how the story became the Mormon Bible, and how there came to be Mormons, we must go to the green hills of Vermont and make the acquaintance of a family by the name of Smith, in the town of Sharon—husband, wife, and nine children. Mr. Smith claimed to be a wizard. People who wanted wells dug employed him to find hidden springs. He held a witch-hazel rod in his hand, walked the fields and pastures, and when he came to the right spot the rod tipped in his hand. Mrs. Smith pretended to tell fortunes by looking at a person's hand. Those who knew her best said that it was easier for her to tell a lie than speak the truth. The boys were vagabonds. If the farmers missed a chicken from the roost, or if corn disappeared from the bin, they were quite sure the Smith boys knew about it.

One of the boys, Joseph, was as cunning as his mother. He was her favorite. He could read, but never learned to write. He had two books—the “Life of Stephen Burroughs,” who had been licensed to preach, but who was a scoundrel and thief, and who was several times put in jail; the other book was about Captain Kidd, the pirate, who captured a great many vessels on the ocean. Joseph took great pleasure in reading about the exploits of the sea-rover and freebooter, and in singing the ballad:

“My name was Robert Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
And most wickedly I did,
And God’s laws I did forbid,
As I sailed, as I sailed.”

The family moved to New York State, and settled near Palmyra. Mr. Smith built a house and dug a well. He threw out with his shovel a curiously-shaped white stone, which Joseph picked up. An idea came to him: the Bible had a great deal to say about precious stones; why not make this a prophetic stone to tell fortunes by, and so make money? His mother urged him on, telling him what to say. People wanted to know about the future—about getting rich. He put the stone into a hat, put the hat to his face, and pretended that the stone was transparent and shining, and that by looking at it he could tell what was to happen; that if a man would dig in the ground in a specified place he would find a pot filled with gold; but the digging must be in silence, for, if a word were spoken, the pot never would be found. It never was found. Nevertheless, people came to consult Joseph Smith about cattle that had strayed, and horses that had been stolen, or whether their undertakings would prosper.



THE PROPHECY.

The man who had quit printing and taken up preaching made the acquaintance of the man who could tell so much by putting his white stone into a hat and looking at it. Sidney Rigdon read to Smith the story

written by Spaulding. Joseph Smith was shrewd enough to see that he could use the Book of Mormon to advantage. He said that an angel stood by his bed one night and informed him that if he would go to the hill Cumorah, four miles south of Palmyra, and dig in the ground, he would find a set of golden plates, on which were hieroglyphics which he would be able to read by using two transparent stones, which he would also find—the Urim and Thummim of the Old Testament. The plates, the angel said, contained a revelation from Almighty God.

On the night of September 22, in the year 1827, according to Smith's story, an angel placed the plates in his hands. They were eight inches long and seven wide, and made a pile six inches high. No one but himself ever was to see them, because they were sacred, and God had chosen him as his special agent to reveal them to the human race.

Sitting behind a blanket hung so that no one could see him, with Oliver Cowdery at a table near enough to hear and write what he had to say, Joseph Smith made his pretended translation of the supposed hieroglyphics on the spurious plates. The whole made sixteen books. The first book tells about Nephi, who, Smith said, lived in Jerusalem B.C. 600, who built a ship, and with eight men made their way to America. After many years there was a rebellion, and those who rebelled—the Lamanites—were condemned by God to have dark skins. Great battles were fought. The last one was on the hill Cumorah, near Palmyra, where the Nephites were defeated. Hundreds of thousands were killed on both sides. Among the survivors of the Nephites were Mormon and his son Moroni, whom God directed to engrave the record on the plates, and bury them where the angel revealed them to Joseph Smith.

Joseph was poor, but he persuaded Martin Harris, who had money, that it would be a good speculation for him to print it. Mr. Harris let him have the money, and the book was printed; but the trusting farmer never saw his dollars again.

While the printers were setting the types Joseph called upon a learned man in New York City—Professor Charles Anthon.

“I want to show you some of the characters on the golden plates revealed to me by the angel Moroni; they are ancient Egyptian characters,” said Smith.

Professor Anthon looked at the paper, and saw a great variety of crooked characters—letters of the Greek and Hebrew and Roman alphabets, turned upside down and crossways, arranged in columns, with a circle very much like the one found in Mexico by Alexander Humboldt, and supposed to have been made by the ancient Aztecs.

When the Mormon Bible made its appearance people said that it was Spaulding's novel mixed with quotations from the Bible, and much more from Joseph Smith. It spoke of a period when the Saints were to rule the earth—a millennium. The Indians were to be converted. All people who accepted the Book of Mormon were to be Saints. They were to have a great central city in America.

Joseph Smith began to preach, and found men and women ready to listen to him and accept his doctrine. A church was organized at Manchester, New York, in 1830. He set the converts to preaching. The excitement spread. Newspapers had a great deal to say about the sect that had taken the name of the "Latter-day Saints." Some of the converts went to Missouri and laid out the town of Independence. Were not the Saints to inherit the earth? Were not they, the Saints, the chosen of the Lord? They became arrogant, and claimed all the land, which so incensed the people of Missouri that they ducked some of the Saints in the river.

Joseph Smith organized another church at Kirtland, Ohio, built a mill, set up a bank, appointing himself president, and Sidney Rigdon cashier. They had no charter, but, nevertheless, issued bills, and bought houses, cattle, and horses with the worthless bills. They swindled the people, who, in their anger, seized the "two prophets," as they called themselves, and treated them to coats of tar and feathers.

That did not deter Smith from going on with his plans. Before he brought out the Book of Mormon he was in poverty; now he had plenty of money. The Saints trusted him. Men and women were ready to join the Church, and were quick to believe any story he might tell them of revelation from God. He sent out preachers all over the country—to England and Scotland—who promised great worldly prosperity to all who accepted the Book of Mormon and joined the Church. One of the converts was Brigham Young, from Vermont, who was ordained an elder, and became a preacher. Smith took his revenge upon the "Gentiles" of Kirtland by swindling them still more; but, fearing the sheriff might put him in jail, he went to Missouri, where there were many who had become Mormons. They built the town of Far West.

The Mormons became more arrogant than ever.

"We are not amenable to the laws of the State," said Smith. They began to plunder the people, who organized themselves into a battalion, fell upon the Saints, and set their houses on fire. The governor of the State called out the militia. Smith and several others were tried by court-martial, and were sentenced to be shot, but were put in jail in-

stead. They escaped and fled to Illinois, shaking the dust from their feet against Missouri, threatening vengeance. They began a new town on the bank of the Mississippi, and named it Nauvoo. It was to be the great central and holy city of the Saints. The people who had followed Smith to Missouri now followed him to Nauvoo.

A new element came into play to help on the Mormon Church. There were two great political parties in the country—Whigs and Democrats. General Harrison, who had won the battle of Tippecanoe, was the candidate of the Whigs for President, and Martin Van Buren the candidate of the Democrats. There were men in the country who wanted to be senators and representatives, and the politicians of both parties were ready to bid for the votes of the Mormons. When in Missouri the Mormons had voted with the Democrats, but the Governor of Missouri, a Democrat, had ordered out the militia against them. They had sent a petition to Martin Van Buren, the Democratic President, for protection, but the President had taken no notice of it. Joseph Smith saw his opportunity: he would help the Whigs if the Whigs would help him. He wanted a charter for the city of Nauvoo, and sent Dr. Bennett to Springfield to get it, who called upon Mr. Little, Whig senator from the county in which Nauvoo was located.

“You shall have my influence,” said Mr. Little.

Dr. Bennett called upon Stephen A. Douglas, Secretary of State—a Democrat.

“I will help you,” said the secretary.

So it came about that the Mormons obtained a remarkable charter in an unusual way—so unusual that it was never read in the House of Representatives, not a member of that body knowing what it contained—that the city of Nauvoo might extend over all Illinois under this clause: “Whenever any tract of land shall have been laid out into town lots and duly recorded according to law, the same shall form a part of the city.” Another section enabled the city council to nullify the law of the State within the city and over as much adjoining territory as they pleased. It established a military organization—the Nauvoo Legion—which was to be under Joseph Smith, and independent of all other military authority. The State was to supply the Legion with muskets and cannon. It established a court. Joseph Smith was to have his say about the appointment of judges. This Mormon hierarchy, of which he was the head, was to be absolute in everything.

Whigs and Democrats alike were so eager to get the votes of the Mormons that there was no discussion of the provisions of the charter, no op-

position to its passage. More powerful than ever, the shrewd and cunning men who were deluding the ignorant people now went on to perfect their plans. More preachers were sent out to tell of the wonderful prosperity of the Church, and the earthly glory that was in store for all who joined it. A great temple was begun, built of stone quarried from the banks of the Mississippi, with a baptismal font twenty feet square, resting on twelve stone oxen. In 1839 the first house was built at Nauvoo; in 1842 there were sixteen thousand Mormons in and around the town.

The politicians of Illinois had sown the wind: they reaped the whirlwind. Thieves stole horses and fled with them to Nauvoo; robbers plundered houses and made haste to the city of the Saints, and were protected by Joseph Smith, mayor, lieutenant-general, head of the Church. The sheriff was powerless to arrest them. Proud, boastful, arrogant, Smith asserted his authority. He established a new order of dignitaries—its members were to be kings and priests. He organized a body-guard, and called them Danites, or the Avengers. He claimed to have a revelation from heaven that an elder might marry as many wives as he pleased, after the manner of Abraham, Jacob, David, and Solomon. He grasped so much power that some of the Mormons resisted, but were driven from Nauvoo. Grave crimes were charged against Smith—for causing an officer to be beaten, for shielding thieves, keeping property that he knew had been stolen, issuing counterfeit money. He was accused of seizing land and other property of the people, who became so enraged that they began to organize to make war upon the Mormons. The governor called out the troops, but, in obedience to a last summons, Smith, his brother Hiram, and several leading Mormons gave themselves up. They were put in Carthage jail, but the jail was broken open by an infuriated mob, and Joseph and Hiram were killed.

Sidney Rigdon wanted to be elected head of the Church, but was out-generalled by Brigham Young, who made short work with Rigdon.

“He is to be cut off from the communion of the faithful, cursed, and delivered to the devil, to be buffeted for a thousand years,” was the edict of excommunication.

The Legislature of Illinois, seeing what a mistake had been made, repealed the charter. The Mormons attempted to resist, and war broke out. Several men were killed. The leaders saw that they could not stay in Illinois, but must go far away into the wilderness.

Brigham Young understood human nature—that men and women the world over might be affected by the story of Joseph Smith’s tragic death—the setting forth that the chosen of the Lord had died for righteousness’

sake. Three thousand missionaries were sent to England, Germany, Norway, and Sweden. The converts were to be urged to come to America—to the great city which the Saints would build in the far West.

In April, 1847, Brigham Young and a company of Mormons started from Council Bluffs, made their way over the prairies, and, after many hardships, on July 24 reached Salt Lake, and chose a site for the new city—beginning the settlement of Utah.

It was a forbidding prospect. They were in a valley where the wild artemesia was the only verdure. When the spring rains came there was grass upon the hills, which withered beneath the summer sun; but streams trickled from the mountains. Ditches were dug, and the water turned upon the parched ground, which industry soon made a garden.

A beehive was adopted as the symbol of the Church. Work was enjoined as a duty. Each Mormon was to pay one-tenth of all he raised into the treasury of the Church.

The discovery of gold in California brought a great crowd of emigrants, who were glad to purchase provisions of the Mormons. Prosperity attended them. The desert began to blossom. Brigham Young was appointed Governor of Utah by the President.

He ruled as a despot, bending all his energies and employing his official power to build up Mormonism. He became so arrogant that in 1857 President Buchanan appointed Alfred Cumming governor in his stead. Brigham Young organized the Mormons as an army, and forbade the new governor to enter the Territory.

An army was sent to compel submission, and the Mormons yielded.

One of the Mormon missionaries, Parley P. Pratt, went to California to preach. One of his converts was a married woman, who left her husband to become the wife of the preacher. Her husband, burning to be revenged, followed Pratt to Arkansas and killed him.

A party of one hundred and fifty emigrants, with forty wagons, on the way from Arkansas to California, reached Salt Lake City in 1857, rested, purchased supplies, and passed on. They reached Mountain Meadow, in Southern Utah. They were near a Mormon settlement. Suddenly they were attacked by men dressed as Indians. The emigrants sheltered themselves behind their wagons.

“If you will give up your arms you shall not be harmed,” said one of the pretended Indians. The emigrants gave them up, but the next moment a terrible massacre began—every man and woman—all but seventeen children were inhumanly murdered.

A few days after the massacre the wagons, horses, and clothing, a car-



BRINGING HOME ANOTHER WIFE.

riage and piano, were brought to Salt Lake and sold—the proceeds going into the treasury of the Mormon Church. The massacre was by the Danites, or “Avengers.” The emigrants had come from the county of Arkansas in which Pratt had been killed, and this was the revenge meted out by the Mormons.

The Mormon hierarchy consists of the first presidency, the twelve apostles, the high council, the seventies, the high-priests, elders, priests, teachers, and deacons. The first presidency consists of three men, who have great power in the Church; who send out a ukase, or order, whenever they please, and the Mormons must obey or be cut off from the Church, to suffer persecution in this world and eternal punishment in the world to come.

They perpetuate their power through the ignorance of the people, who accept the teachings of the missionaries as gospel truth. Not many Americans have become Mormons, but most of the settlers of Utah are from other countries, who do not know that Mormonism is not merely a form of religion, but a political system as well—antagonistic to the government established by the people, the Constitution, and the Union.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE nation—with its vast domain, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific; with its great rivers and lakes; its mountains filled with coal, iron, gold, and silver; its fertile fields and verdant pastures, its great towns and cities—would be very poor if these were all its possessions. The men who felled the forests, tilled the ground, constructed roads, built cities, laid foundations of States, fought battles, not alone have been builders of the nation; they who never have marched to the battle-field, swung an axe, or stood in legislative halls—quiet men, in the seclusion of their homes, writing down their thoughts—have had a great deal to do with making the nation what it is.

Material wealth perishes with the using: the fire burns it, time destroys it. Literature, science, and art alone endure. Thebes was a great and powerful city when the “Iliad” was written; to-day it is a dust-heap, but the “Iliad” remains. Though Shakspeare had little money, very great the inheritance which the world has received from him.

A nation that has no intellectual development will play an unimportant part in the great drama of Time; on the other hand, a nation that esteems literature, science, and art as of greater value than houses, lands, or money may confidently look forward to a long lease of life.

The American Republic had its origin in the longings and determination of men to exercise freedom of thought. The men of the *Mayflower* thought and acted for themselves. They established free schools that their children might not grow up in ignorance. Out of the common-school has come the intellectual development of the nation.

During the Colonial and through the early years of the century there was so much hard work to be done that not many books could be written. Only the ministers had any leisure for thought, and their thinking was not of literature, but how to put together words enough for two sermons on Sunday—doing what they could, with their limited education and narrow range of thought, to instruct the people.

From the common schools of New England, before the Revolution, came two strong men of thought—Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin—whose writings had a powerful influence. Edwards wrote on the freedom of the human will so profoundly that the Old World wondered how it was possible that the New World should produce such an intellect. His thinking, however, was of the world to come.

Benjamin Franklin—a man of the people—was ever thinking how the human race could get the most comfort and enjoyment in the present life. His “Poor Richard’s Almanac” hung in the chimney-corners of the farm-houses, and was a storehouse of worldly wisdom, thrift, and economy; the way to be prosperous, contented, and happy.

Ministers read Jonathan Edwards’s writings, and wrote their sermons under the inspiration of his commanding intellect. Benjamin Franklin talked to the people—the farmers, the boys and girls—by their firesides, through the proverbs and wise sayings of his almanacs. Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, and John Jay wrote and talked only of politics.

Philip Frenan was the poet of the Revolution. He was a student at Princeton in 1767, with James Madison for a room-mate. He wrote satires on the Tories and patriotic songs, which were sung by the people. One was to the memory of those who fell at Entaw:

“At Entaw’s Springs the valiant died,
Their limbs with dust are covered o’er;
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide—
How many heroes are no more!”

John Trumbull, of Connecticut, was so bright that when he was only five years old he could read Latin and Greek. He entered Yale College when he was thirteen. He was witty, and satirized the follies of his time.

Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, and Joel Barlow wrote poetry; but their writings had little influence in developing literature.

“The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic,” wrote Horace Walpole, of England, the year of his death, 1797. At the time he penned the words a little boy, three years of age, was playing around the door of a log-cabin amid the hills of Western Massachusetts, listening to the murmuring of a brook, the songs of birds, looking out upon the stately trees of the forest. It was William Cullen Bryant, who had such a love for poetry that before he was three years old he could repeat many of the hymns which his mother read to him written by Dr. Isaac Watts.

“The boy will never live to grow up,” said the neighbors, who noticed that his body was small and his head very large—so large that his father, who was a physician, thought something must be done to reduce its size, and every morning he was plunged head foremost into the cold brook. He went to the district school, and read everything that he could lay his hands upon. On the last day of the term the minister and the fathers and mothers attended the “examination and exhibition,” to see how well the scholars had improved the time. They listened in astonishment to William Cullen Bryant’s composition. These are some of his lines :

“Thanks to the preacher whose discernment true
 Upholds religion to the mental view ;
 Unfolds to us instruction’s ample page,
 Rich with the fruits of every distant age ;
 Pours simple truths, by love divine refined,
 With force resistless on the youthful mind.
 Thanks to the gentlemen assembled here
 To see what progress we have made this year—
 In learning’s paths our footsteps to survey,
 And trace our passage up the sloping way.”

Thomas Jefferson was President. It was a period of hot political discussion about the “embargo” (see p. 143). The newspapers were filled with articles approving or condemning the measure. Bryant, although only thirteen years old, wrote a poem satirizing it, which was published in Boston, and had a wide circulation.

He entered Williams College. He was often seen sitting upon a stone in the fields gazing upon the surrounding hills and lost in thought. He was not able to complete his course for want of means, and began the study of law with Judge Howe, of Washington, Massachusetts.

His father, in looking over a drawer, found some poetry which his son had written while at Williamstown.

“What do you think of these lines?” he said, showing them to a lady of refined taste.

She read with astonishment and with tears the lines entitled “Thanatopsis.”

His father sent the poem to Richard H. Dana, editor of the *North American Review*.

“That poem never was written this side the Atlantic,” said Mr. Dana to a friend. He could not believe that any American had written it, and learned with amazement that the author was only seventeen years old. More than sixty years have rolled away since the poem was written, but time has not diminished its beauty.

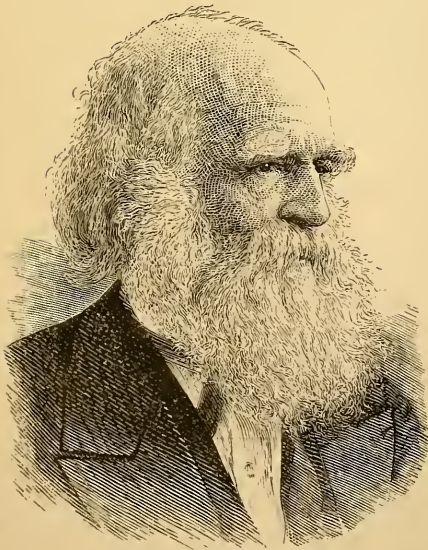
“‘Thanatopsis’ alone is sufficient to establish the author’s claim to the honor of genius,” wrote Christopher North, of Edinburgh.

Its publication was the dawn of the new Augustan age foreseen by Horace Walpole—the beginning of the literary career of the first great poet of the New World—the beginning of American literary culture and its resultant fruits.

Bryant became editor of the *New York Review* in 1825, in which appeared the affecting tribute to the memory of a beloved sister—“The Death of the Flowers:”

“The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.”

He also became editor of the *New York Evening Post*—a writer of vigorous power, choosing ever the most forcible word to express his meaning; writing upon the vital questions of every hour; wielding, as a writer, a far-reaching influence upon literary culture.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

William Irving, merchant, living at 131 William Street, New York, father of eleven children, gave the name of Washington to the youngest son, born April 3, 1783.

The boy was four years old and wearing his first trousers when General Washington came to New York to be inaugurated President. He went to a school taught by Benjamin Romani. He did not like arithmetic, but wrote delightful compositions. He left school when he was sixteen years old to study law, but found it far more pleasant

to read the works of Fielding and Smollett, Addison and Goldsmith, than apply himself to the dry-as-dust works of Coke and Blackstone. His brother Peter published the *Morning Chronicle*; and Washington Irving, when he was nineteen, wrote articles for it over the signature of “Jonathan Old Style.”

He made a journey to Northern New York with Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and two young ladies. They stopped one night at a miserable tav-



SUNNYSIDE: IRVING'S HOME.

ern, which Irving named the Temple of Dirt, and wrote these lines on the wall:

“Here Sovereign Dirt erects her sable throne—
The house, the host, the hostess all her own.”

Judge Cooper, who had slept in many country taverns, saw what he had written, and added some lines of his own composing:

“Learn hence, young man, and teach it to your sons,
The easiest way 's to take it as it comes.”

Irving sailed for France in 1804, travelled in France, Italy, and England, meeting Alexander Von Humboldt and Madame de Staël. He was absent two years, and met with many adventures.

Great was the curiosity awakened in New York by a series of advertisements in the newspapers, the first appearing October 25, 1809, asking for information about a small, elderly gentleman, dressed in a black cloak and cocked hat, by the name of “Knickerbocker,” who had disappeared from his lodgings.

The paper of November 6 stated that the little old gentleman had

been seen on the road near Kingsbridge. The paper of the following week contained an advertisement stating that a very curious manuscript had been found by Mr. Knickerbocker's landlord, and that it would be sold and printed, if the little old gentleman did not return and pay his board bill. The book was published, entitled a "History of New York." In a very short time everybody was reading it, and laughing over its descriptions of the old Dutch times—everybody, except some of the Dutch people, who did not like to have their ancestors made fun of.

"If I were not a woman I would horsewhip the author," said one lady, with flashing eyes, to Washington Irving, who had written it, and who had taken this way of advertising it in advance of publication.

It was the beginning of the literary career of the author of the "Sketch-book." That volume, together with "Knickerbocker's History of New York," were the first books produced in the United States that attracted the attention of literary men in Great Britain.

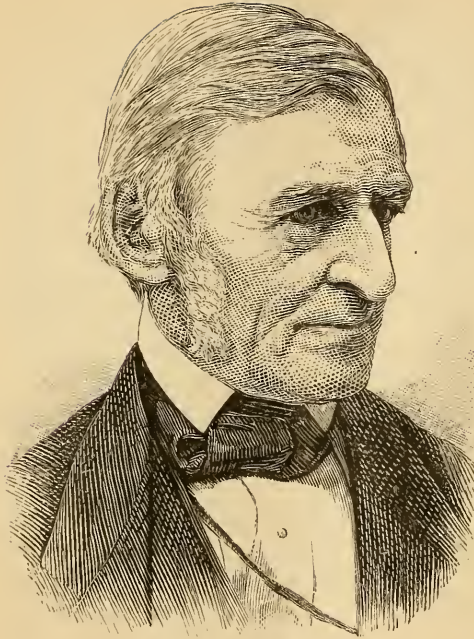
James Fenimore Cooper was a sailor—a midshipman in the United States Navy. For six years he was upon the ocean. In 1821 he published his first novel, "Precaution," a story of English life, which attracted little attention, but it was immediately followed by a story of the Revolution, "The Spy," marked by a spirit and enthusiasm which made it intensely American. He wrote the "Pioneer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and the "Deerslayer," which he called "The Leather-stocking Tales," the hunter and trapper, Leather-stocking, appearing through them all. They could have been written in no other country. They were scenes of the frontier, portraying the spirit of the men who were laying the foundations of the Republic, and marked the beginning of real American fiction.

The establishment of the *North American Review* in Boston, just after the second war with England, 1815, and the appearance of other literary magazines, containing poems and verses and prose articles written by Percival, Pierpont, Brainerd, Sprague, Dana, Paulding, and Willis, indicated the spirit of the rising nation.

The authors wrote single articles, but not many books of any literary value; so few, that Sydney Smith, of England, essayist and reviewer, in 1830 asked, "Who reads an American book?"

In truth there were few books published before 1830 worth the reading. But the nation was growing; new States rising; literary culture advancing.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, minister of a Unitarian church in Boston, left preaching and became an essayist, lecturer, and poet. His thinking was



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

thoughtful student, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, while in college, wrote verses, which were printed in the "Poet's Corner" of the village newspapers. He travelled in Europe, and upon his return published a poem-romance—"Hyperion." It was a narration of a poet's wanderings along the Rhine. In the same year, 1839, he published "Voices of the Night," a collection of poems; one, the "Psalm of Life," consisting of only nine stanzas of four lines each, but which has been read wherever the English language is spoken. "It was the very heart-beat of the American conscience," wrote George William Curtis.

When the young printer, William Lloyd Garrison, liberated from the

so different from what literary people had been accustomed to regard as correct and proper, that he was called a "transcendentalist"—those using the term not having a very clear comprehension of its meaning. Very few men had keener sense of beauty and right; few men such ability to give expression to their thoughts. Behind his thinking was ever a great moral purpose—to make the world better. He did not write many books, only a few essays and poems; but they have taken a permanent place in the literature of the English language.

From Bowdoin College, in 1825, came a mild-mannered,



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

jail in Baltimore, began to lecture against slavery he found a steadfast friend in the person of John G. Whittier, born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, descendant of Friends who had suffered persecution for conscience' sake. He hated injustice and wrong, and his sympathies were ever with the poor and oppressed. He had been writing poetic legends of the Indians—the "Bridal of Penacook," "Mogg Megone," and of the Merrinac River; but from the commencement of agitation on the slavery question his thoughts were of his fellow-creatures in chains:

"Our fellow-countrymen in chains!

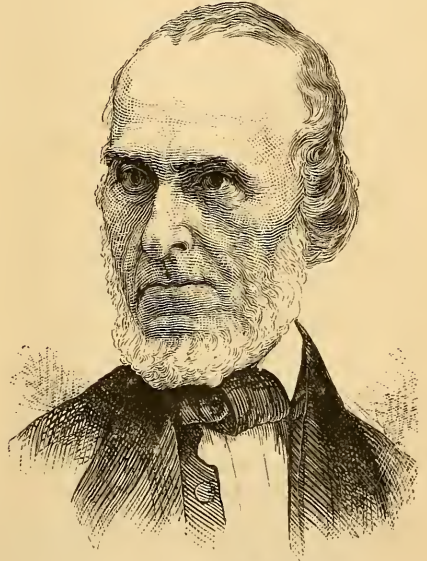
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
 Slaves—crouching on the very plains
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
 A groan from Eataw's haunted wood—
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!"

From that hour he became the poet of Freedom, wielding a weighty influence for the removal of the gigantic wrong, and in the building of the nation on justice and right.

When the Mexican war was beginning a letter was published in the *Boston Courier* purporting to have been written by Ezekiel Bigelow, accompanied by a poem written by Ezekiel's son, Hosea, in which he ridiculed the efforts of the military officers to obtain volunteers in Boston. Thus read one of the verses:

"Thrash away! you'll hev to rattle
 On them kettle-drums o' yourn;
 'Tain't a knowing kind of cattle
 That is ketched with mouldy corn."

Poem after poem came from the pen of this poet, bright with wit, keen of sarcasm, which made doctors of divinity and learned judges who supported slavery feel very uncomfortable. There was no such person, however, as Hosea Bigelow; the poems were written by James Russell Lowell, of Cambridge, whose grandfather wrote the Bill of Rights, by which slavery was abolished in Massachusetts. The poems were reprinted in the newspapers all over the Northern States. The sarcasm, wit, and



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ridicule enabled men to see as never before how the slave-holders were using the members of Congress, judges, merchants, and the people of the Northern States generally to further their interests.

It was the beginning of the literary career of a poet whose voice has ever been for freedom, justice, and humanity.

These are the bright stars that have shone in the firmament of American literature. Not now does any one ask, "Who reads an American book?" The cultured of every land are familiar with Bryant and Longfellow. Thoughtful men of every country linger with delight over the pages of Emerson. The writings of Bancroft, Prescott, Parkman, and Motley promise to occupy a permanent place in historical literature.

At the beginning of the century the world knew very little about science. In 1774, when the patriots of the Revolution were preparing to defend their political rights, Dr. Priestley, of England, by heating red oxide of mercury in a retort, obtained oxygen gas, in which substances burnt with great brilliancy, and which, when inhaled, gave increase of vigor. He knew nothing, the world knew nothing of the part which it plays in the universe, constituting about one-third of the solid earth, forming by weight nine-tenths of water and one-fourth of the atmosphere; that without it there can be no life, either animal or vegetable.

It is just a century since Cavendish and Watt discovered that water, instead of being a single element, is composed of oxygen and hydrogen gases; that when the two are combined water is formed.

Chemistry and geology were in their infancy when Benjamin Silliman was appointed professor of chemistry in Yale College in 1802. He made a partial survey of his native State—the first systematic geological survey in the Western World. He made many scientific experiments, published books, and established the *American Journal of Science and Art* in 1810.

In 1846 Louis Agassiz, born in Switzerland, arrived in Boston. He



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

was a great lover of natural history, and when walking in the fields was accustomed to pick up snakes and toads, take them home, and study their habits. He settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was made professor in the Lawrence Scientific School, connected with Harvard University, and from that time to his death gave his life to science.

Joseph Henry, born in Albany in 1797, became a watch-maker. In 1826 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the Albany Academy, where he began experiments in electricity—sending an electric current through a wire more than a mile in length. His experiments enabled Professor Morse to construct the electric-telegraph.

Mr. James Lewis Smithson, of England, a chemist, having great admiration for the government which the people of the United States had established, bequeathed nearly six hundred thousand dollars to the country for the establishment of an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge—to be known as the Smithsonian Institute. Upon its establishment, in 1846, Professor Henry was appointed secretary, and became known to the world as one of the learned scientists of the age. Associated with these were Benjamin Pierce, Alexander Dallas Bache, William B. Rogers—men who have made great and valuable contributions to science.

Upon this western continent there has been, as it were, the creation of a new earth and a new heaven—the rising of a government of the people—the shining forth of a new literature. The forces that have produced the nation have been vitalized by the spirit of freedom, a love for justice and equal rights for the elevation of the human race to a higher plane of civilization. The literature and science of the New World are characterized by an enthusiasm and expectation far beyond the attainments of the present, looking towards a future, to achievements inexpressibly grand and glorious.



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOHN BROWN.

LITTLE did John Brown of Ossawatimie know how important a part he was to play in the great drama of history, or what would result from his action. He was poor and unlearned, but has written his name large in the history of the country. He was born in Connecticut, but when he was five years old his father moved to Ohio. Although so young he made himself useful by driving the cows and sheep during the long and weary journey. He killed rattlesnakes, and once caught a squirrel by the tail and held on to it, though the squirrel bit his finger through to the bone.

When the war with England began in 1812 John Brown was twelve years old, and so self-reliant that his father, who was supplying the soldiers under General Harrison with beef, sent him alone with a herd more than one hundred miles. There were few settlements along the road, which ran through dense forests, where there were bears and wolves, but he did not fear them, and reached the camp with the cattle.

During the journey he stopped one night at a house where there was a negro boy of his own age who was a slave, who had little food to eat, and who was often cruelly whipped by his master. John Brown felt a choking in his throat when he saw the negro knocked down with an iron shovel. In his heart he took an oath of eternal hostility to slavery. He never used profane language: it was the flaming up of his soul for justice and right.

John Brown wrote thus of his early years:

“At the age of ten an old friend induced him to read a little history, and offered him the free use of a library, by which he acquired some taste for reading, which formed the principal part of his early instruction, and diverted him in a great measure from bad company. He never attempted to dance in his life, nor did he ever learn to distinguish one card from another. He knew nothing of grammar, nor did he acquire much knowledge of arithmetic.”

He hated oppression and injustice, and was ever ready to help the poor. He wanted to be a minister, but became a tanner instead. He was so conscientious that he would not sell his leather until it was completely dry. "It would not be right to sell water," he said. He became a wool-merchant in Massachusetts, but lost what little money he had earned, and was very poor. He selected a home in the wilderness of Northern New York, felled the trees, built a cabin; but, when emigrants were wanted to make Kansas a free State, he went to that State with his six sons, organized a company, and fought the Border Ruffians who were murdering the people.

John Brown thought and acted for himself. He did not believe that slavery would ever be abolished by telling the slave-holders it was a sin; nor did he believe that the people of the Southern States would ever be made to see that they would be better off if it were abolished. He believed that the only way to put an end to it was to make slave property insecure. Of all the heroic deeds narrated in the Bible John Brown was most deeply impressed by what Gideon accomplished. He entertained the idea that he also was to be an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to give freedom to the slaves. He planned a raid into Virginia from Harper's Ferry to liberate the slaves, supply them with guns, pistols, and pikes—not to murder their masters and mistresses, for he was very kind-hearted, and could not bear the thought of shedding blood except in self-defence, but to defend themselves if attacked. He did not contemplate taking them to Canada, but believed they could defend themselves in the mountains; that the news would go through all the Southern States; that there would be uprisings everywhere. His sons and the men who had stood by him in Kansas would act with him. He did not see that the probabilities of success were all against such a plan.

He rented a farm near Harper's Ferry, in Maryland. One by one the men who had been with him in Kansas joined him. People wondered what was in the boxes that he carted from the railroad, in Chambersburg, to his farm, little thinking that they contained rifles which had been used in Kansas.

October 16, 1859, came, and John Brown, with seventeen white men and five negroes, marched in the darkness into Harper's Ferry. There was a watchman on the bridge spanning the Potomac. On the Virginia side of the river stood the arsenal owned by the United States, which was seized. Colonel Lewis Washington was taken prisoner, and his slaves liberated. A railroad train came; Brown stopped it, but after a while allowed

it to go on to Baltimore. One by one the citizens were arrested and held as hostages.

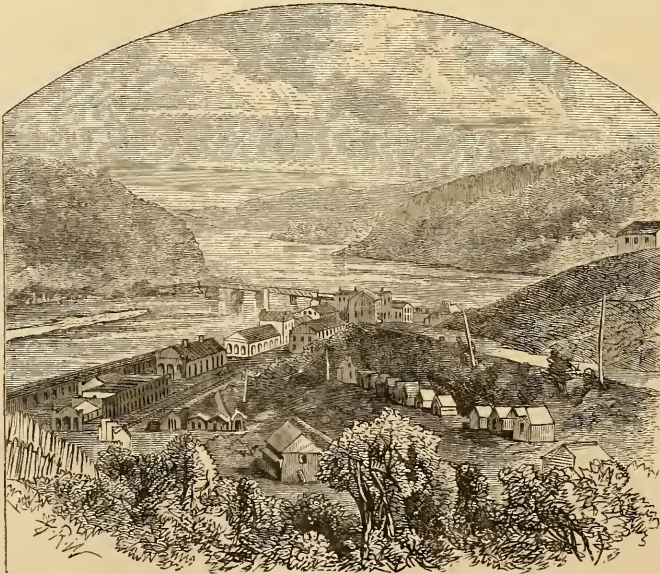
“What is your object?” asked Colonel Washington.

“To free the slaves.”

Two of the citizens fired at Brown’s men, who returned the fire, killing one of their assailants. The citizens then began firing from their houses, and mortally wounded Watson Brown.

“Harper’s Ferry is in the hands of the Abolitionists!”

The news was flashing along the wires to Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, all over the country. Horsemen were riding to the neighboring



HARPER'S FERRY.

town of Charleston, where the bells rung and the drums beat, and the militia, nearly four hundred, under Captain Botts and Captain Avis, hastened to capture the invaders.

The Jefferson Guards crossed the Potomac in two boats, two miles above the Ferry, came down the north bank of the river, took possession of the bridge, cutting off Brown’s retreat; the rest of the troops advanced from the Virginia side. Five of Brown’s men, under Kagi, attempted to wade the river. They reached a rock midway the stream. Two hundred Virginians stationed on both sides of the river began to fire. Kagi fell riddled by balls, and his body floated away in the swirling stream. One by one they dropped. Leemann, the youngest of Brown’s men,

threw away his gun and swam toward the shore. The bullets fell like hail around him. A Virginian waded into the stream.

"Don't shoot!" cried the swimmer, throwing up his hands; but the Virginian's pistol flashed, and the lifeless body disappeared in the swift-running current. One of Brown's men, Thompson, gave himself up as prisoner. He was taken to the hotel. The Virginians were going to murder him in the parlor.

"I don't want the carpet spoiled," said the landlord's daughter, placing herself before the prisoner. The Virginians dragged him down to the river, tumbled him over the railing, and shot him as he fell, riddling him with bullets.

John Brown, with the rest of his men, was in the engine-house. He sent out Stevens with a flag of truce, who was shot down by the militia.

Through the day more troops came from Baltimore, Hagerstown, and Frederick. Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived from Washington with ninety United States Marines and two cannon, making fifteen hundred men to capture twenty-three—reduced, when night came, to six, for the mangled corpses of most of Brown's men were floating down the Potomac or were lying in the streets.

A writer in the *Frederick Herald* pictures the scene:

"The dead lay in the streets and in the river, and were subjected to every indignity that a wild and madly excited people could heap upon them. Curses were freely uttered against them, and kicks and blows inflicted upon them. Though dead and gory, vengeance was unsatisfied; and many, as they ran sticks into the wounds of a negro, wished that he had a thousand lives, that all might be forfeited in expiation and avengement. Leeman lay upon a rock in the river, and was made a target for rifle practice. Shot after shot was fired at him, and when tired of this sport a man waded to where he lay, set him in a grotesque attitude, and finally pushed him off, and he floated down the stream."

Tuesday morning came. John Brown refused to surrender unless he could be allowed to depart unmolested. That could not be allowed. The Marines advanced, burst open the door of the engine-house—having three men wounded while doing it. Lieutenant Green rushed upon Brown, who had laid down his arms, struck him in the face with his sabre, felling him to the ground, and a soldier ran his bayonet twice through his body.

The struggle was over; two only of the prisoners were unhurt. Upon the grass in front of the engine-house lay the man who had planned the enterprise.

"Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?"

"I am sometimes called so."

"Are you Ossawatimic Brown?"

"I tried to do my duty there."

"What is your present object?"

"To free the slaves."

"Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement?"

"No."

"Did you expect aid from the North?"

"No."

"Did you intend to kill people in order to carry your point?"

"I did not wish to do so, but you forced us to it. I could have burnt your town and murdered you had such been my design."

Twenty-three men had made the attack; all were killed or captured; yet all Virginia was in alarm. In the towns there was beating of drums and mustering of militia. Business stopped. At Washington the military force was increased. Everybody feared an uprising of the negroes.

In the court-room at Charlestown John Brown lay upon a cot while the mockery of a trial went on. Nothing was done for his comfort.

"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" asked the Court.

"The Bible teaches me to remember those that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I believe that to have interfered as I have done in behalf of God's despised poor was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of justice, and mingle my blood farther with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit; so let it be done."

The sun rose clear and bright on the 2d of December. Very early in the morning troops began to arrive—horsemen in scarlet jackets, artillery-men with cannon, infantry wearing the uniform of the Old Continentals, cocked hats and cockades. One cannon was loaded with grape-shot and planted near the jail. Other cannon were placed to sweep all the avenues leading to the field where John Brown was to be executed. Three thousand militia were under arms. Horsemen were out in the country on all the roads for fifteen miles around, stopping every stranger and asking his business. All through Virginia were men fearful that negroes, or white men from the North, would be making their way to Charlestown to rescue the prisoner.

Eleven o'clock came—the hour assigned for his execution. During his imprisonment John Brown has been manacled. He steps freely and cheerfully now into the open air. By the door of the jail kneels a negro woman, with a child in her arms. He stoops and kisses the child.

“God bless you, old man! I wish I could help you.”

It is one of the despised race who utters the words; the race whom he has tried to liberate; the race for whom he is about to die. There are tears in the eye of the brave man who is a stranger to fear. He steps into a furniture wagon containing his coffin.

The jailer, Captain Avis, sits by his side. He looks out upon the scene; around him are the soldiers. Drums are beating, but he does not seem to hear them. He is gazing upon the blue mountains and the sunlight resting peacefully upon the hills.

“This is a beautiful country,” he says.

No blanching of his furrowed cheek, no trembling of nerves.

“You are a game man, Captain Brown,” remarks the driver.

“Yes, my mother taught me never to fear; but it is hard for me to part from friends, though newly made.”

“You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown.”

“Yes, and I ought to be.”

The procession reaches the scaffold, and John Brown steps down from the wagon. He turns to those who have had the care of him.

“Gentlemen, good-bye. Captain Avis, I have no words to thank you for all your kindness to me.”

He walks past the jailer, sheriff, officers, and with firm step ascends the scaffold stairs. His arms are pinioned, but he lifts his hat from his head and drops it upon the platform. The long line of soldiers, who have expected to see a white face and trembling form, gaze in amazement upon the scene. His elbows and ankles are pinioned, a white cap is drawn over his eyes, the rope adjusted around his neck; those about him discover no quickening of his pulse, no sign of fear.

“Captain Brown, you are not on the drop. Will you come forward?” said the sheriff.

“I cannot see, gentlemen; you must lead me.”

“Shall I give you a handkerchief to drop as a signal?”

“No, I am ready; but do not keep me needlessly waiting.”

It is his last request; but the officer commanding the three thousand troops is not ready. The troops march, wheel, countermarch, closing around the gallows. Ten minutes pass, and John Brown the while stands erect upon the drop waiting, not a nerve quivering.



“HE STOOPS AND KISSES THE CHILD.”

“Shame! shame!” murmur the assembled crowd.

The stroke of a hatchet severs the rope, and John Brown swings in mid-air.

At North Elba, New York, friends gather to the funeral, singing his favorite hymn:

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.”

Wendell Phillips, looking down into the open coffin and gazing upon the face calm and peaceful in death, said, “He has abolished slavery.”

Dead, but still living. They who make great sacrifices for truth, justice, and liberty can never die; and so in years to come millions of men shall march over fields stained with human gore singing:

“John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR a period of forty years the antagonism between freedom and slavery had been increasing. The slave-holding States, to obtain greater political power, brought about the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; but instead of gaining power it was slipping from their grasp.

It was expected that California would be a slave State, but the discovery of gold had peopled the Pacific slope with men opposed to slavery.

The Missouri Compromise had been repealed, with the expectation that Kansas and Nebraska would become slave States; but there were to be no slaves in Kansas.

For many years political leaders in the Southern States had been threatening to bring about a dissolution of the Union if they could not have their way. They had no love for the Union. They maintained that each State should control its own destiny. They were looking forward to a time when there would be either a Southern Confederacy, or when slavery would be extended over all the Northern States.

"Cotton is King," they said. "England must have it to supply her manufactories; New England must have it to live."

The chief cotton-producing States were South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.

"We can be arbiters of the nation's destiny," said the slave-holders of those States. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and the patriots of the Revolution had established the government on justice, liberty, the worth and dignity of man; but John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, John M. Mason, William M. Yancey, Robert Toombs, and the men who were advocating secession intended to adopt a new basis of government—class distinction in society—the degradation of labor. The slaves were to be the lowest class; themselves the highest. The few would rule. The government which they intended to establish would not be a government of the people, but an oligarchy. In time they would be dukes, earls, lords.

During the administration of James Buchanan the Southern leaders were planning to bring about a secession of the slave-holding States. A secret society was formed, called the "Knights of the Golden Circle," which had passwords and signs. Its object was to foment treason.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, so far as he could, was spending the money of the nation to help the Southern States. The Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, of Virginia, was secretly sending cannon, muskets, swords, pistols, and ammunition from the arsenals in the North to those in the Southern States.

The people of the South complained of the aggression of the Northern States; that the Fugitive Slave Law could not be enforced; that Northern men were helping slaves to escape; that the South was being robbed; that the Constitution failed to protect them; that the attempt of John Brown to free the slaves was applauded by the people of the North.

The Republican party—formed to resist the aggression of slavery—was growing stronger, sweeping all the Northern States. The newspapers in the South said that it was a sectional party, and the Democratic and Whig newspapers all over the country echoed the cry.

The year 1860 came—the year for electing a new President.

Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, who had brought about the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, who had done what he could to make Kansas and Nebraska slave States, wished to be the candidate of the Democratic party. The convention of the party assembled at Charleston, South Carolina, in May. There were angry disputes. The Southern Democrats would not have a Northern man unless he would promise to grant all their demands. A large majority of them left the convention. Those who remained balloted fifty-seven times for a candidate, and then adjourned, to meet at Baltimore.

The Whig party—what was left of it—met at Baltimore, and nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President.

The Southern portion of the Democratic party nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky.

The Republican Convention met at Chicago, in a great building called the "Wigwam," erected for the purpose, and nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. The world knew very little about him. He was born in Kentucky, in 1809, in a log-cabin. His father and mother were very poor. When he was seven years old he went to a school kept by Zachariah Binney, an Irishman, for a few weeks. He attended Caleb Hazel's school almost three months, learning to read, write, and cipher. He heard the Rev. Mr.

Elkins preach now and then in the log-cabins and under the wide-spreading trees, but not until he was a large boy did he see a church.

His father disliked slavery; and as he could not get a good title to land in Kentucky moved to Indiana. The schools were better there; but there was so much hard work to be done that Abraham Lincoln, though only eight years old, had little time to attend school; altogether he did not go a year.

His mother died, which was a great grief to him.

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother; blessings on her memory," he said in after years.

He had few books, but delighted to read "Æsop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems's "Life of Washington," and the Bible. He loved to wrestle, pitch quoits, and throw an iron bar. He was ready to help any one who needed help.

One night, as he and other boys were going home from a "raising," he discovered a stray horse, saddled and bridled, in the woods, and near by it a man dead-drunk upon the ground.

"Let us leave him," said his companions.

"No, he will freeze to death this cold winter night."

"We can't carry him."

"Put him on my shoulder."

His companions lifted the poor drunkard, and Abraham Lincoln carried him a quarter of a mile to a cabin, and stayed with him through the night.

When he was nineteen years old, with a companion he went to New Orleans, floating down the Ohio and Mississippi on a flat-boat, with corn and other produce from the farm for sale.

The trees were large and the forests dense in Indiana; but in Illinois there were far-reaching prairies, and when Abraham was twenty-one years of age he and his father moved into that State.

"Abraham was not very good-looking at that time," said George Cluse, who worked with him. "He was tall, ungainly, and wore trousers made of flax and tow, out at both knees."

He was very poor, so poor that he cut down the oak-trees and split four hundred rails for Mrs. Nancy Milles for a yard of jean dyed with butternut bark. He had to walk seven miles to and from his work.

He helped John Hawks and two other men build a large flat-boat on the Sangamon River, cutting out all the planks and timber with a whip-saw. They were to take a boat-load of hogs to New Orleans. They could neither coax or drive the hogs on board, whereupon Abraham seized them

one by one in his brawny arms and carried them into the boat. He made a second trip to the far-off city, and did his marketing so well that when he came back the man who had employed him hired him to tend his store. He was so exact in all his dealings that people called him "Honest Abe." Every one trusted him. He had such excellent judgment, and was so true-hearted, that he was always chosen judge and referee in all matters of dispute.

When the Indian chief Black Hawk made trouble, and soldiers were called for, Abraham Lincoln was one of the first to volunteer, and was so popular that the soldiers elected him captain. At one time he thought of being a blacksmith, but his neighbors wanted their land surveyed, and, obtaining a compass and using a grape-vine for a chain, he became a land-surveyor instead.

In 1834 his friends elected him to the Legislature, and re-elected him in 1836. He came in contact with men; began to study great questions.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

No longer could he be a store-keeper or land-surveyor. He had acted as judge for his friends and neighbors: he would become a lawyer. In 1836 he was admitted to the Bar, and made Springfield his home. He was elected to Congress. He was a Republican, and the Republican party in Illinois wished to elect him as Senator.

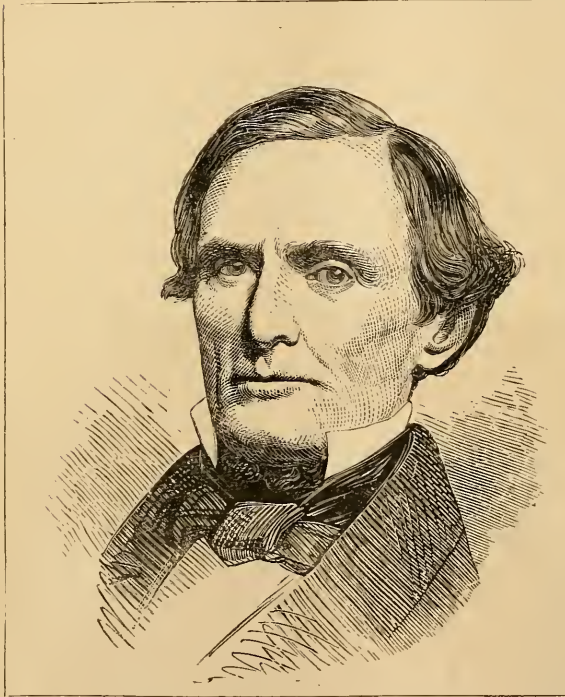
Stephen A. Douglas was the Democratic candidate. They made speeches against each other; but the Democratic party carried the State, and Mr. Douglas was elected.

Little did Abraham Lincoln know what was in store for him: that the people of the North would take him as their great leader in opposing the aggressions of slavery.

When the convention of the Democratic party met in Charleston, South Carolina, the members from the cotton-producing States made humiliating

demands upon the Northern members—that they should advocate the repeal of all the laws in any way prohibiting or restraining slavery.

The Northern members would not consent to such a demand, and delegates from the cotton States seceded from the convention. Those who remained adjourned, to reassemble at Baltimore, where they nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, for President. Those who had seceded nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Thus the great party which had controlled the destinies of the country for many years was divided.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Southern politicians threatened to bring about secession if Mr. Lincoln was elected. Douglas received twelve electoral votes, Bell thirty-nine, Breckinridge seventy-two, Lincoln one hundred and eighty: fifty-

seven more than a majority. He was constitutionally elected.

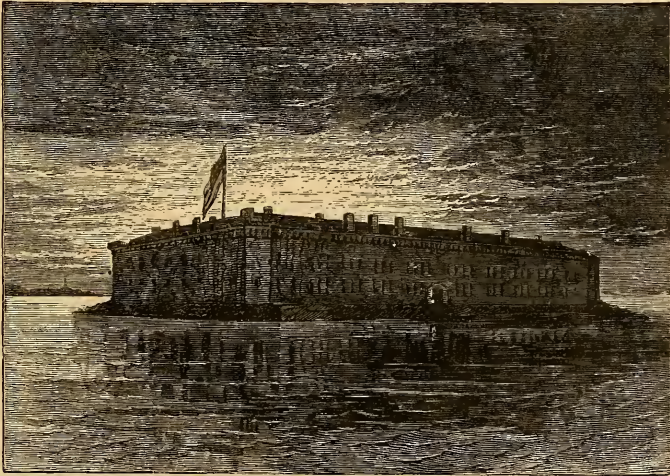
The South Carolina leaders carried out their threats. On December 20, 1860, a convention assembled in Charleston, and declared the State to be no longer in the Union, alleging that the Northern States had violated the Constitution by passing bills nullifying the Fugitive Slave Act, and in the election of a President opposed to slavery. Georgia seceded in January, and Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas in February. On the 9th of February delegates from three cotton-growing States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a new government, "The Confederate States of America," electing Jefferson Davis President.

"The great Republic is gone," wrote the correspondent of the London *Times*. The aristocracy of England rejoiced. Jefferson Davis, when

leaving his home to become President of the Confederacy, made a speech to his fellow-citizens.

“England,” he said, “will not allow our great staple to be dammed up within our present limits; the starving thousands in their midst would not allow it. If war must come, it must be on Northern and not on Southern soil. The Border States will come into the Southern States within sixty days, as we shall be their only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities, where the pavements have been worn off by the tread of commerce. We will carry war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch awaits our armies in the densely populated cities.”

In Charleston Harbor stood Fort Sumter, commanded by Major Anderson, with a garrison of fifty-seven men. Jefferson Davis issued an or-



FORT SUMTER.

der to General Beauregard to open fire upon it from batteries which had been erected. Major Anderson's supplies were gone, he had nothing left except a little pork. The vessels which had been sent by President Lincoln with provisions could not reach the fort, and he was obliged to surrender.

The Confederate States not only had seceded from the Union, but had begun civil war.

The Southern people little comprehended what they were doing. They were blind to reason. They did not stop to think of what might possibly happen to the institution of slavery through civil war. They little under-

stood the people of the North. They did not think that Northern men would fight. Editors of newspapers informed them that one Southerner was equal to half a dozen Yankees. They applied opprobrious epithets to Abraham Lincoln because he had prominent features, likening him to a baboon. Because he had split rails for a living they contemptuously called him the "rail-splitter."

The far-seeing, thoughtful men of the South knew very little of the power of the Northern people. The Northern people themselves did not know how strong they were. The world had small comprehension of the forces which had been silently building the nation for three-fourths of a century; the self-reliance that comes from education; the power of diversified industry—the power of invention, science, art; the newspapers read in every farm-house, every home, by the blacksmith at his forge, the joiner at his bench; the power of free thought, the pulpit, the lyceum, the town-meeting. The slave-holders regarded with contempt the men from Ireland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden who had crossed the Atlantic to rear themselves homes on the prairies of the West. They did not think that such "foreign mercenaries," as they were called, would fight. They knew nothing of their love for liberty.

The slave-holders did not comprehend that the war which they were waging was against the moral sense of the world; that the farmer driving his team afield, the mechanic, the laborer everywhere, by a heaven-born intuition, would regard it as a war for the degradation of labor. Jefferson Davis little thought that the men and women of England, when there was no cotton for them to spin and weave, when starvation would be staring them in the face, when their children would be crying for bread, instead of influencing England to interfere in behalf of the slave-holding States, would be holding prayer-meetings for the success of the Northern people—their hearts telling them that it was *their* battle which the North was fighting. The aristocracy, the dukes, lords, and nobles of England, and kings and emperors—the whole world, it may be said—knew nothing of the strength of a government of the people to suppress secession, exterminate slavery, and establish justice, right, and liberty.

As little did the people of the Northern States understand the South. William H. Seward thought the South would yield; that there would be little fighting. Most men thought that the trouble would soon be over; not comprehending the eternal antagonism between freedom and slavery.

The Northern people did not know that the doctrine of "State Rights," in the resolution written by Jefferson in 1798, advocated by John C. Calhoun, had become a great principle in the Southern States—that men had

come to believe that the State was far more than the nation; that there had been a dying out of love for the Union; that in taking up arms the Southern people would sincerely and truly believe they were fighting for liberty. The Northern people thought that it would be an easy matter to re-assert the authority of the government and put down secession. One by one other Southern States—North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Arkansas—joined the Confederacy. Few were those who foresaw what would follow the first shot fired upon Fort Sumter—what an uprising of the people of the North; what a marshalling of the armies of the Confederacy; what battles were to be fought and victories won. But the story of the war—how secession was put down; the Confederacy crushed; the Union preserved; slavery destroyed; liberty, justice, right, and the government of the people re-established; the nation ennobled, purified, glorified; the Stars and Stripes made evermore the emblem of the world's best hope—all of this must be reserved for another volume.

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