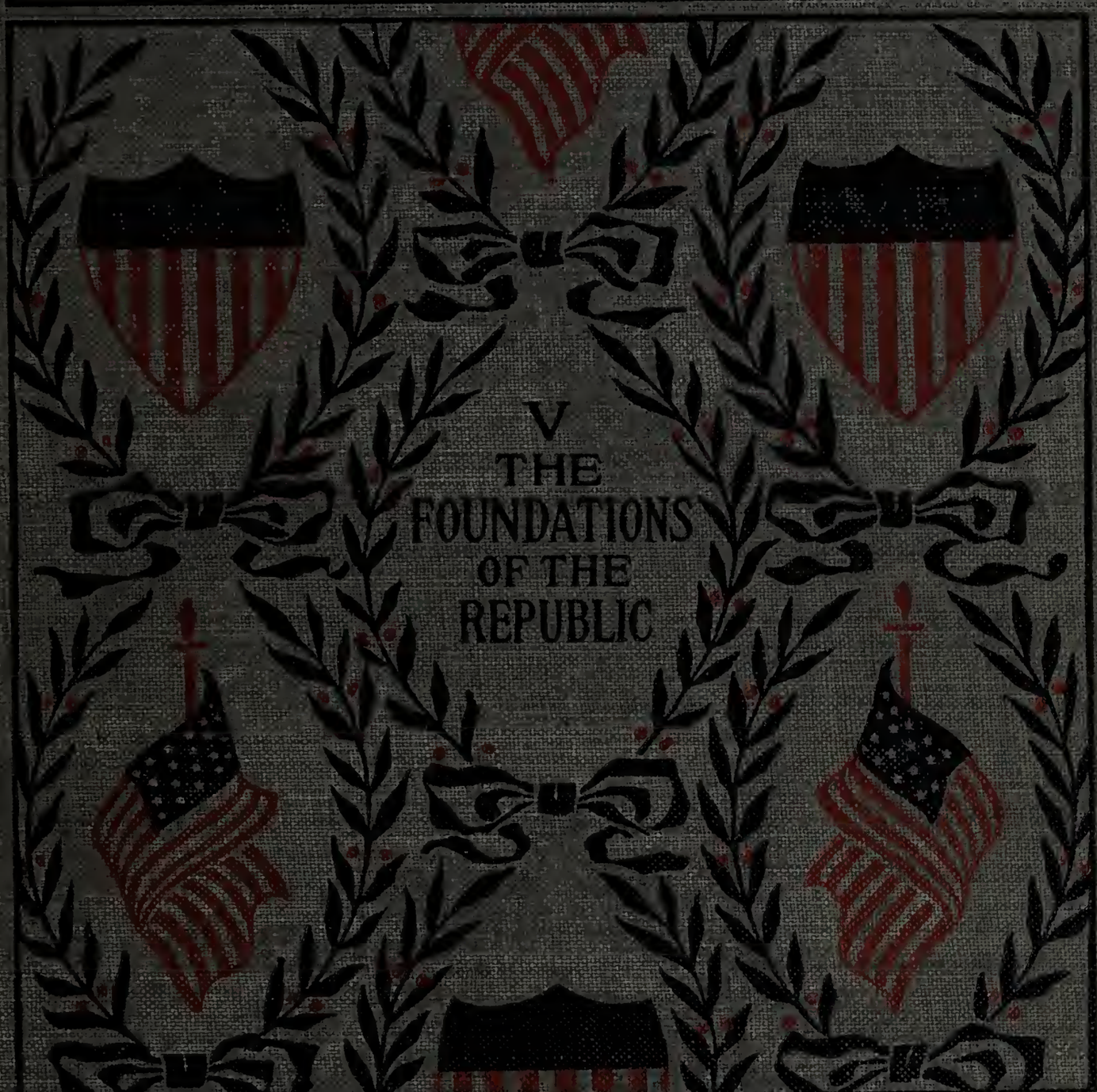
AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

MARA·L·PRATT



D·C·HEATH & CO·BOSTON

LIBRARY

BUREAU OF EDUCATION

LT
E178
.3
.C44

6—1132

AMERICA'S STORY

FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

BY

MARA L. PRATT

Chadwick, Mrs

WITHDRAWN FROM
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

V. THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE REPUBLIC

National Institute of Education
D H E W
MAY 2 3 1977
Educational Research Library

BOSTON, U.S.A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1904

Call Number
CIR
LT
E
178.3
C44
V5
C.1
Date
5|23|77
77-801447

AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN.

By MARA L. PRATT.

I. **The Beginner's Book.** History Stories for Second Reader Classes.

II. **Exploration and Discovery.** 1000 to 1609.

III. **The Early Colonies.** 1565 to 1733.

IV. **The Later Colonial Period.** 1733 to 1765.

V. **The Foundations of the Republic.**

Printed from large type. Fully illustrated from authentic sources. Bound in cloth, each volume containing about 160 pages.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers,

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

Copyright, 1901,
By D. C. HEATH & CO.

797644

Preface.

America's Story for America's Children is intended to prepare for the regular study of history and to supplement it. With this in view, care has been taken to give prominence to the elements of life and personality and picturesqueness, so as to develop centres of interest which more advanced and systematic study will bring into proper relationship.

The books present in vivid and dramatic style a series of pictures of our past, which sacrifice nothing of historic accuracy, and are replete with elements that will attract and hold the interest of the learner.

The Beginner's Book has already introduced the third and fourth year classes to the picturesque and personal incidents connected with the leading events in our history, North and South and East and West.

In the second volume the stories of the great discoverers and explorers are related in systematic order. The pomp and pride of the Spanish, the good work of some of the monks, the simple life and customs of the natives, and the sturdy temper of the early English, Dutch, and French explorers, are all portrayed, and the pupil will carry to his later study of history a set of mental impressions which will greatly lighten his own work as well as that of his teacher.

The third volume in the series deals with the earlier colonial period, from 1565 to 1733. The hopes and purposes of the early settlers, the hardships that they encountered, and their primitive modes of life are clearly set forth.

The fourth volume covers the period from the days of Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle, to the Stamp Act of 1765. The great events of the period are the exploration of the Mississippi valley and the French and Indian War.

In the present volume is told the story of the Revolution and of the laying the foundations of the Republic.

Much thought and care have been expended upon the illustrations and maps. In some cases drawings after famous historical paintings have been made for the sake of their value in giving correct ideas of costumes and other accessories, but the main idea in making the illustrations has been to set before the reader the person, the place, and the thing described, so as to enable him to complete and round out the mental impression gained from the text.

The Publishers.

Contents.

Illustrations and Maps.

America's Story for America's Children.

XXXIX. The Revolutionary War.

"It is the French and Indian War that has brought about this rebellion of the American colonists against George the Third," said the French statesmen, when the Revolution began.

"I have always feared that a rebellion would be the result of the French and Indian War," said the great William Pitt of England.

"We learned our lessons in the French and Indian War," said the American colonists.

Now what do you suppose these people meant? How did the French and Indian War bring about the Revolution? Why did William Pitt fear this result? What were the lessons that the American colonists believed they had learned from it?

In the first place, the French and Indian War taught the people of the different colonies to unite their forces. They were compelled then to stop quarrelling and begin to work side by side. It was

natural that they should feel more kindly toward one another after that.

Then again, when the French were driven out of the country that lay beyond the Alleghanies, the English-speaking colonists began to go over there. They found it a rich and wonderful country; trade increased, and the colonists began to grow rich.

"We do not now need to go to the Indies for everything," the Europeans began to say. "We can get many things from the American colonies, and America is a fine market for our goods."

The American colonists themselves now said, "See how important we are growing! We shall soon have trade with all Europe. Look at the European ships that come into our harbors!"

But the most far-reaching result of the war was this: As the French were driven from the continent, and the Spanish gave up their claims, the colonists grew to have less need of England's protection. They began to feel like real "grown-up" people. As they could take care of themselves, they turned less and less to England for help and advice, and more and more to one another.

This, then, was what the French meant when they said, "We told you so." It was what the English meant when they said, "We were afraid this might happen." And it was what the colonists meant when they said, "We learned our lesson in the French and Indian War."

At the end of the French and Indian War, a new king came to the English throne; and this new king — George III. — proved to be the wrong kind of king for England to have just at this time. It was the time when the liberty spirit was rising anew everywhere. Old ideas were being outgrown. New ideas were coming in. In times past all the people in Europe had thought that certain forms of government were right. They had thought so for centuries and centuries; but before the middle of the seventeenth century people began to say, "It is time we had more liberty! It is time we had more freedom!" Roger Williams, you remember, was one of these people.

King George III.

But George III. was old fashioned. He didn't believe in changes, and he declared that the old ways of thinking were good enough. "We will have none of this new-fashioned nonsense in England," he said.

So he set to work to govern England and the colonies according to his own narrow, old-fashioned ideas. Indeed, so great a tyrant did he become that even the people in England said, when the Amer-

ican Revolution was over, "George Washington has done as much for freedom in England as in the colonies. He has helped to free us, one and all, from a tyrant."

One of the first things George III. had to think about when he became king was the great debt that England had on her shoulders.

"Why are we burdened with such a debt as this?" the king demanded.

"The French and Indian War has caused this debt," was the answer his council made.

"But the debt must be paid."

"That is very true, your Majesty."

"And is there money in the treasury?"

"Not enough, by any means."

"Then taxes must be increased. The money must be raised. Duties must be put on the goods that come into the country from abroad. In some way — in any way — the money must be raised."

"You speak wisely, sir," the council said.

"But the American colonies must help," the king went on. "This French and Indian War was to protect them. It is but fair that they should help. Then, too, see how rich they are growing. Indeed, they are quite able to help."

"We are willing to help," said the colonies.

"Isn't there an old Navigation Act?" the king asked. "A Navigation Act which says the colonies shall trade with no country but England?"

"There is such a law," said the council. "But it was never carried out; it was unwise and unfair."

"But would it not bring money to England if we should carry it out?"

"Yes, it would bring money to England."

"Then that is all we need to know. Money is what we must have. Let the law be brought before us," said the king.

So the old law was looked up and brought before the council. And this is what it said: "*Only English ships shall carry goods to the American colonies. The colonies shall send goods only to England.*"

"But we have now a large trade with the countries of Europe," said the colonies. "Surely, you would not spoil that trade!"

"England must have money," was all that George III. would say. "If the Navigation Act is well carried out it will bring it to us; for we can then ask what price we will for the goods that we send to the colonies; and we can put what duties we will on the goods that the colonies bring to us."

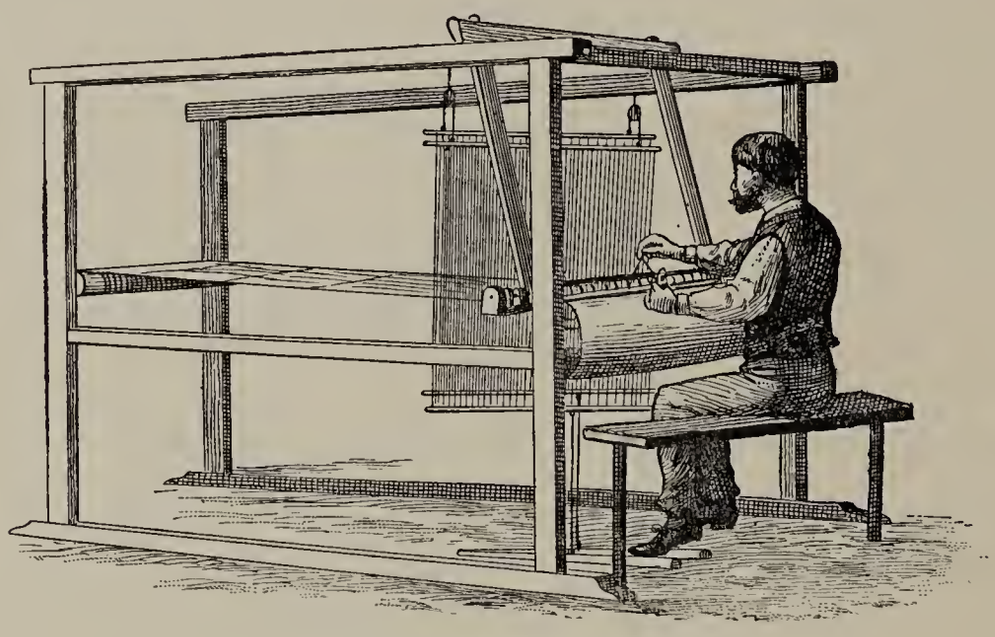
"This is a foolish law, as well as an unjust one," said the colonies. "To ruin America's trade is not an honest way to bring money into England."

The wisest men in England and in all Europe thought so too. But King George and his advisers could not or would not listen, and the law began to do its work.

By and by the English merchants complained to

the king. "The colonies are ruining our manufactures!" they said. "They are making the same things that we make. There is no market for such a quantity of goods."

"England must be protected first of all," said George III. So another law was sent over to the colonies. And this law said, "No woollen goods . . . yarn, cloth, and no made goods shall be loaded upon



A Weaver at a Hand-loom.

any cart or carriage or vessel to be taken out of the colony where they have been made."

Now this was a hard law. It might as well have said there should be no woollen goods made in the colonies; for of course if the maker could not send them anywhere, he might as well not make them.

"This will ruin us," said the colonies.

"We are sorry," said George III.; "but our own merchants must be protected."

"Doesn't England see that she is making trouble for herself?" said France. "Does she think that the colonies will stand such treatment?" Then the French statesmen laughed to think of the trouble that was surely ahead for their old enemy England.

However, we must not think the English people were as foolish as the king. No, indeed! We must remember that, during the whole war, we had strong friends in England. If there had not been an unwise king on the throne just at this time, very likely there would have been no war at all. But in

Some Hats of Colonial Times.

those days a king had great power. What he said had to be obeyed, and the people who were friendly to us could not do very much to help us.

By and by the English hat-makers began to complain to King George. "We pray you, sir, to stop the hat-making in the colonies," they said. "There is no market for both English and colonial hats."

So again word was sent over to the colonies. "We are very sorry," said George III., "but our own hat-makers must be protected. If there is not a market for you both, then the colonies must stop making hats."

"This is not taxation," said the colonies. "This is tyranny. We will not endure it!"

"You are slaves if you do," said France.

"We are bringing sorrow upon ourselves," said the wise statesmen of England.

"But we must raise money to pay the French and Indian War debts!" said George III.; and to him and his advisers these laws seemed well enough.

XL. The Stamp Act.

1765.

George III. now made preparations for carrying out these laws. He put agents in all the colonial ports; he sent cruisers out upon the seas; he put agents in his own ports in England. And these agents were to watch and see that no smuggling went on.

By and by it was discovered that these agents and the cruisers were costing a great deal of money. Moreover, the money was not coming in from the colonies as the king had supposed it would.

"Something is wrong," said the council. Then they sat down and reckoned up the year's work.

This was what they learned: they had paid out seven thousand pounds to keep watch on the American ports and to patrol the seas, but the colonies had paid in only about two thousand pounds.

"These laws are failures," said the statesmen.

"They deserve to be," said some of the English people.

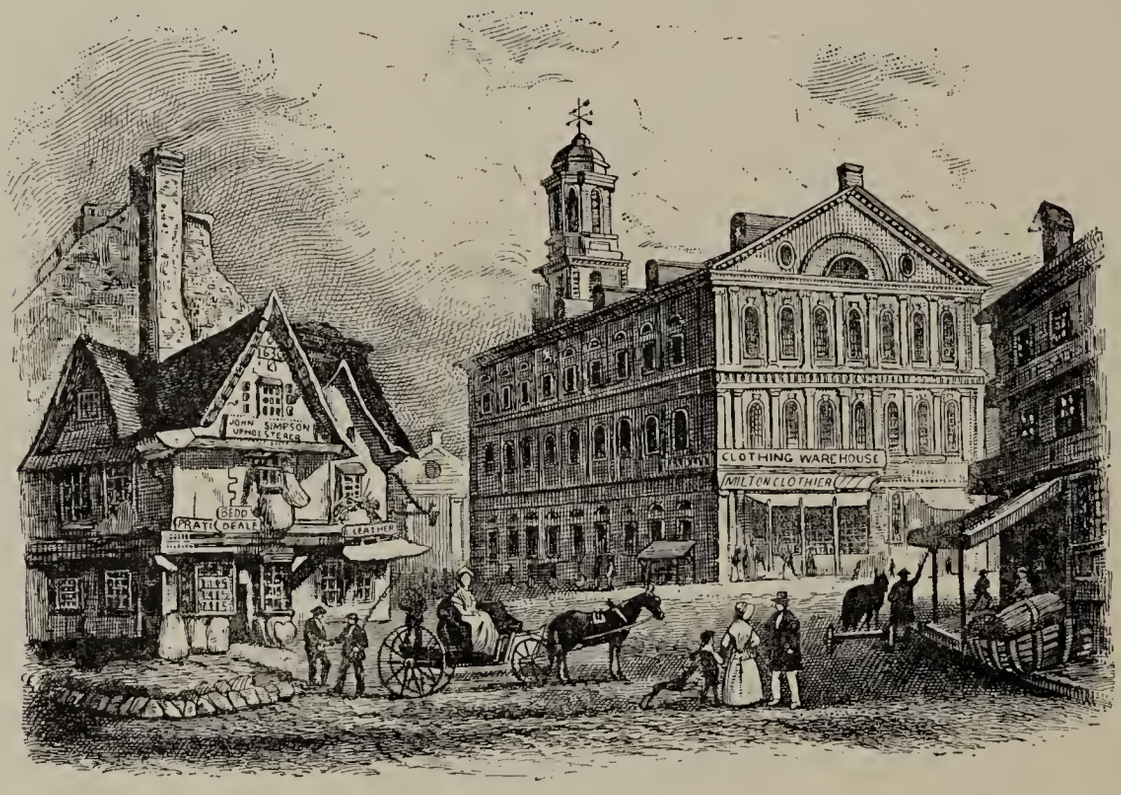
"We told you that they would be," said others.

"But why are we receiving so little revenue from the colonies?" asked George III. "The American

ports have a great commerce. There should be ten times two thousand pounds revenue coming from them."

"The colonists are smuggling, sir," answered the council.

"Smuggling!" cried George III. "How dare these colonists disobey the laws of England? En-



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.
"The Cradle of Liberty."

force the Writs of Assistance. Put an officer into every port. Bid him carry out these laws, or pay the penalty!"

So the writs of assistance, as these warrants giving authority to officers to search houses for smuggled goods were called, were put into action.

Moreover, the officers themselves were threatened with fines, prison, even death, if they dared to neglect their duty.

Now these writs of assistance were hard upon the colonists. They were hard upon the officers, too; for many of the officers knew that the king was wrong. Therefore they had often pretended not to see the smuggling that went on right under their eyes.

Among the colonists there was great excitement when they learned what the king had done. "This is another act of tyranny!" they said. So meetings were called, and fiery speeches were made.

"These writs," said James Otis of Boston, "are the laws a tyrant has made. A man's home ought to be his castle. So long as he is a good citizen, he ought to be protected in his home. These writs destroy all this. A man's home is no longer his castle. At any time officers may break in and search it."

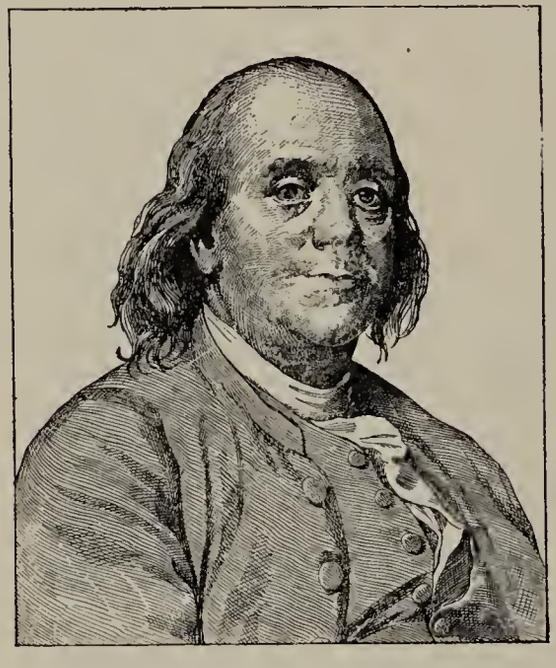
But though these writs were now better enforced, revenue did not pour into the treasury of King George. The smuggling went on, but not so freely.

"Some new way must be thought of," said George Grenville, England's prime minister. And Grenville was an honest man — a man who meant to deal wisely and fairly with the colonies.

One day Grenville called the colonial agents together, and said, "I think I see a way to raise

money from the colonies — a way which will succeed and which will not make the colonists angry."

Then he set forth this plan: "England shall stamp paper. This shall be sent to the colonies, and the colonists shall buy it. They shall use it in all business. For example, if one man sells a piece of land to another, the deed shall be written on the stamped paper. The money thus paid by the colonists for this stamped paper shall be the colonial tax, and all other taxes shall be removed from the American colonies."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
After the portrait by Duplessis, 1783.

Our colonial agents thought this over for a long time. Something must be done — that was sure. Moreover, the colonists had said that they were willing to pay their part of the tax if it could be done in any just way.

Now one of our colonial agents in London at this time was Benjamin Franklin. There was also Arthur Lee, another good friend of the colonists, who at this very time was writing a book telling how unjust the king had been to his colonial subjects. Still both these men thought the Grenville stamp plan a good one.

So one day in the English Parliament Grenville explained his plan of a stamp tax; and it was agreed that at the end of a year, unless in the meantime some one could think of a better plan, there should be a stamp act passed.

Then our colonial agents wrote letters to their colonies, and each agent asked the governor of his colony to write him what he thought about a stamp act. Only four governors, however, in all the colonies, took the trouble to answer.

Then the colonial agents and Grenville talked together again. "Have you thought of any better plan?" Grenville asked. And the colonial agents said, "No."

Now it happened that at the time that Grenville explained his Stamp Act to the Parliament, certain other laws for the colonies were threatened. Unfortunately the news of these other laws, and the news of the Stamp Act, reached the colonies at the same time.

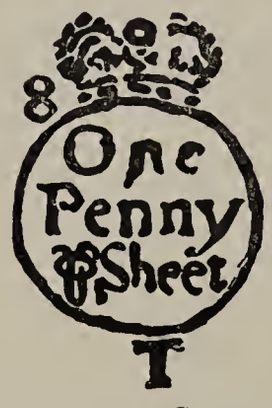
These other laws were hard laws. They were as unfair as those that you have read about; and when the colonists heard of them, they were furious.

"Have we not suffered enough from unfair laws?" they cried. "What right has the English king to treat us like slaves?"

The newspapers of the colonies were filled with protests. Four leading men wrote fiery pamphlets against English tyranny. Public meetings were

held, and the people declared that they would never allow such laws to be made.

But all this time nothing was said about the Stamp Act. Perhaps the other laws were so unjust that no one could think of anything else at that time. At any rate, the year passed by, and again Grenville called the colonial agents together. "Do you still think the Stamp Act will be a good plan?" he asked.



A Penny Stamp of 1765.

"We hear no objection to it from the colonies," said our colonial agents.

So the Stamp Act was passed and became a law. England began to stamp the paper, and stamp agents were chosen to sell it to the colonists.

A Stamp used in 1765.

"It will be well to choose the agents from the colonists themselves," said Grenville. "They will like their own people better than strangers." For Grenville tried to be fair and honest.

But all this time the spirit of liberty was growing very rapidly, not only in the colonies but also in England. These liberty-loving people were called Whigs; while the people who, like George III., still believed in the old-time ideas, were called Tories.

Now some of the Whigs in the colonies were

beginning to say, "Why should we be taxed at all?"

"Because England is paying for our wars," said others. "We ought to be willing to pay our part of the tax if she is fair to us."

"Because it has always been the right of the mother country to tax her colonies," said others. "And because the English flag would still protect us if any European country should try to make war upon us."

A Half-Penny Stamp of 1765.

These were honest answers, but the more the Whigs in America thought about it, the more they questioned, "Why should we be taxed at all?"

"It is against the very laws of England herself," they said.

"And why is it against the laws of England?" asked the Tories.

"Is there not a law in England that no English people shall be taxed unless they have representatives in Parliament?" said some of the Whigs. "Away back in the days of King John — did not people rise up against *taxation without representation?* Did they not say then that *taxation without representation is tyranny?*"

"To be sure they did! Why have we not thought of this before?" other Whigs said.

"How these colonial Whigs talk!" said the Tories in England. "They should be put in prison. They are traitors to the king."

"The colonial Whigs are right," said the Whigs in England. "They are not traitors."

Then colonial newspapers began to take up the new-old cry: "No Taxation without Representation! No Taxation without Representation!" And they printed head-lines in big black letters, just as our papers do to-day.

Whenever there was a public meeting, the people shouted, "No Taxation without Representation! No Taxation without Representation!" till by and by all the Whigs in the land made it their war-cry.

Then clubs began to be formed in the colonies, and the men who belonged to these clubs named themselves "Sons of Liberty."

These Sons of Liberty held public meetings and they held secret meetings. They made speeches, they marched in torchlight processions, and in all these they shouted: "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny! Taxation without Representation is Tyranny!"

In their processions they carried banners on which were all kinds of liberty sayings. "No Taxation without Representation!" was, of course, one of them. Another was: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is not dead! Liberty is dead! Liberty is not dead!"

Sometimes, as the Sons of Liberty marched along the streets, one would wail: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!"

Then others would shout, "Liberty is *not* dead! Liberty is *not* dead!" And the crowds that followed along beside the processions would cry, "Liberty lives! Liberty lives!"

PUBLIC MEETINGS AND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS.

In one town the Sons of Liberty marched up and down the streets with a doleful, black-draped coffin; and on the coffin was a card saying, "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!"

On through the streets, up to the burial-ground, this dismal procession marched. And all the way

the coffin-bearers moaned and wailed: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!"

In the burial-ground they dug a grave and let the coffin down into it. They even raised their spades to throw in the earth. But just then the leaders of the procession pulled the coffin up, and shouted: "Who said liberty is dead? Liberty is not dead! Liberty lives!"

Then the coffin was lifted upon the shoulders of the very tallest Sons, and away they marched, back into the town, shouting: "Liberty lives! Liberty lives! Liberty lives!"

All this was great sport. But when the time came the Sons of Liberty did something more than play.

The Stamp Act must be attacked first of all. "We have no representatives in the English Parliament. Therefore we will not be taxed," they said; "for taxation without representation is tyranny."

"Why not let the colonies have representatives in our Parliament?" asked the Whigs in England.

"Whoever heard of colonies having representatives in the English Parliament?" cried the Tories.

"Colonies never had representatives," said George III.

"But times are changing," said the Whigs.

"The laws of England shall not change," said the king. "We will have none of this nonsense in England."

But meantime what were the Sons of Liberty doing about the Stamp Act? "That act must be made to fail," they said, "for when it fails, it will be repealed."

"But how do you propose to make it fail?" sneered the Tories in the colonies.

"First," answered the Sons, "when we find out who the stamp agents are, they shall resign. Second, we shall seize upon the stamped papers and burn them. In the third place, the people shall not be allowed to use the stamps, even if they get them."

By and by a vessel came from England bringing a list of the colonists who had been appointed stamp agents.

"Now is our time to begin!" said the Sons of Liberty. And they began. Every agent was waited upon by the Sons of his town, and *asked* to resign at once. If he did resign, that was well. If he did not resign, he was *commanded* to resign. If even then he would not resign, he was threatened. Often such an one would find his doors and sidewalks chalked with such words of warning as: "*We give you twenty-four hours to resign! Resign, or we burn your house! Resign, or tar and feathers!*"

In all the public places great cards were nailed to the walls, and the cards said: —

PRO PATRIA!
THE FIRST PERSON WHO
BUYS OR SELLS A STAMP
LET HIM BEWARE!
WE DARE!
VOX POPULI!

By and by Stamp Act riots began. In the first riot an effigy of the Boston stamp agent was found one morning hanging from a tree.

"Who has done this?" asked the people.

"The Sons of Liberty, of course."

Then some of the people laughed. "It is only boys' fun," they said. "Let us take it down before the stamp agent sees it."

But when they began to take it down, the Sons of Liberty marched in and said, "Let that effigy alone!"

"Take that effigy down!" said the Justice of the Peace, sternly.

"Touch it if you dare!" said the Sons. They lifted their muskets, and the Justice thought it safest to go away. Then the Sons, themselves, took the effigy from the tree; and hoisting it on a pole, they marched down the street. Straight to the town house they marched, shouting like savages of the forest. There, in front of the town house, the Sons beheaded the effigy, kicked

it, threw it up in the air, and then burned it in a bonfire.

"So will we serve the stamp agent!" they cried.

"Burn the stamp agent's shop! Burn the stamp agent's shop!" shouted one of the Sons. Away the mob ran, pell-mell, to the stamp agent's shop. In a few minutes the shop was in flames, and the people across the bay looked out and said: "See the blaze! What are the Sons doing now?"

Even this was not enough. "On! On to the stamp agent's house!" they cried. "Kill the stamp agent! Burn his house!" But the stamp agent's friends had given him warning; and before the Sons reached his house, he had fled to a safer place.

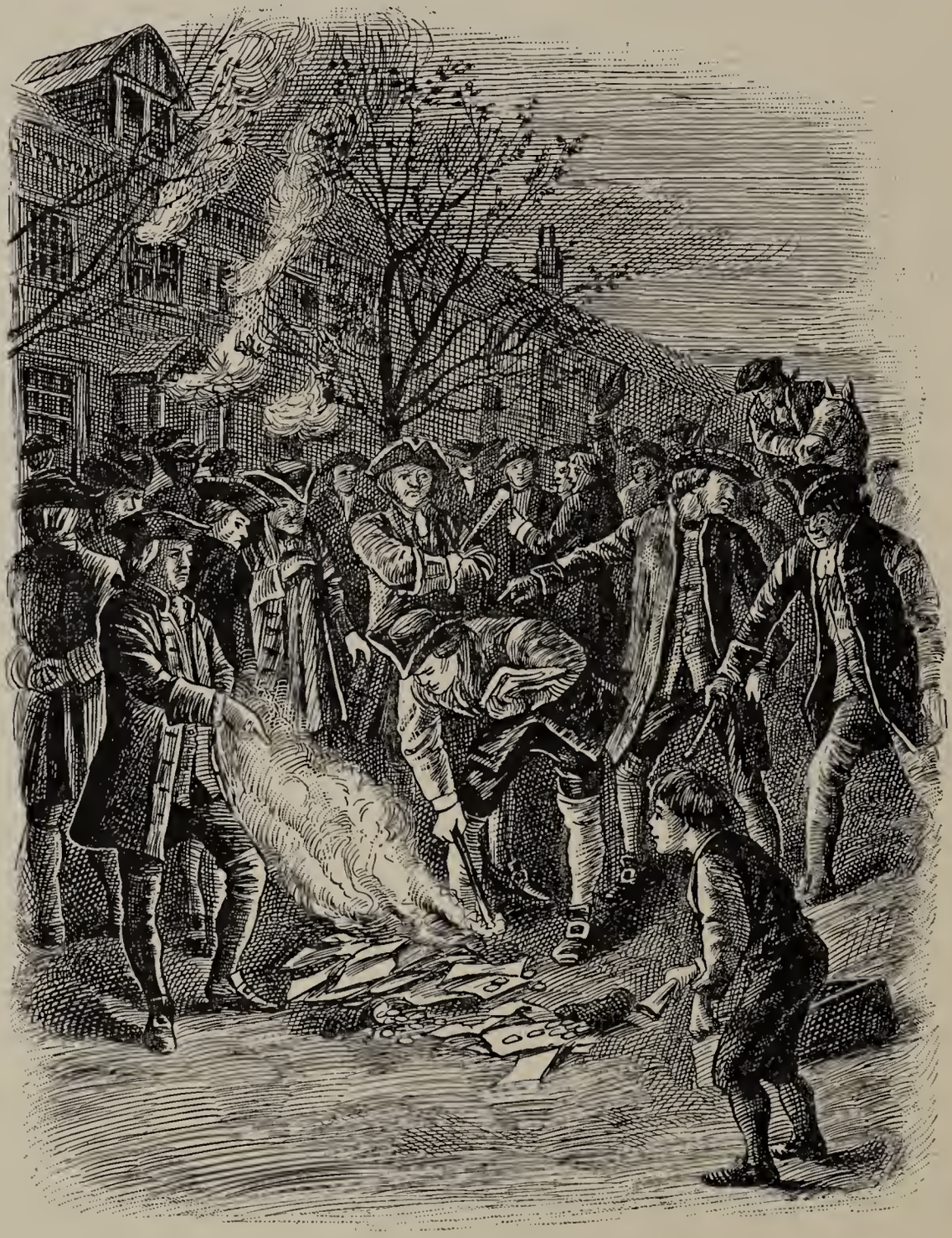
When the Sons could not find the stamp agent, they shouted, "On to the home of the Justice!" Then the house of the Justice was broken into; desks and closets were plundered; papers were destroyed; and bags of money were thrown out into the street.

Morning came at last. The mob broke up; and there was quiet once more in the town of Boston. But in other towns, in other colonies, there were mobs like this; and more than once a stamp agent was cruelly treated.

"Something must be done," said the governor of Boston. In a letter to England he wrote: "We are in danger of our lives. The hatred of the Stamp Act has gone beyond the control of our government. We cannot protect ourselves. Moreover, very few

stamps are being used, for no one cares to risk his life."

"Who would have thought that the colonists



PAPERS WERE DESTROYED, AND BAGS OF MONEY WERE THROWN INTO THE STREET.

would take the Stamp Act like this?" said Grenville.

"We did not expect it," said Benjamin Franklin. Still Benjamin Franklin was a good Whig, and he believed with his countrymen that taxation without representation was tyranny.

"They are right to fight taxation without representation," he said. "I am glad they are fighting it. But I did not think they would oppose the Stamp Act like this."

"What is to be done about it?" the English council wondered.

"There is but one thing to do. That is to repeal the Act," said Grenville.

"Never!" thundered the king. "Are we going to give way to those colonies? On what ground, pray, do they rebel at any law England sees fit to make for them?"

"On the ground that taxation without representation is tyranny," said Benjamin Franklin.

"But the colonies have always been taxed," was all King George could say. And to him that was reason enough.

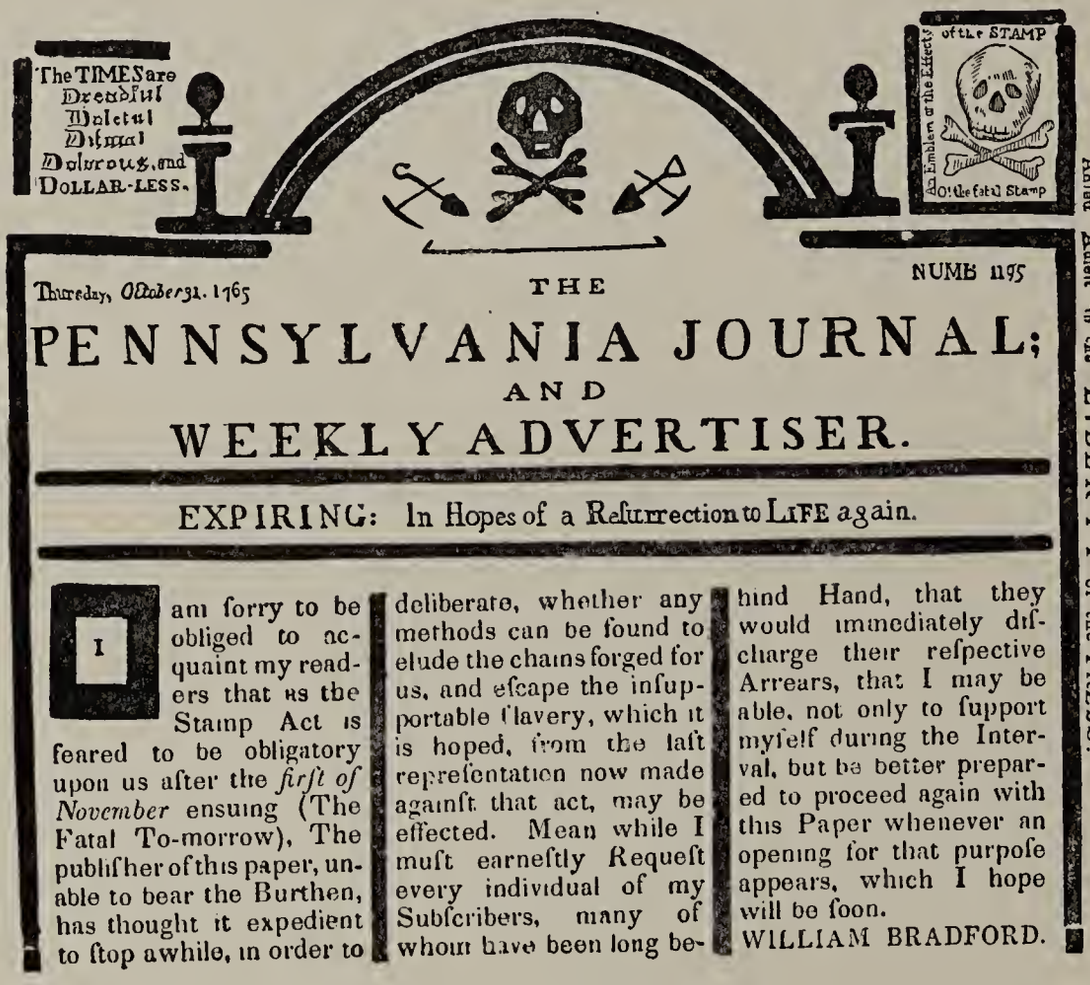
But the liberty spirit was not to be crushed.

A Whig barber found that a Tory was in his chair. "I will play a trick on this Tory," he thought. So he shaved one side of the man's face and drove him from the shop.

"A Tory! A Tory!" he shouted as the man

went up the street. In a few minutes a crowd had gathered, and the barber explained. Then the people shouted in great glee and ran after the poor Tory.

"The Tory! The Tory!" they cried; for this was great fun for them.



The TIMES are Dreadful Doleful Dismal Dolorous, and DOLLAR-LESS.

An Emblem of the Effects of the STAMP

O! the fatal Stamp

Thursday, October 31. 1765 THE NUMB 1195

PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL; AND WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

EXPIRING: In Hopes of a Reſurrection to LIFE again.

I am ſorry to be obliged to acquaint my readers that as the Stamp Act is feared to be obligatory upon us after the *firſt of November* ensuing (The Fatal To-morrow), The publiſher of this paper, unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient to ſtop awhile, in order to deliberate, whether any methods can be found to elude the chains forged for us, and eſcape the inſupportable ſlavery, which it is hoped, from the laſt repreſentation now made againſt that act, may be effected. Mean while I muſt earneſtly Requeſt every individual of my Subſcribers, many of whom have been long behind Hand, that they would immediately diſcharge their reſpective Arrears, that I may be able, not only to ſupport myſelf during the Interval, but be better prepared to proceed again with this Paper whenever an opening for that purpoſe appears, which I hope will be ſoon.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

Adieu Adieu to the LIBERTY of the *PRESS*.

A Colonial Newspaper.

A fac-simile about one-third the size of the original.

Glad enough was the Tory when at last he reached his home. "What is the matter?" cried his wife, but he was too angry to answer. It is said that it was never safe, as long as that Tory lived, to mention the Sons of Liberty in his presence.

The Pennsylvania newspaper came out one day with a big black heading with skull and crossbones. In one corner was a stamp, and on the stamp another skull and crossbones. This meant "Good-by to the liberty of the press!"

Down in Virginia was a bold Son of Liberty, Patrick Henry. One day he arose in the legisla-

PATRICK HENRY IN THE VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY.
After the painting by Chappel.

ture and made a speech so full of fire that even his own people were alarmed.

"Be careful," they said.

"Why should we be careful?" Patrick Henry said. And, as far as we know, he never could be made to be careful; for in all the war that followed there was no stronger, bolder patriot than Patrick Henry of Virginia.

The women and the girls were as patriotic as the

men and the boys. They, too, formed societies; and they called themselves the Daughters of Liberty. They could not fight the stamp agents; they could not hang effigies; they could not make speeches. But they could do other things. They could weave cloth and blankets and yarn for the soldiers, in case war should really come; they could meet together for "spinning bees," as they called them. And the amount of yarn the Daughters could spin in an afternoon made warm stockings and mittens for many a poor soldier when at last the war came on. For long, long months no patriotic family would eat mutton, because people wished to keep the sheep for the wool that grew upon their backs.

Report of all this excitement was carried to England. "How ungrateful these colonies are!" sighed the king.

"To think," said one of the Tories, "that these children of ours — these colonies that have been planted by our care and have been protected by us — to think that now they grudge us money to pay this debt!"

"Planted by our care!" answered an English Whig. "When were they planted by our care? The people were driven to America to escape our persecution in the first place. And when have we taken care of them? They have taken care of themselves. And as for the French and Indian War, was it not as much to protect ourselves as to protect them?"

Then the good, wise William Pitt spoke. "We are told that the Americans are obstinate. We are told that they rebel against us. We are told that they resist us. I rejoice that they are obstinate. I rejoice that they rebel. I rejoice that they resist us. I rejoice that they are not dead to feelings of liberty, and that they will not submit to us like slaves."

"The Stamp Act should be repealed," Grenville said. "The Stamp Act must be repealed."

The true Sons of Liberty

And Supporters of the Non-Importation Agreement,

ARE determined to reſent any the leaſt Inſult or Menace offer'd to any one or more of the ſeveral Committees appointed by the Body at Faneuil-Hall, and chaſtiſe any one or more of them as they deſerve; and will alſo ſupport the Printers in any Thing the Committees ſhall deſire them to print.

AS a Warning to any one that ſhall affront as aforeſaid, upon ſure Information given. one of theſe Advertiſements will be poſted up at the Door or Dwelling Houſe of the Offender.

A NOTICE BY THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

XLI. The Stamp Act Repealed.

1766.

"Does Parliament mean to say that it represents us?" asked the patriotic James Otis. "Does it call its taxation fair? The members of Parliament know as little of us as they know of the Pacific savages."

Then Samuel Adams, another patriotic Boston man, offered a resolution to the Massachusetts legislature. "We, the English colonists in America," said the resolution, "believe that we have the same right to be represented that English people in England have. Therefore, since we are not represented in the English Parliament, that Parliament has no right to tax us."

"All those in favor?" said the Speaker of the legislature.

"Ay, ay, ay!" shouted every member.

"Those opposed?"

Not a sound; and this resolution was sent over to the king of England.

Patrick Henry, the fiery young patriot of Virginia, also brought resolutions before the legislature of his colony. "Resolved," said he, "that British freedom does not permit taxation without representation.

Therefore the only power that can tax this colony is the Virginia legislature itself."

Massachusetts then sent out a circular letter to the governors of all the colonies, asking them to send delegates to New York City. There the delegates would hold a meeting and draw up more resolutions to send to the king.

The delegates came, but from only nine colonies. The other four had king's governors over them, and these governors would not allow the people to send even one delegate.

How angry the Sons of Liberty who lived in these colonies were! In Georgia, for example, the Liberty boys pleaded and stormed and threatened, but all in vain. The governor could not be moved. He dared not move. And so the Congress met with delegates from only nine of the thirteen colonies.

But even while this Congress was holding its meeting, an English ship sailed up to the New York wharf, and the ship was loaded with stamped paper.

Then the bells in the city tolled mournfully; the shops were closed; the flags in the harbor fell to half mast. "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead!" moaned the people.

"But Liberty is not dead! Liberty is not dead!" shouted the Sons of Liberty. Down they rushed to the ship, seized the paper, and burned it.

In Rhode Island, when the first stamps came, the people went to the ship at the wharf and seized

upon the papers even before the captain had a chance to land them. In Georgia, the king's governor smuggled them in, before the Liberty boys knew of the coming of the ship. But though he succeeded in hiding his stamped papers, they did him little good; for he dared not bring them out for use.

"The Liberty boys of Georgia," he wrote to King George, "have no reason in them; they are crazy in their patriotism."

In Maryland, a gibbet was raised in front of the courthouse, and the effigy of the stamp agent hung upon it. "So fares the man that dares use a stamp!" said a big card fastened to the gibbet.

In South Carolina, too, the stamps were rejected, and the liberty flag was run up, crowned with a wreath of laurel. "It is only at the risk of my life that I use these stamps," wrote the stamp agent of South Carolina at this time.

"It is useless to try to push this Stamp Act," said Grenville, when he knew of these things. "It has been a great mistake from the first. Let the Stamp Act be repealed."

"Never!" insisted George III.

"But it is a failure," said Grenville. "We cannot carry it out; and a law that cannot be carried out ought to be repealed." And though George III. still grumbled, the Act was repealed. "We are fools to give way to these colonies," the king said.

"Another victory for freedom," said the Whigs in Parliament.

"Another piece of foolishness," muttered the Tories.

"Liberty lives! Liberty lives!" shouted the Whigs in the colonies when the news of the repeal reached America.

"This is no time to rejoice," said the Tories in the colonies. "Rather we should be ashamed; for we are guilty of another act of disloyalty to our king."

But the Sons of Liberty, both in England and in America, were not moved by what the Tories said.

Then what rejoicing in America! Again there were public meetings and torchlight processions. Bells were rung, and great feasts were held. There were balls and parties everywhere in honor of this happy day. The Sons of Liberty came dressed in the richest velvets and laces that could be bought. The Daughters of Liberty were there, too. Their ruffs were stiffer than ever, and their powdered hair was piled high upon their heads. For this was a great time in the colonies, and another victory was won for liberty.

"Liberty lives! Liberty lives!" the people shouted. Even the boys in the street took up the cry; the Sons made speeches; the statesmen argued; and the good ministers preached about it.

When the Sons marched, the people waved flags

from their windows as the procession passed. Wagon loads of fair young Daughters draped in liberty flags and banners rode at the head of the procession, and the Sons followed, shouting: —

"Hurrah for Liberty! Three cheers for Freedom! Liberty lives! Down with the tyrant! Up with Liberty! Property, and no stamps!"

In London, too, there was great rejoicing. Bells were rung. Speeches were made — by the Whigs, of course! — and a day was set apart for celebration. We know this to be true; for in the *London Gazette* of March 18, 1776, you will find these lines: "This day his Majesty came to the House of Parliament and was pleased to give his assent to the Repeal of the Stamp Act. Immediately, when the king had signed the Royal Assent, the merchants trading with America sent a vessel to put into the first American port with the account of the Repeal. . . . There were . . . great rejoicings in London by all ranks of people. . . . The ships in the rivers displayed all their colors, and there were bonfires in many parts of the city."

"Now," said the merchants, "trade with the colonists will go on again."

"A blow has this day been struck for liberty," said the Whigs.

So for different reasons many of the people in London shared in our rejoicing over the repeal of the Stamp Act.

XLII. The Tea Tax.

1766.

"But this debt! this debt!" said George III. "Tyranny or no tyranny, the debt must be paid."

For a long time Parliament talked and planned and wondered. Money must be raised; in this George III. was right. But how could it be done? What form of taxation would the colonists accept if they would not accept the mild Stamp Act?

"We must be careful what we do," said the council. "We cannot make and repeal laws too often."

At last Charles Townshend, who was now acting as prime minister, said, "I have some laws to offer."

And he offered his laws — most foolish laws! We wonder that he dared to think that they would succeed. But he was at his wits' end. Something must be done. The king demanded it, and the prime minister did the best he could.

"The colonists will rebel at those laws," said the Whigs, as soon as they were read.

"Perhaps not," said some of the Tories.

"We fear they will," said some of the wiser Tories; "but we can try to force them through."

So the Townshend acts were passed, and this is what they said: —

1. That New York shall pass no more laws until she has promised beds, candles, fire, vinegar, and salt for the British troops.

2. That a board of commissioners shall be sent to Boston to see that the trade laws are carried out.

BURNS'S COFFEE HOUSE.

In which the first non-importation agreement of the Colonies was signed.

From Bohn's "History of the City of New York."

3. That a tax shall be laid on glass, red and white lead, paint, paper, and tea.

"These taxes are very light," said Townshend. "It is possible the colonists will not refuse them."

"It isn't the *amount* of taxation that the colonists are fighting against," said the Whigs. "It is taxa-

tion without representation." But Townshend was pressed by the king, and it was the best that he could do.

Of course when the colonists heard of these new laws, they at once rose in rebellion. "Taxation without representation! Taxation without representation!" they shouted. "We will pay no taxes without representation!"

Then the colonial merchants banded together. "We will buy none of these taxed articles," they said. "Not one of them shall enter our ports."

And once, when a Tory merchant tried to sell some of these taxed goods, the Sons of Liberty boycotted him, and hung upon his shop door: —

WILLIAM JACKSON,

an *IMPORTER*; at the

BRAZEN HEAD,

North Side of the TOWN-HOUSE,

and *Oppofite the Town-Pump, in*

Corn-hill, BOSTON.

It is deſired that the SONS and DAUGHTERS of *LIBERTY*, would not buy any one thing of him, for in ſo doing they will bring Diſgrace upon *themſelves*, and their *Poſterity*, for *ever* and *ever*, AMEN

"Take down that sign!" roared William Jackson.

"Take it down if you dare!" said the Sons, coolly. And they stood guard over it till it had done its work.

"Can you not see," said the Whigs in Parliament, "that the only way to settle this matter is to give the colonists some kind of representative government?"

"Such a thing was never heard of," said George III.

"Is that any reason it never should be heard of?" answered the Whigs. But, as we already know, the trouble with poor old George III. was that he could not bear to see things change.

Meantime Massachusetts had sent out another circular letter. Another Congress was held, and more resolutions were sent to the king.

"Take back those resolutions!" was the answer King George made. "Take back those resolutions and make an apology to the king of England!"

"Never!" said the Whig colonists.

"Let us take the tax from some of these goods," said the council, by and by. So one by one the taxes were taken off, till at last only one was left, — the tax on tea.

Still the colonists were not satisfied. "You can see," said the English Tories, "that it makes no difference how much we try to please these colonies. Nothing satisfies them."

"You can see," answered the English Whigs, "that whatever you do, the colonies will not yield till you give them honest representation."

"We may as well take off that tax on tea," said some one at last. "It brings no revenue that is worth the trouble of collecting; for the colonists have pledged themselves to use no tea."

"That may be," said George III. "But do you think we will let these colonies defeat us like this? I shall keep this tea tax just to show them that George III. still reigns."

So the tax on tea was not taken off, and at last the Boston Sons of Liberty broke out again in open rebellion, attacked the homes of the king's commissioners, and drove them from the city.

Then Massachusetts sent more resolutions to the king. Carolina, too, rose in rebellion; but Carolina's royal governor drove the rioters over the mountains into Tennessee.

"These colonies have gone far enough now," said King George; so he sent an army to Boston to keep peace. "If the colonists will not listen to reason," he said, "they shall be forced by the bayonet."

And now the poor old king was sure that the whole matter was settled. "If we had been wise," said he, "we should have done this in the first place."

XLIII. Colonial Tea-Parties.

1773–1775.

"But something must be done about the tea," complained the London tea merchants. "We have 700,000 pounds in our storehouses, and there is no market for it. The colonists will not buy it of us, although we sell it to them cheaper than Holland can sell it."

The merchants in the countries where tea grows began to complain. "You are buying very little tea from us," they said to the London merchants.

"How can we," answered the London merchants, "when the colonies do not buy from us?"

Then the king tried to come to the rescue. "We will remove all tax on the tea that comes from the tea countries; then you can sell it very much cheaper than Holland can, even with the colonial tax still upon it; then it must be that the colonists will buy it."

"How blind the king is!" said the Whigs in England. "Does he not see that it is principle, not money, for which America is fighting?"

So again the London merchants began to send their ships, loaded with tea, across to the colonies.

But alas for their hopes! At Charleston, although the tea was landed and stored away in storehouses, not a merchant would buy it.

CHARLESTON IN 1780.

After a drawing by Leitch.

From Philadelphia and New York barges were sent out to meet the incoming tea ships, to forbid them even to enter the harbor.

At Boston the tea ships came up to the wharves, but the people would not allow the tea to be landed.

"I am ordered to land this tea," said one English captain, pluckier than the others; "and I am going to land it."

"We shall see!" said the Sons of Liberty.

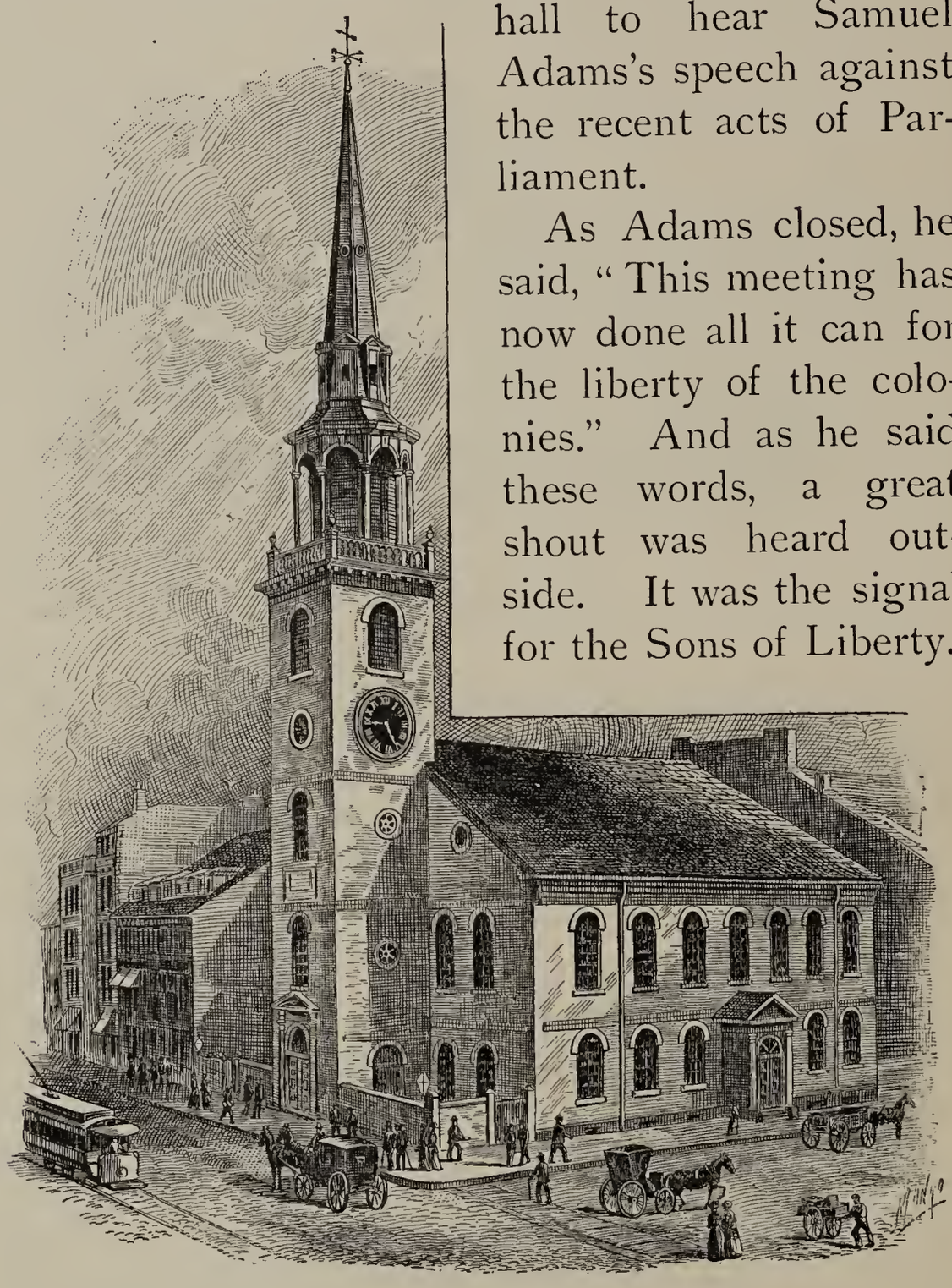
To the Public.

THE long expected TEA SHIP arrived laſt night at Sandy-Hook, but the pilot would not bring up the Captain till the ſenſe of the city was known. The committee were immediately informed of her arrival, and that the Captain ſolicits for liberty to come up to provide neceſſaries for his return. The ſhip to remain at Sandy-Hook. The committee conceiving it to be the ſenſe of the city that he ſhould have ſuch liberty, ſignified it to the Gentleman who is to ſupply him with proviſions, and other neceſſaries. Advice of this was immediately diſpatched to the Captain; and whenever he comes up, care will be taken that he does not enter at the cuſtom-houſe, and that no time be loſt in diſpatching him.

New-York, April 19, 1774.

That very evening a great town-meeting was held. Seven thousand Boston people crowded into the hall to hear Samuel Adams's speech against the recent acts of Parliament.

As Adams closed, he said, "This meeting has now done all it can for the liberty of the colonies." And as he said these words, a great shout was heard outside. It was the signal for the Sons of Liberty.



THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE, BOSTON.

"The Sanctuary of Freedom." The present building dates from 1729, while its predecessor was erected in 1670.

"*Hi! Hi! Hi!*" and the men in the doorway took up the cry, "*Hi! Hi! Hi!*"

What could it be? Had the Indians broken in upon the town of Boston? It sounded like it; and the startled people rushed out into the streets.

"*Hi! Hi! Hi!*" Down came a band of war-painted, befeathered Indians, yelling and whooping

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

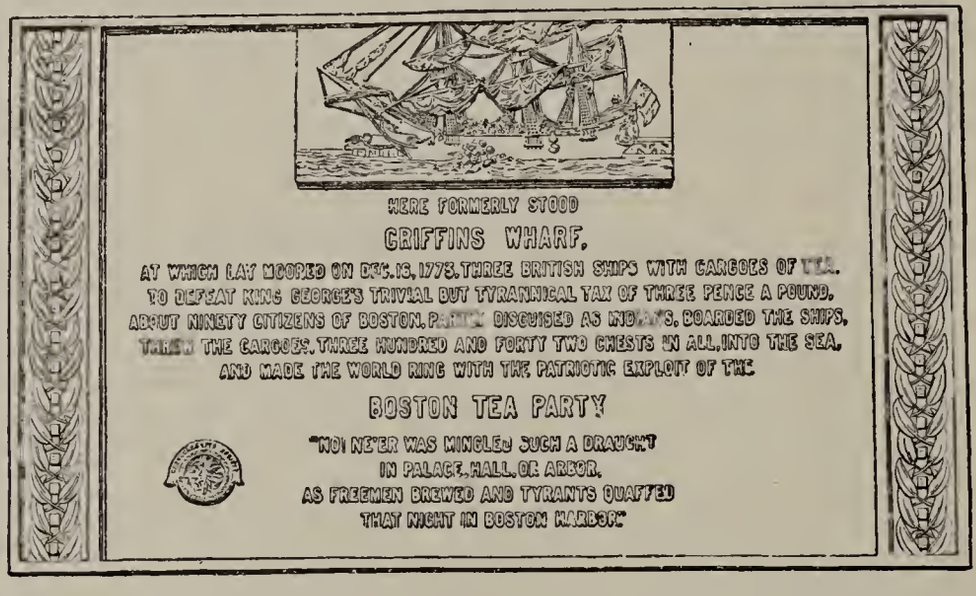
From an old print.

like the savages of old. They had tomahawks in their hands, and their trails of feathers floated far out behind. Old King Philip himself could not have looked more terrible in all his savage glory.

On, on, the Indians ran down to the wharf, where the English ship lay as calm and quiet as the moon above. "*Hi! Hi! Hi!*" howled the Indians

once more. Then over the side of the ship they rushed, and down into the hold of the vessel.

"*Bump! Bump! Bump! Hi! Hi! Hi! Bump! Bump! Bump!*" And up came the Indians again, each one pushing a great chest of tea before him. Then, "*Splash! Splash! Splash!*" And over went the chests into the sea. But by this time the people on the wharf began to under-



TABLET MARKING THE SITE OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

stand. Then how they laughed and shouted! The Indians kept on with their work till not one tea chest was left in the hold of the big English vessel.

Then the Indians leaped out upon the wharf and wiped the paint from their dripping faces. They flourished their tomahawks, and waved their strings of feathers, shouting: "Down with tyranny! No

taxation without representation!" And the people on the wharf took up the cry.

"What are these Sons of Liberty doing now?" the old people in the town wondered.

"You will have to pay for this, young men!" growled one commissioner who had stuck his night-capped head out of his window, to learn what the noise was about.

"All right, sir!" the Sons shouted back to him. "Come down and let us pay for it now!"

But the commissioner was willing to let the account stand. So he slammed his window down and went back to bed. "The rebels!" he growled.

"How dare they defy the laws of England!" cried George III. "How dare they! They shall pay for this! Boston shall be punished."

So, to punish Boston, the Boston Port Bill was passed; and the bill said that no ships were to go in or come out of Boston harbor. Moreover, the custom house was to be moved to Salem.

"But we will not have it here," said brave little Salem.

"What! Not have the custom house? Not take the chance to make your town wealthy? Not take the chance to make your town the centre of trade?" cried the commissioners and the Tories.

"Never!" declared the Salem Whigs and the Sons of Liberty; "if to have wealth means that we must give up our freedom."

"Boston shall have the free use of our port," said brave little Marblehead. "It shall bring its goods to our port and ship them from here."

But the Port Bill was not the only law that King George had Parliament make to punish Boston. He put a military governor over Boston; he made Boston the headquarters of the British troops; he forbade the Boston people to hold any public meetings without permission from the commissioners; and he took away a great deal of Massachusetts territory and gave it to Quebec.

Thomas Gage's PROCLAMATION verſified.

TOM Gage's PROCLAMATION,
Or bluſtering DENUNCIATION,
Replete with Defamation,
And ſpeedy Jugulation,
Of the New-Engliſh *Nation---*
Who ſhall his pious ways ſhun?

WHEREAS the Rebels hereabout,
Are ſtubborn, ſtill, and ſtill hold out
Refuſing yet to drink their Tea,
In ſpite of Parliament and Me,
And to maintain their bubble, Right,
Prognoſticate a real fight;
Preparing flints, and guns, and ball,
My army and the fleet to maul,

EXTRACT FROM A BOSTON NEWSPAPER OF THE PERIOD.

Then the Massachusetts people were angry indeed. "Shall we submit to this like slaves?" they asked.

"Never!" said Virginia; and the Virginia governor set aside a day of fasting and prayer for his colony.

"Let us hold another Congress," said the colonies. So another Congress was held at Philadelphia; and this time all the colonies but one sent delegates. Never was a Congress so busy! It sent letters to the people of all the colonies, to the people of England, to Canada, and to the king.

Besides this, the delegates made a DECLARATION OF RIGHTS. When they adjourned, the Speaker said, "Let us adjourn until May 10. Then we will meet to act on the answer the king shall have sent to our letter." For the delegates were in earnest now, and were ready to stand side by side, whatever came.

CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA, 1774.
Where the "Declaration of Rights" was made.

"Another act of disloyalty to the king!" said the Tories in the colonies.

"Another blow struck for freedom!" said the Whigs in the colonies.

"A Revolution just so much nearer!" said the Whigs in England. "And all because we will not allow the colonies to have a representative government."

"Hurrah for the colonies! Hurrah for the colonies!" said the statesmen of France; for France knew that England's punishment was close at hand.

The Boston tea-party was not the only one; for there were from time to time many other tea-parties

in the colonies. In Providence there was a bonfire of tea in Market Square, and in good, loyal-hearted Maryland there was a tea-party which came about in this way.

Anthony Stewart, a wealthy Maryland shipowner, was as good a Whig as any colonist ever was, but he felt that the Sons of Liberty went a little too far when they tried to force every one else to do as they thought right.

"I am ready to fight and die for liberty and for my country," Anthony Stewart used to say; "but no one has any right to tell me what I shall do and what I shall not do."

One day this man's ship came into the harbor loaded with tea from England.

"You must throw that tea overboard," said the Sons of Liberty.

"I will not," said Anthony Stewart.

"But we must stand together," said Matthias Hammond, one of Maryland's most earnest Sons.

"Very true; but you have no right to order me to throw my tea overboard," said Stewart.

Then he hurried away to his home. "The ship is in," he said to his wife; "and it has brought you the finest silk gown in all the colony."

But Mistress Stewart seemed troubled. "What about the tea, Anthony?" she said. "You will not allow it to be landed, will you?"

"I should like to know why not?" said Stewart.

"But there will be the tax to pay on it."

"I intend to pay the tax on it," said Stewart, stiffly.

By this time Hammond had aroused all the Sons of Liberty in the town. "Stewart's ship is in! Stewart's ship is in!" he cried. "And he says he will pay the tax and land the tea!"

"But he shall not!" the Sons declared. "We will see that he does not!"

"But he says it is his right."

"It may be his right; but he shall not do it."

Then Hammond and the other Sons of Liberty marched down to the house of the tea merchant.

"Down with the Tories! Down with the Tories!" they shouted.

Anthony Stewart and his wife were in the library. "What is that noise?" asked Mistress Stewart.

"It is those crazy Sons of Liberty," growled Anthony Stewart. "The cowards! Do they think they are going to force me to obey them?"

"Down with the Tories! Down with the Tories!" The noise was coming nearer and nearer. The Sons were marching straight in through the gateway.

"But we are not Tories," said Mistress Stewart. "Why do they shout like that at our gateway?"

"It is that tea ship," growled Stewart. "It is a pity a man can't do what he will with his own."

"Anthony Stewart! Anthony Stewart!" the

mob shouted. "Come to the door! Come to the door!"

"Yes, I will come to the door," said Stewart, and he threw the door wide open. "How dare you come to my home like this?" he cried. "How dare you? Do you think I am to be frightened by you?"

Then one of the Sons came forward with a paper in his hand.

"I know what this paper is. It is the work of that crazy fool, Matthias Hammond. Do you want my answer? This, then, is my answer!" And Stewart tore the paper into shreds.

Then the Sons set up another shout. "Down with the Tories! Down with the Tories!"

"Cease your howling! You know I am no Tory, but you know, too, that I will not be driven by your threats."

At this the mob sent a stone crashing through the library window. Anthony Stewart grew white with fear; for he remembered that Mistress Stewart was in the library.

"You brutes!" he cried. "If you have harmed—" But just then Mistress Stewart came out from the house.

For a second the mob was still. Then, "Tar and feather the Tory! Tar and feather Anthony Stewart!" one man cried.

"Tie him to the whipping-post!"

"Hang him to a tree!"

Mistress Stewart raised her hand. "Sons of Liberty," she said, "listen to me! The ship, the *Peggy Stewart*, was named for me; and it is my wish that no ship bearing my name shall bring tea into our harbors. We are all patriots, and we all love our country. We are ready to lay down our lives for her. You should know that Anthony Stewart will not be threatened; but he will destroy this ship for my sake, and for the sake of liberty."

"Hurrah for Peggy Stewart! Hurrah for Peggy Stewart!" the Sons shouted.

"It shall be as my wife says," said Anthony Stewart; and in another minute he, with the Sons of Liberty, was on the way to the wharf.

"I will go up into the tower where I can watch the flames," said Mistress Stewart.

It was not long before the ship was crackling and burning. First the black smoke poured out from the hold, then the flames leaped up; and as the flames rose higher and higher, cheer on cheer rang out from the crowd.

"Hurrah for Peggy Stewart!" the people shouted. And Stewart himself shouted: "Hurrah for Peggy Stewart! Hurrah for Peggy Stewart!"

"If only we could have a tea-party!" said the New Jersey Sons of Liberty. "If only we could have a tea-party!"

But New Jersey had no great port, and it was not likely that English ships would come into a New Jersey harbor. They would, of course, go straight to New York or Boston.

An Importer's Coat-Skirts tied to the Whipping-Post.

But one never knows what may happen. Early one morning there was a loud banging at the door of a tavern in one of New Jersey's small ports.

"What is it?" called the sleepy tavern keeper, who had just rolled himself up on a sofa for a morning nap.

"There's an English ship in the harbor! There's an English ship in the harbor!"

"Nonsense! English ships never come into this little harbor!" answered the tavern keeper. But the runner did not stop to talk about it; away he hurried to wake the town.

"An English ship in the harbor! An English ship in the harbor!" he shouted, as he ran down the streets.

People put their sleepy heads out of their windows. Some came yawning to the door, for it was hardly daybreak.

It was not long before the wharf was crowded with the village people. "What can an English ship be doing in this little harbor?" they wondered.

And a tea ship, too! What did it mean?

"We thought it would be safer to land here," said the captain, when he was asked to explain. "This tea must be landed; therefore we propose to land it here, and then carry it overland to the city markets."

"Indeed!" thought the New Jersey people. "So that is your plan. But perhaps it will not be an easy plan to carry out."

The New Jersey people, however, kept very quiet, and allowed the captain to land the tea and store it away in an empty building near the village green. But meantime the Sons of Liberty were busy. More than one secret meeting was held; more than one patriotic speech was made.

"Was there ever such good luck?" the Sons

chuckled. "We wanted a tea-party, and now we shall have it. Hurrah for the captain!"

For three days all seemed quiet. "We did a wise thing to come into a small harbor," said the captain. "These people are not so crazy as those in the larger towns. To-morrow we will begin to carry the tea overland."

"We must have our tea-party to-night, then," said the Sons of Liberty, when they heard the captain say this. So runners were sent up and down the town, and another secret meeting was called.

Night came; the captain was asleep in his ship. Even the sentinels were asleep; for there seemed nothing to watch in this peaceful little harbor. But suddenly, in the midst of the stillness, loud shouts were heard by the drowsy sentinels.

"*Hi! Hi! Hi!*"

"Something is happening in the town," said the sentinels; and they woke the captain.

"It sounds like Indians!" said the captain.

Now it happened that the moon was full, so that the wharf and the green were as light as day.

"They are Indians!" said the captain; for he could see plainly from the ship. "See them run! See them leap! They are going to attack the town!"

Then the captain gave orders to push out a little from the wharf. "Since one never knows what these savages may do," he said, "it will be as well if we are beyond their reach."

Already the village green was covered with Indians. They had tomahawks, and those long strings of feathers the captain had so often read about.

"I never thought I should see a real Indian attack," he said. "Hear them yell! See them leap and run! No white man could leap and run like that."

By and by the Indians seated themselves around a fire; and one of them, the chief, made a speech.

"That is the way they always do before battle," said the captain, and he felt quite proud of his wisdom.

Soon the Indians began again to dance and shout. They chased one another round and round; they rolled one another over and over; they struck at one another with their tomahawks.

"That is their war-dance," said the captain.

But now the dance was over; and with one last shout, the Indians made straight for the storehouse. They smashed the windows, they broke in the door, and into the storehouse they rushed.

But now the captain turned pale. Was it with fear of the Indians? Or did he begin to understand?

"This is no Indian attack," he cried. "The Sons of Liberty are doing this!"

Just then, as if to answer him, the Indians began to shout: "Liberty is dead! Liberty is dead! Liberty lives! Liberty lives!"

"I knew they were Sons of Liberty," said the captain, gloomily.

Meanwhile the tea-chests were being dragged out upon the green; and there they lay, piled up, ready to burn.

"They will make a fine fire," the Sons thought.

"Do they mean to burn the tea?" the captain wondered.

Burning the Tea in New Jersey.

"Now we are ready! Fire! fire! fire!" shouted the Sons. The captain's hopes sank. "Yes, they are going to burn the tea. Oh, why didn't we carry it overland the day we landed? We might have known the Sons couldn't be trusted."

But it was now too late. Already the sky was glowing with the red flames; the fire was crackling and blazing; the Indians were leaping and dancing

around it; and their shouts reached even to the farmers outside the town.

"What is going on?" they wondered; and more than one good old farmer mounted his horse and hurried to see.

At last the tea was burned, and there was nothing for the Indians to do but to go back to their wigwams and smoke the pipe of peace. Just as they were gathering up their tomahawks, and the pow-wow was at an end, something happened.

"Stacks! Stacks! Stacks! Look at Stacks!" one man shouted. "Look at Stacks's pockets! Look at Stacks's pockets!"

THE TEMPTATION OF STACKS.

Poor Stacks at this started down the village street, running as fast as his heavily laden pockets would permit. But it was of no use. There were better

runners than Stacks; besides, none of the Indians were so loaded down.

So back to the green Stacks was dragged; and the Sons marched him up before the fire and crowded round him.

Then how they shouted! "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! See Stacks's pockets!"

It was true that Stacks's pockets were well worth seeing; for they were crammed as full as the cheeks of a chipmunk.

"Empty those pockets! Empty those pockets!" the Indians yelled.

The pockets were emptied; and there was enough tea in them, the Sons said, to make another bonfire. For, you see, while Stacks had been at work pulling out the tea-chests, he had filled his pockets with the sweet-smelling tea-leaves. It was a great temptation, for Stacks liked a good cup of tea.

But the Indians cared nothing for Stacks's taste for tea. They rolled him over and turned his pockets inside out, till not one leaf was left.

Then the party broke up, and poor Stacks went home; but from that time on, this tea lover was known in all the country as Tea Stacks. Even when he died — a very old man — the people recalled that night, and told over and over the story of the New Jersey tea-party in 1775!

XLIV. The Boston Massacre.

1770.

Already an army had been sent over from England, to make its camp on Boston Common.

"Nothing but force will ever settle this trouble with the American colonies," said George III.

"Or representation," said the Whigs.

"But *that* they shall never have!" cried George III.; for nothing made him so furious as to hear about representation.

But when the British army came over, the colonists, too, raised an army which made its camp in Cambridge, just outside of Boston.

"General Gage is a good general," said George III. "He will soon teach these rebels."

"General Washington is a good general," said the colonists. "He will soon teach King George."

So there the two armies encamped, — almost within calling distance of each other, — waiting for something to happen.

One night something did happen. Squads of British soldiers and squads of Sons were strolling about the streets. And since these soldiers and these Sons did not like one another very well, they

could never meet without a scowl or an uncivil word.

Now, as we already know, the soldiers were as ready for small fights as for large ones. Some of

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

The present building was erected in 1748–49, on the site occupied since 1657 by the Town House.

the Sons, too, were not above mobs and riots; and it happened that on this night both soldiers and Sons were rather quarrelsome.

The soldiers marched in threes and fours along the narrow sidewalks, and the Sons stood in groups on the corners. It was great fun, each thought, to crowd the other off into the street.

"See these Sons of Liberty," said one squad of soldiers. "Now then, right, left, right, left! We will push them off into the street." So on the soldiers marched. "Right, left, right, left!"

"Get off this sidewalk!" shouted the Sons.

"Right, left, right, left, right, left!"

"Get off, you redcoats!"

"Right, left, right, left, right, left!"

"Turn out, you lobster backs!"

"Right, left, right, left, right, left!"

Then there was a scuffle; hard names were called; and the soldiers marched on.

By and by some of the Boston boys were strolling down King Street where a British sentinel stood.

"Who goes there?" the sentinel called.

"*We* go there!" answered the Boston boys; "and who has a better right to go there? Get out of our way!"

Then the sentinel called to his corporal; and out rushed some soldiers, muskets in hand.

"Go back, you redcoats!" shouted the Boston boys.

But the redcoats were angry; soon a crowd gathered, and lumps of snow and ice were hurled at the soldiers.

"What is that noise?" asked Captain Preston from within the barracks.

"It is those Liberty rascals," said some one. Then Captain Preston called for his musket, and

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

After the engraving by Paul Revere.

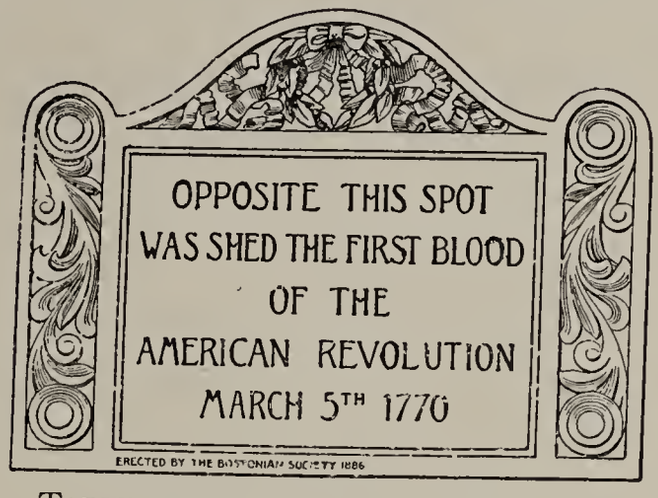
with eight of his men marched out, straight into the crowd.

"Fire, if you dare!" shouted the Boston boys. "Fire, you cowards!"

Captain Preston did fire; and a moment later

eleven of the Boston boys fell — some dead, some wounded. Then the bells were rung, and the people rushed out from their houses.

But already the soldiers had marched back into the barracks; the fight was over; and the dead and wounded men were being carried to their homes.



TABLET NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE FIRST BLOOD WAS SHED.

"I regret that this has happened," said General Gage, when he heard of the massacre.

"You shall regret it!" said the Sons of Liberty; and they stood in groups and talked till morning; for that was the first real bloodshed of the Revolution.

XLV. The Battle of Lexington.

1775.

"SOMETHING is going to happen," said Joseph Warren, one of Boston's greatest patriots. Then he called two of his friends to him and said, "The British are planning something; I have been watching them, and I believe that they are making ready to march."

But where? That was the question; and away hurried Paul Revere and William Dawes. It was not long before they discovered the secret. It was true that the British were going to march; and they were going to march to Concord.

"Our military stores are there," said Revere.

"Adams and Hancock are there," said Dawes.

"We cannot afford to lose our military stores," said Warren. "And the British would like nothing better than to take Adams and Hancock prisoners."

So the men began to plan.

"Post-riders must be sent to Concord at once," said Warren.

"And we will be the post-riders," said Dawes and Revere.

"I will go out by way of Charlestown," said Revere.

"And I will go by way of the Brighton bridge," said Dawes.

"It will be a dangerous task," said Warren. "The man that crosses the Charles River will have to pass under the very bows of the British ships."

"I will risk it," said Revere, "and perhaps the darkness will cover me."

"And the man that goes by way of the Brighton bridge will have to pass straight through the lines of the British troops."

"I will take the risk," said Dawes. "My old horse is used to these secret rides; and no redcoat will ever suspect that she belongs to a post-rider."

"But you may both be captured before you are beyond the British patrol," Warren said. "Would it not be well to have a third rider — one who should start from Charlestown — to ride out over a third road to Concord?"

So Warren called another friend into the council — Dr. Conant of Charlestown. And Dr. Conant agreed to have a third post-rider ready, who should also start out from the Charlestown side.

"And in order that Dr. Conant may know when to send out this third post-rider," Warren said, "watch the tower of the old North Church. When we are ready, we will hang lanterns there. One lantern, if the British seem to be making ready to march out by land; two, if they seem to be making ready to cross the river."

As soon as darkness came Revere crept down to the river where his boat lay. "I must row Indian fashion," he said to himself. So he dipped his oars silently, and crossed the river without a sound, under

William Dawes on the Road to Lexington.

the very shadows of the British ships. He heard the watch cry, "All's well!" but he passed unseen.

Meantime William Dawes dressed himself in an old leather suit, such as the farmers wore, and filled

his saddle bags with goods such as a farmer would be likely to take home from a town market. Then he mounted his old horse and rode out toward the Brighton bridge. Indeed, as Dawes had said, no one would have thought that this was a post-rider's horse; for her head was down, her ears lopped, and she stumbled along like an old plough horse. No one would suspect that, at a whisper from her rider, this horse could prick up her ears and fly like the wind. But she could; and Dawes laughed to himself to think how he was going to pass the patrol as a farmer.

PAUL REVERE.
After the picture by Gilbert Stuart.

Dawes's horse was dragging herself and her rider out over the Brighton bridge, when, "Who goes there?" called one patrol.

"Only an old farmer," said the patrol's comrade. Then both laughed at the lumbering gait of the horse, and in this way Dawes got through the British lines in safety.

Meantime Paul Revere had crossed the river, and he and Dr. Conant's messenger were waiting on the Charlestown side for the Old North signal.

Out flashed one lantern. Then out flashed another.

"It is by the river," said Dr. Conant's messenger; and away he rode out upon the Charlestown road.

"Who goes there?" called a British patrol, as he seized the messenger by the bridle. The messenger made no answer. "You are our prisoner," said the British patrol; and he marched him away.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

"Never mind; there are two other post-riders," said the messenger to himself. "Surely one of them will reach Concord with the news."

"Who goes there?" called a sentinel to Paul Revere, as he came clattering up the road. But Revere gave his horse a quick turn, and away he went up the Medford road.

"Who goes there?" called a second patrol to Dawes.

But Dawes made no answer. "Redcoats! redcoats!" he whispered to his horse. The horse understood; she raised her head; she pricked up her ears, and away she flew like the wind.

"I believe it is a post-rider," said the patrol; and he mounted his horse and rode after him.

"Redcoats! redcoats!" Dawes whispered again; and it was not long before the patrol was left far behind.

"Who would have thought that old horse had such speed?" the patrol said to himself.

At last Revere and Dawes were beyond the British line of patrol. "Safe now!" said Revere, out upon the Medford road. "Safe now!" said Dawes, out upon the Brighton road.

Then they clattered up to the farmhouse doors. "*Bang! Bang!*" went the old brass knockers. Or, if there were no brass knockers, the fists of the post-riders did just as well.

"To arms! To arms!" they cried. "The British are coming! The British are coming!"

Now every farmer along the road was a *minute-man*. His musket was always ready, and so was he, to serve at a minute's notice. Even before Revere and Dawes reached Lexington, the minute-men along the road behind them were up and dressed and ready for whatever was going to happen.

It was Paul Revere who came first into Lexington; and straight he rode up to the house of Parson

Clarke, with whom Hancock and Adams were staying. A night-capped head showed itself at the window, and a voice said, "Who is it, and what has happened?"

"A messenger, Parson," answered Revere. "Let me in; and call Hancock and Adams."

AWAKING THE MINUTE-MEN.

A half-hour later up came Dawes to the same house; for his had been the longer ride.

"We are waiting," said Revere, and away the two post-riders rode, Dr. Prescott, a Lexington man, with them. But they were not yet beyond the watch of the British, and hardly were they well out upon

the road to Concord, when up rode some British officers.

"Halt!" the officers called; but the riders only put spurs to their horses and rode away.

"Redcoats! redcoats!" whispered Dawes to his horse.

But the officers were gaining upon Dr. Prescott; and he escaped only by jumping his horse over a stone wall. Then the officers turned and went on after Paul Revere. Every second they gained upon him; for the officers' horses were fresh, and Paul Revere's horse was tired with his long run up hill and down hill from Charlestown to Lexington. It was not long then before Revere was seized by the British officers and marched off between them.

"Now for that third Yankee," said the officers; and on they raced after Dawes.

"They are sure to overtake me; and my only hope is to fool them," Dawes said to himself. So he clattered up to an old deserted farmhouse and shouted, "Come out, boys! Come out, boys! Come out! I've caught two of 'em!"

The British heard the shout and stopped to listen. "Come out, boys! Come out, boys!" Dawes shouted again. And he pounded on the door of the old farmhouse, as if to awaken people within.

Then Dawes made believe he was talking with some one. "Come on!" he said. "Not a minute to lose!"

"That house may be full of Yankees," said the British officers, "and there are only two of us." So they turned their horses and rode back to Lexington; leaving Dawes to hurry on to Concord, and arouse the town with his cry, "To arms! To arms! The British are coming! The British are coming!"

THE BATTLE AT LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.

Showing Major Pitcairn at the head of the regular grenadiers — The party who fired first on the provincials — Part of the Provincial Company — Regular Companies on the road to Concord — The Meeting House at Lexington, and the public inn.

From the engraving by Anthony Doolittle in the Hancock-Clarke House at Lexington.

Meanwhile the British had crossed the river, and were already on their march.

"We shall take the farmers by surprise," the commander was saying; "and we shall have Hancock and Adams as prisoners. The rebels! It is such men as these who stir up the Boston people."

But alas for the hopes of the British commander!

When he reached Lexington there stood the minute-men drawn up for battle.

"Some one must have warned these rebels!" said he, but it was too late to retreat. A skirmish followed, in which the minute-men fought bravely, though it was a sadly unequal fight — the few patriots standing against an army of trained soldiers.

THE BATTLE AT CONCORD.

Showing the detachment of the regulars who fired first on the provincials at the bridge — the provincials, headed by Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick.

From the engraving by Anthony Doolittle in the Hancock-Clarke House at Lexington.

When it was over more than one brave minute-man lay dead upon the village green.

Then the British marched on to Concord. They had failed to take Hancock and Adams prisoners; but there were still the military stores. They would secure those, at any rate, they thought.

But at Concord also the minute-men were drawn

up for battle. And there upon the bridge another skirmish took place. It was a hot fight. There were far more British soldiers than patriots, but the patriots were fighting for liberty and for their homes; and it was that, perhaps, that made them strong enough to drive back the British.

The Retreat from Lexington and Concord.

"These Yankees fight like tigers," said the British commander, as his soldiers retreated before the fire of the patriots. "They retreat!" cried the patriots; and again they poured their fire upon the regulars.

"They run! They run!" cried the minute-men, a little later; and on the patriots dashed after them.

They followed the British back over the Concord road, on through Lexington, on to Medford, to Charlestown, even to the banks of the river.

"It was like attacking a hornet's nest," said one British soldier afterward. And it was no wonder that he said so; for all the way from Lexington the minute-men and the boys shot at the flying troops from behind the stone walls, and from behind trees.

THE STONE AT LEXINGTON THAT MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE WAR BEGAN.

"Somebody must have warned them," was all the commander could say when he brought his tired soldiers back to the camp on the Common. "Somebody must have warned them!"

"Hurrah for Dawes and Revere!" shouted the Sons of Liberty, when they heard the story of the midnight ride. "Hurrah for Dawes and Revere!" And when these two patriots came back to Boston, you may be sure that they were greeted with cheers, and were honored as the heroes of the day.

XLVI. The Battle of Bunker Hill.

1775.

"War has begun!" said General Gage.

"War has begun!" said the colonists. "And we may as well make ready for the next battle."

Bunker Hill Monument.

"We ought first of all to get possession of Charlestown Heights," said the British commander. "Should the colonists fortify those two hills — Bunker's Hill and Breed's Hill, as they call them — we should be penned into this town. Let us send soldiers over to Bunker's Hill at once."

Meantime the patriot leaders were saying, "We ought to fortify Bunker's Hill and Breed's Hill. In that way we should control the Charles River, we should pen in the British, and possibly starve them into surrendering."

"That is true," said the patriots. "Let us make no delay;" and so one night twelve hundred of them crept over to Charlestown Heights. "It will be better to fortify Breed's Hill first, since it is the nearer one," they said. Then they set to work with their spades and picks on Breed's Hill. All night long they worked, while the sentinels kept watch. Not a British soldier suspected what was going on; and before the sun rose in the morning, the Americans were well hidden behind a redoubt six feet high.

Statue of Major-General Warren at Bunker Hill.

There lay Boston and Charlestown — the river between. There lay the white tents of the British on Boston Common, and across the river, on Breed's Hill, stretched the new redoubt — halfway up the slope.

"What are those rebels doing?" asked General Gage, when he came out from his tent. But there was no need to answer; for there before his eyes lay the redoubt.

"This will never do!" exclaimed Gage. "We must control the river or we are prisoners!"

So without delay soldiers were called out, and all the boats, large and small, were crowded with the redcoats.

"The British are coming! The British are coming!" said the patriots, as they took their places behind the redoubt.

"It will not be easy to march up that hill beneath the enemy's fire," said the British soldiers.

"Don't fire," said the patriot Prescott, "till you can see the whites of the Britishers' eyes. Make every shot tell! Remember, powder is scarce! Don't waste a grain!"

Statue of Colonel William Prescott at Bunker Hill.

But now the British were landed. They had formed their lines and were pushing up the hill. The Americans were on their knees behind the redoubt. Their muskets were levelled, and they waited for the command to fire.

The British had already fired once, twice, three times. But they had aimed too high. Every shot whizzed far above the heads of the crouching men.

"See how they waste their powder!" said Prescott. "Take care that our powder is not wasted in the same way."

The British soldiers were coming closer and closer. "Ready, fire!" shouted Prescott.

Then out poured the fire from the patriots' guns. Each man took careful aim, and every shot did its

THE BATTLE AT BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.
After the picture by John Trumbull.

work. Whole lines of British soldiers fell dead before that first fire.

It was at the rail fence — you can see it in the picture — that the British right wing under Howe first broke. For a moment the soldiers staggered and fell back. Then they gathered themselves and charged again. Again a deadly fire poured down upon them. Again the line swayed and broke; and at last the soldiers retreated down the hill.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Boston Battery. Charlestown. British troops attacking.

From a contemporary print, entitled, "View of the Attack on Bunker's Hill, with the Burning of Charlestown, June 17, 1775."

Meanwhile the British left wing had charged upon the redoubt. Once this wing, too, had been driven back; but now the patriots' powder was giving out, and there were no cartridges for the guns.

"On! on!" shouted the British commander; for

he was angry that trained British soldiers should fall back before colonial farmers.

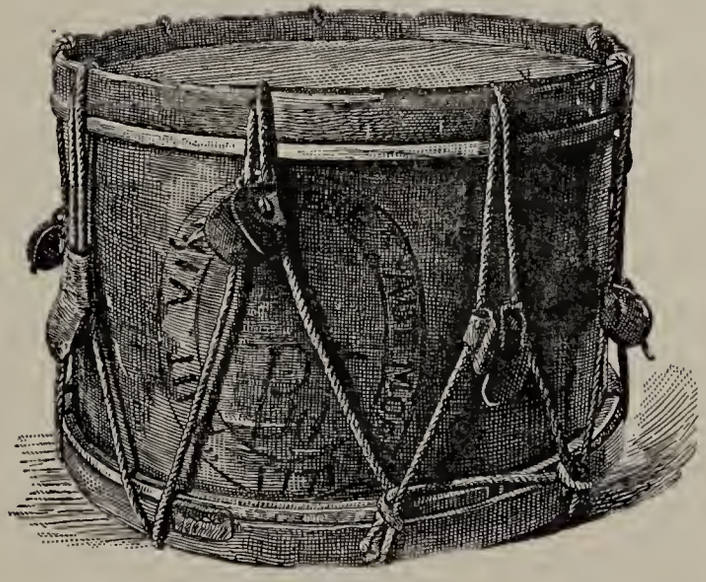
Then the men charged again, and once more the Yankee bullets rattled about them. But only once, for now every grain of powder was gone.

With a shout and a hurrah the redcoats sprang over the redoubt, and the Americans retreated, — it was all they could do. For a moment the British followed, and the Americans were driven toward their camp in Cambridge. Then the British turned back, glad to let the patriots go and to stop fighting.

"If only our powder had held out!" the patriots said.

"No one can say the rebels did not fight well!" said Howe.

"What!" cried George III., when he heard of this battle. "British soldiers beaten at Lexington, and nearly beaten at Bunker's Hill! Something is wrong! Recall Gage at once, and put Howe in his place!"



Snare Drum beaten at the Battle of Bunker Hill by John Robbins.

From the Bostonian Society's Collection.

XLVII. The British Driven from Boston.

1776.

Soon after this battle of Bunker Hill, Washington hastened to his army in Cambridge. But travelling was slow in those days when there were no trains, and it was a long journey.

"Let us send a messenger to meet him with news of the battle," said the patriot soldiers. So a post-rider hurried away to tell the glad news to Washington.

"But why did our men retreat?" asked Washington.

"Only because the powder gave out," said the post-rider, proudly.

"And did they stand the fire of the enemy?" Washington asked again.

"They stood it like heroes," said the post-rider; "and they held back the fire of their own guns till the enemy was only eight rods away."

"Thank God!" said Washington. "With such men as these we are sure to win."

"I am sorry we have lost Bunker Hill," said Washington, some months after he had taken com-

mand at Cambridge. "But there is still Dorchester Heights — we ought to fortify there, and so pen in the British."

On the very next foggy night, the Americans crept out to Dorchester Heights. All night long they worked. When the sun rose it was still foggy, and they worked on till noon.

THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3d, 1775."

At last the fog lifted. "What is that?" shouted the captain of an English ship that lay in the harbor just below the Heights.

"It is the work of those Yankees!" cried the officers. Then the ship's cannon were turned toward the newly built redoubts, and the Americans ran for their lives.

"We must have cannon!" they said, when they reached Cambridge again. So that very night a

big "thirty-four pounder" was dragged over to Dorchester Heights.

"Now we will watch for that English ship," said the patriots. And at the first peep of dawn they sent a cannon ball banging against the sides of the English ship that had threatened them the night before.

"Where did that come from?" the captain shouted.

However, he did not stop to find out, but pulled up his anchor and hurried out of the harbor as fast as he could.

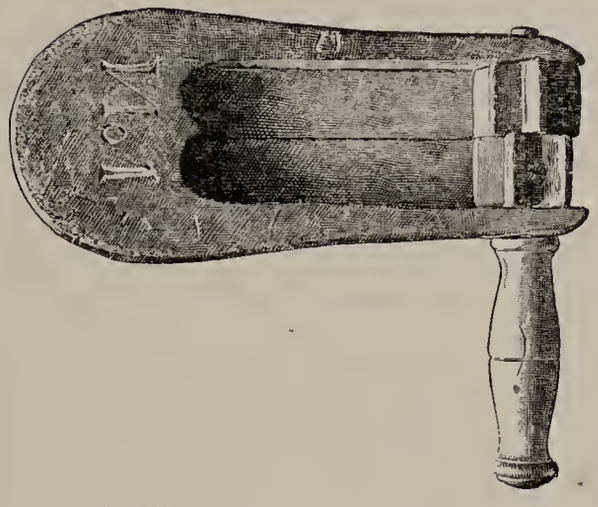
Then the patriots shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" And so loud was their cheering that the British on Bunker Hill heard it. "Hear those Yankees!" growled the commander there. So he fired his cannon and filled the air with smoke, just to show his disapproval.

Meantime the British soldiers on Boston Common were learning what it was to starve. Many of them were ready to desert to the American side; for even in the army itself there were many Whigs who knew that the Sons of Liberty were on the right side. But they belonged to King George and the English army, and therefore they must fight wherever their king sent them.

"We cannot stand this," said Howe. "We are hemmed in so that the Tories can bring no food into the town. We shall starve; it is now four days since we have had any meat."

So one morning the British soldiers folded up their tents, and marching down to their seventy-eight ships that lay in the harbor, boarded them and sailed away to Halifax.

And this was the end of the siege of Boston.



A Watchman's Rattle.
From the Boston Society's Collection.

XLVIII. Getting ready for Independence.

1775–76.

Even now most of the American colonies had no wish to separate from England and call themselves an independent people.

"We are still English," they said. "We love our mother country, and are willing to serve her, if only we may have our rights."

"But why not separate?" the hot-headed North Carolina Sons of Liberty were saying; and one day they met together at Mecklenburg and wrote out a Declaration of Independence for themselves.

"We declare," said their Declaration, "that henceforth we will no longer obey royal officers. We will not obey the British crown. We will obey only our own legislature and our own Congress."

"Let us do nothing rash!" said the cool-headed northern colonies. "There is no reason, even now, why we should separate from England, if only she will give us fair representation."

"If — if — if!" cried the North Carolina patriots. "That is very true. If she will! But she won't!"

But meantime Congress met again. "We must fight it out!" the members said. "There seems to be no other way; for King George makes no honest answer to our petition." And this was how it came about that Congress voted to raise the army over which George Washington was put in command.

One of the first things that Washington did when he took command was to send forces to Canada. "We ought to get control of Montreal and Quebec," he said. "If we do not, the governor of Canada will be coming down upon us as the French did in the French and Indian War."

So an army under Montgomery was sent by way of Lake Champlain to attack Montreal, and at the same time another army was sent under Arnold to attack Quebec.

It was a fearful journey that these two armies had before them; but the men were brave, and they set out with good courage. It was still early in the winter; the roads were rough, and there were dense forests to cut through. Many of the soldiers fell exhausted in the heavy snow-drifts, and more than once starvation stared the army in the face.

At last, worn and sick and half starved, Montgomery reached Montreal and took the city. Then with a few soldiers he went forward to meet Arnold at Quebec. There lay the patriots who had dragged themselves up through the Maine woods, so worn

and weary that it was a wonder they had courage to try to attack the city.

From the very first it was almost hopeless; but the men thought of Wolfe, and so pushed up to the Plains of Abraham. There the battle opened, and though the patriots were sick and worn with their march through the snows, they nearly won a victory. For weeks this half-starved army besieged the city; but Montgomery fell in battle, and Arnold, too, was wounded. At last there was but one thing left for the patriots, and that was retreat. So, when spring came, they made their weary way back to Cambridge.

Meantime trouble had arisen in the South. "We will have no more royal governors," said those colonies. Already many royal governors had gone back to England, and the colonies had chosen governors from their own people.

Some of the royal governors, however, showed fight. "We will not give way before a parcel of half-crazed Sons of Liberty!" they said.

"Do you think we are to be frightened by such as you?" said the governors of Georgia and of New Jersey. But one day the governors of those two colonies found themselves arrested and marched away to prison.

"The rebels!" cried the royal governor of Virginia. "Let them try that on me if they dare!" So he made up an army of Tories and marched

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

After the picture by Chappel.

out to burn one of the patriots' military storehouses. He succeeded in burning the storehouse, it is true, but he soon found it wise to scatter his army and to take himself off to the British ship as fast as he could.

Now there were a great many Tories in South Carolina. "Come and fight our Whigs, and we will help you," said these Tories to Clinton, one of the British generals.

So Clinton sailed with a fleet to Charleston, and when he saw the fortified island in the harbor, he said, "Fire upon this island! Destroy its fort first of all."

The British opened fire, and the bullets flew thick and fast. But the fort was built of soft palmetto, and the bullets did little harm.

"What can that fort be made of?" the British soldiers wondered. For no matter how heavy a fire they sent, it seemed to do no harm to the walls at the fort. One bullet hit the flagstaff, and the old flag came tumbling down.

"Down with the rebel flag!" shouted the British.

"Never!" shouted Sergeant Jasper, and out he leaped, over the defences, in the face of the enemy, and caught up the flag.

"Up with the Carolina flag!" he shouted. Then he bound it to the broken staff and leaped back into the fort again.

"That man is a hero!" said the British soldiers.

"Hurrah! hurrah for the Carolina flag!" cheered the men in the fort. "Hurrah for Sergeant Jasper!"

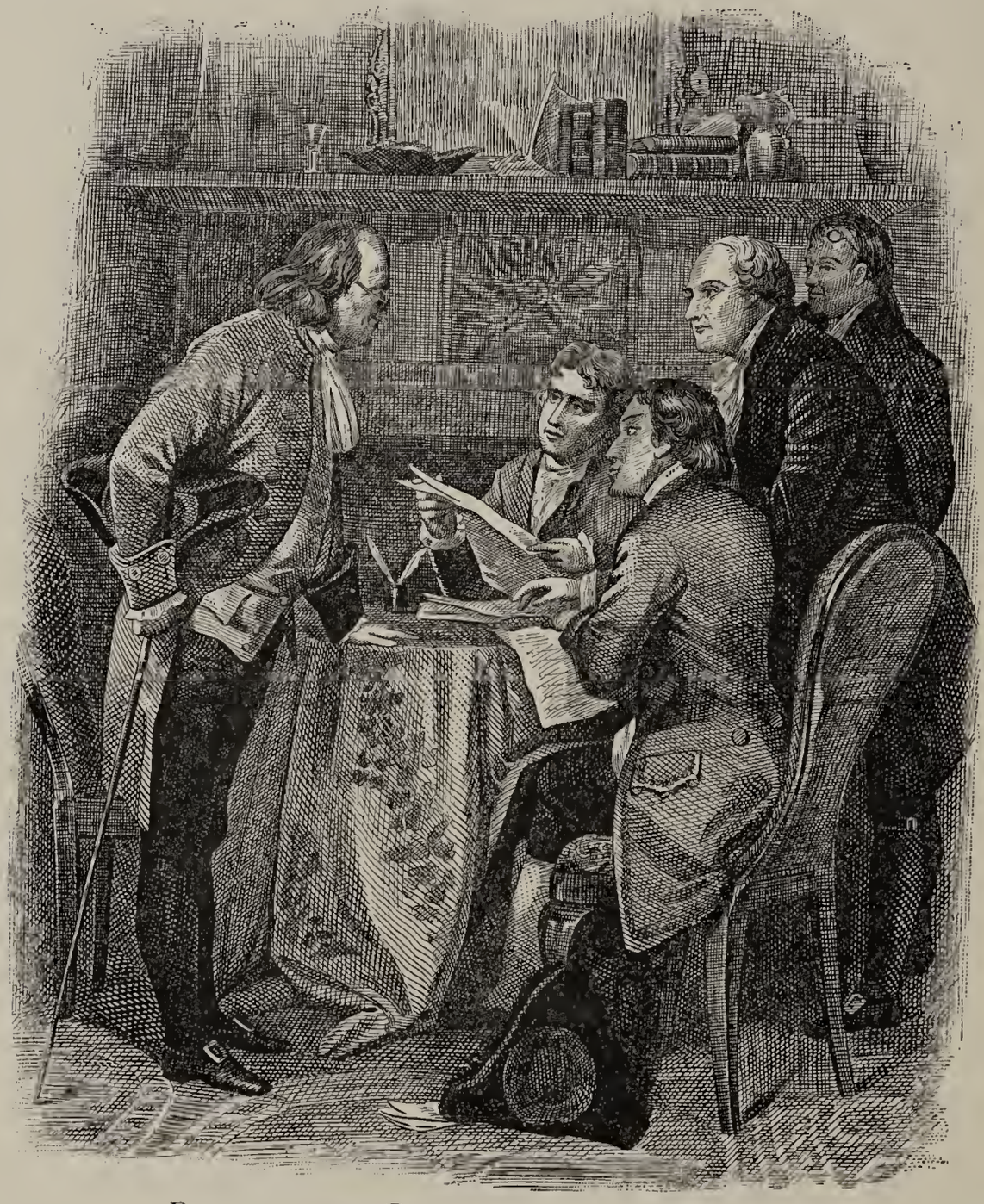
By and by the British commander tired of this battle. "Nothing will shatter the walls of that fort,"

Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie.

he said. So he turned his vessels and sailed out of the harbor. "We will come and finish this up some other day."

But by this time the colonists everywhere had begun to think that there was no possible peace

with England. "Let us make a Declaration of Independence!" they said. "Let us declare our-



DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.
The Committee: Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Livingston, and Sherman.
After the picture by Chappel.

selves no longer an English people, but an American people."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the North Carolina Whigs; and how proud they were that they had made their Declaration a whole year before!

So delegates from every colony came together at Philadelphia. Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston wrote out a Declaration and read it before the delegates.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

"It is a serious step to take," said the thoughtful delegates; and they talked it over carefully for several days.

"It's disgraceful!" said the Tories. "King George ought to tar and feather every man that dares to sign such a paper."

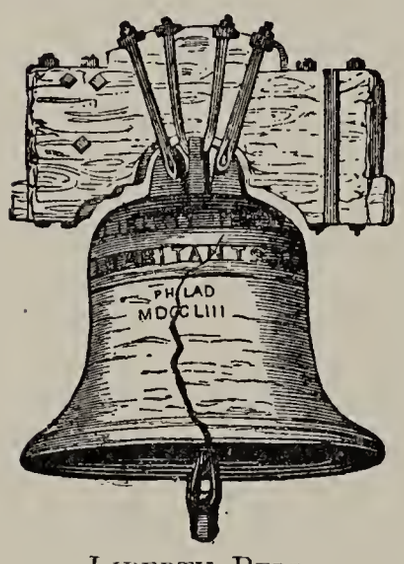
But for all that, the delegates, after they had

talked it over, decided to take the risk of tar and feathers, Tories and all.

"The Declaration will be signed to-day," it was rumored on the morning of July 4, 1776.

"Will they sign it? Will they dare?" asked the crowd that gathered around the State House.

Up in the belfry of the State House sat the old bell-ringer. Hour after hour he sat there waiting for the signal; for it had been agreed that as soon as the Declaration was signed, the bell should ring out the news to the city.



Liberty Bell.

On the staircase sat a page, the bell-ringer's little grandson, waiting to pass the good news up to the bell-ringer when the time should come.

At last the door of the delegates' room opened, and one of the delegates came out. "Tell the bell-ringer to ring!" said the delegate to the page. Then up the stairs the boy bounded — two steps at a time, you may be sure.

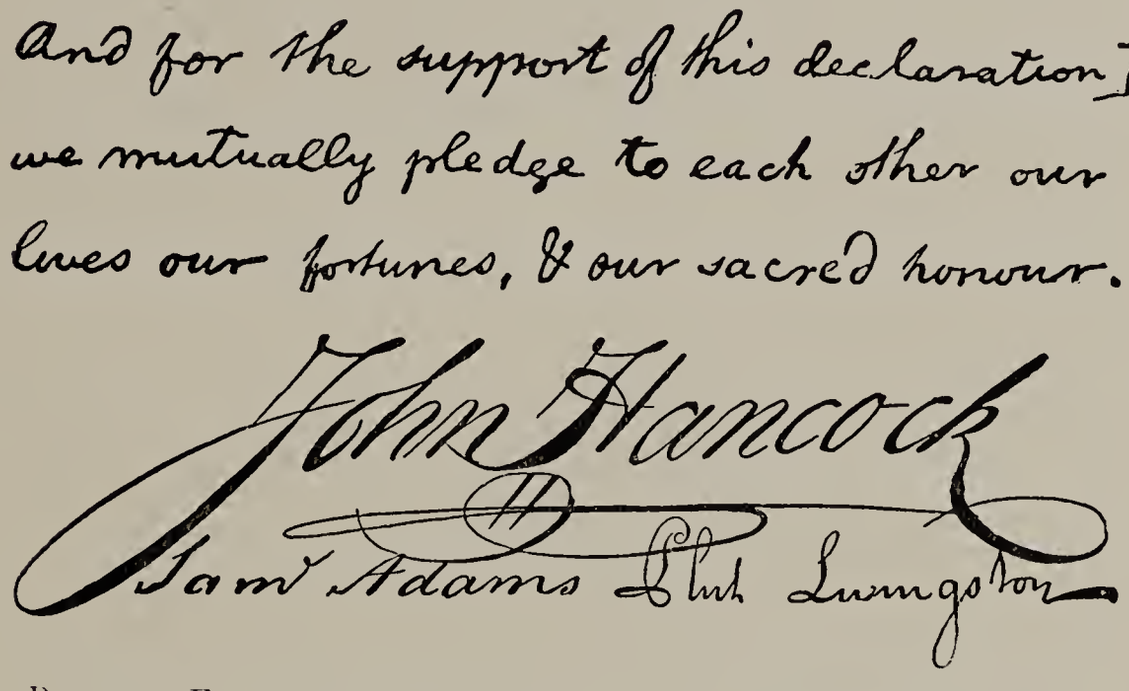
"Ring! Ring, grandfather!" he shouted.

"Are you sure, my boy?" the old man cried, and his hands trembled as he seized the bell rope.

Then out rang the loud peal of the bell — the Liberty bell as it has ever since been called.

How the people in the street shouted and cheered!

Cheer on cheer arose, until the ringing was drowned by the cheering of the people. Then away went the post-riders east, west, north, south — to tell the good news to every village and town from Massachusetts to Georgia. And there were torchlight processions and bell-ringings, bonfires and public speeches everywhere, for the whole country was wild with joy.



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST LINES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In the writing of Jefferson, with the first three signatures.

"What! the American colonies have made a Declaration of Independence?" George III. gasped, when he heard of it. "No colonies ever did that before!"

Then the Whigs in the English Parliament rejoiced. "Freedom! Freedom!" they shouted. "Freedom has won another victory!"

BOSTON, THURSDAY, July 25.

Thurſday laſt, purſuant to the Order of the honorable Council, was proclaimed from the Balcony of the State-Houſe in this Town, the DECLARATION of the AMERICAN CONGRESS, abſolving the UNITED COLONIES from their Allegiance to the Britiſh Crown, and declaring them FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES. There were preſent on the Occaſion, in the Council Chamber, the Committee of Council, a Number of the honorable Houſe of Repreſentatives, the Magiſtrates, Miniſters, Selectmen, and other Gentlemen of Boſton and the neighbouring Towns; alſo the Commiſſion Officers of the Continental Regiments ſtationed here, and other Officers. Two of thoſe Regiments were under Arms in King-ſtreet, formed into three Lines on the North Side of the Street, and in thirteen Diviſions; and a Detachment from the Maſſachuſetts Regiment of Artillery, with two Pieces of Cannon was on their Right Wing. At One o'clock the Declaration was proclaimed by Colonel Thomas Craftſ, which was received with great Joy, expreſſed by three Huzzas from a great Concourſe of People aſſembled on the Occaſion. After which, on a Signal given, Thirteen Pieces of Cannon were fired from the Fort on Fort-Hill, the Forts at Dorcheſter Neck the Caſtle. Nantaſket, and Point Alderton, likewiſe diſcharged their Cannon: Then the Detachment of Artillery fired their Cannon Thirteen Times, which was followed by the two Regiments giving their Fire from the Thirteen Diviſions in Succeſſion. Theſe Firings correſponded to the number of the American States United. The Ceremony was cloſed with a proper Collation to the Gentlemen in the Council Chamber; during which the following Toaſts were given by the Preſident of the Council, and heartily pledged by the Company, viz.

Proſperity and Perpetuity to the United States of America.

The American Congreſs.

The General Court of the State of Maſſachuſets-Bay.

General WASHINGTON, and Succeſs to the Arms of the United States.

The downfall of Tyrants and Tyranny.

The univerſal Prevalence of Civil and Religious Liberty.

The Friends of the United States in all Quarters of the Globe.

The Bells in Town were rung on the Occaſion; and undiſſembled Feſtivity cheered and brightened every Face.

On the ſame Evening the King's Arms, and every ſign with any Reſemblance of it, whether Lion and Crown, Peſtle and Mortar and Crown, Heart and Crown, &c. together with every Sign that belonged to a Tory was taken down, and the latter made a general Conflagration of in King Street

A BOSTON NEWSPAPER'S ACCOUNT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"Such a thing has never happened before," poor old King George kept saying over and over.

"Times are changing," said the English Whigs. And they thought of the day when the king had blustered, "They shall not change in this country."

Then Parliament came together to make plans for real war against the colonies. "We have dallied altogether too long," said the Tories. "These colonies should have been crushed at once." And perhaps that was true; however, it was a little too late now to crush them, as King George soon found out.

XLIX. War in the Middle Colonies.

1776.

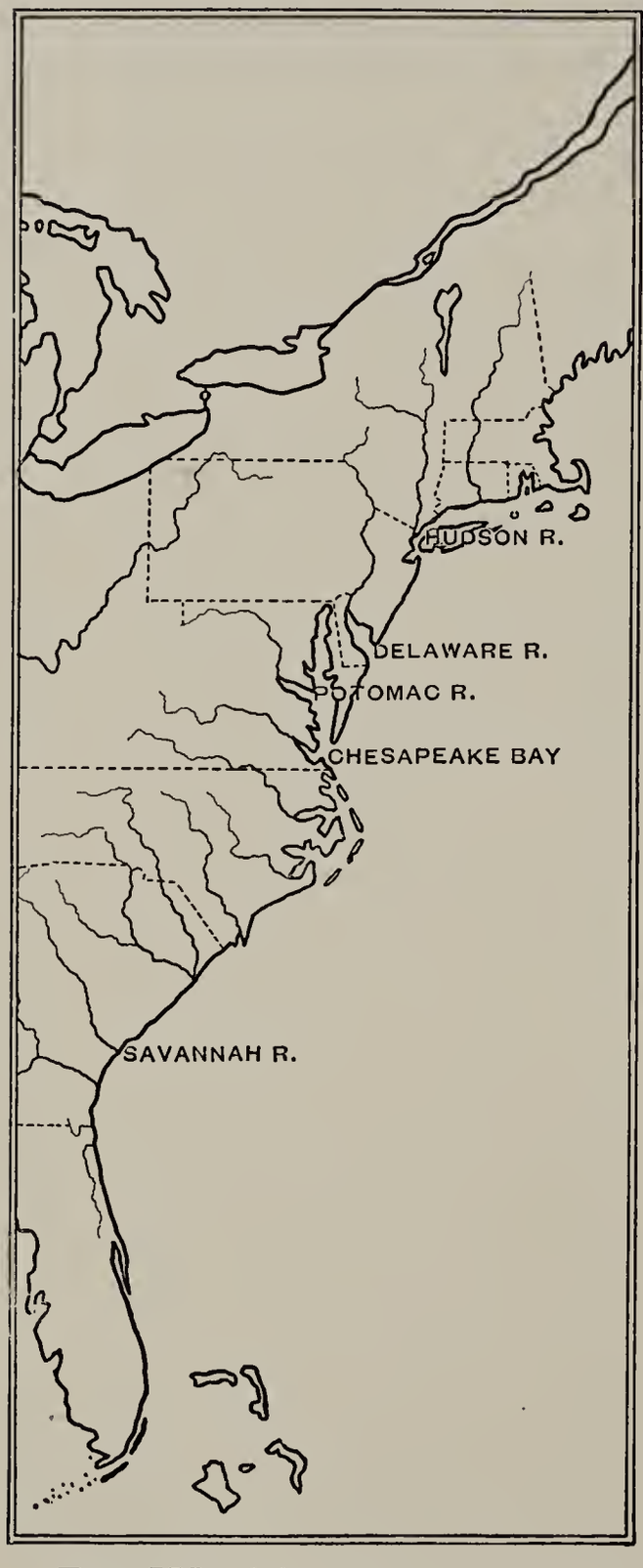
Meantime Washington's army was growing larger and larger; for men were coming from every colony to join him at Cambridge.

"Our governor may be a Tory, but we are Whigs!" shouted the Liberty Boys of Georgia, as they came trooping up from the South.

"Something must be done to break up this union spirit," said Howe. "There is no hope of conquering these rebels as long as they flock together like this."

So General Howe laid out his maps. "These colonies must be cut off from each other," he said again. "Now there is the Hudson River. If we can get possession of that, we can cut off the middle colonies from the New England colonies. Then there is the Delaware River. If we can get possession of that, we can cut off the middle colonies from the southern. If we can get Chesapeake Bay, Maryland will be so hemmed in she can do nothing. Then there is the Savannah. If we can get possession of that, we can cut off Georgia from helping or being helped. And those Liberty Boys of Georgia need to be taught a lesson.

"Then there are those rivers between the Chesapeake and the Savannah River. Every one we can get possession of will cut off the colonies more and more from carrying help to each other. The Hudson and Delaware rivers, Chesapeake Bay, and the Potomac and Savannah rivers, — those we must get at any cost."



As Howe fought out his plans on the map, they seemed to him very easy. He had forgotten, perhaps, how the colonial army had driven his forces from Boston. So he sailed out from Halifax, straight for New York City; for he was determined to have the Hudson River first of all.

But Washington was not idle all this time. "The

British will do something soon," he said. "They will never sit down tamely under their Boston defeat."

So Washington kept close watch, and soon he heard that Howe had started out from Halifax. He heard that Clinton's army, too, was moving.

"If we only knew what Clinton's plans were," said Washington. "He ought to take New York, if he is a wise officer; for New York is our most important city. It is a good centre for attack, and it commands the Hudson. It would be a sorry day for us if the British should get control of New York and the Hudson."

So Washington sent a small army to New York; and soon, as he had feared, Clinton came sailing into the harbor. A little later Howe, too, sailed in; but meantime Washington himself had reached New York with all his troops.

A few days later still another British ship came into the harbor. This third fleet came straight from England bringing more English soldiers, and with them several thousand hired soldiers from Hesse, a province in Germany.

"It will be no play to fight these forces," said Washington to his men.

The British forces and the American forces now lay side by side, encamped around the city of New York, — just as, not so very long before, they had lain encamped around the city of Boston. The war

in the New England colonies was finished. The war in the middle colonies was now about to begin. And in this war there were to be three campaigns: —

1. *The campaign around New York City.*
2. *The campaign around Lake Champlain.*
3. *The campaign around Philadelphia.*

L. The Campaign around New York City.

1776.

Now it was while these armies lay, each wondering what the other was going to do, that news of the Declaration of Independence was brought by a post-rider into New York City.

How the Whigs cheered and shouted! How the Tories stormed and sneered!

"And those men dared do that!" the Tories said.

"Yes, they dared," said the Whigs.

"What are we coming to?" the Tories sighed, "when a people have no more respect for their king than this?"

In the midst of the rejoicing, some Son of Liberty thought of the leaden statue of George III. that stood in Bowling Green.

"Down with the statue of King George!" he cried. And away the crowd ran, shouting, "Down with it! Down with the tyrant!"

Then they fastened ropes to the statue, and every man and boy pulled with all his might.

"Pull! Pull!" cried the leader. "Down with the tyrant!"

With a great crash down came the leaden statue. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" the crowd shouted. "The tyrant is down! The tyrant is down!"

"Melt the lead! Melt the lead!" cried the people. "Melt it and make it into bullets to shoot at the redcoats!"

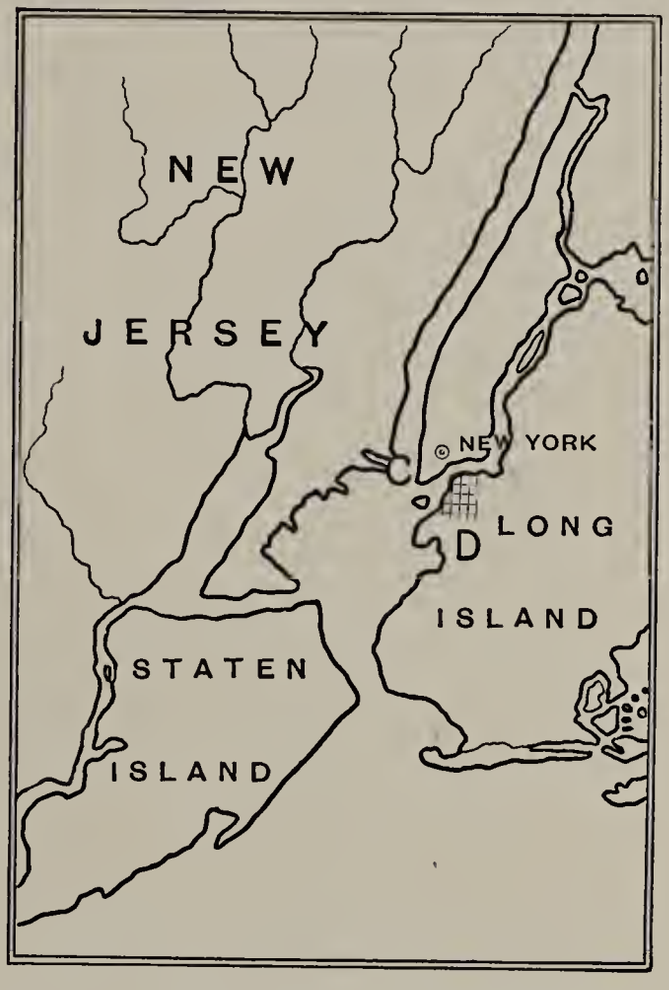
But pulling down statues was not all that the colonial soldiers had before them to do. Thirty

Destroying the Statue of King George III. in New York.

thousand trained British soldiers, under trained British generals, were not to be conquered by mobs and riots, however daring those might be. After the statue of George III. was down, and the lead was melted into bullets, the New York patriots settled down to sober thinking.

"What are the British going to do?" was the question.

Never was there such a field for a battle. There lay New York City, an island at the mouth of the Hudson. Opposite this city was Long Island — so near that guns could easily be fired from one to the other. South lay Staten Island, and that, too, was very near.



Washington had already built a fort on the Hudson; he had built a redoubt at the end of New York City, and another opposite on Long Island (*c* and *d*). This was all he could do. Then he waited. What would the British do now?

The colonial soldiers had not long to wait. Howe had learned his lesson at Boston. So he said, "We must get possession of the Heights on Long Island first of all. Then we can hem in the colonial soldiers just as they hemmed us in when they got possession of Dorchester Heights." Wise General Howe!

"A perfect plan," said Clinton.

"A perfect plan," said Sir Peter Parker, who had come up from Charleston.

"A perfect plan," said the new commander, just arrived from England.

"Then let us begin to land our forces at once," said Howe. So the English and Hessian troops

Passage of the Troops to Long Island.

were landed on Long Island, and in four lines they marched across to the Long Island redoubt. They marched in the night, and not a sound was heard.

When light dawned, there the enemy stood drawn up ready for battle.

From his place in New York City, Washington watched the battle. "There is no hope for us," he said. Then as he watched his soldiers on Long Island fighting and falling, he said again, "Good God! what brave men I am losing to-day!"

Twice the Hessians were driven back, but it was only for a moment. Then they came again, stronger than before, till at last the Americans were forced to retreat toward their own fortifications. It was useless to fight longer in the open field; the only thing to do was to try to save themselves by getting, if possible, inside the redoubt again.

The enemy started after the Americans in hot pursuit. Once upon them, not a man would have been left alive.

"Save the army! Save the army!" shouted the leader of the brave Maryland soldiers who were the last in the line of retreat.

So the little band of Maryland soldiers turned and faced the enemy. They could not hope to drive them back; but if they could hold them in check, even for a few moments, it would give the bulk of the American army a chance to reach the redoubt.

The brave Southern boys made a solid wall between the flying soldiers and the enemy. They were soon beaten down, but they had done what

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, AUGUST 27, 1776.

Retreat of the Americans under General Sterling across Cowanus Creek.

From the painting by Chappel.

they had hoped to do. They had compelled the British forces to halt; and in the time thus gained the American soldiers had reached their fort. The enemy, when the Maryland soldiers were slain and the path was clear, pushed on again. But they were too late; the rest of the Americans were within the fort and were safe for the time from the fire of the British.

Upon the spot where these brave Maryland men fell, a tablet now stands, on which are these words: —

> IN HONOR OF MARYLAND'S FOUR HUNDRED WHO ON THIS BATTLE FIELD AUGUST 27, 1776, SAVED THE AMERICAN ARMY.

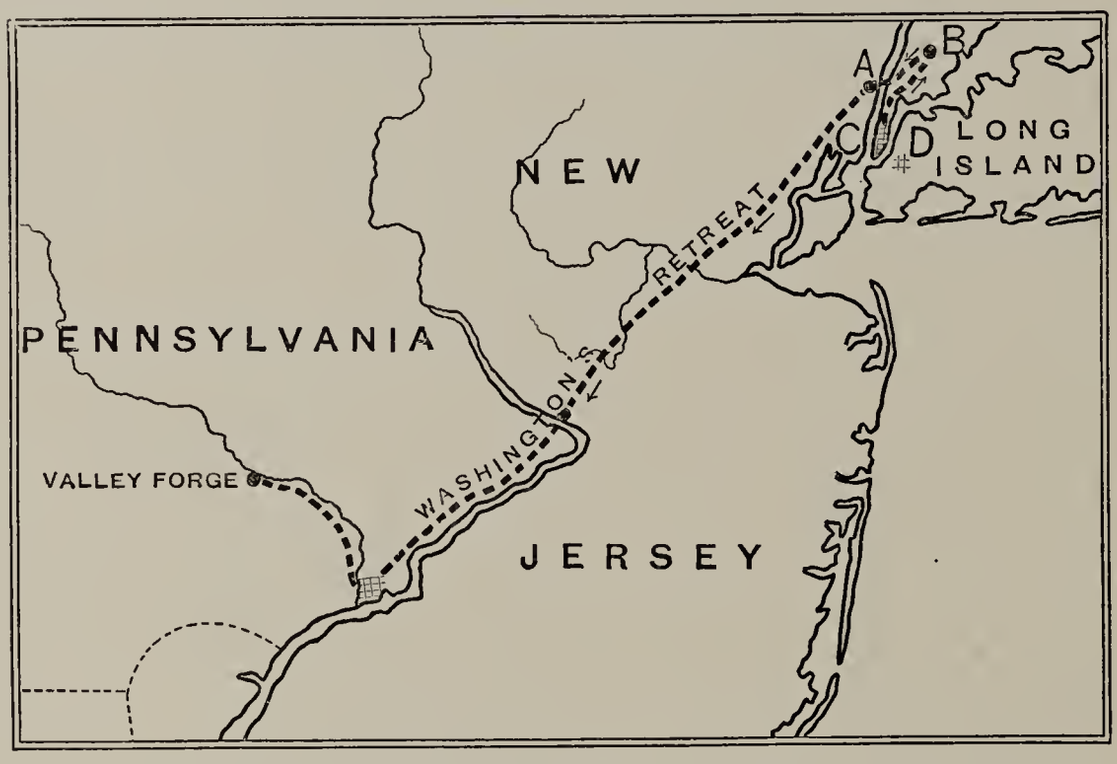
"Now if General Howe is wise," said Washington, "he will follow this with another attack to-morrow. We can do nothing here in New York with the enemy on Long Island; for they have us just as we had them in Boston. There is, then, but one thing to do, and that is to retreat."

"We ought to follow this up with another attack at once," said Howe. But a heavy fog had settled over the land and the river, and it would not be easy to cross from Long Island to New York.

So Howe delayed. "We shall be ready as soon

as this fog lifts," he said. Then he settled himself for a night of good sleep.

But Washington was not afraid of the fog. He got boats together, and in the dead of night, with the rain pouring, he brought his army over from Long Island to the Manhattan shore.



"To-day," thought Howe, when he awoke in the morning, "we are to attack the Americans again. Surely the fog must have lifted by this time."

"Gone?" gasped Howe, when his orderly came to tell him what had happened in the night.

"Yes, sir, gone!"

"We must go after them," ordered Howe; "and let there be no delay."

So across the river into New York City the English and Hessians troops hurried, landing at the

foot of Thirty-ninth Street, just where the river ferry-boats still land. There a few American soldiers were posted to delay the enemy when they should cross. But these soldiers were new; moreover, they were frightened by the defeat on Long Island. Therefore, when the enemy began to land, they turned and fled.

The Battle of Harlem.

"Cowards! Cowards!" thundered Washington. "Back to your places!" But the men would not go back; and there was nothing to do but to hurry across the city, on toward the redoubt at Harlem. Here another skirmish took place; but in the end, Washington took his army across the Hudson, over to the Jersey shore, and from there began his wonderful retreat across the country.

When Christmas night came, Washington's army

was on one side of the Delaware River, and on the other side were the Hessians at Trenton.

"Those Hessians will be off guard to-night," said our wise Washington; "for Christmas is a holiday with them."

So in the middle of the night, Washington got his soldiers across the Delaware and started on toward the Hessian camp at Trenton. The river was blocked with ice; the sleet and rain were falling; the soldiers were barefooted, and their feet were cracked and bleeding.

But for all that the march was made; and before the Hessians dreamed of such a thing, down poured the colonial soldiers upon them, hemming them in on three sides. Then the Hessians fought for their lives.

"Grenadiers, follow me!" shouted the Hessian commander; but even as he gave his order, he was shot down. Then panic seized upon the Hessians; and crowding like frightened sheep under the trees of an orchard, they grounded their arms and surrendered.

"What! those rebels have attacked our Hessians?" cried Cornwallis, an English officer, who was at Princeton, only ten miles away, with his own troops. Then Cornwallis gathered up his eight thousand men and marched straight to Trenton. "We will cage them in," he said; and before Washington had time to escape, Cornwallis had settled

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

After the painting by F. Leutze.

his troops round about the town where the American forces lay.

"Now we have them," said Cornwallis. "In the morning we will attack them and finish them up."

"We shall see," thought Washington. In the night he called his troops together, and out they all marched, through a "side door," as Washington used to say afterward. So quietly did they move that Cornwallis did not wake, and the sentinels heard no sound.

"Now," said Washington, "we will hurry straight to Princeton. Cornwallis must have left a small garrison there, and perhaps we can capture the British stores."

How the men longed to cheer! But they knew that they must make no noise. So they marched a little faster, and laughed to themselves to think what a good joke this would be.

The plan was indeed a grand success; for when morning came and Cornwallis began to talk about fighting, behold, there was no one to fight with.

"Those rebels may have gone to Princeton for all we know," said the excited British commander. So away he hurried to Princeton; but he reached there only in time to see the end of a fine battle in which the British were put to flight.

"Never did I see finer generalship!" said Cornwallis.

From that time on, the British had little chance in New Jersey. All winter long Washington watched and bothered them, till at last they were glad to give up and go to another part of the country.

THE COLONIES IN 1776: NORTHERN SECTION.

LI. The Campaign around Lake Champlain.

1777.

"New England is the heart of this rebellion," said the British ministry. "If we could cut off New England from the other colonies, the war would be over."

So a gallant little army was made up and put under the command of Sir John Burgoyne. It was to march down from Canada and get control of the Hudson. Another force was to descend the Mohawk valley and meet the main army at Albany, while General Howe was to send reënforcements from the South. It was an admirable plan.

"When our rebellious colonies are cut in two," said Burgoyne, "they will be quite at our mercy."

Soon the country-side rang with stories of this wonderful army. There were mounted dragoons and several thousand English troops. There were Canadians and Indians, and three thousand hired German soldiers. These Hessians were said to be fierce beyond belief, and the story went that the terrible fellows had double teeth all around their jaws.

"We are making a mistake in taking Indians into our army," said the wiser ones. "They will make enemies instead of friends for us wherever we go."

"Oh, no!" said General Burgoyne; "I have told them that they must give up their savage ways, now that they are to be my soldiers."

"I am afraid they may mistake a Tory for a Whig some dark night," said one of the officers. But Burgoyne would not listen. The Indians had given grave attention to the general's words, and he felt sure of their good behavior.

So the soldiers started off in fine spirits, with bands playing and colors flying. The Indians, looking very fierce in their war-paint and feathers, led the way in their canoes. It was a grand array.

But for the Americans the outlook was not so pleasant.

"Will you not help us?" said the American minister to the French government. "If you say that you will be our friend, we shall be able to defeat this army yet."

"No," said the cautious Frenchmen. "We will help you quietly, but we cannot afford to go to war with England now. You must keep it secret that we have given you any help."

"I am not able to meet Burgoyne," said the American general, who was in the way of the advancing army. "I am not even able to defend my post. But I will do what I can to make his road a

hard one. I will make a wilderness for him, and his Indians may help him out of it."

So General Schuyler retreated slowly, destroying all the wood roads, burning all the bridges, filling up all the creeks, and taking all the cattle and provisions on the way. When General Burgoyne reached this part of his march, it took him twenty-four days to march twenty-six miles, and he had forty bridges to rebuild.

"Hurrah for General Schuyler!" said Benedict Arnold, when he heard of it. "But if the British get control of the Hudson we are lost."

General Arnold was on his way to the rescue. He was the brave and daring soldier who had already made a name for himself in the long march through Maine to Canada, and who was to win more glory still before his disgrace came.

"I hope our reënforcements are well on the way," said Burgoyne, who was beginning to find his path a thorny one. "I wish we had left these Indians behind. They are getting me into all kinds of trouble, and I do not dare to punish them. We shall starve if all the country folk are as angry with us as those we have met so far."

"There is a large store of provisions near here, General," said one of his officers. "I will go over there and make a raid if you like."

"Very well," said Burgoyne. "Take some of your Hessians with you and give these rebels a

taste of our displeasure. And, by the way, I wish you would bring back with you some horses for the troops. I shall need all the saddles and bridles that you can find, and I should like about thirteen hundred horses, tied in strings of ten each."

If the officer felt any doubt as to his finding such a number of horses, he made no sign.

"Very well, sir," he said gravely, and retired.

Four days later Burgoyne sent for more men.

"This is more of an undertaking than I thought," he said. "There is a man near here named Stark, who served at Bunker Hill, and the country people are flocking to him. I fear he will make trouble for us."

Now to make trouble for Burgoyne's men was precisely what Stark intended to do. He gathered fifteen hundred farmers around him and marched out against the raiders.

"We will drive off these Redcoats, or Molly Stark's a widow," he said to his men, as they came near the enemy's post. "We will teach them not to turn wild savages loose upon our country."

"What are those farmers doing in the rear of our lines, sir?" a sentry asked the British colonel.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the colonel, indifferently. "They are curious to see what we look like, I suppose. You needn't be afraid of men in shirt-sleeves."

"But I think they mean to attack us," said the sentry, before long.

"Attack us!" cried the colonel. "Make an attack without bayonets on armed men! Even Yankees are not so foolish as that!"

"But they are attacking us!" cried the sentry, "and here come the Indians with the news."

The fight had indeed begun. For two hours it raged, a "continuous roar," as Stark said afterward. Men fought hand to hand like wild animals.

"Hurrah for Molly Stark!" shouted the farmers, remembering Stark's words. "Hurrah for Molly Stark! The day is ours at last!"

"There is a chance for us, after all," said Washington, when he heard of Stark's victory. "I will send Morgan's famous riflemen to help Arnold, and we may yet hold the river."

"My men beaten by a band of farmers!" said Burgoyne. He could not understand that these farmers were desperate men fighting for their homes and children.

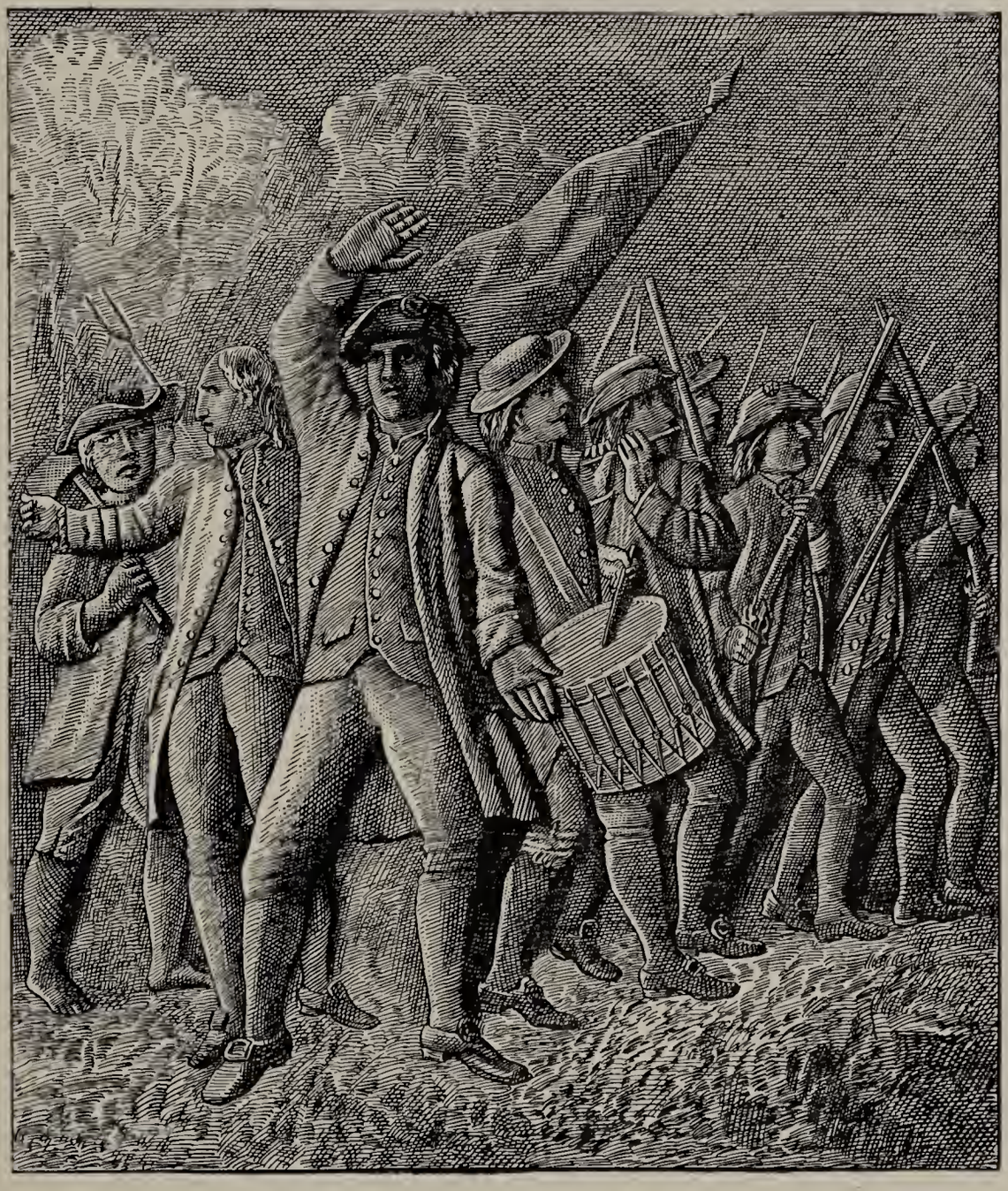
All this time Burgoyne's forces were coming steadily south. When at last he stopped he was within two miles of the American camp.

"The British are in sight!" cried Arnold, coming into the tent of the general who chanced to be in command of the little company in which Arnold was serving.

"Are they, indeed?" said that general, coolly.

"But that is what we have been waiting for,"

said Arnold, with impatience. "They are probably ready to advance upon us."



THE RALLY OF THE PEOPLE.

From Markham's bas-relief on the monument at Saratoga.

"Very well, let them come. We will do nothing rash," said the commanding officer.

"Oh, for one hour of Schuyler's leadership!" raged Arnold, as the precious minutes went by, and no order came to make ready for battle. But Schuyler was no longer in command.

"Something must be done to check them," said Arnold, as he watched the steady on-coming of the British troops.

"I will head them off with my riflemen," said Morgan, who also chafed at the delay. "At least we can protect our left wing."

Soon the battle spread along the lines.

"There goes a brigade to cut off the enemy's rear," said Arnold. "I am afraid our careful general is a little late."

It was already growing dark. It was impossible now to dislodge the British from the ground they had taken.

"We have fought to-day without a leader," said one of the American soldiers, "but we have held our own against the British regulars."

"Arnold is leader enough for me," said another. "He would put courage into a rabbit."

"To-morrow!" said Arnold, exultantly. "To-morrow we will drive back the enemy into the wilderness."

But the morrow came and went, and there was no order for action. The days went on, and still the American and British troops drilled and countermarched and looked at each other.

"I cannot keep this up long," said Burgoyne to his officers. "Since our Indians have deserted us and our food supply is threatened, we are growing more helpless every day. I would retreat if the enemy had not already cut off our rear."

"Hurrah!" cried a messenger, bursting into the English camp. "Clinton is on his way from the South to help us. He has left New York."

"I will wait another week," said Burgoyne. "Then I shall try one more fight."

The week went by, and there was no word from General Clinton. He had, in fact, returned to New York. As for the help from the Mohawk valley, there was no longer any hope of that.

"Gentlemen," said Burgoyne to his officers, "shall we risk a battle? Shall we fight or fly?"

"Let us fight!" said the gallant officers.

So the British troops were led out, and the battle opened.

"Who is that daring soldier who seems to be everywhere at once?" asked one English officer of another.

"That is General Arnold," was the reply. "He has no command to-day. He is in the field with the volunteers. I hear that he is not in favor with the commanding officer. But he fights like a tiger. If we are beaten, the Yankees may thank him for it. See how the men rally to him in the thickest of the battle!"

At last the day was over. Burgoyne was in retreat.

"Are you wounded, sir?" asked a soldier, running to General Arnold's help.

"Only another shot in the same old knee," said Arnold, whose horse had been killed under him, and who was white with pain and loss of blood. "Mark my words, my boy! This will be known as one of the great battles of history. Burgoyne was a good fighter, but he will never recover from this."

Thus was fought the great battle of Saratoga. Burgoyne soon surrendered with all his men. He had boasted that he would eat his Christmas dinner at Albany, with his victorious army. Instead he entered the city as the guest of his conquerors.

"I was treated with the greatest courtesy," he said afterward. "General Schuyler's wife met me with gracious hospitality, although I had caused her husband's beautiful house to be burned. These Americans are men of great gallantry. As for Morgan's riflemen, they are the finest in the world."

Well might General Arnold, if he could have known what shame was soon to rest upon his memory, have prayed that he might die that night, for the country was now ringing with praises of his valor.

"Arnold and Morgan won the day," said the soldiers who fought with him. "Long live General Arnold!"

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA, OCTOBER 17, 1777.

General Arnold wounded in the attack on the Hessian redoubt. After the painting by A. Chappel.

"Burgoyne has surrendered! Burgoyne has surrendered!" was the joyful news that the post-riders carried from colony to colony.

"Burgoyne has surrendered!" said the English ministry. "This is a terrible blow. It may be that the French will now take sides with the colonists. Perhaps it would be well to try and make peace with these rebels."

It was too late now to make peace. The rebels were exulting in the new hope of success. As for King George, he was as stubborn as ever.

"Make peace with the colonies!" he cried. "I will fight the whole world before I will take back what I have said."

"Will you help us?" said the American minister to the French court.

"Yes, we are ready to help you now," said the French king. "You have shown that you deserve to be helped."

"The war is not over yet," said Washington, "but there is no longer any doubt what the result will be. Now that France is openly our friend we are sure of success."

LII. Arnold the Traitor.

1780.

France now sent money to help Washington pay his soldiers, and also sent brave young men to fight in his army. Among the Frenchmen who came to this country was one who became Washington's warm friend. This was the Marquis de Lafayette.

"We have done the hard work," growled General Arnold, "and now these young fellows come to share the glory and rewards."

There was some excuse for Arnold's ill-temper. He had not been treated fairly. In the report of the battle of Saratoga his name was not even mentioned. He had proved himself a brave and able officer, but when he saw men promoted to places higher than his own, he grew sullen and bitter. Other generals also suffered from the same injustice, but they were not thinking of themselves and their own glory.

As the days went on Arnold's anger deepened. Congress seemed to forget what he had done for his country. Washington himself once gave him a needed though gentle reproof, and the disgrace of it was hard to bear.

Arnold was a daring soldier, but he was not a good man. As a boy he was lawless and cruel. He liked to scatter broken glass in the road so that other boys might cut their feet. He liked to torture innocent and helpless creatures. It is not strange that, when he was a man, he had no keen sense of right and honor.

His pretty young wife was a Tory, and she shared his bitter feelings against the men in Congress.

"They do not appreciate you," she said. "It is a shame. King George is not such an ungrateful master as this republic of yours."

"I will let them know that I am not to be forgotten and despised," thought Arnold, though he was prudent enough not to put it into words. "I will ask for the command of West Point, and then I will sell it to the British."

West Point was the pride of Washington's heart. Every stone in the strong fortress meant the devotion of the American soldiers. How they had toiled to make it safe against attack! No vessel could go up or down the river without passing under its frowning guns. Well might it be called the key to America's door.

"Arnold is one of our best officers," said the generous Washington. "I think he should be given the command of our strongest fort."

So Arnold went to West Point. Before long he

was writing letters to Sir Henry Clinton, offering to betray his trust.

One night a British sloop of war came to anchor below the beautiful headland of West Point. A young officer was put ashore for a secret meeting with General Arnold.

All night the talking went on in low, quiet tones. In the gloomy stillness of the riverside, the two men made their dark plans.

"Do not go into the enemy's lines. Do not take off your uniform. Do not carry any papers." These were the orders which Clinton had given to young Major André. "If you obey these instructions, you cannot be called a spy."

These were excellent orders, and it would have been well for Major André if he had obeyed them. But this he found it difficult to do.

"It is almost daybreak. We cannot talk here," said General Arnold. "You must come with me to a friend's house."

"But will it be within your lines?" asked André.

"You need have no fear. You will be perfectly safe," said General Arnold. "I will give you a pass to return."

At last the arrangements were made. The plan was complete. Clinton was to sail up the river and surprise West Point. Arnold was to surrender. Then Washington would come with more men, and his army would be trapped and destroyed.

"How Washington must trust you!" said André, looking across the river toward the strong walls of the fort. Arnold's eyes fell with sudden shame. But it was only for a moment.

"Here are the papers," he said. "Take care of them. The plans of the fort are there. Put them in your boots for safe-keeping."

"Must I carry any papers?" asked André.

"You certainly must," said Arnold, grimly. "There is no other way."

Suddenly there was heard the sound of guns.

"They are firing on our sloop," cried André. "Is this the way you keep faith, General Arnold? And I am within your lines!"

"The firing must be a mistake," said Arnold. "The vessel is dropping down stream to a place of safety. You are in no danger, though I advise you to return by land."

"No, indeed!" cried André. "I must get back to the sloop at once. This is disagreeable work at the best, and I do not care to risk a journey overland."

"As you please," said Arnold, coolly. Then he rode off, quite unconcerned about the safety of his guest.

Major André was now thoroughly uncomfortable. To be sure, he had the pass from General Arnold which would carry him through the American lines, but his errand made him feel guilty and uneasy.

"You will be safer if you put on plain clothes," said the man who was to conduct him to neutral ground. So André changed his uniform for an ordinary suit — the third blunder he had made. Then, bidding his guide good-by, he rode off down the river, intending to return to New York by land, after all.

A short time after, Washington and Lafayette were on their way to take breakfast with General Arnold.

"I must stop for a moment to look at some fortifications," said Washington.

"But should we keep Mrs. Arnold waiting?" said the courteous Frenchman.

"Oh, you may go on without me," said the commander-in-chief, smiling. "I know you are in a hurry to see our charming hostess. I shall be there very soon."

The gay party sat down without him in the pleasant breakfast room. In a few moments a note was brought for General Arnold. On reading it he rose hastily and left the room. His wife followed him.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously. "Something has gone wrong."

"All is lost! André is captured!" said Arnold. "Nothing is left for me but flight."

Flinging himself into his boat, he was rowed down the river to the English vessel. The traitor was safe, though his plans had failed.

When the news was broken to Washington he was silent for a minute. Then he said, with the

THE DEATH-WARRANT OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.
After the painting by A. Chappel.

strong self-control for which he was famous: "Whom can we trust?" It was to him, as he afterward used

to say, the darkest hour of the war. Then, with his quick sense of justice, he added: —

"Remember, gentlemen, that I do not hold Mrs. Arnold responsible. Let her be treated with all respect and courtesy."

André had been captured by three Americans, and was promptly handed over to justice. In a few hours he was tried and was at once hanged as a spy. It was a hard fate, but he met it with the quiet courage of a gentleman. Much sorrow was felt for him in America as well as in England, and efforts were made to have him pardoned. But it was too serious a matter for gentle dealing, and the gallant young officer was led out to his death.

Arnold now entered the British army, but he was never respected or trusted by the officers. After the war he went with his wife to England to live. The story is told of him that, when he lay dying, he begged that his old uniform might be brought to him. All those years he had treasured it. Who can tell what were his thoughts as he looked once more upon the faded buff and blue — the Continental colors which had once been the pride of a loyal and faithful heart?

LIII. The Campaign around Philadelphia.

1777.

"We must capture Philadelphia — that capital of the rebels," said Howe; and as soon as possible he made his troops ready to march overland.

"It is of no use," said the scouts. "Washington has blocked the road."

"Very well, then, we will go by water." So the British soldiers hurried to the ships and sailed for Philadelphia by way of Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River.

But Washington was on the watch. "We, too, can change our plan. We can meet them there as well as here," he said bravely. So he gathered his soldiers together and marched down to meet the British troops.

On the banks of the Brandywine River he took his place and waited. "They will have to ford this river," he said, "since there are no bridges; so we will station our troops at the four shallow places in the river, and keep close watch."

In due time the British landed, and Washington knew they were advancing. "Watch closely!" was

his order. The men tried to watch closely, but under cover of a heavy fog, the British reached the opposite bank of the river unseen. There they halted in the deep shadow of the trees, and the scouts did not see them.

"Have they not come yet?" Washington asked, again and again.

"Not a sign of them!" was the answer.

"It is very strange," thought Washington. But it was not long before the British let the Americans know that they had arrived. The roll of cannon soon told the story, and a hard-fought battle followed, in which the Americans were defeated.

Howe had come in through the "back door," and in a few hours he was marching on in triumph toward Philadelphia. With bands playing and colors flying, he first marched in and took the city; then outside the city, in Germantown, he pitched his tents, and the army made ready to settle down there for a winter of rest.

"We must make one more trial!" said Washington, as he moved his army close up to the camp of the British and waited for a chance to attack them.

Washington's soldiers were hungry and half clothed; they had lost their baggage in the battle of the Brandywine, and they had had no food for two days. But for all that they were full of courage, and were ready to follow their leader wherever he led them.

Very carefully Washington planned his attack. He learned just where the British lines were strongest, where they were weakest, where Howe's own tent lay, and who was in command of the wings.

"Now we are ready," he said; "and in the night we will fall upon the British when they least expect us."

In the early evening, then, the American army set out for a march of twelve miles over a rough, hard road. Very quietly they marched, dragging the heavy cannon. But the roads were rocky, and now and then the cannon would rumble and roll, in spite of the care the men took to move quietly.

Still, they reached the picket lines before any British soldier discovered their coming. Here a sentinel started up and caught sight of the soldiers. There was a dense fog, and he could hardly tell what he saw. The Americans, too, were stumbling along in the fog, unable to see before them.

Without a word, away the sentinel ran. It was the enemy, of that he was sure. A moment, and out rolled the British drums; the British cannon roared, and shouts were heard. "The Americans are upon us! The Americans are upon us!" cried the British leaders. And from the east wing and from the west wing came the cry, "To arms! To arms!"

Both armies opened fire. But the fog had grown denser and denser, and both British and Americans

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

The attack on Judge Chew's house. After the painting by A. Chappel.

fired into space. They could hardly tell friend from foe; and often the British found themselves in the American lines and the Americans found themselves in the British lines. All was hopeless confusion.

"If only this fog would lift," thought Washington.

"If only this fog would lift," thought Howe. But both worked away in the dark. At last a moment of despair came to Howe. "It is of no use," he was about to say, when a cry came from some one in the American lines.

"We are surrounded! We are surrounded by the British!" Instantly panic fell upon the American soldiers, and they turned and fled. The officers shouted and stormed at the frightened men, but the soldiers heard only the cry, "We are surrounded!" Away they ran, for now their only thought was to escape.

"We were all but lost," said Howe, as he heard the welcome call for the retreat of the Americans.

"The victory was almost ours," said Washington, sadly, as he went back to his camp.

"We ought to give them just one more blow before we settle for the winter," said Howe; and his officers met one night at the home of a good Quaker woman to make plans. This good woman was a true Whig, but she had been obliged to harbor a part of the British forces in her house.

"See to it, madam," said the officer in command,

"that not one of your household knows of this meeting."

"Yes, sir," the Quaker woman answered.

"See that they are all abed and asleep before we hold our council," said the officer again.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. Lydia Darrah did indeed see that her household was abed and asleep before the officers met for council — that is, all of her household except herself.

Then the officers crept into the room where they were to meet, and carefully locked the door. Lydia waited till all was still. "Something is going to happen," she said to herself. So down she crept, in her stocking-feet, and listened at the keyhole.

"If they are planning anything against the American soldiers," she thought, "I ought to know it."

The officers spoke in low voices, but Lydia Darrah had sharp ears.

"To-morrow night —" one officer said.

"A perfect surprise —" said another.

"Cannot fail to capture them —" said a third.

And from the few words she could catch, Lydia Darrah was sure that the British officers were planning an attack upon the Americans.

Then she hurried back to bed, and by and by the meeting broke up and the officers came out from the room.

"I ought to speak to Mrs. Darrah before we go," said one of the officers. So he went to that good

woman's door and rapped. No answer. He rapped again, more loudly. Still no answer. Lydia was so fast asleep! Then he rapped again, this time very loudly indeed.

"What is it?" said Lydia, in a sleepy tone.

"We are ready to go now," said the officer. "Will you come and open the door for us?"

Then Lydia pretended to dress herself. And it took her some time; because, you see, she was so sound asleep when the officer called her!

By and by she came out from her room, looking very sleepy, and unbarred the door for the officers to pass out.

"Now what shall I do?" Lydia thought; for when the door closed after the officers, she suddenly became very wide awake. "I must let General Washington know of this."

The next day Lydia went to the officer and asked for a pass to go to the mill for flour.

"Certainly," answered the officer; and he wrote out a pass for her. Then Lydia set out for the mill to get her flour. But while the corn was being ground, Lydia hurried away toward the American camp.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinel.

Lydia rode up to him and whispered something that made the sentinel stare.

"Waste no time," said Lydia, and back she rode to the mill.

The next night a part of Howe's army crept out from the camp and marched straight toward the camp of Washington.

"We shall catch them napping this time," said the commander to himself.

But hardly had the British soldiers reached the picket lines, when out blazed the American cannon.

The British stopped short, they did not wait for the command to "Halt!"

"Somebody has betrayed us!" the officer said, as he turned and marched back to the camp; "we have come on a fool's errand." And he was angry enough to kill the whole American army if he could have had the chance just then.

"It is very strange," said Howe, when these men came back. "Somebody must have been awake in the Darrah house. Who could it have been?"

"It wasn't Mrs. Darrah, I am sure," said one officer; "for I had to rap three times before I could awake her to unbar the door for us." And it was not until after the war that the great secret was told of how Lydia saved the American army.

After this Howe's army gave itself up to a good time in the city of Philadelphia. There were no more battles, and the Tories made the winter gay with balls and parties. The Tory ladies declared it was the gayest winter the city of Philadelphia had ever seen; and the British officers said they had never been so grandly entertained in all their lives.

"So Howe has taken Philadelphia!" some one said one day.

"It seems as if Philadelphia had taken Howe!" was the witty answer; and so the gay winter passed on.

Meanwhile, however, at Valley Forge the American army was freezing and starving. There was little food, and the men were thinly clothed. Many of them had no shoes, and the paths up and down the camp were stained from the bleeding feet of the soldiers. Again and again Washington begged Congress to send help, but Congress could send no help. And so in this cruel suffering the men lived on week after week.

At last spring came, and General Clinton, who had been sent to take Howe's place, began to plan to go back to New York. For now a fleet was on its way from France to bring help to the colonists, and the British army might be needed to meet it at New York.

But Washington did not mean to let Clinton march away quite so easily; so he drew his army up and started out to meet the British.

It was on the plains of Monmouth that the armies met at last, and the battle was opened.

"I never saw fiercer fighting," Clinton was saying. "No one can say these Americans are cowards." But just then the call sounded, "Retreat! Retreat!" and one part of the American army turned and fled.

Then up came Washington. "Halt!" he shouted. "Why do you retreat in the midst of battle?"

"The whole army is retreating!" was the answer the breathless men made.

"It is a lie! Back to your places! Back, I say!"

Then on came another crowd of fugitives. "How dare you!" shouted Washington. "Back to your places!"

"But we were told the whole army is retreating."

"Back to your places! Back! and win the battle for the cause of liberty!"

The men were confused. Surely some one had given the order to retreat; still, it must be that Washington knew. So back they marched, ashamed that they had played the coward.

"We must fight now to make up for lost time," they said; and they rushed into the very thickest of the fight.

"General Lee," demanded Washington of the general in charge, "what is the cause of this confusion in your ranks?" Washington's look was stern and angry, and Lee could make no answer.

"Sir," said Washington again, "are you ready now to take this command?"

"I am," said General Lee, whose pride was stung, "and I shall be the last to leave the field."

At one of the guns, in the midst of the fiercest fighting, stood Pitcher, a brave young Irishman. By his side, all day long, his wife, Molly, had stood

ready to help. More than once she had marched out in the face of the enemy to bring water from the brook for the soldiers; for Molly had the spirit of a heroine.

It had been a day of fearful heat, and the soldiers were gasping for breath. "Here's one more bucket of water," Molly was saying as she staggered in with

Molly Pitcher at the Gun.

her hundredth pail. Just then a ball came whizzing over her head, and down fell brave Pitcher — dead, beside his gun.

"Roll the gun back!" some one shouted, for there was no time now to mourn for the dead.

"Leave it where it is!" cried Molly. "I will work the gun myself!"

Molly's eyes were blazing; and before the officer could reach the gun, she had loaded and fired it.

"Let us take the gun," said some soldiers near by.

"Never!" she screamed; and she fired and fired, faster and faster.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the men. But Molly hardly heard the cheer; she was thinking of her poor Tom, who lay dead at her feet.

All the rest of the day Molly stood at the gun. No man could load faster, no man fired with such fury. And when the battle was finished, the soldiers crowded around the brave woman to tell her how well she had fought.

But after the excitement of battle was over, poor Molly Pitcher crept away to her tent. Little did she care for the praise of the men. Her own soldier boy was dead, and she was alone.

The next day General Greene came to her and said, "Come, Molly, I want to take you to General Washington."

Molly picked up her old cocked hat, and dragged herself out from the tent. She was dirty and grimed with battle smoke, her dress was torn, and the old hat was crushed. But Washington held out his hand to her, and said: "You made a brave stand at the gun. I am going to give you sergeant's honors, then you will have a sergeant's pension as long as you live." And never did sergeant earn his pension

or his title more honestly than did this daring Irish girl — Molly Pitcher.

"Now let us be ready at daybreak!" was Washington's last command as the soldiers lay down that night to sleep. "At daybreak we will attack them again."

At daybreak came the roll of drums. Washington himself was already on his horse. "Victory!" he was saying; "to-day we must gain a victory over the British!" But just then a scout came flying in. "They are gone!" he cried. "The British are gone!"

It was true. In the night, so softly that even the pickets had not heard them, they had crept away. And on the battle-field lay only the dead and the wounded.

Clinton was already miles away on his march to New York; the campaign around Philadelphia was ended, and with it ended the war in the middle colonies.

LIV. How Clark Saved the West.

1778.

Just before the Revolution, some of the Virginia and North Carolina families pushed their way westward, and built small settlements of log houses in

An Early Kentucky Settlement.

the wilderness. This was the beginning of what is now the state of Kentucky. Between these houses and the eastern colonies were miles of trackless forest. Still farther to the west were the old French settlements near the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. At this time these were under English control.

"We must keep these rebels from going west," said the British ministry. "If we can get the Indians to help us, they will prevent the colonists from gaining any ground in that direction."

So the Indians were enlisted on the British side.

"What does this mean?" asked some of the leaders in Parliament, one day. "Here is a bill for scalping knives for our army in America. Scalping knives! This is too disgraceful!"

"War is war," said others. "Our Indian friends must fight in their own way."

"The main thing is to put down the rebellion," said King George.

Soon the terrible Indian warfare began. The suffering fell, not on the soldiers, but on innocent women and children. No home was safe. A man might go to his work in the morning, and come back to find his house burned to the ground, his goods stolen, and his wife and children killed. From all sides of the little western settlements came stories of murder, fire, and terrors of every kind.

There was one village of twenty-five log houses which was attacked by nearly four hundred of these savage warriors. They were led by a white man who was known throughout the country for his cruelty and wickedness. The settlers, hearing that the Indians were near, took refuge in the fort, where they spent the night. In the morning there were no signs of the enemy.

"It will be well to send out a few men to discover where the savages are," said the commander of the fort. So a small band was sent out. The Indians were in hiding near by, and they rushed out upon the little company. Then more men were sent from the fort, but the Indians were too many for them, and soon there were only twelve men left to defend the women and children.

"Surrender!" cried the leader of the fierce savages. "I demand unconditional surrender!"

"And that you shall never have!" answered the brave colonel. "We will defend this fort as long as there is one man left."

Then the siege began. Fortunately, the Indians had no heavy guns, and could not do much harm. At noon they fell back a little, and the settlers had a few moments of peace.

"We might hope to tire them out," said one of the men, who was named Zane, "but our powder is nearly gone. Why didn't I bring the keg of powder that is in my house!"

"Whoever goes for it is likely to be shot by the Indians," said the colonel. "I will order no man to go to what seems certain death, but will any one volunteer?"

Every man stepped forward.

"Let me go!" they all said at once.

Then began a long dispute as to which of the men should go. In the midst of it Zane's sister spoke to the colonel.

"Let me go," said she. "My life is of little worth to protect these helpless women and children. I am the one who can best be spared."

"No," said the colonel. "Do you think that I would send a girl where it is not safe for a man to go?"

But Elizabeth Zane had made up her mind to get the powder. She opened the gate and went across to her brother's home.

For a few minutes the Indians watched her.

"What in the world is she going to do?" said their leader. "She has gone into the house. Now she is coming back. She has something in her arms. It looks like — it is powder!"

A volley of shots interrupted him. The Indians' eyes were quicker than his own, and the savages never waited for orders. The girl ran as swiftly as a deer across the open space between her and the fort. The door was thrown open and she entered, unhurt and safe.

"Hurrah!" cried the men. "Hurrah for Elizabeth Zane! Now let those rascals do their worst. We will drive them back or die."

All day the fighting went on, but help was near. Before morning the anxious hearts in the fort were made glad by the shouts of those who had come to rescue them. The Indians departed to the wilderness, and Fort Henry was saved.

Now there was one of the pioneers in the West

who was not satisfied merely to drive off his enemies. His name was George Rogers Clark.

"If we could get those French settlements away from England," thought Clark, "I believe that the people who live there would fight as willingly on our side as on the other. They have no reason to love the British very much."

So Clark started off to the old town of Kaskaskia, where there was an English fort. He took with him a hundred and fifty men. Only the governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry, knew of Clark's plan.

George Rogers Clark.

"We will take the townspeople by surprise, and frighten them well," said Clark.

This was something that the English commander at Kaskaskia had never thought of. He had gone away and left some French officers in charge. In the great hall of the fort a ball was going on, and the soldiers were dancing with the pretty French girls. Now and then a shy Indian maiden won applause by her skill and grace. A few savage-looking warriors lay about the edge of the ball-room, watching the gay scenes with serious faces. Suddenly one of them sprang to his feet with a wild whoop.

The music stopped, and every one looked toward the door. There, leaning quietly against the wall, stood Clark, the backwoodsman.

The men and women stared at him in terror. How did he come there and how many were with him?

"Go on with your dancing," said Clark. "But remember that you do so under the protection of Virginia and not of Great Britain. To-morrow let no man leave his house under penalty of instant death."

The next morning the chief men of the town begged to speak with Clark.

"Spare our lives," they pleaded. "We will work for you and be your slaves, but do not kill us and our wives and our children."

"I have not come to make slaves," Clark said to them. "Promise that you will be loyal to the new Republic, and everything shall go on as before."

"We are quite willing to do that," said the delighted townspeople. "We are glad to be your friends."

This happened in the summer. A little later two other French towns pulled down the English flag, and agreed to be friendly with the Americans. But, long before cold weather came, Clark saw that he could not hold these three towns with his little band of less than two hundred men.

"They will attack us in the spring," said Clark to

his men. "It seems to me that it would be better not to wait for them. Are you ready to march against them now?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Clark's men.

It was in February that Clark started with one hundred and twenty men to march the two hundred and forty miles that lay between him and the English fort. It was no longer very cold, but the warmer weather had brought serious floods. The little band struggled on through swamps and forests where every step was an effort. Sometimes they waded through icy streams, and camped, wet and shivering, but Clark's courage never failed.

At last they came near the town. Faint with hunger, and tired out with their long march, the men looked across the flooded fields that still lay between them and the end of their journey.

"We shall never get there!" said some of them in despair.

"Courage, men, courage!" cried Clark. "One more gallant effort and the victory is ours. Follow me, my brave boys!" and, plunging into the flood, he led his followers over four weary miles of almost impassable country. Often the water was above their waists. Sometimes only their heads could be seen above its surface; but with their guns and powder horns held high in air to keep them dry, the men struggled bravely on.

All went as well as Clark had hoped. The Eng-

lish commander was wholly unprepared for such an attack, and the French retreated to their homes. Moreover the Indians, with cheerful quickness, came over to the Americans, and the victory was complete. There was no more trouble in that region, for Clark had saved the great West for the American people.

THE COLONIES IN 1776: SOUTHERN SECTION.

LV. The War in the South.

1779.

Clinton was angry when he heard how the battle had gone at Monmouth. "After all," said he, "what have Howe and I gained by this war in the middle colonies? Let us go South and take possession of the southern colonies. Let us attack Savannah first, and work up the coast from there. Every seaport and every river we can control will make the colonies in the South just so much weaker. If we work wisely, we ought to be able to cut them off from helping each other."

Now this was excellent planning, and perhaps it was not Clinton's fault that it failed. As soon as possible Washington sent an army to Charleston to keep back the British; but in those days it took a long time to travel from one colony to another. So it was little wonder that before Washington's men could reach Charleston, Clinton had taken Savannah, and all Georgia was in the hands of the enemy. For what could one little colony do with such a force against it and with no help?

Most of the Liberty boys had gone to the North to fight; but all who were still in the South fought till the last hope was gone. Once the British

marched against a Georgia fort in which there were only women and children. "We will not harm the women and children," the British said; "but this will be a good time to take the fort." Hardly had they reached the fort when out blazed a gun at them.

"What does this mean?" the British commander cried.

Then out blazed another gun and another and another. The British had not come well armed, for of course they had not expected that women and children would fight.

"We have been fooled!" the British said; "there are men in that fort. See! there they stand at the guns. We may as well go back and come again when we are armed as we should be."

So the British went back to their camp; and the women, who had dressed themselves in the coats and hats of their brothers and fathers and husbands, laughed to think how they had frightened the soldiers away.

The American commander meantime had taken his place in the city of Charleston; and there he waited for the British to attack him. He threw up redoubts, made the walls stronger, and did all that could be done. The Americans had only fourteen hundred men, while the British had thousands. What could such a small force do? There was little hope from the beginning, for the British hemmed them in and bombarded the city night

and day. By and by provisions began to fail; men and women were dying; and they had but one choice,—to starve or to surrender.

At first the American commander tried to make terms with the British commander; but the only terms the British commander would listen to were those of "unconditional surrender."

Then the British firing began in deadly earnest. Women and children were killed by the bursting shells, and the houses were on fire.

"There is but one thing to do now, and that is to save the people," said the American commander. So he ran up the white flag, and the British took him and all his men prisoners.

How the Tories in Charleston cheered! It was a joyful day for them. They threw up their hats; they enlisted in the army of the British commander; they fired rockets and made great bonfires.

"This is as it should be," they said.

"We shall soon have the whole South in our hands," said Clinton, proudly.

Then Clinton divided his forces and made plans to attack the other southern colonies. One part of his army he sent back to Savannah to remind the people there that he was still watching them. Another band of soldiers he sent into the middle of the colony of South Carolina to prove to the village people, away from the shore, that it was indeed true that he had taken Charleston.

But the largest number of his soldiers he sent northward with Cornwallis. These were to conquer the towns as they marched along, and cut off the South from the North.

It was a grand plan. Washington could not have planned better, but its carrying out was another matter.

There was the staunch patriot, Marion, the Swamp Fox, as he was called, who had a way of falling upon the British troops when they least expected it. He would creep out from his swamp and attack them when they were asleep, or when they were marching. Then, before the British could have their revenge upon him, he would disappear into his swamp again where no British soldier cared to follow.

"He fights like an Indian — in ambush," the British said.

"Never mind how this Swamp Fox fights," he would say, "so long as he wins."

"Come and dine with me," Marion said one day to a British officer. The officer came, but Marion had only baked potatoes and clear spring water to offer his guest.

"Is this all you have?" the officer asked.

"All?" said Marion; "we thought we were lucky to have so much."

"But your government pays you well, of course; and that makes it worth while to live like this for a time," said the officer.

"The government pays my men nothing at all; we have never had one penny from the government," said Marion.

The officer could hardly believe it. "Why in the world, then, do you go on fighting?" he cried.

"For Liberty!" was Marion's answer.

MARION INVITING THE BRITISH OFFICER TO DINNER.

Farther north other patriots made war hard for the British. These were the Watauga Boys, as they were called.

Now these Watauga Boys have a story all their own. They had gone across the Alleghanies before the war began, and there they had built Fort Watauga and had made a little home settlement around it. The Watauga Boys dressed in bear-skins and wore foxtails in their caps. They had a

yell, — the Watauga whoop, they called it, — and this whoop the British had learned to dread.

Now in this part of the War of the Revolution the British plan of campaign had been called "the anaconda plan." This was a very good name; for the British meant first of all to coil themselves around the southern colonies and shut them off from northern help. This done, the Cherokee Indians were to complete the plan by coming up from their southern home. They were to push their way through the Alleghanies and help by attacking the colonies in the rear.

Sir Peter Parker was the first to try this plan, and he might have succeeded, had it not been for the Watauga Boys. But they learned of the plan, attacked the Indians, and drove them back to their wigwams just when Sir Peter needed them most.

But the British were not to be beaten. Again they made an "anaconda plan"; and this time it was finer than before. The Indians were to come up from the South; a British army was to come down from Detroit; then these two were to meet and come through the mountains. This was an anxious time for Washington. Day after day he waited; for he knew that the plan was a good one, and that it was more than likely to succeed.

But again the Watauga Boys came to the rescue. They attacked the British coming down from Detroit and took the commander prisoner. Then they

attacked the Indians and drove them back to their village. A second time, then, the "anaconda plan" failed.

The Watauga Boys were now watching the British as they were making their way toward the North, across the Carolinas. Already the British had gained many a victory over the struggling colonists. Georgia was cut off from all help. The patriots of South Carolina had been driven to the swamps. North Carolina was growing weaker and weaker every day. The British commander, Ferguson, was growing bolder and bolder because of his victories, and Cornwallis was making plans for fresh attacks. These were dark days for the American army.

One day Ferguson sent a message to the Watauga Boys. In the message he told them that if they did not promise to keep peace, he would march against them.

"Very well," said the Watauga Boys, "let us save Ferguson so much trouble. Let us go to meet him."

So out marched these backwoodsmen, as Ferguson called them, and with their foxtail caps nodding gayly, they set out over the Alleghanies, shouting their war-whoop now and then, just to cheer each other on.

The first thing they did was to march in upon a British colonel's fort while his men were sound

asleep. At the gateway the Watauga Boys gave their yell.

"Surrender!" demanded Sevier, their leader, and for some reason Colonel Moore did surrender without even trying to fight. With hardly a word his men marched out from the fort, stacked their guns, and let the backwoodsmen march in.

"The rebels!" stormed Ferguson, when he heard of this; "they shall pay for their prank!"

So off he marched to meet the Watauga Boys in battle. But while he was in camp on King's Mountain, scouts brought word that the Watauga Boys were coming to meet him.

"It is well," said Ferguson. "We couldn't be in a safer place; for no army would care to open battle with us upon this hill."

The Watauga Boys came on, shouting and cheering. "The savages!" said Ferguson, when he heard them. "If they attack us, they will find that a battle means something more than yelling."

"We must surround that hill," said Sevier. And he looked very sober; for he saw that Ferguson was well protected, and that the Watauga Boys had a dangerous work before them.

"We are ready," said the brave Boys.

Then Sevier divided his forces. They were to rush up the hill from three sides, and attack the army at three different places. This was their only hope of success.

"Now, then, ready! Charge!" And with this the Watauga Boys started up the hill.

"They are mad to attempt it," thought Ferguson. But there was no time to be lost. "Charge! Down upon them! Charge!" he shouted to his men.

For a moment the Boys staggered back. "On! On!" Sevier shouted. "Remember these are Tories! Tories! Tories to be conquered! Every man his own commander! Steady! Aim close!"

Straight on up the hill the Watauga Boys rushed. Down upon them the redcoats charged. Crack, crack went the rifles. But it was the British who gave way. In vain Ferguson blew his silver whistle to rally his men. Slowly they fell back up the mountain side, and someone even raised a white flag.

"Down with that flag!" shouted Ferguson, for he was no coward. He fought till the last hope of victory was gone. Then, spurring his horse, he rushed down the hill, straight through the ranks of the enemy.

"It is Ferguson! Ferguson!" the Boys shouted, for they knew the white horse he rode. Crack! went a dozen rifles, and Ferguson fell from his horse, dead, at the foot of the mountain he had so bravely tried to defend.

Then up went the white flag once more. The British gave way, the battle was ended, and the Watauga Boys had won another victory.

"In Ferguson I have lost one of my strongest

commanders," said Cornwallis, when he heard of the battle of King's Mountain. "This is a terrible blow to our army."

This was true; for now that Ferguson's army was broken and the daring commander killed, Cornwallis was forced to give up the plans he had made for conquering that part of the country.

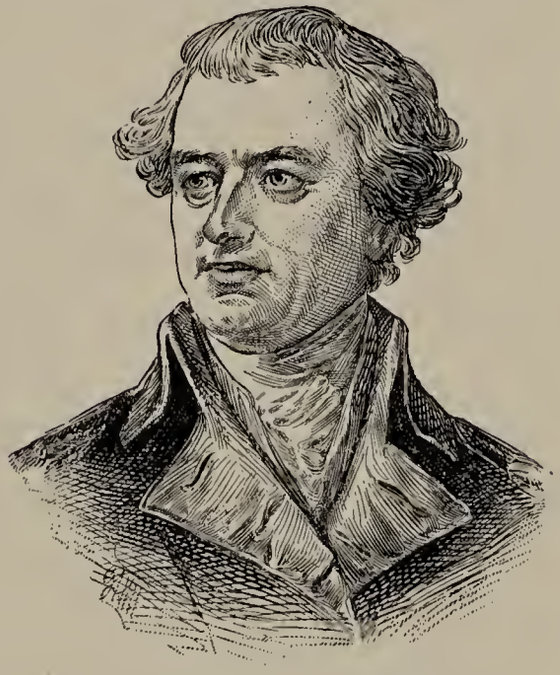
LVI. How Greene Saved the South.

1781.

"We cannot hope to drive the British from the South," said Washington, "until we have a regular army there."

"Very well," said Congress. "We will send an army there, and you may choose a commander."

"I choose General Greene," said Washington. "He is almost an army in himself."



Nathanael Greene.

So Greene went South to his command. Washington could spare only a few men from the regular troops, but there were fighting men in the South who could be trained to make good soldiers.

Greene found that his army had very little to wear or to eat. They were in the habit of doing as they liked. When a man wanted to go home, he went, as a matter of course.

"Now that will never do," said General Greene. "That is desertion. The next man who goes home without leave shall be shot."

At first the soldiers thought that his strict rule was very hard, but they soon grew to love their new commander. Before long, they were ready to meet any danger or hardship if he were with them.

"How you must suffer from cold!" a British soldier said one day to the barefooted sentry.

"I do not complain," said the sentry. "I know we should have shoes if our general could get them for us."

While General Greene was drilling his army, Morgan was also at work in the South, making things very uncomfortable for Cornwallis. Morgan had already distinguished himself at Saratoga, and Greene was glad to have such a man to help him.

"If it were not for Morgan, I could attack Greene at once, and make short work of that ridiculous army of his," said Cornwallis. "I will send Tarleton with my light infantry to get Morgan out of the way."

Now Tarleton was very proud of his way of fighting, and up to this time it had been very successful. His plan was to make a sudden rush upon the enemy, and frighten them into surrender.

"These country farmers will run like sheep before my regulars," Tarleton thought.

Morgan was waiting for him at Cowpens. This was a place where the farmers gathered their cattle at night.

"We are going to fight to-morrow," Morgan said to his men. "I want the new soldiers to promise me that they will fire three times before they get discouraged. If they can do that, I am not afraid of being beaten."

Early the next morning Morgan had his men in line. They had eaten a good breakfast and were in high spirits. In the middle of his ranks he placed his tried soldiers.

"The others will fall back," he told them, "but you must stand firm."

Morgan might have said, "The others will run away." That was what he thought would happen, and he made his plans accordingly.

Tarleton came on in hot haste. He would not wait for his men to eat their breakfast, although they were tired and hungry. They rushed upon the patriots as Tarleton had taught them to do, but to their surprise, there was no disorder among the American forces. A few troops retired in good order, but there was no sign of panic. Instead, there came from the centre of Morgan's lines a steady, terrible fire which filled the British soldiers with dismay.

"Charge — bayonets!" shouted Morgan, when he saw how the fight was going. This was the last

stroke. The British troops flung away their guns and begged for mercy. In vain did their gallant officers try to form the scattering lines. More than half their army was captured, and Tarleton himself hardly escaped with his life.

"My light infantry destroyed!" cried Cornwallis, when he heard of the battle at the Cowpens. "I will teach Morgan a lesson."

But though Cornwallis burned his baggage so that he might move the faster, he could not overtake Morgan and his men. They were already on their way to join Greene.

"I am not ready yet to meet the British," thought Greene. "We must have more men, or Cornwallis will wipe out this southern army of mine."

Then began the brilliant game of "dodge" which made General Greene famous. He was retreating before a powerful army, yet he made his retreat as valuable to the Americans as a victory would have been.

Changing camp every night, appearing in unexpected places, making friends for the American cause wherever he went, the American general nearly wore out the courage of his pursuers. At last there came a fierce fight in which the British were victorious. But their loss was twice as great as that of the Americans. When a famous English Whig heard of this battle, he said, "Another such victory would destroy the British army." As

for the Americans, they were full of courage and hope.

Greene now decided to march boldly to the South, and there to attack the southern divisions of the British forces.

"If Cornwallis follows me," he said, "it will mean the failure of the British campaign. If he goes North, the main army under Washington will give him something to do. I will get control of the South for our own people."

It was a bold plan, but it proved a successful one. Cornwallis felt that there was but one thing for him to do, and that was to go on toward the North.

LVII. The Surrender of Cornwallis.

1781.

To go North, however, was what Cornwallis had no wish to do, for Washington was in the North with an army of sixteen thousand men.

"I must keep out of Washington's way until Clinton sends me more men," thought Cornwallis.

"I must attack Cornwallis before Clinton sends him more men," thought Washington.

Now Washington had not yet heard of Greene's famous retreat, but he knew that in any case more troops would be needed in the South.

At first, Lafayette was sent to Virginia in chase of Arnold, who was raiding that state. Lafayette was quick to see what should be done, and brave in doing it. Cornwallis, having no confidence in the traitor Arnold, set out himself to meet the Frenchman. After a sharp fight the British retreated to Yorktown, while Lafayette withdrew his men for a rest.

Washington now made up his mind to take his army South.

"It must be a quick march," he said to his officers. "We must make Clinton think that we are going to attack New York."

Everything went well. The British were completely deceived. Before long Cornwallis was writing despairing notes to Clinton, for the Americans had opened fire upon Yorktown.

As the days went on the situation of Cornwallis became more and more hopeless. The Americans had thrown up redoubts, and were rapidly gaining possession of the strongest defences. Cornwallis made a desperate attempt to escape, but a storm came up and made the river impassable, so that the troops were forced to return. And as yet there was no word from Clinton.

Early one morning the Americans began a furious bombardment of the British works. Within the British lines could be plainly seen the large stone house where Cornwallis himself was lodged. Against this house the heaviest fire seemed to be directed.

"Who is responsible for that firing?" asked one of the American officers. "Does the gunner know that the house he is aiming at happens to belong to one of our own men?"

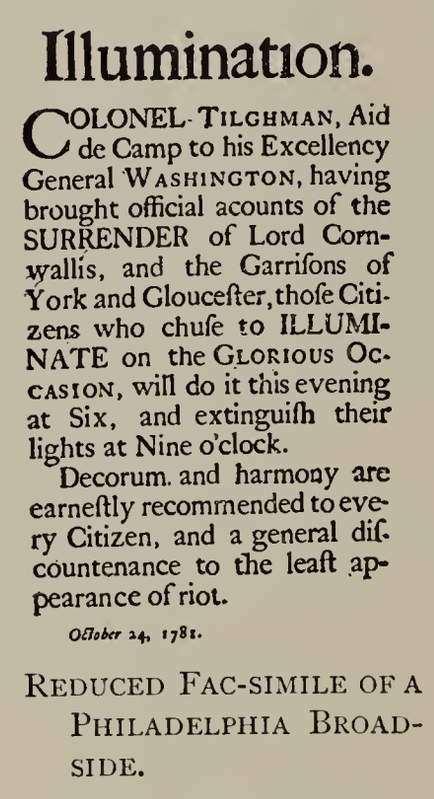
"Oh, yes!" said another, "and what is more, the owner of the house is directing the firing!"

At last the British general saw that all was over. His works were destroyed, his men were exposed to the fire of the enemy, and the ammunition was nearly gone.

"What will be the terms of surrender?" Cornwallis wrote to Washington.

"You shall have the same honors that were granted to the American prisoners at Charleston," wrote Washington.

Now, as Cornwallis remembered with dismay, the surrender at Charleston had been made as humiliating as possible for the Americans. But what could he say?



Illumination.

COLONEL TILGHMAN, Aid de Camp to his Excellency General WASHINGTON, having brought official acounts of the SURRENDER of Lord Cornwallis, and the Garrisons of York and Glouceſter, thoſe Citizens who chuſe to ILLUMINATE on the GLORIOUS OCCASION, will do it this evening at Six, and extinguiſh their lights at Nine o'clock.

Decorum and harmony are earneſtly recommended to every Citizen, and a general diſcountenance to the leaſt appearance of riot.

October 24, 1781.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A PHILADELPHIA BROADSIDE.

"Oh, if Clinton would only come!" groaned the proud-spirited commander, but Clinton gave no sign.

So ended the siege of Yorktown, and it was a splendid victory for the Americans.

At noon the next day a great crowd gathered to see the troops march out, and to watch Cornwallis, the Terror of the South, in the hour of his defeat. But in this they were doomed to disappointment. Cornwallis sent word that he was confined to his tent by illness. Perhaps this was true, though many doubted it then; for it was enough to make a man ill to be defeated by the troops he had so openly despised.

The American army was drawn up on one side of the road, and the French army on the other. Their lines were more than a mile long. At the head of the American line was Washington, on his white horse.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN, OCTOBER 19, 1781.

From the painting by Trumbull, in the Capitol at Washington.

The British troops wore bright, new uniforms, but their hearts were full of sullen despair. They marched out steadily, as if on parade. A Frenchman, who was looking on, wrote home: "We were surprised at the appearance of the English troops. Cornwallis had opened the stores to them before the surrender took place. . . . But all their finery seemed to humiliate them the more when contrasted with the miserable appearance of the Americans."

After the infantry came the cavalry, and then the British officer who bore the sword of Cornwallis.

When he would have presented it, Washington waved it aside. "General Lincoln will receive the sword," he said.

The officer who stood by his side took the sword for a moment in his hand. Perhaps he was thinking of those hard hours at Charleston. Then he handed it back to the British officer.

"You will kindly return it, sir, to his lordship," he said courteously.

Then came the ceremony of laying down the arms of the troops. This was a hard task, for defeat is not easy to bear. General Lincoln led the way to the field where the arms were to be piled. Some of the men did not lay down their arms properly, but flung them down as if they would like to break them.

"That will not do," said General Lincoln, sternly. "Your arms are to be laid down in an orderly way."

At last the long ceremony was over. When the troops returned to camp, it was as prisoners of war.

Throughout the colonies there was great rejoicing. People asleep in their beds were roused by the cry of the watchmen, "All's well, and Cornwallis is taken!" It seemed too good to be true. Every one knew that the end of the war was not far away.

Though the fighting went on a while longer, there was no chance of success for the British army, and

Copper Cent struck soon after the Peace.

before many months had gone by, the British fleets sailed back to their own country with the news of their defeat.

In England, as well as in America, there was rejoicing. Never again would an English king dare to be so great a tyrant as this stubborn George III. had been.

"Hurrah for Washington!" shouted the English Whigs. "He has struck a mighty blow for liberty!"

As for poor old King George, he was very unhappy. It seemed to him that the world must be

coming to an end. But after a while even those who had once thought that he was right began to say: —

"It is better that the Americans fought and won their freedom. Now they will be our friends instead of our slaves. And after all let us never forget that we — English and Americans — are one people now and forever."

ADVERTISEMENTS

History of the United States

By ALLEN C. THOMAS, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, HAVERFORD COLLEGE, PENN.; AUTHOR OF AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

New Edition. Entirely Rewritten.
New Illustrations. New Maps.
History to the Summer of 1901.

THIS NEW EDITION OF 1901 retains all the excellent features of its predecessor, and to these adds new merits of equal importance. It is absolutely accurate and well proportioned. The chapters have been entirely rewritten in attractive style, adapted to pupils in the grammar grades, and brought down to the present summer. The book has more than 200 illustrations from authentic sources, and 40 accurate maps, indicating territorial changes and growth, which, together with its new binding and additional pedagogical aids, make it the most attractive, as well as the most useful, United States History yet published.

HALF LEATHER. 590 PAGES. FOR INTRODUCTION, $1.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, Boston, New York, Chicago

Two-Book Course in English

By MARY F. HYDE

AUTHOR OF PRACTICAL LESSONS IN THE USE OF ENGLISH

This series is superior to any other yet published in its conformity to the clearly defined principles of the best modern pedagogy in the teaching of Elementary English and Grammar. These books, in developing the power of clear thinking and accurate speaking, secure the maximum results for the pupil with the minimum of labor on the part of the teacher.

FEATURES OF BOOK ONE

Begins with the sentence. From it develops inductively Parts of Speech, Definitions, and Rules. Oral and Written Composition introduced early. Constant practice.

FEATURES OF BOOK TWO

Sufficient technical grammar. Critical treatment of Syntax and of Clause and Phrase Analysis. New topics. Numerous exercises. Composition work.

Book One. Lessons in Language. Cloth. Illustrated. 211 pages. 35 cents.
Book Two. Grammar and Composition. Cloth. 328 pages. 60 cents.

FRANK L. JONES, Supt. of State of Indiana, April, 1902:

"Hyde's Two-Book Course has been in use in all of the schools of Indiana during the last two years. I have not had one adverse criticism upon these books. The State Board of Education has made quite a study of the text-book situation and reported at its last meeting upon the various books now in use. While there were some criticisms upon other books, not one was made upon the grammars."

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, Boston, New York, Chicago

STORIES OF PIONEER LIFE

By FLORENCE BASS, Author of the Beginner's Reader, Stories of Plant Life, and Stories of Animal Life. Cloth. 146 pages. 70 illustrations. Price, 40 cents.

THESE stories deal chiefly with the settlement of the Ohio Valley and centre about the lives of men who, as missionaries, hunters, and settlers, were the pioneers of this section of the country. Such stories make the right kind of reading for the young American. They arouse his interest and pleasure in reading. They stir in him regard for noble lives and fix his ideals of true manhood, as well as make a solid foundation for historical study. Adapted for third and fourth grades.

THE BIRD BOOK

By FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM. Cloth. 301 pages. 58 excellent illustrations from nature. Price, 60 cents.

THIS book is particularly valuable as a natural history of birds. The lives of nearly one hundred receive particular study, and practically all are birds well known, easily observed, and resident in nearly all parts of the country.

E. H. RUSSELL, Principal State Normal School, Worcester, Mass.:

> The Bird Book is quite out of the ordinary line of school books on Nature, and ought to take its place as literature along with the writings of Thoreau and Burroughs. I cannot imagine a wholesomer book, whether for young or old. The style is so natural, free and breezy; the topics so well chosen and interesting, and so fundamental from a scientific point of view; the spirit so spontaneous and enthusiastic, and so free from any form of affectation, that I feel the book can scarcely be praised too highly. I shall not fail to bring it to the attention of our students and teachers.

The book is in all respects a finished, artistic piece of work and has rare literary excellence. It is suited to the higher grades.

THE HEATH READERS

A new series, that excels in its

1. Interesting and well graded lessons.
2. Masterpieces of English and American literature.
3. Beautiful and appropriate illustrations.
4. Clear and legible printing.
5. Durable and handsome binding.
6. Adaptation to the needs of modern schools.

THE HEATH READERS enable teachers, whether they have much or little knowledge of the art, to teach children to read intelligently and to read aloud intelligibly. They do this without waste of time or effort, and at the same time that the books aid pupils in acquiring skill in reading, they present material which is in itself worth reading.

The purpose of the HEATH READERS is, *first*, to enable beginners to master the mechanical difficulties of reading successfully and in the shortest time; *second*, to develop the imagination and cultivate a taste for the best literature; *third*, to appeal to those motives that lead to right conduct, industry, courage, patriotism, and loyalty to duty. The larger purpose is, briefly, to aid in developing an appreciation of that which is of most worth in life and literature.

The series contains seven books, as follows:

Primer, 128 pages, 25 cents.
First Reader, 130 pages, 25 cents.
Second Reader, 176 pages, 35 cents.
Third Reader, 256 pages, 40 cents.
Fourth Reader, 320 pages, 45 cents.
Fifth Reader, 352 pages, 50 cents.
Sixth Reader, 352 pages, 50 cents.

Descriptive circulars sent free on request.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, Boston, New York, Chicago

Heath's Home and School Classics.

FOR GRADES I AND II.

Mother Goose: A Book of Nursery Rhymes, arranged by C. Welsh. In two parts. Illustrated. Paper, each part, 10 cents; cloth, two parts bound in one, 30 cents.

Perrault's Tales of Mother Goose. Introduction by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated after Doré. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Old World Wonder Stories: Whittington and his Cat; Jack the Giant Killer; Jack and the Bean-Stalk; Tom Thumb. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Craik's So-Fat and Mew-Mew. Introduction by Lucy Wheelock. Illustrated by C. M. Howard. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Six Nursery Classics: The House That Jack Built; Mother Hubbard; Cock Robin; The Old Woman and Her Pig; Dame Wiggins of Lee, and the Three Bears. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by Ernest Fosbery. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

FOR GRADES II AND III.

Sophie: From the French of Madame de Segur by C. Welsh. Edited by Ada Van Stone Harris. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Crib and Fly: A Tale of Two Terriers. Edited by Charles F. Dole. Illustrated by Gwendoline Sandham. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Goody Two Shoes. Attributed to Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Charles Welsh. With twenty-eight illustrations after the wood-cuts in the original edition of 1765. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Segur's The Story of a Donkey. Translated by C. Welsh. Edited by Charles F. Dole. Illustrated by E. H. Saunders. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

FOR GRADES III AND IV.

Trimmer's The History of the Robins. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated by C. M. Howard. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Aiken and Barbauld's Eyes and No Eyes, and Other Stories. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by H. P. Barnes and C. M. Howard. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Edgeworth's Waste Not, Want Not, and Other Stories. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by W. P. Bodwell. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Ruskin's The King of the Golden River. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Browne's The Wonderful Chair and The Tales It Told. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood after Mrs. Seymour Lucas. In two parts. Paper, each part, 10 cents; cloth, two parts bound in one, 30 cents.

FOR GRADES IV AND V.

Thackeray's The Rose and the Ring. A Fairy Tale. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. Illustrations by Thackeray. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Ingelow's Three Fairy Stories. Edited by Charles F. Dole. Illustrated by E. Ripley. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Ayrton's Child Life in Japan and Japanese Child Stories. Edited by William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by Japanese Artists. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Ewing's Jackanapes. Edited by W. P. Trent. Illustrated. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Carové's Story Without an End. Fourteen illustrations. Cloth, 25 cents.

Heath's Home and School Classics—*Continued.*

FOR GRADES V AND VI.

Lamb's The Adventures of Ulysses. Edited by W. P. Trent. Illustrations after Flaxman. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Gulliver's Travels. I. A Voyage to Lilliput. II. A Voyage to Brobdingnag. Edited by T. M. Balliet. Fully illustrated. In two parts. Paper, each part, 15 cents; cloth, two parts bound in one, 30 cents.

Ewing's The Story of a Short Life. Edited by T. M. Balliet. Illustrated by A. F. Schmitt. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Tales From the Travels of Baron Munchausen. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated by H. P. Barnes after Doré. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Muloch's The Little Lame Prince. Preface by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Illustrated by Miss E. B. Barry. In two parts. Paper, each part, 10 cents; cloth, two parts bound in one, 30 cents.

FOR GRADES VI AND VII.

Lamb's Tales From Shakespeare. Introduction by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Illustrated by Homer W. Colby after Pillé. In three parts. Paper, each part, 15 cents; cloth, three parts bound in one, 40 cents.

Martineau's The Crofton Boys. Edited by William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by A. F. Schmitt. Cloth, 30 cents.

Motley's The Siege of Leyden. Edited by William Elliot Griffis. With nineteen illustrations from old prints and photographs, and a map. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

Brown's Rab and His Friends and Other Stories of Dogs. Edited by T. M. Balliet. Illustrated by David L. Munroe after Sir Noel Paton, Mrs. Blackburn, George Hardy, and Lumb Stocks. Paper, 10 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

FOR GRADES VII, VIII AND IX.

Hamerton's Chapters on Animals: Dogs, Cats and Horses. Edited by W. P. Trent. Illustrated after Sir E. Landseer, Sir John Millais, Rosa Bonheur, E. Van Muyden, Veyrassat, J. L. Gerome, K. Bodmer, etc. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Irving's Dolph Heyliger. Edited by G. H. Browne. Illustrated by H. P. Barnes. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Shakespeare's The Tempest. Edited by Sarah W. Hiestand. Illustrations after Retzch and the Chandos portrait. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by Sarah W. Hiestand. Illustrations after Smirke and the Droeshout portrait. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors. Edited by Sarah W. Hiestand. Illustrations after Smirke, Creswick and Leslie. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale. Edited by Sarah W. Hiestand. Illustrations after Leslie, Wheatley, and Wright. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. In four parts. Paper, each part, 15 cents; cloth, four parts bound in one, 60 cents.

Jordan's True Tales of Birds and Beasts. By David Starr Jordan. Illustrated by Mary H. Wellman. Cloth, 40 cents.

Fouqué's Undine. Introduction by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Illustrations after Julius Höppner. Cloth, 30 cents.

Melville's Typee: Life in the South Seas. Introduction by W. P. Trent. Illustrated by H. W. Moore. Cloth, 45 cents.

Supplementary Reading

A Classified List for all Grades.

GRADE I. Bass's The Beginner's Reader	.25
Badlam's Primer	.25
Fuller's Illustrated Primer	.25
Griel's Glimpses of Nature for Little Folks	.30
Heart of Oak Readers, Book I	.25
Regal's Lessons for Little Readers	.30
GRADE II. Warren's From September to June with Nature	.35
Badlam's First Reader	.30
Bass's Stories of Plant Life	.25
Heart of Oak Readers, Book I	.25
Snedden's Docas, the Indian Boy	.35
Wright's Seaside and Wayside Nature, Readers No. 1	.25
GRADE III. Heart of Oak Readers, Book II	.35
Pratt's America's Story, Beginner's Book	.35
Wright's Seaside and Wayside Nature Readers, No. 2	35
Miller's My Saturday Bird Class	.25
Firth's Stories of Old Greece	.30
Bass's Stories of Animal life	.35
Spear's Leaves and Flowers	.25
GRADE IV. Bass's Stories of Pioneer Life	.40
Brown's Alice and Tom	.40
Grinnell's Our Feathered Friends	.30
Heart of Oak Readers, Book III	.45
Pratt's America's Story — Discoverers and Explorers	.40
Wright's Seaside and Wayside Nature Readers, No. 3	.45
GRADE V. Bull's Fridtjof Nansen	.30
Grinnell's Our Feathered Friends	.30
Heart of Oak Readers, Book III	.45
Pratt's America's Story — The Earlier Colonies	.00
Kupfer's Stories of Long Ago	.35
GRADE VI. Starr's Strange Peoples	.40
Bull's Fridtjof Nansen	.30
Heart of Oak Readers, Book IV	.50
Pratt's America's Story — The Colonial Period	.00
Dole's The Young Citizen	.45
GRADE VII. Starr's American Indians	.45
Penniman's School Poetry Book	.30
Pratt's America's Story — The Revolution and the Republic	.00
Eckstorm's The Bird Book	.60
Heart of Oak Readers, Book IV	.50
Wright's Seaside and Wayside Nature Readers, No. 4	.50
GRADES VIII *and* IX. Heart of Oak Readers, Book V	.55
Heart of Oak Readers, Book VI	.60
Dole's The American Citizen	.80
Shaler's First Book in Geology (boards)	.40
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	.50
Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley	.35

Descriptive circulars sent free on request.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers, Boston, New York, Chicago