MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

The American Revolution

A Compilation of Historical
Biographies for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My America Story Book
Book Five: The American Revolution

Cover Image: Mrs. Schuyler Burning Her Wheat Fields on the Approach of the British, by Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze (1852). In public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

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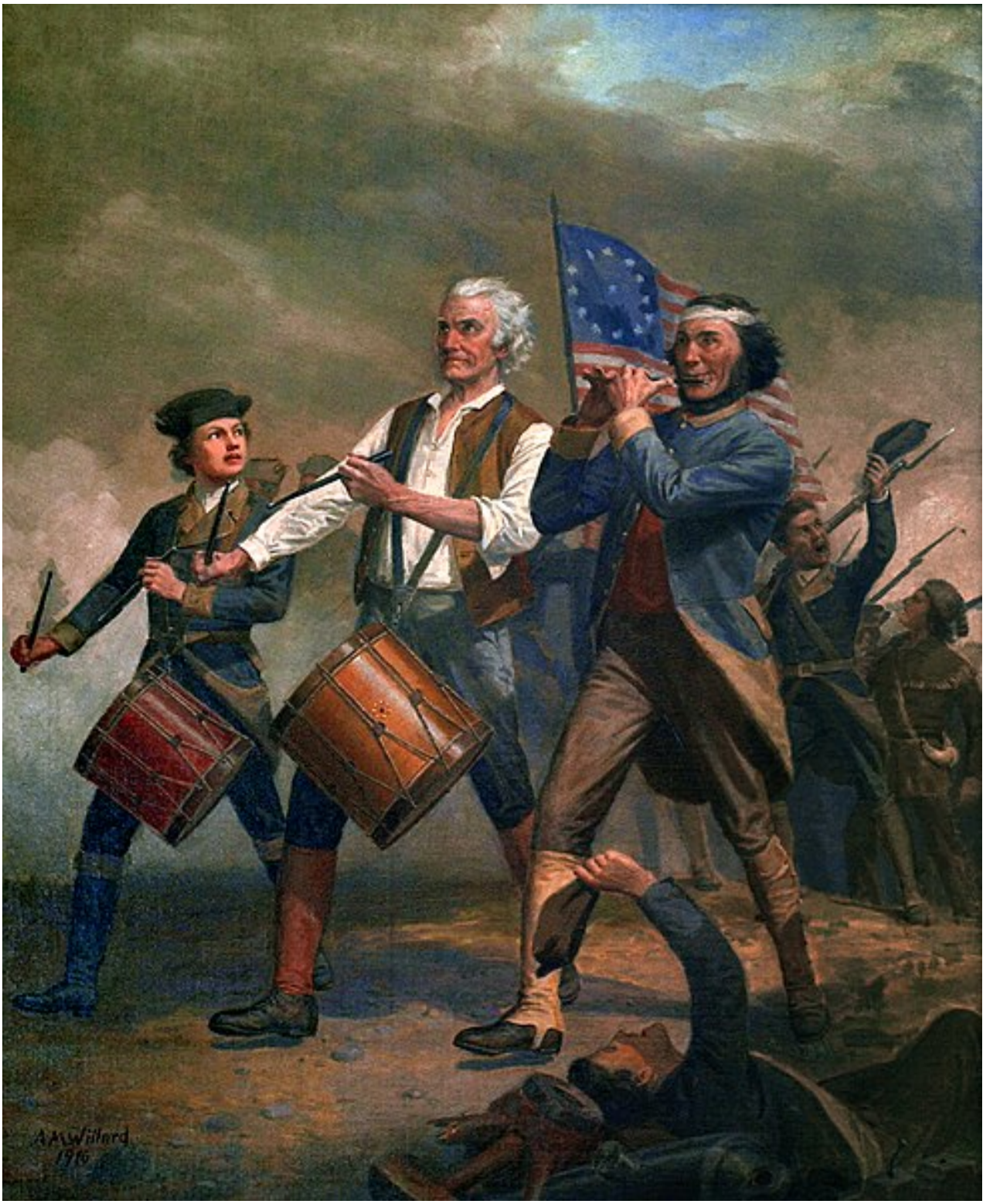


The Spirit of '76, Archibald Willard

Chapter 1

Samuel Adams Could Not Be Bribed

The king of England was talking with his prime minister about his rebellious colonies in America. Another man was presently summoned to the presence of his Majesty. This man had just fled from bleak New England's shores, driven away by the fury of the people. It was Thomas Hutchinson, acting governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Their talk soon drifted to the arch-enemy of King George, the man with whom none of the king's officials could get along, the man eternally plotting for freedom, namely, the man in the old red coat.

Mr. Hutchinson had been complaining of Mr. Adams as the source of all discontent.

"Why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?" asked his Majesty.

"Such is the inflexible disposition of the man that he would never be conciliated by any gift or office whatever," was the reply of Governor Hutchinson.

The king looked annoyed. Again and again had stubborn, stupid George the Third asked why that troublesome far-away colonist had not been bribed to keep his mouth fast closed on the unpatriotic subject of liberty. Again and again his agents had failed to give answer. Finally Governor Hutchinson hurled back this startling reply when the old question was again pressed on him.

Old King George turned red, while the lip of the prime minister curled with contempt at the answer. Honor so rigid that it was above all temptation which the wealth and splendor of proud Britain could offer was something in which the noble lord did not believe, and so far as the slow wits of the king had revealed men to him gold and great titles always bought loyalty.

The command went forth, "that Boston Puritan must be bribed. Offer him $5000 a year, a peerage, or anything," ordered the king; and the prime minister's note-book came out, and those items were placed opposite the name of Samuel Adams.

The first June day of 1774 was a sad one in Boston. Every place of business was closed, and over the locked doors were hung mourning emblems. Muffled bells tolled mournfully for hours. Flags were at half-mast, and people were fasting and praying in their meeting-houses. At twelve o'clock British war-ships took possession of the harbor, and traffic even in small boats from wharf to wharf was stopped. The port of Boston was closed. Business of all kinds was given up. Men were idle on the streets, and starvation stared their families in the face.

Boston was paying heavily for her daring dream of freedom and her presumption in throwing British tea into her beautiful harbor. The spirit of liberty was not quenched, however.

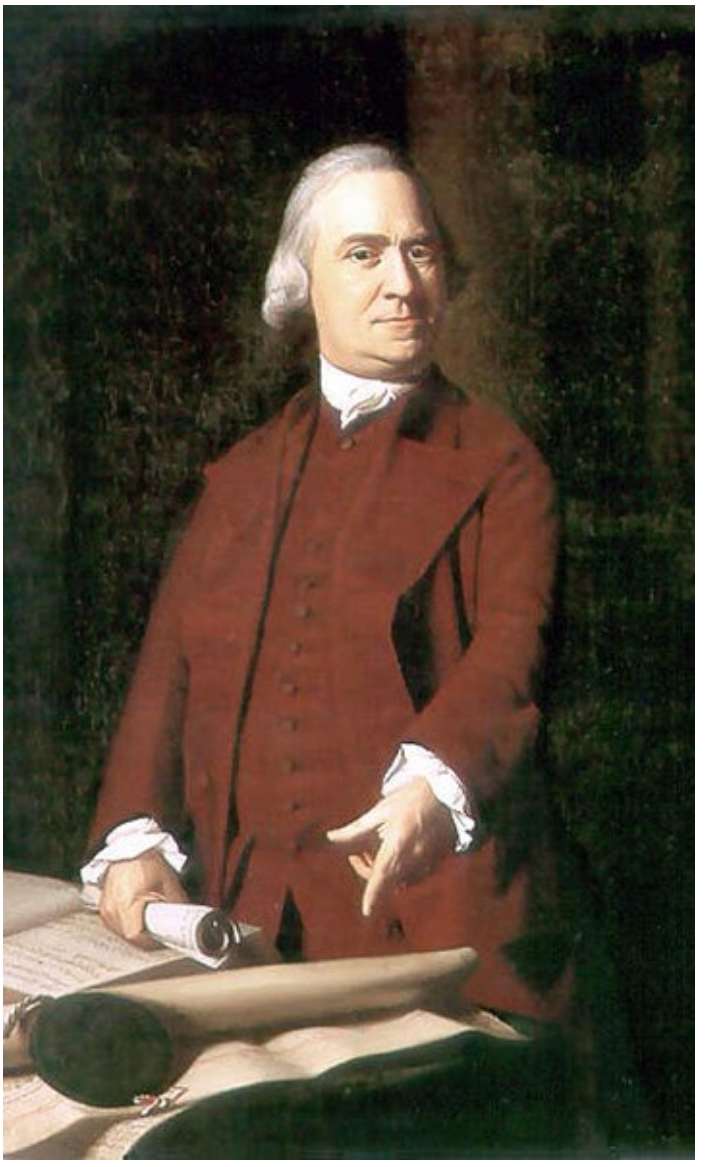
During this time of want and sorrow, no man of influence came so near the people as Mr. Adams, for he actually shared their suffering. Although housed in comfort, he had a hard time supplying his

little family with food. England knew it. She exulted the moment his small salary as clerk of the assembly stopped, for now she felt her opportunity had come.

General Gage, who had been appointed governor, was instructed to bribe Mr. Adams at any cost. Although he was a far smoother man than former Governor Hutchinson, the general did not feel equal to the task. He looked about for a still more expert tool, and genial Colonel Fenton was the man.

Visions danced through the mind of this courtly officer as he walked briskly to the humble mansion on Winter Street. His hand stole to his breast coat pocket, and a smile lighted his face as he felt some papers there. Snugly hidden were royal promises which must tempt any man.

The gold-bedecked officer was now at the gate. Through an open window he saw a sight which set him thinking. There in his poverty-stricken home the man who has well been called the "thorn in Great Britain's massive side" sat serenely writing. As the tempter gazed this thought came:



Portrait of Samuel Adams, John Singleton Copley

"What will that shabbily dressed New England deacon be in half an hour from now? Will he be one of the poor of earth with every means of support torn from him and his country swaying vengeance over his head, or will he be a peer of Great Britain's mighty realm enjoying princely revenue from the state?"

Colonel Fenton did not doubt. Again he patted that pocket with the rustling papers and, smiling, knocked on Samuel Adams's door.

The agent of regal power soon faced its great enemy. He was met by greeting courtly as his own and speech as smooth and keen.

The colonel looked at the old darned coat of faded red, and thought of the earl's coronet which he was about to place on the head of the man who wore it. He glanced at the faded furniture and exulted that $5000 a year so well offset its telltale shabbiness. The manly form of Mr. Adams's loved son could be seen through the open door of another room, and the tempter reflected: —

"If riches and honor do not tempt him, father love will. I am sure to succeed when I extend that

splendid annuity through the life of his son."

The shrewd diplomat approached the object of his visit with great care. He was angling for nothing less than an empire, and if he could stay the hand which was tearing it from Great Britain, titles and gold would be his as well as the gray-haired man's before him.

Winning was his smile and soft his tone as he said: —

"Mr. Adams, an adjustment of our troubles is very important to both. I am authorized by Governor Gage to say that he has been empowered to confer upon you such benefits as will be satisfactory upon condition that you cease opposition to the measures of the government."

Here the wily tempter paused and, to make his bribe more effective by contrast, added: —

"It is the advice of Governor Gage not to incur the further displeasure of his Majesty. Your conduct is now liable to punishment. By act of Henry the Seventh you can be sent to England for trial. You have only to change your course to receive great personal advantage and make peace with the king."

The steel-blue eyes of Mr. Adams had been fixed upon the speaker with interest. At first they were benevolent eyes, but as the tempter went on they grew cold and stern. Rising from his chair, he indignantly replied: —

"Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal considerations will induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him to no longer insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

England's agent had no reply to make. He had failed. The wealth of his great rich country had failed to corrupt the man they feared. One mighty soul existed on earth no gold could buy, no king could frighten.

This scene has an humble setting, yet it is a very great scene. A plain, decent citizen of Boston in shabby clothes, and in a little candle-lighted room, hurls threats at a throne which its occupant dare not ignore. A nation in the wrong stands powerless before one undaunted man in the right.

This age of bribery and corruption cannot afford to forget this gray-haired New England deacon, who flung such splendid bribes from him in scorn.

If plain Samuel Adams eternally plotting and scheming for liberty had been corrupted into Lord Adams, earl of Massachusetts, there might have been a different history of the United States.

Chapter 2

Liberty or Loyalty

We must not make the mistake of supposing that every American in Revolutionary days fought for independence, or, if not fighting, gave what help he could in other ways. There were many people of America who looked upon the war as a "most wicked rebellion against his Gracious Majesty, King George." They could not understand how their neighbors and friends could take part in such wicked business. Most of them at the beginning of the struggle had no doubt that England would make short work of subduing the rebellious colonists, and they looked forward to long lives as subjects of the king.

Naturally enough, many of these "loyalists," as they were called from their loyalty to the English government, wanted to help the English soldiers to put an end to the war, and so they joined the British army. There were whole regiments fighting for England which were made up of American loyalists.

Others had no heart to fight against their neighbors and one-time friends. Some of these left their homes, going to Halifax or to England. Some tried to live quietly at home. Some gave secret aid to the king's soldiers, and, if they were found out, received rough treatment. Some received rough treatment anyway, simply because they were loyalists, or Tories, as the other party called them.

The name Tory in itself meant nothing bad or disgraceful. Whig and Tory were the names of English political parties, as Republican and Democrat are in our own country to-day. Of course there were Whigs and Tories in the English colonies too. The Whigs in both the colonies and the mother country took the part of the resisting Americans, and the Tories believed the English government was right. So when an American called another American a Tory, he meant merely a man loyal to the English government. Of course as war went on the feeling between Whigs and Tories grew bitter, and the very word Tory came to imply scorn.

All sorts of cruel deeds were done as the war spirit grew. Quiet and harmless Tories were tormented because they could not believe as their neighbors did. Others were imprisoned or driven away from their homes. Tories, on the other hand, did their share of tormenting. They spied upon their Whig neighbors, and many a patriot soldier at home for a glimpse of wife and children was captured by bands of Tories or by British soldiers warned by Tory spies.

Perhaps the most hated of all were those who would take neither side, or who changed sides during the war. Nobody trusted them — nobody dared trust them. It would perhaps be too much to expect that every man should be true to his best self at such a time. There were selfish men, who would be sure to follow the stronger side for their own advantage. There were the timid ones, who dared not choose the weak side even though they believed it right. And there were others that

seemed to change with every wind that blew. When a British army encamped near them, they were all for "England and the Crown." When a turn of battle brought an American army, they were just as devoted to the cause of liberty and independence. Thus they hoped to make sure of their own safety.

Michael Doherty, of Delaware, was an unfortunate example of this changeable nature. He was a sergeant in the Continental army, but was taken prisoner by the British. While in prison he was approached by a British officer who offered him his freedom if he would take the king's side. Michael, won by what he calls the officer's "perpetual blarney" and "the king's money" slipped into his hand, became a duly enlisted soldier in the British regiment which had captured him.

Michael was again a valiant British soldier, and, when the battle was over, again a prisoner to his friends, the enemy.

Alas, for Michael! His regiment was ordered to garrison Stony Point, and there "Mad Anthony's" men gave him an ugly wound and took him prisoner again. No doubt he had time to think over the matter seriously while his wound was healing; at any rate he changed his sympathies and was forgiven and received back with kindness by his comrades in his old Delaware regiment. But at the battle of Camden in South Carolina the British won the day, and poor Michael soon found himself marched to the coast and shut up on a British prison ship. By that time changing sides had probably become a habit, so we are not surprised to hear that, in the battle at the Cowpens, Michael was again a valiant British soldier, and, when the battle was over, again a prisoner to his friends, the enemy. What became of him after that I cannot say, but he lived to tell the tale, which he concluded with these words: "I feel some qualms at the thought of battle since, take whatever side I will, I am always sure to find it the wrong one."

I must tell you the story of Doctor Byles and his two daughters, of Boston. For more than forty years the learned doctor was pastor of a church in his native town, but when trouble came between the colonies and the English government, his people were not satisfied with the good doctor's stand.

He was careful not to say a word about politics or the questions that everybody else was talking excitedly about. Other preachers wrote sermons about "the duty of the colonies to the king," or "the wrongs of the American colonies," but never a word from Doctor Byles. At last some one asked him why he expressed no opinion. His reply was: "In the first place, I don't understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics

The Battle of Cowpens, Don Troiani

all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion."

This, however, did not satisfy his Whig congregation. The people believed he was a Tory at heart. And so he was, but of the sort that was disposed to keep out of the quarrel and allow those who felt more strongly than he to settle it.

It was not long before his Tory sympathies cost him his church; but he lived on in his old house in Boston. His daughters were far more interested than he. They welcomed to their father's house the British officers then stationed in Boston; they watched anxiously for news of British victories; they prayed for the success of England and the welfare of the British king.

The old doctor was closely watched, you may be sure, and, at one time during the war, he was tried and sentenced to be shut up in his own house under guard. It might have been worse, of course, and the old man, always cheerful, made the best of it, although the daughters more than offset his mildness by their indignant exclamations.

One day it happened that the doctor was alone in the house, before which the sentinel marched back and forth on his usual guard duty. It also happened that the doctor found himself much in need of a servant or a messenger boy to do an errand for him. Unfortunately he could not go himself, and there was no one else. Quite annoying, surely! Suddenly, with a twinkle in his shrewd old eyes, the doctor threw open the front door and hailed the guard.

Now, I haven't a doubt that the militiaman pacing up and down before the doctor's door was very tired of his task. And I should be very little surprised to know that it seemed to him rather a foolish precaution to guard this white-haired old man who had done nothing worse than to wish success to England in the war. Even so, he stood in open-mouthed astonishment when the doctor coolly proposed that he — the guard — go on an errand for his prisoner!

"But, sir," he stammered, "who — who — who would stand guard over you, sir?"

"I am quite capable of shouldering a musket myself," replied the old doctor. "Go on. I'll do sentry duty." The strangest part of the story is that the sentinel agreed, leaving the prisoner to march gravely back and forth for an hour or more, till his return.

Once the doctor and his daughters were ordered to be sent to England, but the sentence was not carried out. Instead they remained in their old home, while the war went on and finally ended in the independence of the American colonies.

The hopes and prayers of the doctor's daughters had gained them nothing. Still, however, they were loyal to King George. The father died, but the daughters lived in Boston for fifty years after the war, unchanging loyalists to the days of their death. The people around them might yield to the rulers of "the states." They were as they had always been, subjects of the king. Their old-fashioned house was kept as in their father's day. Their treasures were "from England" and as old or older than themselves. They talked of the old days when they were taken to walk on the Common by General Howe and Lord Percy of the King's Army, and of the band which played beneath their windows by the order of these officers. As death approached, they found great comfort in the knowledge that "not a creature in the states will be any better for what we shall leave behind us."

"I am quite capable of shouldering a musket myself," replied the old doctor. "Go on. I'll do sentry duty."

To them the war was always "a rebellion," and they never forgot nor forgave the deeds of their "misguided countrymen." We cannot help feeling sorry for the poor old ladies, although we rejoice in America's freedom and in the deeds of our patriot forefathers, which won it.

There is a story of another old minister in Massachusetts, which shows him, like his fellow-Tory, Doctor Byles, a

gentle and peace-loving man. For many years before the Revolution he had been wont to pray as other ministers did for "our excellent King George"; and one Sunday after the war began, he, in an absent-minded way, offered the same prayer. He had scarcely spoken the words "King George," however, when he realized what he had said and that his people would surely object: so he immediately went on, "O Lord, I mean George Washington."

There were not many Tories as harmless to the patriot cause as Doctor Byles, nor many who could have been trusted to stand guard over themselves. On every hand we hear of Tory deeds. In the Mohawk Valley, in New York State, they gathered together bands of Indians and, with their aid, carried on the most cruel and awful warfare. There were raids and massacres, murder and scalping — warfare not only against men, but against women and children.

Everywhere through the middle colonies and the south there were more Tories than in New England; and the patriots of these sections had to fight not only British soldiers, but neighborhood Tories. Stories are still told in Pennsylvania of the five Doane brothers, who left their home, and carried on their warfare from the woods. They were the terror of the neighborhood, spying, robbing, dashing out from their hiding places, and doing all manner of harm to the patriot cause.

Scarcely a town, north or south, but has its stories of Tory misdeeds. There is a story of a southern patriot, whose plantation was left for months at a time in charge of his faithful slaves, while the master fought for liberty. One night the master suddenly appeared, and the slaves were rejoiced to see him, although they feared for his safety, for there were many Tories in the neighborhood.

After a long talk about plantation matters, the weary soldier sought his bed, and was soon sleeping soundly. The slaves kept watch, lest he should be surprised and captured. Suddenly in the dark hours of the night, the slaves came running to rouse their master.

"The Tories are coming, massa. They are coming, sure," they cried, even shaking the sleeping man to rouse him to his danger. He had scarcely wakened when he knew the slaves were right. Voices and hoof beats told the story. There was little time in which to flee.

Reassuring the frightened negroes, the soldier ran down the stairs, and, still in his night-clothes, hastily concealed himself in a thickly growing shrub close to the house. There was no time to seek a more distant refuge. Scarcely had the crackling of twigs and the rustling of leaves ceased before the Tory band was upon him. He hardly dared breathe.

In a moment the leader of the company was roughly demanding that the slaves lead him to their master. They protested loudly that they did not know where he was. And indeed they did not. They knew only that he was hidden somewhere. The voices grew louder and angrier. The slaves grew more and more frightened, but they were loyal in spite of fright. The Tories threatened them with whipping and with torture, but were at last convinced that they really did not know.

Close beside the hiding place of the soldier, the Tories gathered, and soon decided that they would burn the house. "He's probably in it somewhere, so we'll get him dead if not alive," said one. In a short time there was smoke and the crackling of flames. The fire burned rapidly, and the man in the bushes began to suffer from the heat. He had torn his scanty garments in getting to his hiding place, and now the heat was blistering his back and arms. It seemed as though he must cry out. But crying out meant capture and perhaps death. He bit his lips, and endured the torment.

At last the Tories, seeing that the house was doomed, turned about, and, with a last threat flung toward the weeping negroes clustered at a little distance, rode off. Then the master crept forth,

scratched and bleeding, scorched and blistered. But he lived to fight again for liberty.

One of the saddest things about the war for independence was the turning against each other of one-time friends and neighbors. But in most cases, people favored the side which they thought right, and we must allow to each the liberty of his own belief. Whigs and Tories called each other hard names; and when the Whigs were victorious and won independence, they treated the defeated Tories harshly. It is only in these later years that we can see that, if they were honest, they could only defend the right as they saw it.

Chapter 3

Bessie Fisher Outwits the Tories

During the time of our Revolution the country north of New York City was wild and rugged. This region was often called the neutral ground; for it was not within either the British or the American lines. It extended for thirty miles along the Hudson River, and took in nearly all of Westchester County.

The reckless and lawless stragglers of both armies found it a convenient place to do about as they pleased. Houses and barns were burned, crops destroyed, and cattle and horses stolen to such an extent that the people were heartily sick and tired of war.

These stragglers were divided into two parties. The cowboys, as they were called, belonged mostly to the British side, and spent their time in stealing cattle and driving them to New York. The second party was known as the Skinners. They lived chiefly within the patriot lines, but they were brutal and cruel, and plundered and stole everything they could lay their hands on.

This neutral ground, which was almost like a battlefield, was not a pleasant place for a young couple to begin housekeeping in, but just as the war broke out Andrew and Bessie Fisher moved into their neat little log cabin on one of the hillsides.

They lived in peace only a few weeks. Andrew enlisted in the patriot army, and soon became one of Washington's boldest and most trusted scouts. The young bride went to Washington's camp and nursed the sick and wounded soldiers. After a time, however, she went home; and she was living alone at the time our story begins. The young husband now and then made short trips to see his wife; but such visits were full of risk. The British were always on the watch to capture him.

Late one afternoon Andrew came rushing into the house.

"Save me! Save me, Bessie! The redcoats are after me, just round the bend of the road. Hide me, or they will catch me."

Bessie quickly pulled up some of the rough boards of the kitchen floor. There was a hole beneath, deep enough to conceal a man.

"Jump in here! Quick, Andrew!"

The young man crawled in, and Bessie put the boards in place, just as the British soldiers began to pound on the door of the cabin.

"Surrender, you rebel! We saw you run in!" shouted the officer in command. "We have got you this time!"

Bessie's heart was beating fast, but she put on a calm face. "Search the house all you please," was her quiet answer.

The troopers rushed in and examined every nook and corner of the cabin, but no scout could they find.

Illustration from *Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas,* 1905

Before midnight Andrew crawled out of the dark hole under the kitchen floor and escaped to Washington's camp.

On another occasion, not many months later, Mrs. Fisher was again expecting a visit from her husband. The time was indeed full of peril, for the cowboys and Skinners were doing wicked things in the neutral ground. The devoted wife, however, was keeping close watch. Just at sunset she looked out of her cabin window to be sure that nobody was in sight.

She watched a clump of woods a little way back of the cabin. Suddenly she saw a man running at full speed toward her. As he dashed along he looked back, stumbled and fell, but in a flash was up and running again, as if for life.

"It must be Andrew. The Tories are after him again. Oh dear! what shall we do?"

The scout was soon inside the house.

"The Tories! They are coming! Hide me quick, somewhere, anywhere!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" thought the good wife. "They will surely capture him this time. Oh, what shall I do?"

She glanced into the yard. Near the kitchen door she saw her hens scratching in the ash heap. She seized a feather brush that was hanging beside the fireplace. She pulled out several quills, and with a knitting-needle pushed the pith out. Then she joined the quills together, making a tube of

them.

"Quick, Andrew! There is not a minute to spare."

She ran into the yard with a shovel and began digging in the side of the ash heap.

"Quick!" and she gave the quill tube to her husband. "Hold this in your mouth and get into this hole; I will cover you up. Keep your eyes and mouth shut."

The scout lay down in the hole. Quick as a wink his wife covered him with ashes, leaving the end of the tube free, so that he could breathe.

She then hurried back into the house and stood ready to greet her visitors when they came riding up to the door.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she asked.

"Let us have that young Andrew Fisher," replied the captain of the Tory party.

"Come in and find him, if you think he is here."

"Come on, boys!" and the captain led the way. "Last year this woman hid her husband under the kitchen floor. Perhaps he is hid there now."

Twenty or more of the Tory band searched the cabin. They took up the kitchen floor; they tore open the feather beds; they kicked over tables and chairs; they went up the ladder and examined the loft. But no Andrew Fisher was to be found.

"Go out and search the barn," ordered the captain, walking toward the ash heap.

And now poor Bessie was almost ready to faint with fear. But the officer soon left the spot and followed his men to the barn.

At last, after ransacking the premises, the Tories gave up the search.

"If we ever catch that rebel husband of yours, we will hang him to the nearest tree!" shouted the angry captain, as he and his gang rode off down the valley.

It was a strange-looking man that crawled out of the ash heap a few minutes after the Tories rode away. Covered from head to foot with ashes, almost choked for want of air, and his eyes filled with dust, the poor scout looked sorry enough. But soap and water soon made a new man of him.

"What were you thinking of when you were under the ashes?" asked Bessie, with a hearty laugh.

"I thought of what our good preacher says sometimes, 'from ashes to ashes.'"

"True enough," added Bessie; "but out of the ashes you came to life again. Perhaps it will be so with our poor country."

Chapter 4

Henry and John Laurens

The tower of London is a great state prison, more than a thousand years old. Here kings have been confined, and princesses beheaded, and statesmen shut away from their families and the world, ever since England was a kingdom. Perhaps one distinguished American only was ever imprisoned here, and his crime was love of his country. For two long years, sometimes not permitted for weeks to go out on the walls to see the sun or breathe the air, supplied with bad food, furnished with a damp bed, and forbidden his accustomed comforts, did this great and good man suffer here. He might have been free any day, if he would have acknowledged George Third as his king. He might have had honors and command, as well. But he would do no such thing. He spurned the bribes that were offered. Imprisonment and death to him were better than treachery. And so, heart-sick and ill and lame, while his property was being destroyed at home and his family were broken up, did this noble Christian gentleman suffer without a murmur, for devotion to his country.

Henry Laurens, John Singleton Copley

Henry Laurens was a South Carolina planter. When the war commenced he was in England, known as a great and good man; he had tried to prevent his friends in Parliament from acting against the colonies. He opposed the stamp act. He called the tax on tea a "crazy crusade." Together with thirty-eight other South Carolinians who were in London, he signed a remonstrance against the Boston Port Bill. But all was in vain. England was obstinate. And in 1776, Mr. Laurens took his son John, whom he had been educating in Europe, and came back to South Carolina. John entered the army. His father was sent to Congress. The two, who dearly loved each

other, never met again.

In the Continental Congress Mr. Laurens had great weight. He was a handsome man, with gray hair and pleasant face. His voice was musical, his manners were gentle, and his presence was commanding. When he spoke in public every one listened. His opinions had the respect even of those who differed from him. He was also a methodical man. He had a place for everything, and everything was in its place. At an early part of his life he had been a merchant, and in his business all was done like clock-work. In Congress it was the same. He was always present, always attentive, never in a hurry, but always at work.

When John Hancock left, Mr. Laurens was elected president of the Congress. He presided with great dignity. Barely was he ever severe, and never was he angry. All the members respected him. Benjamin Franklin was his friend. John Adams said he was the wisest man in America. Thomas Jefferson loved him like a brother.

By-and-by a time came for the United States to send an ambassador to Holland. An ambassador should be a gentleman, a man of wisdom, and acquainted with other languages than his own. Unfortunately, all ambassadors are not so; but Mr. Laurens was. He was therefore made ambassador or minister from the United States to Holland, and soon set sail for that country.

Passing through the English channel, the ship in which he sailed was overhauled and searched by a British man-of-war. When Mr. Laurens heard the demand of the British officer, "Heave-to your ship, and I will send a boat aboard you!" and saw a pinnace launched to bring search officers, he was alarmed. Going hastily to his state-room, he tied all his papers in a parcel, in the inside placing an inkstand for a weight, and came back on deck to sink them. He was too late.

The pinnace was close by. As he threw the package into the water a British sailor reached out and caught it while sinking. When opened, the papers showed Mr. Laurens to be a minister from the United States to Holland, and he was sent to the tower.

It was not till General Cornwallis had surrendered, and Great Britain had given up her colonies, that Laurens was released. He was then employed as commissioner, together with Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and John Adams, to negotiate peace with England.

Mr. Laurens returned home at the conclusion of the war. He found his houses burned, his stock destroyed, his plantations ravaged, and all his improvements overturned. He had left America rich; he returned poor. But he did not complain. He set to work with his usual energy and method to put things to rights, and would no doubt have succeeded in time. But his long sufferings in the tower had weakened his constitution, and he did not long survive.

Four young undergraduates were chatting together on a seat under the great oak of Christ's college-yard, Oxford. A fifth came up, and nodding to the others, asked, "Have you heard the news from America?"

They all answered, "No. Tell us what it is."

"Our troops," he replied, "have whipped at Bunker Hill those cowardly Americans."

"Those what?" said one of the four, springing suddenly to his feet. "Those what, sir? Say it again at your peril."

He was a fine, tall fellow, with black, curling hair, and dark, flashing eyes, who thus suddenly

challenged the other to repeat his remark. The offender hesitated, looked for a moment into the face of his opponent, and then slowly repeated the offensive words.

"I said, sir, that British soldiers had whipped the cowardly Americans."

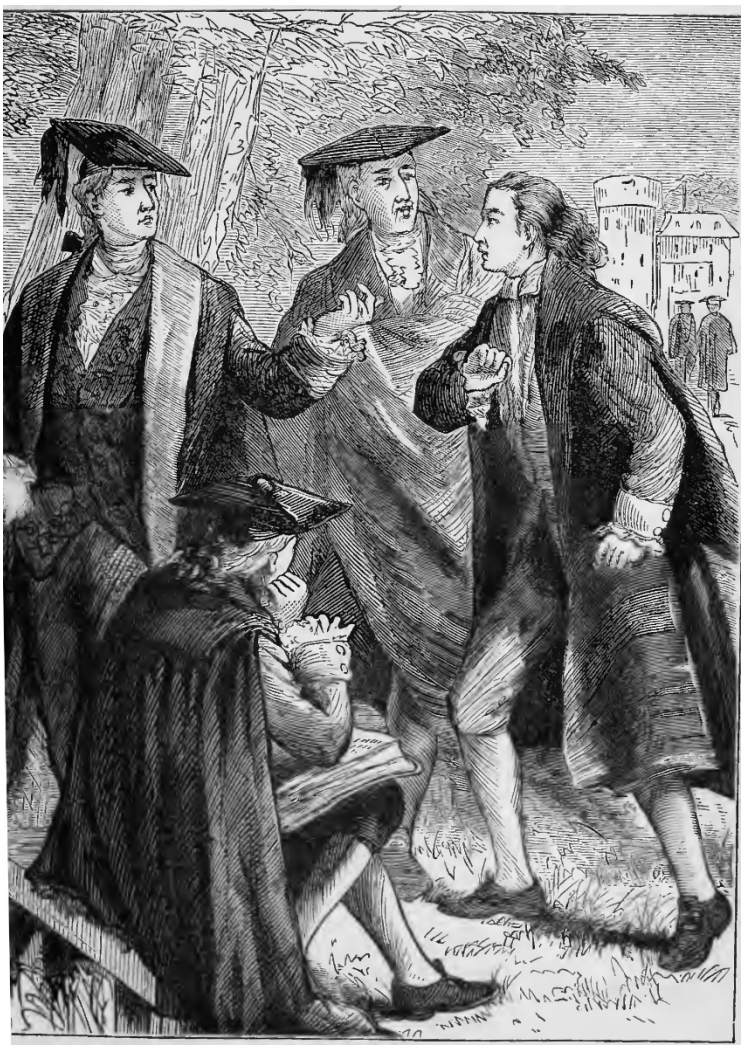
"Then take that, sir," replied the first, "from an American who tells you that you lie!" and with a blow of his fist, planted squarely in the speaker's face, he felled him to the ground.

The whole affair was of an instant. The others had no time to interfere. It was a word and a blow. With blackened eye and bleeding nose the Englishman picked himself up, saying:

"You will be sorry for this, Laurens."

"Perhaps so," replied the young southerner; "but any man who dares in my presence to call my countrymen cowards will fare as you have."

John Laurens was then twenty years old. He had been educated in France and Germany, and spoke their languages like his own. He was now graduating from Oxford University. His father had spared no expense to make him accomplished. He was a good scholar; on the violin he could discourse sweet music; at ball, or on the slack rope, or in running a race, he had no equal; and as a truthful, brave, outspoken young gentleman, there was not his superior in his college. His father loved him dearly, and wanted to make him a great lawyer. In 1776 he left England with his father and sailed for America. On shipboard everybody liked him. He climbed the ropes, became intimate with officers and sailors, and in the sports which passengers have at sea, would lift the heaviest weight and perform the adroitest rope feats. Before the ship reached land, a pilot came on board and told of the British being driven out of Boston, and of Washington's success at the head of the American army. There was no more thought of law. "I must go into the army, father," said the young man; and before many weeks, after the ship had come to port, John Laurens had buckled on his sword, said good-by to his friends, and was an aide-de-camp of General Washington.



John Laurens at Oxford

And now it was just the same. He would write despatches all night, that they might be ready in the morning. He

would sleep on the ground, if his tent were wanted. A dry crust of bread in his saddle-bags was all he needed for food. To ride sixty miles a day right through the enemy's pickets was easy to him. He feared nothing. What fatigue was, he did not know. His gray mare — Fanny Grey he called her — would gallop all day, and then lay down by his side all night. Washington had no one he loved so well, or trusted so much.

Young Laurens was commander often, as well as aide-de-camp. He was wounded at Brandywine, but would not dismount till the battle was over. He fought at Germantown with such bravery, that old soldiers said, "He will surely be killed." He was in the thickest of the fight at Monmouth and Charleston. And to brave old Moultrie, when he was battling stoutly against the British, Laurens was most useful of all his captains. Ready upon all occasions, quick, intelligent, good-natured, without vices and without fear, faithful to friends and generous to foes, no wonder Washington called him after a famous soldier of old time in France, "the Chevalier Bayard of the army."

John Laurens. Charles Willson Peale

It was not his courage only, nor his handsome person, nor his agreeable manners, that served his turn. His French and German were of great service. He was secretary and interpreter and foreign correspondent to the commander-in-chief. When French officers, who could not speak English, came to headquarters, it was Colonel Laurens who welcomed them. When orders had to be sent to the French troops, it was Colonel Laurens who carried them. When despatches in French had to be prepared, it was Colonel Laurens who wrote them.

At one time Congress wanted money to pay the army. LaFayette advised to borrow it in France. "Whom shall we send?" the speaker asked. Some said, "Send General LaFayette." Others said, "Send Colonel Hamilton." But when Washington was asked, he replied, "Send John Laurens."

Colonel Laurens went and got the money; but, as Benjamin Franklin said, "it was by the skin of his teeth." Count Yergennes, the minister, would not listen to him. He could not get the ear of any of the princes. Our ambassador could not help him. He concluded, therefore, to appeal directly to the king, did so, and succeeded.

Poor fellow, he was killed in the little battle of Chehaw, when only twenty-five years old. The whole country mourned for him. Washington wept when he heard the news. And to this day old people in South Carolina tell the tales they heard from their grandmothers, about brave and handsome John Laurens.

Chapter 5

Robert Morris – An Unappreciated Patriot

Two days before the battle of Bunker Hill the Continental Congress was sitting in the state house at Philadelphia.

The king of Great Britain had declared the American colonies to be in a state of rebellion and had sent soldiers to reduce them to subjection. It was for the Congress to provide some way of defense.

On this particular day, therefore, it passed the following resolution: —

"*Resolved,* That a General be appointed to command all the Continental Forces, raised or to be raised for the defense of American liberty.

"That five hundred dollars per month be allowed for the pay and expenses of the General."

Who should the General be?

A delegate from Maryland arose and nominated George Washington of Virginia.

On the following day the president of the Congress informed Washington officially that he had been unanimously chosen to be commander in chief of all the forces of the American colonies.

Washington arose and thanked the Congress for the honor which it had conferred upon him; and while declaring that he did not think himself equal to the duties required of him, he asserted his readiness to do all that he could for "the support of the glorious cause."

"As to pay," he continued, "I beg leave to assure the Congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. These, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

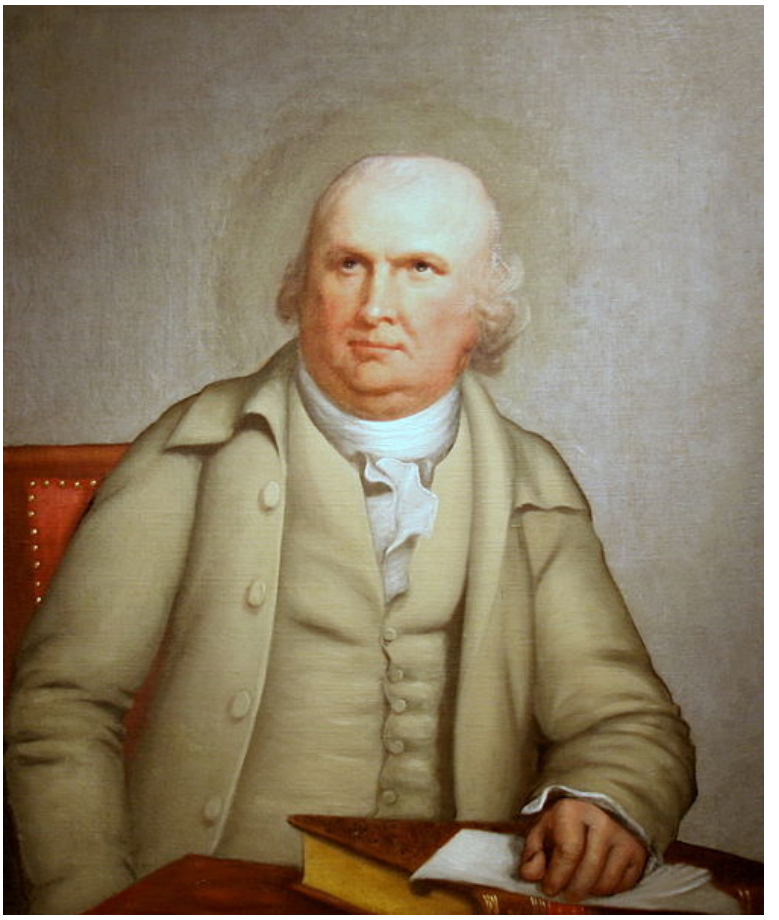
Thus, the united American colonies entered upon a long and precarious war with the mother country. They had as yet no efficient army: they had no money; but they felt a supreme faith in the righteousness of their cause.

Upon George Washington of Virginia devolved the task of organizing, equipping, and conducting the army. Upon Robert Morris of Pennsylvania devolved the task of supplying the funds for the carrying on of the war. Without the patriotic labors of both these men, it is not unreasonable to believe that the colonies would have failed to achieve their liberty and the war would have ended in disaster.

Robert Morris was at the head of the largest commercial house in Philadelphia; he was the leading man of business in America. In the Congress of 1775 he was active in pushing forward and

sustaining the war, and people soon perceived that the country must very largely depend upon him for financial aid.

When the Declaration of Independence was proposed, Robert Morris voted against it. He was in favor of independence, but he did not believe the time was ripe for it. When the day came for adopting the Declaration, however, he signed it, and thus pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of liberty.



Robert Morris, Robert Edge Pine

The months that followed were months of trial and great perplexity. How should the money be obtained for feeding and clothing and arming the patriot forces under Washington? It required all the skill and experience of Robert Morris to provide for the necessities of the new government. It required, also, an amount of self-sacrifice which few other men would have been willing to make. Often he was obliged to borrow large sums of money, for which he became personally responsible. Through his exertions, three million rations of provisions were forwarded to the army just at the moment when such aid was most needed.

In the following year he was appointed superintendent of finance, or, as we should now say, secretary of the treasury, for the United States. But the treasury was empty; the Congress was in debt two and a half million dollars; the army was destitute; there was no one who would lend to the government; without some immediate aid the war could not go on. Nevertheless, people had confidence in Robert Morris, and it was that confidence which saved the day.

He began by furnishing the army with several thousand barrels of flour, pledging his own means to pay for it.

When Washington decided to make a bold campaign in Virginia against Lord Cornwallis, it was to Robert Morris that he looked for support.

"We are in want of food, of clothing, of arms," said the general. "We have not even the means of transporting the army from place to place or subsisting it in the field."

"I myself," said Robert Morris, "will see that you are provided."

He hastened to borrow of his friends all the money they were willing to spare for the cause of liberty. He pledged his own means to the last shilling. He directed the commissary to send forward

Statue of Robert Morris, Independence National Historical Park, Philadelphia PA

all necessary supplies for the army in Virginia. He procured boats for transporting troops and provisions. He left nothing undone; he spared no pains to make the campaign in Virginia a successful one. Washington's victory at Yorktown was to a large degree the result no less of his own skill and courage than of the energy and self-sacrifice of Robert Morris.

At the close of the war there was no money to pay off the soldiers and there was great dissatisfaction on every side. Robert Morris came forward, and by endorsing certificates to the amount of three quarters of a million dollars, relieved the public distress and made it possible to disband the army. While doing this, he again pledged himself personally to see that all the obligations that he had made in behalf of the government were properly satisfied.

It is pleasant to remember that the money which he had so generously advanced in aid of the cause of liberty was finally paid back to him, and that his faith in the honesty of the government was not misplaced.

On the other hand, it is sad to relate that the last years of this doer of golden deeds were clouded with misfortune. He had invested largely in lands, believing that he would be able to sell at a great profit. He was disappointed, however. There was no demand for the lands, and Robert Morris was unable to pay his debts. He was sent to prison, and for four years was shut up in a debtor's cell.

While all patriotic Americans join in honoring General Washington for his victories in war, how few there are who remember the services of the man who made these victories possible!

Chapter 6

Nathan Hale

It was plain that Washington was troubled. As he paced the piazza of the stately Murray mansion one fine autumn afternoon, he was saying half aloud to himself, "Shall we defend or shall we quit New York?"

At this time Washington's headquarters were on Manhattan Island, at the home of the Quaker merchant, Robert Murray; and here, in the first week of September, 1776, he had asked his officers to meet him in council.

Was it strange that Washington's heart was heavy? During the last week of August, the Continental army had been defeated in the battle of Long Island. A fourth of the army were on the sick list; a third were without tents. Winter was close at hand, and the men, mostly new recruits, were short of clothing, shoes, and blankets. Only fourteen thousand men were fit for duty, and they were scattered all the way from the Battery to Kingsbridge, a distance of a dozen miles or more.

The British army, numbering about twenty-five thousand, lay encamped along the shores of New York Bay and the East River. The soldiers were veterans, and they were led by veterans. A large fleet of war ships, lying at anchor, was ready to assist the land forces at a moment's notice. Scores of guard ships sailed to and fro, watching every movement of the patriot troops.

Statue of Nathan Hale, Central Intelligence Agency Headquarters, Washington D.C.

To give up the city to the British without battle seemed a great pity. The effect upon the patriot cause in all the colonies would be bad. Still, there was no help for it. What was the use of fighting against such odds? Why run the risk of almost certain defeat? Washington always looked beyond the present, and he did not intend now to be shut up on Manhattan Island, perhaps to lose his entire army; so, with the main body, he moved north to Harlem Heights. Here he was soon informed by scouts that the British were getting ready to move at once. Whither, nobody could tell. Such was the state of affairs that led Washington to call his

chief officers to the Murray mansion, on that September afternoon.

Of course they talked over the situation long and calmly. After all, the main question was, What shall be done? Among other things, it was thought best to find the right sort of man, and send him in disguise into the British camp on Long Island, to find out just where the enemy were planning to attack.

"Upon this, gentlemen," said Washington, "depends at this time the fate of our army."

The commander in chief sent for Colonel Knowlton, the hero of the rail fence at Bunker Hill.

"I want you to find for me in your regiment or in some other," he said, "some young officer to go at once into the British camp, to discover what is going on. The man must have a quick eye, a cool head, and nerves of steel. I wish him to make notes of the position of the enemy, draw plans of the forts, and listen to the talk of the officers. Can you find such a man for me this very afternoon?"

"I will do my best, General Washington," said the colonel, as he took leave to go to his regiment.

On arriving at his quarters that afternoon, Knowlton called together a number of officers. He briefly told them what Washington wanted, and asked for volunteers. There was a long pause, amid deep surprise. These soldiers were willing to serve their country; but to play the spy, the hated spy, was too much even for Washington to ask.

One after another of the officers, as Knowlton called them by name, declined. His task seemed hopeless. At last, he asked a grizzled Frenchman, who had fought in many battles and was noted for his rash bravery.

"No, no! Colonel Knowlton," he said, "I am ready to fight the redcoats at any place and at any time; but, sir, I am not willing to play the spy, and be hanged like a dog if I am caught."

Just as Knowlton gave up hope of finding a man willing to go on the perilous mission, there came to him the painfully thrilling but cheering words, "I will undertake it." It was the voice of Captain Nathan Hale. He had just entered Knowlton's tent. His face was still pale from a severe sickness. Every man was astonished. The whole company knew the brilliant young officer, and they loved him. Now they all tried to dissuade him. They spoke of his fair prospects, and of the fond hopes of his parents and his friends. It was all in vain. They could not turn him from his purpose.

"I wish to be useful," he said, "and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If my country needs a peculiar service, its claims upon me are imperious."

These patriotic words of a man willing to give up his life, if necessary, for the good of his country silenced his brother officers.

"Good-by, Nathan!" "Don't you let the red-coats catch you!" "Good luck to you!" "We never expect to see you again!" cried his nearest friends in camp, as, in company with Colonel Knowlton, the young captain rode out that same afternoon to receive his orders from Washington himself.

Nathan Hale was born, as were his eight brothers and his three sisters, in an old-fashioned, two-storied house, in a little country village of Connecticut. His father, a man of integrity, was a stanch patriot. Instead of allowing his family to use the wool raised on his farm, he saved it to make blankets for the Continental army. The mother of this large family was a woman of high moral and domestic worth, devoted to her children, for whom she sought the highest good. It was a quiet, strict household, Puritan in its faith and its manners, where the Bible ruled, where family prayers never failed, nor was grace ever omitted at meals. On a Saturday night, no work was done after sundown.

Young Nathan was a bright, active American boy. He liked his gun and his fishing pole. He was fond of running, leaping, wrestling, and playing ball. One of his pupils said that Hale would put his hand upon a fence as high as his head, and clear it easily at a bound. He liked books, and read much out of school. Like two of his brothers, he was to be educated for the ministry. When only sixteen, he entered Yale College, and was graduated two years before the battle of Bunker Hill. Early in the fall of 1773, the young graduate began to teach school, and was soon afterwards made master of a select school in New London, in his native state.

At this time young Hale was about six feet tall, and well built. He had a broad chest, full face, light blue eyes, fair complexion, and light brown hair. He had a large mole on his neck, just where the knot of his cravat came. At college his friends used to joke him about it, declaring that he was surely born to be hanged.

Such was Nathan Hale when the news of the bloodshed at Lexington reached New London. A rousing meeting was held that evening. The young schoolmaster was one of the speakers.

"Let us march at once," he said, "and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence."

The next morning, Hale called his pupils together, "gave them earnest counsel, prayed with them, and shaking each by the hand," took his leave, and during the same forenoon marched with his company for Cambridge.

The young officer from Connecticut took an active part in the siege of Boston, and soon became captain of his company. Hale's diary is still preserved, and after all these years it is full of interest. It seems that he took charge of his men's clothing, rations, and money. Much of his time he was on picket duty, and took part in many lively skirmishes with the redcoats. Besides studying military tactics, he found time to make up wrestling matches, to play football and checkers, and, on Sundays, to hold religious meetings in barns.

Hale receiving his orders from Washington

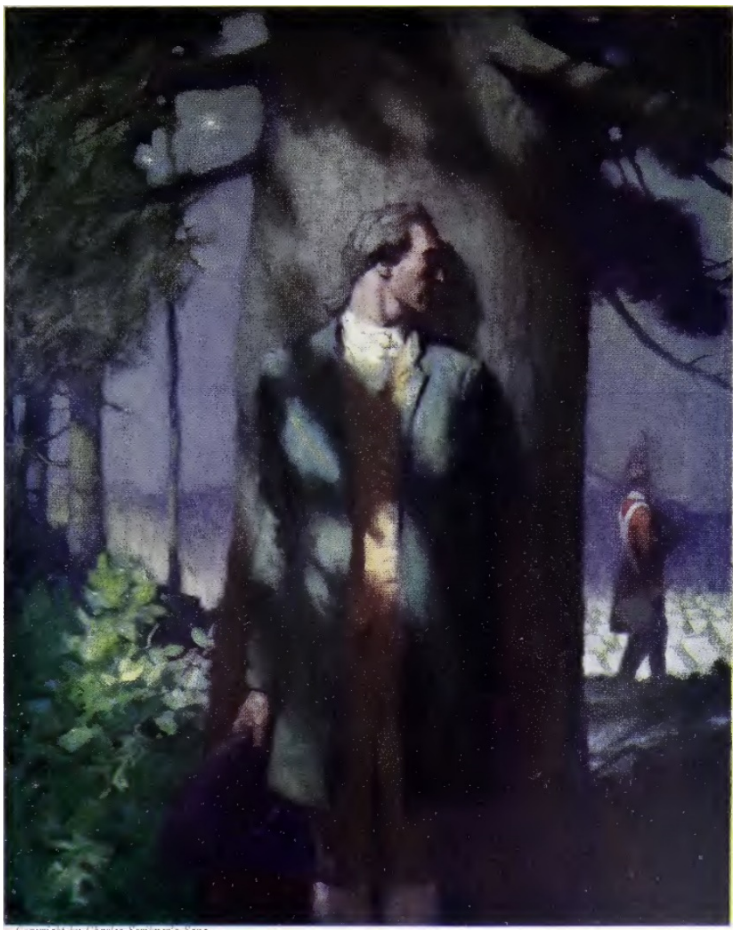
Within a few hours after bidding good-by to General Washington, Captain Hale, taking with him one of his own trusty soldiers, left the camp at Harlem, intending at the first opportunity to cross Long Island Sound. There were so many British guard ships on the watch that he and his companion found no safe place to cross until they had reached Norwalk, fifty miles up the Sound on the Connecticut shore. Here a small sloop was to land Hale on the other side.

Stripping off his uniform, the young captain put on a plain brown suit of citizen's clothes, and a broad-brimmed hat. Thus attired in the dress of a schoolmaster, he was landed across

the Sound, and shortly afterwards reached the nearest British camp.

The redcoats received the pretended schoolmaster cordially. A captain of the dragoons spoke of him long afterwards as a "jolly good fellow." Hale pretended that he was tired of the "rebel cause," and that he was in search of a place to teach school.

It would be interesting to know just what the "schoolmaster" did in the next two weeks. Think of the poor fellow's eagerness to make the most of his time, drawing plans of the forts, and going rapidly from one point to another to watch the marching of troops, patrols, and guards. Think of his sleepless nights, his fearful risk, the ever-present dread of being recognized by some Tory. All this we know nothing about, but his brave and tender heart must sometimes have been sorely tried.



Nathan Hale, from *Poems of American patriotism* by Brander Matthews, 1922

From the midst of all these dangers Hale, unharmed, began his return trip to the American lines. He had threaded his way through the woods, and round all the British camps on Long Island, until he reached in safety the point where he had first landed. Here he had planned for a boat to meet him early the next morning, to take him over to the mainland.

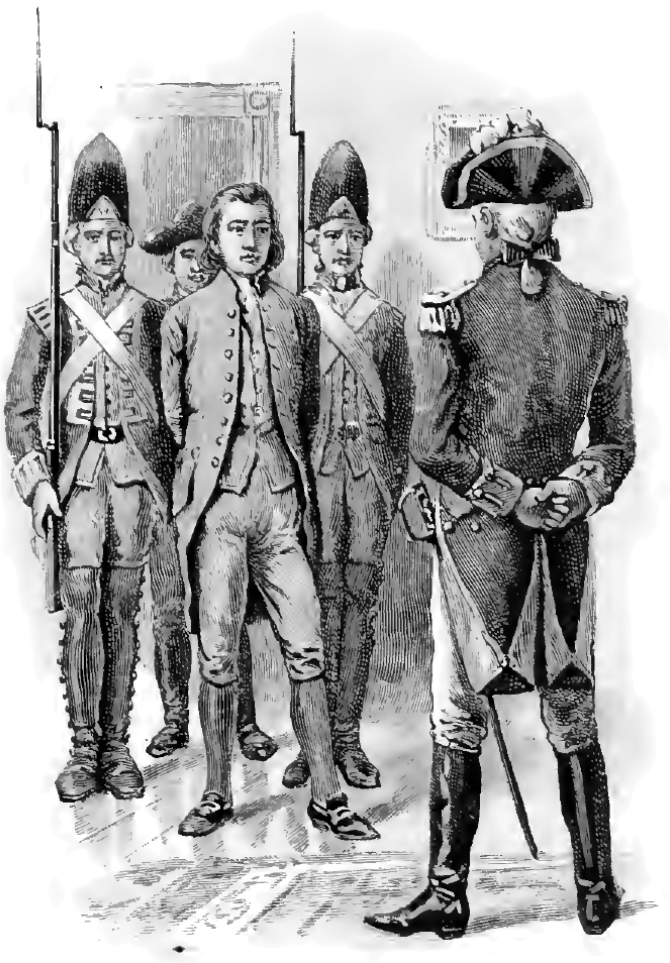
Many a patriotic American boy has thought what he should have done if he could have exchanged places with Nathan Hale on this evening. Near by, at a place then called and still called "The Cedars," a woman by the name of Chichester, and nicknamed "Mother Chick," kept a tavern, which was the favorite resort of all the Tories in that region. Hale was sure that nobody would know him in his strange dress, and so he ventured into the tavern. A number of people were in the barroom. A few minutes afterwards, a man whose face seemed familiar to Hale suddenly left the room, and was not seen again.

The pretended schoolmaster spent the night at the tavern.

Early the next morning, the landlady rushed into the barroom, crying out to her guests, "Look out, boys! there is a strange boat close in shore!"

The Tories scampered as if the house were on fire.

"That surely is the very boat I'm looking for," thought Hale on leaving the tavern, and hastened towards the beach, where the boat had already landed.



The patriot spy before the British general

A moment more, and the young captain was amazed at the sight of six British marines, standing erect in the boat, with their muskets aimed at him. He turned to run, when a loud voice cried out, "Surrender or die!" He was within close range of their guns. Escape was not possible. The poor fellow gave himself up. He was taken on board the British guard ship Halifax, which lay at anchor close by, hidden from sight by a point of land.

Some have declared that the man who so suddenly left the tavern was a Tory cousin to Hale, and saw at once through the patriot's disguise; that, being quite a rascal, he hurried away to get word to the British camp. There seems to be no good reason, however, to believe that the fellow was a kinsman.

However this may be, the British captured Captain Hale in disguise. They stripped him and searched him, and found his drawings and his notes. These were written in Latin, and had been tucked away between the soles of his shoes.

"I am sorry that so fine a fellow has fallen into my hands," said the captain of the guard ship, "but you are my prisoner, and I think a spy. So to New York you must go!"

General Howe's headquarters were at this time in the elegant Beekman mansion, situated near what is now the corner of Fifty-First Street and First Avenue. Calm and fearless, the captured spy stood before the British commander. He bravely owned that he was an American officer, and said that he was sorry he had not been able to serve his country better. No time was to be wasted in calling a court-martial. Without trial of any kind, Captain Hale was condemned to die the death of a spy.

The verdict was that he should be hanged by the neck, "to-morrow morning at daybreak."

That night, which was Saturday, September 21, the condemned man was kept under a strong guard, in the greenhouse near the Beekman mansion. He had been given over to the care of the brutal Cunningham, the infamous British provost marshal, with orders to carry out the sentence before sunrise the next morning.

"To-morrow morning at daybreak."

How cruelly brief! Nathan Hale, the patriot spy, was left to himself for the night.

When morning came, Cunningham found his prisoner ready. While preparations were being made, a young officer, moved in spite of himself, allowed Hale to sit in his tent long enough to write brief letters to his parents and his friends. The letters were passed to Cunningham to be sent. He read them, and as he saw the noble spirit which breathed in every line, the wretch began to curse, and tore the letters into bits before the face of his victim. He said that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness.

It was just before sunrise on a lovely Sabbath morning that Nathan Hale was led out to death. The gallows was the limb of an apple tree. Early as it was, a number of men and women had come to witness the execution.

"Give us your dying speech, you young rebel!" shouted the brutal Cunningham.

The young patriot, standing upon the fatal ladder, lifted his eyes toward heaven, and said, in a calm, clear voice, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

These were his last words. The women sobbed, and some of the men began to show signs of sympathy.

"Swing the rebel off!" cried Cunningham, in a voice hoarse with anger. The order was obeyed. Half an hour later, the body of the patriot spy was buried, probably beneath the apple tree, but the grave was not marked, and the exact spot is now unknown. A British officer was sent, under a flag of truce, to tell Washington of the fate of his gallant young captain.

Thus died in the bloom of life, Captain Nathan Hale, the early martyr in the cause of our freedom. Gifted, educated, ambitious, he laid aside every thought of himself, and entered upon a service of the greatest risk to life and to honor, because Washington deemed it important to the sacred cause to which they had both given their best efforts.

"What was to have been your reward in case you succeeded?" asked Major Tallmadge, Hale's classmate, of the British spy, Major Andre, as his prisoner was being rowed across the Hudson River to be tried by court-martial.

"Military glory was all I sought for," replied Andre; "the thanks of my general and the approbation of my king would have

Illustration from *Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas,* 1905

been a rich reward."

Hale did not expect, nor did he care, to be a hero. He had no thought of reward or of promotion. He sacrificed his life from a pure sense of what he thought to be his duty.

Statue of Nathan Hale, Central Intelligence Agency Headquarters, Washington D.C.

Chapter 7

John Paul Jones

In September, 1777, while all the farmers' boys in New England were marching to fight Burgoyne, a great battle came off on the English coast between the English ship "Serapis," and the American ship "Bon Homme Richard." Captain Pearson commanded the "Serapis," and Paul Jones the "Richard."

All day long the "Richard" had been following the "Serapis," trying to come up with her. The "Richard" was the better sailing vessel, and, therefore, just as the sun was setting, she came alongside, her sails all spread, her guns shotted, her men ready for action, and the stars and stripes, then shown for the first time, flying at her mast-head. Both ships were nearly equally mated in size, guns, and men. The British flag flew from the mainmast of the "Serapis," and as with full sails she sped over the waters, she looked as if she might defy a whole fleet.

Captain John Paul Jones, Continental Navy,
Cecilia Beaux

It was the first time that England and the United States ever met in equal match at sea. Both commanders were brave and proud; both were ready to fight for their country; both thought they were right.

As the "Bon Homme Richard" neared the "Serapis," Jones cried out through his speaking-trumpet, "Ship ahoy!"

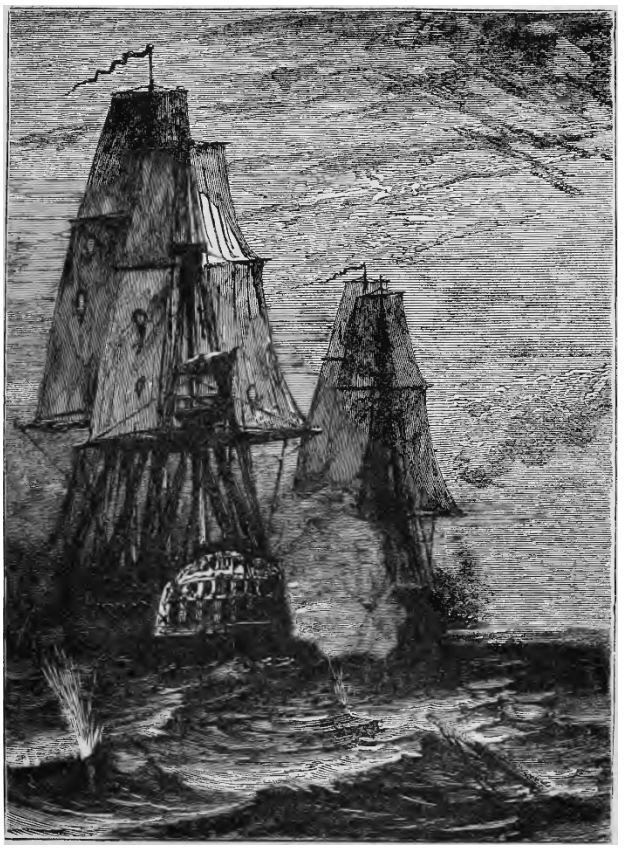
"Aye, aye!" was the cry from the British ship.

"What's your name?" sounded over the waters.

"His majesty's ship, 'Serapis'! What is yours?" cried Captain Pearson.

"'Bon Homme Richard'!" answered Paul Jones. "Haul down your flag!"

For a moment there was no reply to this, and then a whole broadside of guns was poured into the "Bon Homme Richard," the balls splintering her masts, killing several men, and exploding a part of her magazine. This was enough. The



A Naval Battle

deadly contest. They sailed back and forth. Sometimes they were separated, and sometimes they almost grazed each other's sides. Fire succeeded fire. Cannon balls tore the rigging, and shivered the yards, and carried away the booms, and killed and wounded the men, on both ships. It was a terrible fight and a dreadful slaughter. In the midst of all this, Captain Pearson called out—

"Are you ready to surrender?"

"Surrender!" answered Paul Jones, "we have not begun to fight yet!"

And so the battle went on. Soon the vessels touched each other, crowding side to side. Sailors armed with cutlasses rushed from the "Richard" on to the "Serapis," cutting down all they met. Marines kept loading and firing the great guns. The officers of both ships were shooting at each other with pistols. Hand grenades were thrown about like play-things, and kept fight Paul Jones wanted was begun. His guns were all loaded. At each one stood a man with lighted torch. Every sailor had a drawn sabre. The deck was cleared of the dead and wounded. Man and boy, on board the "Richard," were ready. Jones saw at a glance that all was right, when he called out to the helmsman —

"Hard-a-port!"

This brought the two ships close together, and in an instant his ship poured her full broadside into the "Serapis," sweeping her decks, and shattering her bulwarks.

The battle now went on in earnest. While the full moon was shining in the heavens, and the stars were coming out in the dark blue sky, and the sea was calm as a lake in a summer day, and crowds of people were looking on from Flamborough Hills, these two great ships were in

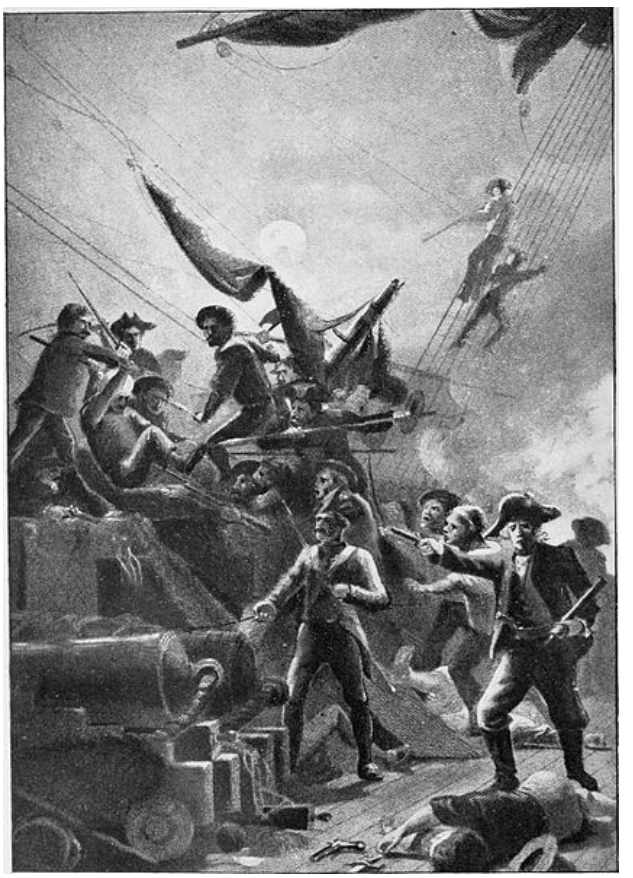


Illustration from *Our country in war and relations with all nations* by Murat Halstead, 1898

exploding, tearing up decks and shattering bulwarks. It was the most terrific sea-fight the world had ever known.

The battle had now lasted for two hours. Several great guns had burst, scattering destruction around. The "Serapis" had been on fire not less than ten times, and once both ships were on fire at the same time, while each was raking the other with cannonballs. Of both ships the rigging was cut to pieces, the masts riddled, the top-gallants and yards splintered, the bowsprits shot away, and the hulls pierced with holes. A quantity of cartridges exploded on the "Serapis," which left her quarter-deck without a man. Everybody's face was black with powder; the decks of both ships ran with blood; the killed were thrown into the sea without benedictions or prayers; the cockpits were filled with wounded and dying; and men on both sides were so angry that they murdered each other like wild beasts, not knowing what they did, or giving or asking quarter.

John Paul Jones Monument, Washington D.C.

At length the "Serapis" struck her colors, and was taken possession of by Paul Jones. It was now ten o'clock at night. The "Richard" was so damaged that she had to be abandoned, and she shortly afterwards went down. The mizzen-mast of the "Serapis" fell after the ships separated, but it was cleared from the vessel so as to do no damage. Thus ended the greatest sea-fight of the American Revolution.

Paul Jones lived many years afterwards, and fought many battles, but none so famous as this. He scoured the seas, took many British merchant ships, ran into English and Scotch ports, and kept everybody in fear of him. His name became famous. Many ships of war sailed to take him, but he was too wide-awake for them. He served the United States to the end of the war, and died in Paris in 1798.

Chapter 8

Israel Israel and the Tories

In the early twilight of a winter afternoon in 1777, a young man walked rapidly along the road from Wilmington to Philadelphia. He was closely wrapped in a large cloak, inside which he carried various bundles and packages, including a small bag of money. He was clearly anxious to reach his journey's end, yet as he approached the ferry, he lingered along the road until darkness fell and the lights of the city began to appear in the distance. Then under the friendly cover of the darkness, he walked boldly toward the British sentinel who guarded the ferry entrance.

Philadelphia was at this time in the hands of the British General Howe, and his soldiers were quartered in the city. The Tories of Philadelphia were joyful indeed because of the presence of the British, but Whigs unfortunate enough to remain suffered inconvenience and sometimes real hardship. Among the Whig families thus suffering were the mother and sisters of the young man at the ferry; and his present journey was to carry them relief.

Hailed by the British sentinel with the customary question, "Who goes there?" the young man promptly answered, "A friend," and when further questioned, gave quite as promptly the British countersign for the night.

"Pass, friend!" said the sentinel. The young man hurried on, glad to escape his searching eyes.

This man, Israel Israel, was the elder of two sons of a widowed mother. When war broke out, both of the brothers desired to fight for liberty, but the aged mother, two sisters and Israel's young wife seemed to need the protection and support of one of the young men, and it was decided that one must remain at home. It was hard to choose between them. It was finally settled that they should draw lots, and this ended in the lot's falling upon Joseph, the younger brother, who therefore went to fight.

Israel continued to live upon his little farm in Wilmington, making frequent visits to the old mother and sisters in Philadelphia. Since the British had seized the city, only "king's men," or loyalists, were permitted to pass in and out. Israel heard strange stories of the rough treatment Whigs within the city were receiving, and he grew daily more fearful. He tried to devise some way to get inside the British lines.

At length help came from an unexpected source. A Tory neighbor, knowing of Israel's longing to learn how his mother was faring, obtained for him the British countersign; and thankfully accepting his neighbor's kindness, Israel had passed the sentinel, as we have seen, and was soon walking rapidly in the direction of his mother's house.

Once within, the young man was relieved to find his mother and sisters well, though sorely in need of the supplies he had brought. Soldiers were quartered in the house, they told him, and the timid women were very weary of their rough, noisy ways. Then cautiously they led Israel to an inner

room, where he was surprised to find a soldier in Continental uniform.

"Why, 'tis Joe," he cried, and the brothers clasped hands joyfully. "How did you get here, man?" asked Israel. "Did some Tory friend help you as mine helped me?"

"'Tis too long a tale to tell," answered Joseph. "'Tis enough that I am here. Indeed I must soon be gone. I must be far from the city before light."

It was fully eleven o'clock when the happily united family sat down to supper, still talking busily of their experiences in these trying times. Suddenly the tramp of horses in the street without was followed by loud knocking at the door. In a moment Joseph had left his untasted supper, for to be caught here in Continental uniform meant imprisonment and perhaps worse.

The rest rushed after him up the stairs, helped him out of the telltale uniform, and saw him safely out of sight on the roof before they descended to open to the pounding, shouting soldiers below.

It was Israel himself who unbarred the door. Upon him the soldiers rushed, shouting, "Now we have him, the rebel rascal!"

"Who calls me a rebel?" calmly asked the young man, shaking off the rough hand of the Hessian sergeant who commanded the group.

"Your own slave admits it," answered the sergeant, pointing to an old negro who stood with hanging head in the doorway.

Even the soldiers could only laugh when Israel struggled, but all in vain, to get into the uniform.

The master fixed his keen eye upon the trembling slave, as he said carelessly, "There's a mistake here, gentlemen. It's my brother, Joe, you're looking for, no doubt. He fights in the rebel army. But he isn't here." And as he spoke, Israel could only hope his words were true, and that Joe was indeed some distance away by this time.

"Stay," he added, as if a new thought had just come to him, "I believe an old uniform of Joe's has been left in the house. I'll get it, and you may see for yourselves whether I'm its rebel owner."

So, still calmly, he went upstairs, and returned with the garments so lately thrown aside by the escaping soldier. Now it chanced that Joe was a small man, while Israel was tall and broad, quite a giant in fact. Even the soldiers could only laugh when Israel struggled, but all in

vain, to get into the uniform.

The sergeant made all due apologies, and dismissing his men, proposed that, since supper was on the table, he stay and share it. Little as the family desired his presence, they dared not object, and they made a place for the self-invited guest.

When the officer had taken his departure, Israel bade his mother and sisters good-by, and set out upon his homeward journey. Passing the sentinel safely, he tramped the thirty miles between the ferry and his home, arriving weary, but relieved that his dangerous errand was safely accomplished.

At home, however, he met fresh difficulties. The friendly Tory who had given him the countersign proved far from friendly at heart, for he had betrayed the secret of the journey to the British, and now Israel found himself arrested and accused of entering the British lines as a spy.

Together with his wife's brother, the young man was carried off to a British warship in the Delaware, to be tried for his life. While it was not true that he was a spy, his activity in the patriot cause could not be denied, and his Tory neighbors were more than ready to testify against him.

The *Roebuck*, on which the prisoners were confined, lay not far from the town, directly opposite, it happened, to Israel's little farm. As he lay on the deck, on the coil of rope which was his only bed, he could see the lights in his windows, telling of the lonely young wife within the house, trembling for his safety. Only nineteen years old, she was now left quite unprotected.

In the morning, Israel saw his cattle driven out upon the meadow by the riverside and knew the brave wife was caring as she could for the home in his absence. His enemies were on hand early with their tales of his evil deeds. He had been a rebel from the first, they said. He had given no provisions for the use of his Majesty's soldiers and fleet. Indeed he had been heard to say he would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington than to sell them for a cartload of British gold.

"Indeed," said the commander of the *Roebuck*. "And where are these precious cattle?"

"There, on the meadow, sir, in plain sight," responded the Tory informers. Then the commander sternly ordered men ashore to drive the cattle down to the river, where they should be slaughtered before their rebel owner's eyes.

The young wife, having risen at dawn, was watching eagerly from an upper window of the farmhouse for some sign of her husband's fate. She saw the soldiers rowed ashore from the ship, saw them land and march toward the meadow. Guessing their errand, she ran down with a sudden determination to resist.

No one was in sight to help her but the small boy who had driven the cows to the pasture, and he was only eight years old. Calling him to follow, she started for the pasture, and, pulling down the bars, ran to drive the cattle out. With the small boy who helped valiantly, she soon started the herd in the right direction. The soldiers were coming nearer now and were shouting angrily that they would fire — and fire they did. By this time Mrs. Israel was thoroughly aroused, and she only called back, "Fire away!" while she ran hither and thither with the boy, guiding the frightened cattle.

With the balls falling around them, the young woman and the little boy braved death in defence of those rebel cattle. "This way, Joe! Head them this way! Don't let a single one escape." With the last one through the bars, Mrs. Israel caught up the little boy, stumbling in his terror, and fastened the cattle securely in the barnyard.

The soldiers, perhaps a little ashamed of making war upon a woman and a child, turned back to

the ship. On the deck of the *Roebuck* officers and prisoners had watched the scene, and the prisoners at least must have gloried in the courage shown by the young wife. The trial went on, but strange to say, the officers for some reason changed their harsh attitude toward the prisoners and sent them home free men. They even rebuked the Tories who had accused a man bound on a peaceful errand of duty to his old mother. Israel went home in honor on a splendid barge, with presents for his brave wife from the officers of the *Roebuck*.

Chapter 9

Valley Forge

The winter of 1777 passed with little fighting; and when the spring opened, Washington used his army so adroitly as to prevent the British from moving on Philadelphia, and finally crowded them out of New Jersey altogether. That summer, however, was an anxious one, for there was great uncertainty as to the plans of the enemy; and when at last a formidable British army appeared in the Chesapeake, whither it had been transported by sea, Washington hurried his forces to meet it, and fought the battle of Brandywine, in which he met with a severe loss. He retrieved his fortune in part by a brilliant attack on the enemy at Germantown, and then retired to Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania, where he went into winter quarters; while the British army was comfortably established in Philadelphia.

The defeat of Burgoyne by Gates, at Saratoga, in the summer and Washington's splendid attack at Germantown had made a profound impression in Europe, and are counted as having turned the scale in favor of an alliance with the United States on the part of France. But when the winter shut down on the American army, no such good cheer encouraged it. That winter of 1778 was the most terrible ordeal which the army endured, and one has but to read of the sufferings of the soldiers to

March to Valley Forge, William B. T. Trego

learn at how great a cost independence was bought. It is worth while to tell again the familiar story, because the leader of the army himself shared the want and privation of the men. To read of Valley Forge is to read of Washington.

The place was chosen for winter quarters because of its position. It was equally distant with Philadelphia from the Brandywine and from the ferry across the Delaware into New Jersey. It was too far from Philadelphia to be in peril from attack, and yet it was so near that the American army could, if opportunity offered, descend quickly on the city. Then it was so protected by hills and streams that the addition of a few lines of fortification made it very secure.

But there was no town at Valley Forge, and it became necessary to provide some shelter for the soldiers other than the canvas tents which served in the field in summer. It was the middle of December when the army began preparations for the winter, and Washington gave directions for the building of the little village. The men were divided into parties of twelve, each party to build a hut to accommodate that number; and in order to stimulate the men, Washington promised a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which finished its hut first and most satisfactorily. And as there was some difficulty in getting boards, he offered a hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who should invent some substitute which would be as cheap as boards and as quickly provided.

Each hut was to be fourteen feet by sixteen, the sides, ends, and roof to be made of logs, and the sides made tight with clay. There was to be a fireplace in the rear of each hut, built of wood, but lined with clay eighteen inches thick. The walls were to be six and a s half feet high. Huts were also to be provided for the officers, and to be placed in the rear of those occupied by the troops. All these were to be regularly arranged in streets. A visitor to the camp when the huts were being built wrote of the army: "They appear to me like a family of beavers, every one busy; some carrying logs, others mud, and the rest plastering them together." It was bitterly cold, and for a month the men were at work, making ready for the winter.

But in what sort of condition were the men themselves when they began this work? Here is a picture of one of those men on his way to Valley Forge: "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." And the snow was falling! This was one of the privates. The officers were scarcely better off. One was wrapped "in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover." The uniforms were torn and ragged; the guns were rusty; a few only had bayonets; the soldiers carried their powder in tin boxes and cow-horns.

To explain why this army was so poor and forlorn would be to tell a long story. It may be summed up briefly in these words: The army was not taken care of because there was no country to take care of it. There were thirteen States, and each of these States sent troops into the field, but all the States were jealous of one another. There was a Congress, which undertook to direct the war, but all the members of Congress, coming from the several States, were jealous of one another. They were agreed on only one thing that it was not prudent to give the army too much power. It is true that they had once given Washington large authority, but they had given it only for a short period. They were very much afraid that somehow the army would rule the country, and yet they were trying to

Washington, from *Poems of American patriotism*
by Branders Matthews, 1922

free the country from the rule of England. But when they talked about freeing the country, each man thought only of his own State. The first fervor with which they had talked about a common country had died away; there were some very selfish men in Congress, who could not be patriotic enough to think of the whole country.

The truth is, it takes a long time for the people of a country to come to feel that they have a country. Up to the time of the war for independence, the people in America did not care much for one another or for America. They had really been preparing to be a nation, but they did not know it. They were angry with Great Britain, and they knew they had been wronged. They were therefore ready to fight; but it does not require so much courage to fight as to endure suffering and to be patient.

So it was that the people of America who were most conscious that they were Americans were the men who were in the army, and their wives and mothers and sisters at home. All these were making sacrifices for their country and so learning to love it. The men in the army came from different States, and there was a great deal of state feeling among them; but, after all, they belonged to one army, the Continental army, and they had much more in common than they had separately. Especially they had a great leader who made no distinction between Virginians and New England men. Washington felt keenly all the lack of confidence which Congress showed. He saw that the spirit in Congress was one which kept the people divided, while the spirit at Valley Forge kept the people united, and he wrote reproachfully to Congress:

"If we would pursue a right system of policy, in my opinion, … we should all, Congress and army, be considered as one people, embarked in one cause, in one interest; acting on the same principle, and to the same end. The distinction, the jealousies set up or perhaps only incautiously let out, can answer not a single good purpose…. No order of men in the thirteen States has paid a more sacred regard to the proceedings of Congress than the army; for without arrogance or the smallest deviation from truth, it may be said that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering

such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men, without clothes to cover them, without blankets to lie on, without shoes (for the want of which their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet), and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through the frost and snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter quarters within a day's march of the enemy, without a house or hut to cover them, till they could be built, and submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience, which, in my opinion, can scarce be paralleled."

The horses died of starvation, and the men harnessed themselves to trucks and sleds, hauling wood and provisions from storehouse to hut. At one time there was not a ration in camp. Washington seized the peril with a strong hand and compelled the people in the country about, who had been selling to the British army at Philadelphia, to give up their stores to the patriots at Valley Forge.

Meanwhile, the wives of the officers came to the camp, and these brave women gave of their cheer to its dreary life. Mrs. Washington was there with her husband. "The general's apartment is very small," she wrote to a friend; "he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

The officers and their wives came together and told stories, perhaps over a plate of hickory nuts, which, we are informed, furnished General Washington's dessert. The general was cheerful in the little society; but his one thought was how to keep the brave company of men alive and prepare them for what lay before them. The house where he had his quarters was a farm-house belonging to a Quaker, Mr. Potts, who has said that one day when strolling up the creek, away from the camp, he heard a deep, quiet voice a little way off. He went nearer, and saw Washington's horse tied to a sapling. Hard by, in the thicket, was Washington on his knees, praying earnestly.

At the end of February, light began to break. The terrible winter was passing away, though the army was still in a wretched state. But there came to camp a volunteer, Baron Steuben, who had been trained in the best armies of Europe. In him Washington had, what he greatly needed, an excellent drill-master. He made him Inspector of the army, and soon, as if by magic, the men changed from slouching, careless fellows into erect, orderly soldiers. The baron began with a picked company of one hundred and twenty men, whom he drilled thoroughly; these became the models for others, and so the whole camp was turned into a military school.

The prospect grew brighter and brighter, until on the 4th of May, late at night, a messenger rode into camp with despatches from Congress. Washington opened them, and his heart must have leaped for joy as he read that an alliance had been formed between France and the United States. Two days later, the army celebrated the event. The chaplains of the several regiments read the intelligence and then offered up thanksgiving to God. Guns were fired, and there was a public dinner in honor of Washington and his generals. There had been shouts for the king of France and for the American States; but when Washington took his leave, "there was," says an officer who was present, universal applause, "with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air. His excellency turned round with his retinue, and huzzaed several times."

Chapter 10

A Patriotic Quakeress

In the winter of 1777-78 the city of Philadelphia was occupied by a British army. Red-coated soldiers paraded the streets and guarded the entrances to the town. Fine officers in gorgeous uniforms took possession of the best houses and lived there in luxury without asking leave of the owners.

Outside of the city, at White Marsh and at Valley Forge, the American troops were encamped. Half-clothed, half-fed, shivering and suffering by their camp fires, they yet held out bravely against their foes so comfortably housed and so bountifully fed in the city. Many people in Philadelphia would have been glad to send aid to their patriot friends, but their movements were too closely guarded and they were forced much against their will to lend assistance to their enemies.

Among these people there was a Quaker named William Darrah, a school-teacher, quiet in manners and harmless in thought and deed. He lived with his wife Lydia in a long, low building on South Second Street, which served both as a residence and as a schoolhouse. One of the larger rooms at the back of the building had been taken possession of by the British and was used by General Howe and his officers as a kind of secret meeting place. Here they held their councils of war, and here they decided whatever questions might arise relative to the movements of the soldiers in the city. As no word of complaint or unfriendliness had ever been heard from the Darrah family, it was supposed that they had only the kindliest feelings toward the intruders.

One evening in December the British adjutant general, dressed in his red coat with brass buttons and lace ruffles, knocked at the door of the Darrahs. The knock was answered by Lydia herself, a plain little Quakeress in the plain but pretty garb peculiar to her people.

"Is Mrs. Darrah at home?" asked the adjutant.

"Not Mrs. Darrah, but Lydia Darrah," was the answer. "I am she."

"Oh, I see," said the adjutant. "Well, I'm come to command you to have the council chamber well warmed and lighted this evening. Several officers are going to meet there, and everything must be in readiness by seven o'clock."

"It shall be as thee desires," answered Lydia.

"And mark you," continued the officer, "we want none of your family around listening to what we may say. I shall expect you to have your supper early and to send everybody to bed before the officers arrive."

"Is not seven o'clock quite an early hour for retiring?" asked Lydia.

"Early or not early," was the answer, "those are my commands and you are expected to obey. When the meeting has ended, I will knock at your chamber door to give you notice. You can then arise and extinguish the fire and the candles and lock up the house."

"It shall be as thee desires," said Lydia.

She began at once to get the council chamber ready. While she was sweeping and dusting, her mind was full of many thoughts. Was she a slave that she must obey the commands of this red-coated officer? What right had the British to feast upon the best in the land, while her friends with General Washington were suffering the pangs of hunger? She did not believe in fighting; but since fighting was really being done, she couldn't help but wish that the Americans would conquer. As to giving any active aid to the British, she resolved that, let come what would, she never would do such a thing.

Evening came. The council chamber was ready. The Darrah family supped early, and the children and servants were in bed before seven o'clock. All was quiet in the house when the British officers arrived. Lydia opened the door and showed them in. Then she retired to her own room and blew out the candle. She did not undress, but merely took off her slippers and lay down upon a couch.

Now, Lydia's room was quite near to the council chamber — so near, indeed, that she could hear the loud voices of the officers. She could not sleep. She felt in her mind that some great danger was threatening her American friends. She thought that she heard the name of Washington spoken in the council chamber.

The longer she lay and listened, the more uneasy she became. At last she arose and crept silently through the hall to the very door of the council chamber. There she stood and listened.

At first she heard only the confusion of many voices. It seemed as though all the redcoats were trying to talk at the same time. After a little there was a loud rapping on the table, and some one called for order. The room became quiet in a moment. Then one of the officers announced that he had an important order from General Howe which he would proceed to read.

Lydia Darrah was now all attention. She heard the orders of General Howe that the British troops must all be under arms and in readiness for marching at dusk on the evening of the second day thereafter. They were to march in such and such a manner and over such and such roads in order to surround and surprise the army of Washington, which was then encamped at White Marsh.

Lydia waited to hear no more. She stole quickly back to her room and lay down upon the couch as before. She felt that a very grave danger was threatening her friends. How could she help them?

An hour passed, two hours, and then she heard the officers going home. The adjutant stopped at her door and knocked. She pretended to be asleep. A second time he knocked, and a third. Then, with a yawn as though just awaking, Lydia answered. She pushed her feet into her slippers and opened the door just as the last officer was passing from the hall.

Lydia did not sleep a wink that night. The great secret she had learned was too heavy for her. She felt that she must help the Americans — and yet how? She thought of several plans. But some of them were impossible, and all were attended with danger. At last morning dawned, and with the sunlight a happy thought came into her mind.

"I can do it. I will do it," she said to herself.

After breakfast she said to her husband, "William, the flour is gone, and I intend to ride to the mill for more."

"Lydia," he answered, "thee certainly won't ride to Frankford on such a day as this. It's a good twelve-mile ride there and back, and the wind is very raw. Can't thee send the maid?"

"No, William, the wind is as raw for the maid as for me. I've made up my mind to go, myself."

Now William had learned from observation that when Lydia made up her mind to do something, things were apt to go pretty much as she said. So he raised no further objection, but having finished his breakfast, went quietly to his schoolroom to give the day's lessons to his young scholars.

Toward noon, Lydia mounted the family horse, and with her empty flour sack before her, was soon cantering briskly along Second Street and across to the Frankford road. She had often been on this sort of errand before, and her appearance caused no surprise. She had a permit from General Howe to pass the British lines, and she rode without hindrance out in the open country which then lay between Philadelphia and the little village of Frankford.

When she reached the mill there was no flour ready, and she must wait for it to be ground. This was just as she had expected and wished. She left her bag to be filled, and then took a walk out toward the American camp at White Marsh. She had not gone far when she met Colonel Craig, who was acting as a scout for Washington. He was on horseback and had a small company of soldiers with him.

"I'll tell thee what brings me here."

The colonel knew her. "Lydia Darrah," he said, "what strange necessity can bring you here on such a day as this?"

"Friend Craig," she answered, "thee knows that I have a son in George Washington's army, and my heart is sick to see him." Then she added in a lower tone, "If thee'll alight and walk a little way with me, I'll tell thee what brings me here."

The colonel dismounted, and led his horse while he walked by Lydia's side back toward the village. Lydia told him all that she had learned, and begged that he would use the knowledge in such a way as not to mention her name. For if the British officers should learn that she had betrayed their secret, it would, no doubt, go very hard with her and her family.

She then left the colonel and hastened across the fields to Frankford. When she arrived at the mill it was the middle of the afternoon, and her flour was ready. With the bag slung across the saddle before her she started for home, and just at sunset she safely reached her own door.

As she alighted from her horse, she thought to herself, "What a strange errand for a woman Friend like me to be out

upon!" But she kept her own secret, and not even her husband suspected the real reason of her visit to the mill.

The next evening, the British troops, true to their programme, marched out of the city silently in fighting trim. What was their surprise to find Washington's army drawn up in line of battle and ready to receive them! Throughout the night they maneuvered in the darkness, trying to surround the Americans or strike them in an unprotected quarter. But all in vain; they could find no place in which safely to make an attack.

For two days they threatened, and tried to draw Washington away from his intrenchments. On the third day, they marched back to Philadelphia, angry, weary, and disheartened.

"Somebody has betrayed us," said the British officers. "Who can it be?"

But they never suspected the plain little Quaker woman with the sweet, sober face and quiet ways. The adjutant general, however, paid her a visit.

Illustration from *Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas*, 1905

"You remember the meeting which we had in the council chamber a few evenings ago?" he asked.

"Certainly I remember it," she answered.

"Were any of your family up while the meeting was in progress?"

"None of them. They retired soon after supper. At seven o'clock all were in bed but myself."

"I cannot understand it," said the adjutant. "Some one must have overheard and betrayed us; but who can it have been? I know that you were asleep, for I knocked three times at your door before I could waken you. I don't know what to think."

But Lydia Darrah kept her own secret and told it to no one until after the war was ended. In her quiet way she had saved the American army from disaster and defeat. Perhaps the fate of the nation was determined by that ride to the Frankford mill.

Chapter 11

Peggy Miller Goes Marketing

"Well, Peggy, my girl, I have told you exactly what to say and what to do; and now if you are really afraid, you need not go. The trip is full of danger, and you are pretty young to be sent on such an errand."

"Perhaps I am a bit afraid. Major Talmadge," quietly answered Peggy Miller, a young girl of sixteen. "But never mind that; I am ready to go and I'll do my best."

For several months there had been sharp fighting around Philadelphia. The patriot army had the worst of it. General Washington and his ragged, half-starved men were in camp a few miles outside of Philadelphia, while the British were living in the city itself, in ease and comfort.

Major Talmadge was in command of patriot cavalry that rode to and fro between the outposts of the two armies. His duty was to find out what he could about the British and send the news to headquarters.

This patriot officer had sent some of his youngest men, dressed as country lads, into the city with garden stuff to sell. The young men went to certain houses and brought back important information and letters, which were sent at once to General Washington at Valley Forge. But Major Talmadge had been warned that his messengers were suspected by the British, and that it would be no longer safe to send them again on such dangerous errands.

At the time of our story, which was in the winter of 1777, it was certain that the British were getting ready to make an important move. General Washington must learn their purpose, and learn it at once.

Major Talmadge and a few of his bold riders were staying at a small tavern a few miles from Philadelphia. The tavern was kept by a Mrs. Miller, whose husband and son were at Valley Forge with Washington. Her only daughter, Peggy, helped about the inn.

"Your daughter is just the one to go into the city and bring back the news I must have," said Major Talmadge to Mrs. Miller on this winter morning.

"Peggy is willing to help, Major, but she is too young to go on such an errand."

In came the girl herself.

"Let me try, mother," she urged; "I am not afraid of the redcoats; I cannot be idle while father and brother Ben are freezing and starving at Valley Forge."

And so it came about that the young girl, carrying a basket of eggs on her arm, set out for Philadelphia early the next morning. The country roads were bad, and the day was cold. These things did not trouble her, for she was thinking more of the peril before her. Nobody paid any heed to her until she was near the city.

"Here, my girl! Stop and tell us what you have to sell," cried one of a half dozen British soldiers

standing near the roadside.

Peggy's heart began to thump, and she wished she were at home with her mother.

"Only a few fresh eggs," she replied, turning pale.

"Good! I will take all you have; our mess is sadly in need of fresh eggs."

"No, indeed, sir, I cannot let you have all, for most of them are promised to Mistress Morgan on Chestnut Street."

"Aha! that's the house where all you country people sell your stuff. Something is wrong about that house."

Peggy set her basket down on the ground.

"I can sell you two dozen;" and she began to count out the eggs.

"Nay, nay, my girl; we don't want your eggs; I was only in fun. Some of you people are bringing in strange things for sale. Go and sell your eggs; I think you are an honest girl."

Peggy picked up her basket and walked on. Once she looked back and saw the soldiers watching her. They seemed to be talking about her. She hurried along until she reached the street where Mrs. Morgan lived. She ran up the steps of the mansion and lifted the huge knocker. A redcoat standing at the street corner watched her as she stood at the door. Presently a maid appeared.

"I must see Mistress Morgan; I have some eggs to sell; I hope she will buy some."

"Come in and I will call the mistress."

In a few minutes Mrs. Morgan, a stately and prim Quaker lady, entered.

"What can I do for thee, my girl?" she asked kindly.

"I have some fresh eggs to sell."

"Is thee sure they are fresh?"

"Yes, madam, they are fresh eggs."

Mrs. Morgan gave her a quick, sharp look. "You have brought your eggs to the right market."

The lady took the basket and carried it to the kitchen. When she returned, the basket had a loaf of bread in it. Not a word was said, but Peggy had been told that a letter to General Washington would be hidden in the loaf of bread.

"If thee must destroy the bread," said Mrs. Morgan, pointing to the basket, "simply repeat these two words to Major Talmadge, 'Not yet.' Does thee catch my meaning?"

"Certainly, madam," and Peggy made a low bow.

She took her basket and made ready to leave the house. She looked sharply about as she walked slowly down the front steps. Nobody was to be seen. Even the redcoat was not in sight.

The young girl hurried along until she reached the outskirts of the city. There she found the soldiers whom she had met before.

"Come here, my girl, and tell us about it," one of them called out.

"I have sold my eggs," was her simple answer.

"What have you in your basket now, my girl? What's this? As sure as I live, it's a loaf of bread. It looks good enough to eat;" and the redcoat roughly grasped the basket and pulled out the loaf.

"No, indeed! Please!" begged Peggy; "it is for my little sister, who is sick. Please give it back to me."

"Let the girl alone, Jack," broke in another of the redcoats. "Give her back the bread; we are not hungry enough to rob her."

With a laugh the man put the loaf back and gave her the basket again.

"Run home, girl, and don't let us catch you another time. The next time we will arrest you and send you to General Howe. Hurry now and get out of our sight."

Peggy did not need to be told to hurry. Without looking behind her she walked rapidly away. Pretty soon she broke into a run. Out of breath and very tired, the young girl was at last safe and sound at home again.

"You have done well, my girl," were the words of praise of Major Talmadge, when he broke open the bread and found the note inside. "General Washington shall read this before sunset, and you shall not be forgotten."

Mrs. Miller burst into the room.

"Ride for your life, Major! The British are coming down the long hill. They will be here in a few minutes."

The major turned hurriedly to Peggy: "The redcoats are after us, Peggy; they suspect your errand. You must go with me."

Major Talmadge sprang on his horse and took the girl up behind him. The next moment they were galloping down the road.

It was a mad race for an hour.

It was a mad race for an hour. Down the hills, through the woods, across the rude bridges, the sturdy horse, covered with foam, carried the two safe into Germantown. Not until the village was reached did the redcoats give up the chase.

The major helped the tired girl to the ground.

"Well, Peggy, it was a pity to lose that loaf of bread, when so many of our men sadly need it. Still, General Washington needs that letter far more than all the bread in the whole Quaker city."

A proud and happy girl was Peggy Miller the next morning when a company of troopers escorted her back to her home at the old inn. General Washington wrote her a little note, to thank her and tell her that her wit and coolness had saved him and the army from what might have been a sad mistake.

Chapter 12

Tempy Wicks Hides Her Horse

The War of the Revolution had been going on for two years. Washington and his army were in camp near Morristown, New Jersey, not far from New York City. The British army was in camp near by.

A little distance away was an estate known as the Wicks farm. On it lived its owner, Mr. Wicks, with an only daughter, a young girl named Temperance. She was called Tempy for short. She owned a fine horse named Flora.

Now that there was war in the land, stragglers from both armies were making no end of trouble. Still, the young girl rode here and there and everywhere, without fear, just as she had done in times of peace.

"Washington's soldiers will do me no harm," thought Tempy; "and I am sure my Flora can run faster than any horse the redcoats have. Let them catch me if they can."

It was a lovely afternoon in June, and Tempy was returning home through the woods after a long ride. She was within a mile or so of the farm. All of a sudden from a clump of bushes beside the road stepped out a dozen British soldiers.

"Halt, young woman!" cried the sergeant.

She looked round in surprise. There were the redcoats drawn up in line, aiming their guns at her. The girl spoke to her horse, and the faithful animal stopped. Up rushed the soldiers and seized the bridle.

"What do you want of me?" asked Tempy; "this horse is mine, and I am on my way home; you have no right to stop me."

"Never mind, miss; this is a fine horse of yours;" and the sergeant took a good look at Flora.

"She certainly is, but she belongs to me, and I must ride home at once; so let me go."

"Not so fast, young lady," continued the officer. "This is just the horse my captain wants; his own horse died last week."

"I don't care anything about your captain and what he wants," cried Tempy, getting a little angry. "Go about your business and let me get home."

"I have orders to take horses wherever I find them," was the calm reply of the officer; "so, young miss, jump down!"

The girl saw that the redcoats were in earnest and were bound to rob her of her horse. She was keen-witted and quickly made up her mind what to do. She pretended to be getting ready to dismount. The redcoat who held the bridle let go of it, and turned aside for a moment to speak to a comrade. Quick as a flash the girl gave the spirited horse a cut with her whip, dashed between two of the soldiers, and was gone.

James Lynwood Palmer

"Fire, men, fire!" shouted the sergeant.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The soldiers had fired their guns into the air, thinking to make the girl stop.

It was too late. Tempy was far down the road, riding as fast as the swift horse could carry her.

The redcoats did not give up the chase. Some of them knew where the girl lived. They ran through the woods, hoping to reach the Wicks farm first.

"What shall I do with Flora when I get her home?" and Tempy wrinkled her pretty brow; "there are no men to help me, and these redcoats will be sure to go to the barn and carry her off. What shall I do?"

She could ride over to one of the neighbors, but sooner or later she would have to come back. The redcoats would watch for her, even if it took a week. If she tied her horse to a tree in the woods and came back on foot, the soldiers would soon find the animal's hiding-place.

Tempy did some lively thinking while she was riding home. An idea came to her just as she was within sight of the house. She looked down the road. The redcoats were not in sight.

Not a moment was to be lost. She dashed through the front gate of the large yard and jumped from her horse at the back

Illustration from
Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas, 1905

Illustration from *Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas,* 1905

door. Opening the door, she led the gentle animal through the kitchen into the front hall, and then into the parlor.

Now off the parlor was a bedroom, which was a guest chamber. There was only one window, and the shutters were closed when the room was not in use. Into this dark room Tempy quickly led her horse, and tied her to the bedpost.

Hardly had the young girl made everything snug when the angry soldiers came tramping into the yard. They searched the big barn, the carriage house, and the woodshed. At last they came into the house and looked high and low, but they did not find the horse.

"Where did you hide that horse, young girl?" growled the sergeant. "Tell us, or there will be trouble."

"Very well," smiled Tempy; "but if you get my horse, you will have to find her first."

Angry words were of no use; and at last the redcoats gave up the search and rode back to their camp. Flora was quietly eating her oats in the best bedroom. The noise of her feet had been muffled with a litter of hay.

As the story goes, Tempy kept her horse in the bedroom for three weeks. Shortly afterward the British troops broke up their camp in New Jersey and went back to New York. Not one of them, however, rode on Tempy's horse. When the redcoats had gone, Flora came out of the guest chamber and went back to her stall in the big barn.

Chapter 13

Molly Pitcher

It was the custom during the American Revolution for women, generally wives of private soldiers, to follow the armies into the field as laundry women. The records of Sir Henry Clinton's English army show this fact, and to some extent this was true of the Americans. Every regiment had women who did duty in laundering for the officers and had quarters assigned them and wagons to carry them from place to place. The records of the battle of Monmouth show that these camp followers of Sir Henry's army were sent from Philadelphia around the Delaware Bay to New York in ships or transports.

In Washington's army the same custom was followed. There were doubtless a number of women who followed Washington to Monmouth and so on to New Brunswick, and who, after the war, settled here and there throughout the country,

Molly Pitcher's right name was Mary Ludwig. She was the daughter of John George Ludwig, and was born on October the 13th, 1744. She was employed as a domestic at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the family of General William Irvine. She was married to John Hays, a barber, July the 24th, 1769. He enlisted in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, and was followed by his wife.

No account of the battle of Monmouth is complete without this story of Molly Pitcher. Some years ago the people of New Jersey built a monument on the field where the battle was fought. On this monument several scenes are pictured in what we call bronze reliefs. The pictures are such as you might draw with your

Molly Pitcher at the Battle of Monmouth,
Charles Yardley Turner.

Washington Rallying the Troops at Monmouth, Emanuel Leutze

pencil on paper, only they are in bronze and so do not fade or wear out. The fact that Molly is remembered on this monument shows that she did something worthy of honor.

As the story goes she was a powerful woman dressed in the skirts of her own sex, the coat of an artilleryman, cocked hat and feather.

The battle of Monmouth was fought June 28, 1778. General Washington was the commander on the American side, and General Clinton on the other. Before the real battle commenced one American battery and another English, that were not very far from each other, began a hot fire. Molly's husband was connected with the American battery and was helping to serve the guns. The day was very warm and he and the other artillerymen suffered very much from thirst. Molly was not far away watching the fight. She saw that the men were thirsty, and, obtaining a bucket, she began to bring water for them from a neighboring spring.

While thus engaged she saw her husband fall. She ran to his aid, but he was dead when she reached him. Just then poor Molly heard the ofiicer order the gun removed, because, as he said, he could not fill the post with so brave a man as he had lost. Molly's patriotism got the better of her fear, and, facing the officer, she asked to be allowed to take her husband's place. Her request was granted, and she handled the gun with such skill and courage that all who saw her were filled with admiration.

The attention of General Washington was called to Molly's brave act, and it has been said that

he gave her the rank of sergeant, and she was granted half-pay during life. She was known afterward as Captain Molly. Her story is certainly a very thrilling one, and such as we seldom read in history. Men, you know, are expected to do the fighting and women to do the nursing.

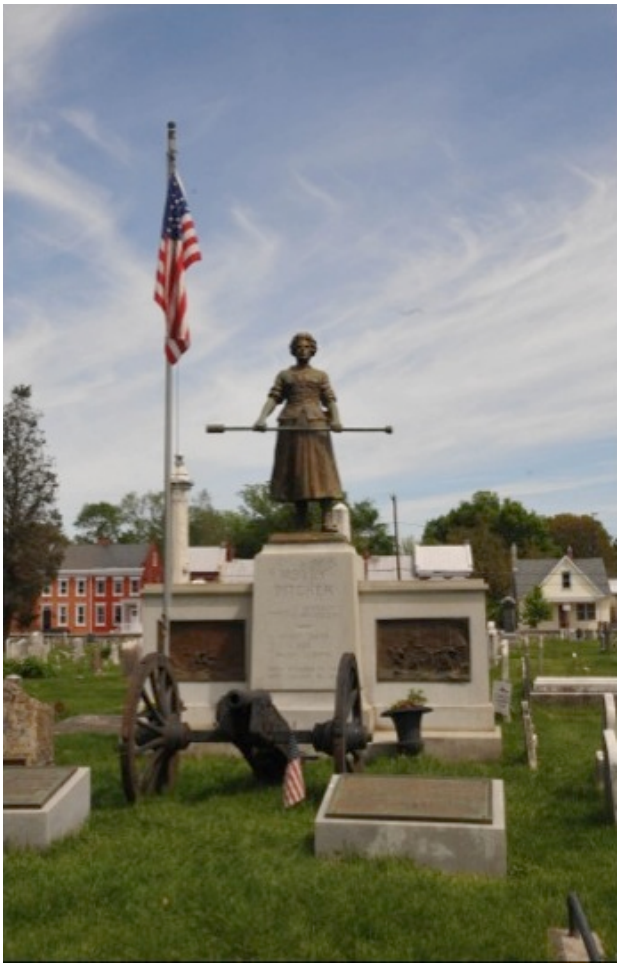
Although I have told you Molly's story, I will read to you an account of her bravery that I happen to have here. It is much the same as what I have narrated, but may bring out some points I omitted:

The particular incident of the Battle of Monmouth, in which Molly made such a name for herself, may be described as follows: the enemy having attacked Livingstone's and Vamum's brigade, which lined a hedgerow across an open field, some American artillery took post on a knoll in the

Molly Pitcher firing cannon at Battle of Monmouth, E. Percy Moran

rear of this fence, but the British cavalry and a large body of infantry, skilled in the use of the bayonet, charging upon the Americans, broke their ranks. It was during this part of the action that Molly displayed great courage and presence of mind.

While her husband was managing one of the field pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post, and the officer in command, having no man able to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and



Grave of Molly Pitcher, Carlisle PA

vowed that she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death.

She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of Sergeant. The French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns.

Some years after the thrilling incident at Monmouth she married George McKolly, another soldier; this name was also written McCauley, and so appears on Molly's tombstone. She lived for many years at the Carlisle Barracks after the Revolution, cooking and washing for the soldiers. Subsequently she kept a small store in Carlisle.

Bold Molly of Monmouth's home was for years one of the show places of Carlisle, and it really seems a pity that the time has at last come when this relic of one of the most famous characters of the Revolutionary period had to be torn down. In the cemetery left to the city by William Penn, Molly's Pitcher's monument is to be seen among the graves of the old inhabitants, bearing the following inscription:

MOLLIE McCAULEY,
Renowned in history as
"Mollie Pitcher"
the heroine of monmouth.
Died January 22, 1823,
Aged seventy-nine years.
Erected by the citizens of Cumberland County,
July the Fourth, 1876.

Chapter 14

Nathaneal Greene

We have given a rapid glance at the part which Washington took in the Revolution. He, as commander-in-chief, stands first. But he would have been quick to say that much of the credit for the success in that uneven struggle was due to the able generals who carried out his plans. Standing next to Washington himself as a military leader was Nathanael Greene.

As you remember, the first fighting of the Revolution was in New England near Boston. Failing there, the British tried hard to get control of the Hudson River and the Middle States, as we have just seen. Again they were baffled by Washington.

One course remained, and that was to gain control of the southern States. Beginning in Georgia, they captured Savannah. Two years later in May (1780), they captured General Lincoln and all his force at Charleston, and in the following August badly defeated General Gates, at Camden, South Carolina, where with a new army he was now commanding in General Lincoln's place.

Nathanael Greene, Charles Willson Peale

The outlook for the patriot cause was discouraging. One thing was certain. A skilful general must take charge of the American forces in the south, or the British would soon have everything in their own hands. Washington had great faith in General Greene, and did not hesitate to appoint him for this hard task. Let us see what led the commander-in-chief to choose this New England man for duty in a post so far away.

Nathanael Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1742. His father, who on week-days was a blacksmith and miller, on Sundays was a Quaker preacher. Nathanael was trained to work at the forge and in the mill and in the fields as well. He was robust and active and, like young George Washington, a leader in outdoor sports. But with all his other activities he was also, like young Samuel Adams, a good student of books.

The meeting of Greene and Gates upon Greene's assuming command.

We like to think of these colonial boys going to school and playing at games just as boys do now, quite unaware of the great things waiting for them to do in the world. Had they known of their future, they could have prepared in no better way than by taking their faithful part in the work and honest sport of each day as it came.

Greene, being ten years younger than Washington, was about thirty-two years old when the Boston Tea Party and those other exciting events of that time occurred.

Although news did not travel so rapidly then as now, Greene was soon aware that war was likely to break out at any time, and he took an active part in preparing for it. He helped to organize a company of soldiers who should be ready to fight for the American cause, and made the trip from Rhode Island to Boston to get a musket for himself. In Boston he watched with much interest the British regulars taking their drill, and brought back with him not only a musket, hidden under some straw in his wagon, but also a runaway British soldier, who was to drill his company.

When news of the battle of Bunker Hill passed swiftly over the country, proving that the war had actually begun, Rhode Island raised three regiments of troops and placed Greene at their head as general. He marched at once to Boston, and when Washington arrived to take command of the American troops, it was General Greene who had the honor of welcoming him in the name of the

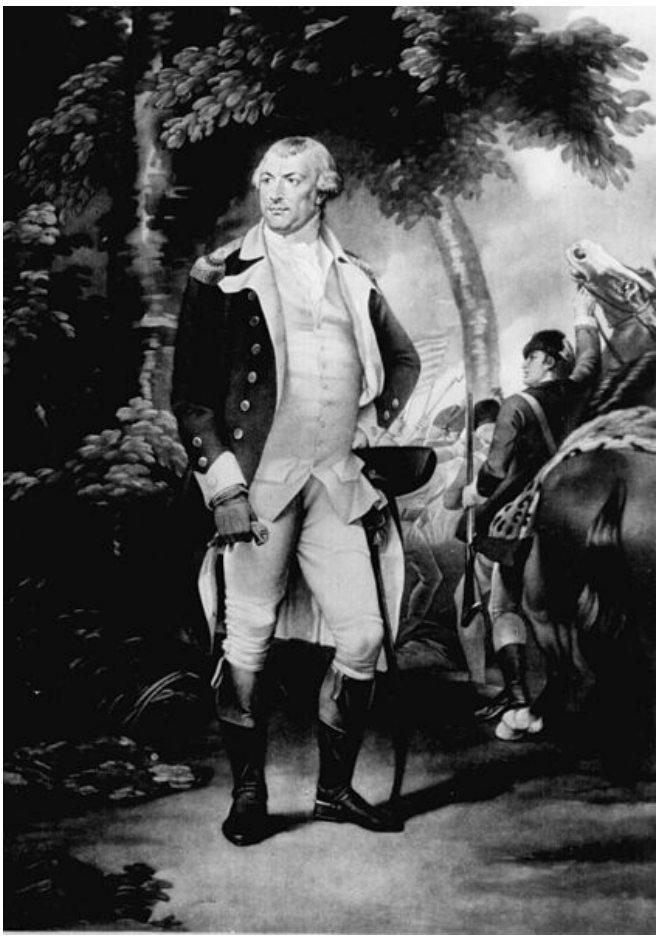
army.

At this time Greene was a man of stalwart appearance, six feet tall, strong and vigorous in body, and with a frank, intelligent face. At once he won the friendship and confidence of Washington, who always trusted him with positions calling for courage, ability, and skill. It was not long before he was Washington's right-hand man. So you can easily see why Washington chose him in 1780 as commander of the American army in the south.

When General Greene reached the Carolinas, it was December, and he found the army in a pitiable condition. There was but a single blanket for the use of every three soldiers, and there was not food enough in camp to last three days. The soldiers had lost heart because of defeat, they were angry because they had not been paid, and many were sick because they had not enough to eat. They camped in rude huts made of fence rails, corn-stalks, and brushwood.

A weak man would have said: "What can I do with an army like this? The task is impossible. To remain here is to fail, so I will resign."

But General Greene said nothing of the kind. He set to work with a will, for he believed that the right was on his side. By wise planning, skilful handling of the army, and hard labor, he managed, with the forces at hand, to ward off the enemy, get food supplies, and put new spirit into his men.



Nathanael Greene, V. Green

Soon he won the confidence and love of both officers and soldiers. A story is told that shows us the sympathy he had for his men and their faith in him. On one occasion Greene said to a barefoot sentinel: "How you must suffer from cold!" Not knowing that he spoke to his general, the soldier replied: "I do not complain. I know I should have what I need if our general could get supplies."

It was indeed fortunate for General Greene that in this time of need his men were so loyal to him. Among them was one who later became noted for his brilliant, daring exploits. This was Daniel Morgan, the great rifleman. You will be interested to hear of some of his thrilling experiences.

When about nineteen years old, Morgan began his military career as a teamster in Braddock's army, and at the time of Braddock's defeat he did good service by bringing wounded men off the battlefield. It was about this time that he became known to Washington, who liked and trusted him. The young man was so dependable and brave that he was steadily promoted.

When he was twenty-three, he had an

exciting adventure which brought him the only wound he ever received. It was during the Last French War. With two other men, he was sent to carry a message to the commanding officer at Winchester. They had still about a mile to ride when a party of French and Indians who were hiding in the woods near the roadside fired upon them. Morgan's comrade fell dead instantly. He himself was so severely wounded in the neck by a musket-ball that he came near fainting and believed he was going to die. But he managed to cling to his horse's neck and spurred him along the forest trail.

One Indian, hoping to get Morgan's scalp, ran for a time beside the horse. But when he saw that the animal was outstripping him, he gave up the chase, hurling his tomahawk with an angry yell at the fleeing man. Morgan was soon safe in the hands of friends.

During the Revolution his services were, in more than one critical situation, of great value to the American cause. In the campaign which ended with Burgoyne's defeat, for instance, his riflemen fought like heroes. General Burgoyne, after his surrender, exclaimed to Morgan: "Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

Indeed, it was regarded at that time as the best regiment in the American army, and this was largely due to Morgan's skill in handling his men. He made them feel as if they were one family. He was always thoughtful for their health and comfort, and he appealed to their pride but never to their fear.

He was a very tall and strong man, with handsome features and a remarkable power to endure. His manner was quiet and refined, and his noble bearing indicated a high sense of honor. He was liked by his companions because he was always good-natured and ready for the most daring adventure.

General Greene made good use of this true patriot, and not long after taking command of the army he sent Morgan with nine hundred picked men to the westward to threaten the British outposts. General Cornwallis, in command of the British army in the south; ordered Colonel Tarleton to lead a body of soldiers against Morgan.

Early in the morning of January 17, 1781, after a hard night march, Tarleton, overconfident of success, attacked Morgan at Cowpens, in the northern part of South Carolina. The Americans stood up bravely against the attack and won a brilliant victory. The British lost almost their entire force, including six hundred prisoners.

Cornwallis was bitterly disappointed, for his plan, undertaken in such confidence, had ended in a crushing defeat. However, gathering his forces together, he set out to march rapidly across country in pursuit of Morgan, hoping to overwhelm him and recapture the six hundred British prisoners before he could join Greene's army.

But Morgan was too wary to be caught napping, and, suspecting that this would be Cornwallis's game, he retreated rapidly in a northeasterly direction toward that part of the army under Greene.

Meantime Greene had heard the glorious news of the American victory at Cowpens, and he too realized that there was great danger of Morgan's falling into the hands of Cornwallis. To prevent this, and at the same time draw Cornwallis far away from his supplies at Wilmington, he decided to go to Morgan's relief.

Sending his army by an easier, roundabout route, he himself with a small guard rode swiftly a distance of one hundred and fifty miles across the rough country and joined Morgan on the last day of January.

Morgan was cleverly retreating with Cornwallis in hot pursuit. For ten days the race for life continued, with the chances in favor of Cornwallis, for his army was larger, besides being trained and disciplined.

This was a famous retreat. It covered a distance of two hundred miles through the Carolinas, across three rivers whose waters, swollen by recent rains, rose rapidly after the Americans had crossed, and checked the British in their pursuit. When the last river, the Dan, was forded, the chase was so close that the rear of the retreating army had a skirmish with the van of the pursuers. Yet Greene was so alert and skilful that he escaped every danger and saved his army.

In this trying campaign valuable aid was given by "partisans" in the south. These were private companies, not part of the regular army. Such companies had been formed in the south by both sides, and that is why they were called "partisans."

Finally, the Southern Army saw the last of the English Army depart from Charleston. It entered the city amidst great rejoicing, while the praises of General Greene resounded through the country and even across the Atlantic. As a soldier and a man, he is ranked above every other officer in the Revolution, excepting the great Commander-in-Chief. But there was still another long delay before the needy army was disbanded and Greene was free to return to his home. Even then it was not to settle down to the comfort that he had justly earned.

When the Legislatures of Georgia and the Carolinas first met, after the battle of Eutaw Springs had made it safe for them to do so, they showed how much they valued General Greene's services by voting him large sums of money and lands. These he had pledged to secure food and clothing for his army, but the greater part was swept away by the false-dealing of one in whom he had trusted. With the little that was left he settled with his family in Georgia in the spring of 1785. The next year, while walking out in the rice-field, he had a sun-stroke which caused his death within a week.

Chapter 15

Marion the "Swamp Fox"

In the later years of the Revolution, almost all the fighting was in the south. After failing twice to "cut the colonies in two" at the Hudson, British soldiers were sent to the southern colonies. They felt sure that many loyalists would fight with them, and they hoped to win back the south with the Tory aid.

There were many loyalists in the southern colonies, it is true. But there were also many patriots. Well did they defend their homes, and well did they fight for independence and liberty. Among them all, none deserves greater fame than Francis Marion, the "swamp fox."

Perhaps I cannot better show you how he came by this name than to lead you to one of his favorite camping grounds. But first I must tell you that Marion's men were not finely drilled "regulars," with gay uniforms and shining swords, who fought great battles amid the booming of cannon and the roll of fife and drum.

They were rather men who had gathered to fight against the bands of Tories who were spreading destruction through the south. They were men who put themselves under Francis Marion's leadership because they believed he could lead them to success. They came and went, now fighting, now returning to their homes to care for their wives and children, and then returning to fight again. They wore no uniform and were often scantily clothed. Their swords, if they had any, were either taken from some British prisoner or more often were old saws, heated and hammered into weapons. They were nearly always short of ammunition; indeed it often happened that not more than half the men went into a fight; the rest stood back and waited for the fall of some fighter — either friend or foe — in order to secure arms or ammunition. The band sometimes numbered not more than twenty men, sometimes seventy or perhaps one hundred and fifty. The number was always changing. Whether with few men or many, Marion accomplished his purpose, which was to worry the enemy whenever and wherever he could.

Cornwallis, the British commander, found Marion a frequent annoyance. "I would give a good deal to have him taken," he said, and again, "Colonel Marion had so wrought upon the minds of the people that there was scarcely an inhabitant between the Santee and Pedee that was not in arms against us. Some parties had even crossed the Santee and carried terror to the gates of Charleston itself."

Marion in his camp at Snow's Island presents us a picture very much like Robin Hood in his retreat in Sherwood Forest. In the midst of forest-grown swamp lands where two rivers joined, the camp was difficult to reach and easy to guard and, best of all, near to the places where the enemy could be found.

The island itself was fairly high and dry, covered with forests and thickets of cane. Here Marion

encamped when not in motion. He destroyed all bridges in the neighborhood and seized all boats. He closed the ordinary paths into the swamp with heaps of brush and hewn timber. Thus he rested secure in his island fortress.

Here were stored such arms and ammunition as the band had; here were held their prisoners; and here their wounded rested and recovered their strength for another day of fighting. Sometimes these invalids cleared and cultivated a small spot where they planted corn; sometimes they shot small game in the woods around them; and here they welcomed back their loved commander and his fighting men.

Night after night when the band was here in camp, small parties went out in all directions, for the enemy was near at hand and there was always work to be done. If the enemy was too numerous and the fight went against the band, the men would scatter into the forest and find their way back one by one through the pathless swamp to the camp. Every man was an expert horseman, and they trained the horses to swim the streams and to pick their way through drowned lands and swampy thickets. Marion himself rode a fine horse which he had taken from a captured Tory captain. The horse became almost as famous as the man. He took to the water as though it were his native element, and the other horses of the brigade learned to follow his fearless lead as their riders had learned to follow his master.

A story often told gives us a picture of Marion in the Snow's Island camp. A British officer was sent to arrange with Marion for an exchange of prisoners. He was met miles from the camp by a small party of Marlon's men. They blindfolded him and led him by roundabout paths through swamp and forest. When his eyes were uncovered, the young man stood before Marion, in the midst of Marion's band.

A natural opening in the forest was surrounded by lofty trees, hung with streaming moss. Here under a lofty pine were men asleep, resting perhaps after a night raid. There were others, mounting in readiness for some new venture. Rifles leaned against trees. Horses, ready saddled, grazed nearby.

The British officer was much impressed by the scene and by Marion himself. Marion, always courteous, invited the young man to dinner. Imagine the British officer's astonishment to find the meal consisting of only roasted sweet potatoes, served on pieces of bark.

The officer's curiosity was sufficient to lead him to say, "But, surely, general, this cannot be your ordinary fare."

"Indeed, sir, it is," replied Marion, "and we are fortunate on this occasion, entertaining company, to have more than our usual allowance."

We have no continuous story of the deeds of Marion's men; on the contrary, the many stories of their doings are of incidents here and there. On one occasion Captain Gavin Witherspoon was sent out with four men on scout duty. Hard pressed by a band of Tories, the five took refuge in the nearest swamp. For a while they lay quiet, but at length young Gavin stole back in the direction of the Tory band from whom they had escaped. He had not gone far before he heard voices. Peering cautiously through the trees, he saw seven men gathered about a camp-fire, watching, no doubt, for the return of the men they had chased.

The captain looked long enough to discover that the Tories had stacked their guns against an uprooted pine tree some little distance from their resting place. Then, creeping back to his companions, he proposed that they attempt a capture. The others objected, but the captain had no mind

General Francis Marion Inviting a British Officer to Share His Meal, John Blake White

to lose so good an opportunity.

He went back alone and watched the Tory camp. At last every man was quiet. They must be asleep. So with Indian-like caution he crept up to the guns and silently carried them off. It required several journeys to dispose of them all safely. Then he returned and, with levelled rifle, called upon the Tories to surrender.

Stumbling to their feet, half asleep, the Tories were powerless without their guns. The young captain had seven prisoners when his men finally came up.

This was just the sort of work in which Marion's men delighted. It was only a few days after this capture of Witherspoon's that Marion himself, with all the force he could muster, made a night attack on a large body of Tories. The only approach to the Tory camp was by way of a plank bridge, and the noise of the horses' feet on the bridge was closely followed by an alarm gun in the camp. Marion won in the fight that followed, but with more loss than he usually suffered. After this, the cautious leader carefully avoided bridges, or if he must cross them, he had the blankets of his men

spread on the planks to deaden the sound of the horses' tread.

Another midnight raid was made upon a party of Tories who were bringing out from Charleston supplies for newly gathered Tory bands. The scout had brought in word of the muskets with bayonets, ammunition, swords and pistols, saddles and bridles to be had, if the Tories could be surprised. Marion with his men approached the camp. There was no guard. Some slept, others made merry with wine and cards. Suddenly Marion's men were in their midst. There was no resistance. The supplies were captured with many prisoners.

There was with Marion a soldier who had won fame early in the war. This was Sergeant Jasper, who with Marion himself had taken part in the defence of a fort in Charleston harbor against nine ships of war. During a fierce battle the American flag had been shot away from its staff, and had fallen outside the fort. Jasper's name will always be remembered for his bravery in springing over the rampart to the beach, rescuing the flag, and restoring it to its place — all in direct range of the British guns.

Later the same Sergeant Jasper made himself of great use as a scout. He had a natural talent for disguise, which gave him ready access to British camps. Twice at least he visited a brother who was a Tory and a sergeant in a British regiment. During the second of these visits, a small party of American prisoners was brought in, on the way under guard to Savannah. Jasper resolved to rescue these prisoners, and with one companion placed himself in ambush near a spring where he believed the party would halt. Although there were ten guards, the rescue was accomplished.

Jasper did not live to see the end of the war and freedom, but died in battle, bravely defending the colors for which he had so often fought. His name lives, however, and will live, for his brave deeds.

The story of one of the successes connected with Marion's name tells us also of a patriotic South Carolina woman, Mrs. Motte. She was a wealthy widow and had just moved into a fine new mansion house on a hill which overlooked all the country round. Scarcely had she finished moving her household goods from the old house to the new one, when the British decided that the new house would make a fine fort and sent soldiers to seize it. Mrs. Motte had to return to the farm-house, and the mansion became Fort Motte. A deep trench was dug

So with Indian-like caution he crept up to the guns and silently carried them off.

around it, with a wall at its inner edge. The place was held by a garrison of one hundred and fifty men.

This fort Marion besieged, with the help of Continental soldiers under Lee. But the garrison within refused to surrender, knowing that a British force was on the way to aid them. If the fort was to be taken by the Americans, it must be taken quickly, before this force arrived. There seemed no way but to set on fire the mansion house, which occupied almost every foot of space inside the wall.

Statue of Francis Marion at Venters Landing, Johnsonville, SC

Mrs. Motte had been very kind to the American officers, and they dreaded to tell her that they must burn her house. They little knew how ready they would find her to help the patriotic cause. She even found for them a bow and arrows, brought long ago from India, and bade them shoot fire with these upon the mansion's roof.

For this the noon hour was chosen, when the hot rays of the sun had dried and heated the roof. The bow was put into the hands of one of Marion's men; balls of blazing fire were fastened to the arrows; and, one by one, three of these were lodged upon the roof.

The garrison within, seeing their danger, sent men to the roof to put out the fire, but Marion's one cannon was turned against them, and the garrison could only surrender.

In the last year of the war, the southern armies were commanded by Nathanael Greene, a fine soldier, second probably only to Washington himself in the whole American force. Marion ably assisted Greene, and helped to clear the way for the final victory.

It is not in the line of regular battle that we remember Marion best. It is not with the roll of fife and drum we think of him. Instead we picture him finding his way along lonely roads by the light of the midnight moon. We see him on his faithful steed, swimming the river or wading the ford. We think of him dashing down without warning on some Tory band. With his bravery, we remember his fine courtesy and the mercy he ever showed to prisoner or fallen foe. No deeds of cruelty stain his story. His men loved him and served to show their love. He loved his country as they too loved her. Together they fought for her and freedom. So lived and served Francis Marion, "the swamp fox of the Carolinas."

Chapter 16

The War Woman

Nancy Hart was standing in the doorway of her rude log cabin one morning in the spring of 1779. She had been gazing earnestly up the road, but as her glance turned and fell upon the place below, where War Woman's Creek joined Broad River, she smiled grimly; for she knew that the stream had been named in her honor, and that along the border of South Carolina and Georgia she herself was known as the "War Woman."

Not that she was the only brave woman there, however, for the neighborhood had been named by the Tories "The Hornet's Nest," so active were the patriots; but Nancy was the most fearless of them all. The feeling was bitter; and many of her neighbors, both Whigs and Tories, already had forfeited their lives for their convictions.

Nancy this morning had frequently gone to the door; for reports of bands of Tories sent out from Augusta had been current, and her husband and three of the neighbors were now hiding in the swamp below the house; but she knew she could warn them of danger by the conch-shell concealed in the stump near the spring. One blast meant that "Britishers" were near, two that the husband was wanted at the cabin, and three that he was to make his escape to another swamp.

As she could see no signs of danger, she turned again to her work. She did not know that five Tories were then riding rapidly along the upper road, and that the "War Woman's" house was their destination; nor was she aware that the day was to be the most exciting in her life.

Soon, however, she was again standing in the doorway, holding her rude rolling-pin in her hands. This time she was startled by the sound of approaching horsemen, and in a moment the five Tories appeared. She stood and watched them as they let down the bars, and rode up in front of the door. She had recognized them at once, and knew that she had to deal with the most brutal men in all that region.

"We want to know," said the leader roughly, "whether you hid that rebel, John Symmer, from the king's men the other day."

"I don't know that it concerns you; but I did." Nancy was calm, but her eyes were snapping. She was cross-eyed, and no one knew just at whom she was looking.

"As soon as I saw the boy, and knew the traitors were chasing him," she resumed, "I let down the bars, and he rode straight through the house, and hid in the swamp. Then I put up the bars, and came into the house and shut the doors. Pretty soon up came the Tories, and called to me. I clapped a shawl on my head, and opening the door, asked what they wanted to disturb a poor sick woman for. They told me they had traced their man to my house, and wanted to know whether I had seen any one on horseback or not. I pretended to think for a bit, and then told them I saw a man on a sorrel horse turn out of the path into the woods about two hundred yards back. 'That's our man,'

said the fools, and they started off in a hurry. If they'd stopped to look at the ground, they'd have seen his tracks this side of the bars; but that's the way with such traitors."

"You'll be sorry for that some day," said the leader angrily. "But give us something to eat."

"I never feed traitors or king's men."

"But you'll feed us," said the leader, enraged, and leaping from his horse.

Nancy was calm, but her grasp of her rolling-pin tightened. She did not move as the man approached, and he stopped for a parley. He had heard of the "War Woman" before. "We've had nothing to eat since yesterday. You'll give us something, I know you will."

"You've already stolen everything we had," replied Nancy. "We haven't a grunter left."

"There's a gobbler, at any rate," replied the Tory, as he quickly lifted his gun and fired. The turkey fell over, and with one or two convulsive kicks expired.

"Now you clean and cook him for us," he added, as he threw the dead bird at her feet.

Nancy was thoroughly angry now, and a bright red spot appeared on each cheek. She hesitated a moment, and was about to refuse; but a new thought came, and without a word she took the gobbler, and began to clean it.

"Sukey," she said to her little girl twelve years old, "I want some water. You go down to the spring and get me some. Blow once on the conch," she added in a low voice.

Sukey nodded her head understandingly, and soon returned. She replied to the question in her mother's eyes by a vigorous nod, and the "War Woman" soon had the turkey ready for her visitors. She arranged the table, and prepared to wait upon the men herself.

"Haven't you anything to drink?" asked the leader soon after the dinner began.

"Yes," replied Nancy, as she hastened to bring a jug from the cellar.

"This war woman isn't so bad," said one of the men while she was gone. "I have seen lots of worse Whigs than she."

Perhaps if he could have noted the expression upon her face when she left the room he might not have been quite so complacent, for Nancy had forgotten neither her name nor nature. But the feast was on; and Nancy and Sukey were kept busy by the Tories, who soon became hilarious. Sukey could not understand it. What had wrought the change in her mother. She never had seen her so quiet before when Tories were about.

"I want some water," said one of the men thickly. "Gimme some water."

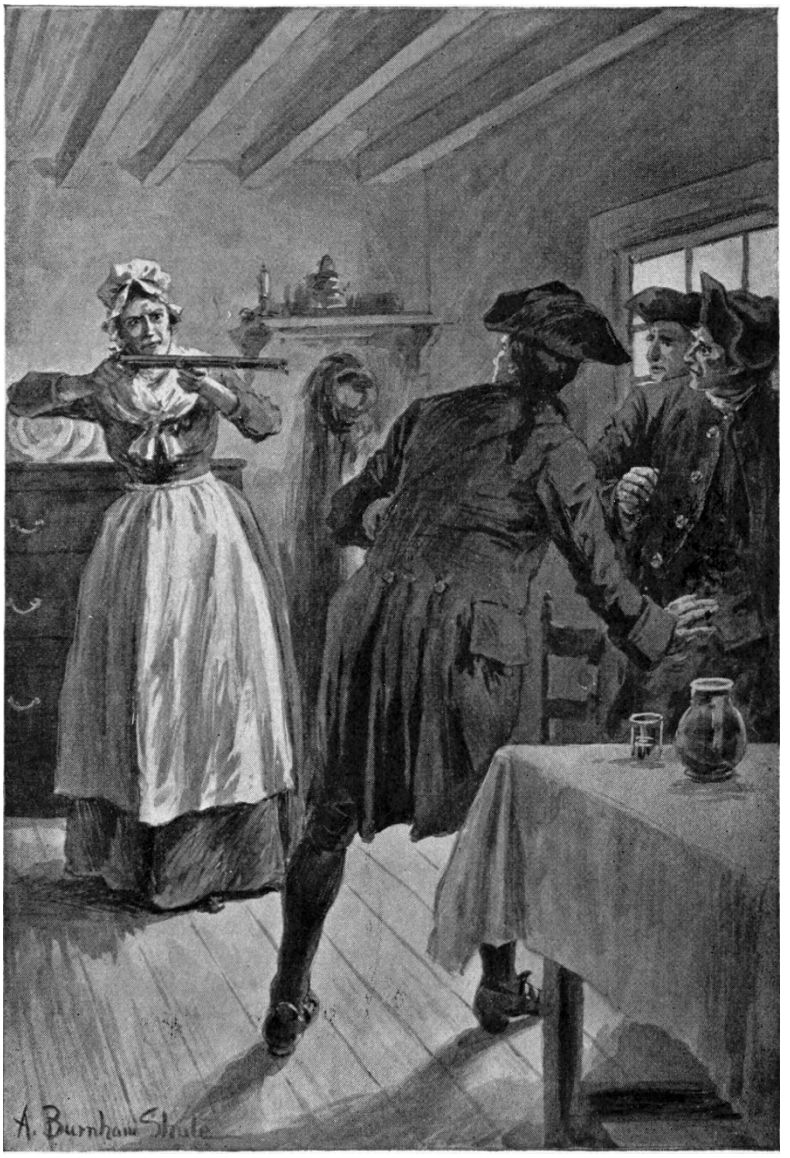
"I shall have to send for it," replied Nancy. There was a gleam in her eyes now. The very moment for which she had been planning had come. "Sukey, you take the bucket, and go down to the spring. Blow twice," she whispered in her little daughter's ear as she left the room.

"Blow twice," thought Sukey on her way to the spring. "Why, that means to call pap in. I wonder what marm can want of him, with those king's men in the house. He'll get into trouble."

But Sukey had been trained to obey; and before she returned, two clear calls from the conch-shell had sounded over the swamp. The thirsty men in the cabin eagerly drank of the water she brought, and then resumed their feasting, for turkey was not to be had every day.

"Pass round the jug, old woman," called one of the men.

Nancy Hart was not an old woman, but she did not heed the insult. Sukey was more and more troubled, and was quite certain that her father would not approve. What was it her mother was doing now? Gently she was pulling several pieces of pine "chinking" from between the logs of which



"I'll shoot the first man that takes a step toward me."

the cabin was built. She could look through into the yard now. Her mother must be crazy.

But Nancy had a method in her madness. The Tories had leaned their guns against the wall when they had taken their seats. Nancy was near them now; and, without attracting the attention of the men, she slipped one of the guns through the hole she had made in the wall, and listened to hear it fall outside. A second gun followed, and now only three remained. The "War Woman" was not idle.

Again she hastened to wait upon the men, and urged the use of the jug. Satisfied that their attention was withdrawn, she grasped the third gun, and made ready to have it follow its companions.

"Here, woman, what are you doing" said one of the men, suddenly noticing the action of the "War Woman."

"Two of our guns are gone already," said another; and all five men were standing now.

"Kill the vixen!" said the leader, as he started toward Nancy.

"You stay right where you are," said the "War Woman" in a low voice. "I'll shoot the first man that takes a step toward me or the guns."

The Tories knew her now for the "War Woman" indeed. It was a scene for a painter. The five men were standing about the table, and watching the fearless woman, who stood with her back to the wall, with the gun at her shoulder. The startled Sukey had withdrawn to a corner, and, breathless, was watching them all. But not one of the men dared to move. They were convinced that the first to start must face the "War Woman's" shot.

But such an attitude could not long be endured. Even now Nancy was beginning to tremble. Would help never come? Soon she knew she would fall — and then? Her heart sank, and her cheeks grew pale at the thought.

What was that? Close beside her she felt, rather than saw, the muzzle of a gun pushed through

the opening she had made in the wall. Another and another followed, and then there came a report that almost deafened her. Through the smoke she saw three of the Tories fall, and the others, in their endeavors to escape, run into the arms of the "War Woman's" husband and his companions.

"Mercy! Mercy!" begged the men.

"You shall have the mercy you have shown others," was Hart's reply; and what that "mercy" was might have been seen a half hour later, when two lifeless bodies were hanging from a tree by the roadside, swinging in the wind, and with great staring eyes, that, looking out, saw nothing in all the forest.

What times they must have been! No man's life was safe; and in their desperation, sometimes the patriots were as relentless as their foes. But Nancy Hart, the "War Woman," was not without mercy; and the stories of her tenderness were as many as of her daring.

Chapter 17

Fighting with Bees

"The redcoats are coming! I can hear their bugles down the road."

Young John Clarke ran towards his home shouting these words one morning in August, 1780. Although he was but fifteen years of age, he had been for several weeks the sole protector of his mother and sisters; for his father and brothers were in the Continental army with Sumter, and had had a share in the capture of the redoubt at Wateree Ford, and of the forty-four supply wagons which had been sent from Ninety-Six. But Cornwallis and Tarleton were sharp in their pursuit, and all the friends of the colonies were alarmed, as well they might be.

Portrait of Sir Banastre Tarleton,
Joshua Reynolds

John Clarke was returning from the woods whither he had led the one lean cow that remained of all the stock on the farm; for Tarleton's men had raided it of all else. Difficult as it was to provide something to eat, the constant fear of assaults by the British was even worse, and this morning all his fears seemed to be realized when he heard the bugles in the road.

"Perhaps they won't come here," said his mother. "It's fortunate our house is so far from the road."

John shook his head. He knew from the tone of his mother's voice that she was fearful, and he watched her as she busied herself in hiding the few valuables which yet remained. He soon went out to the piazza, and, standing by one of the low posts, kept his eyes on the place where the British would first appear.

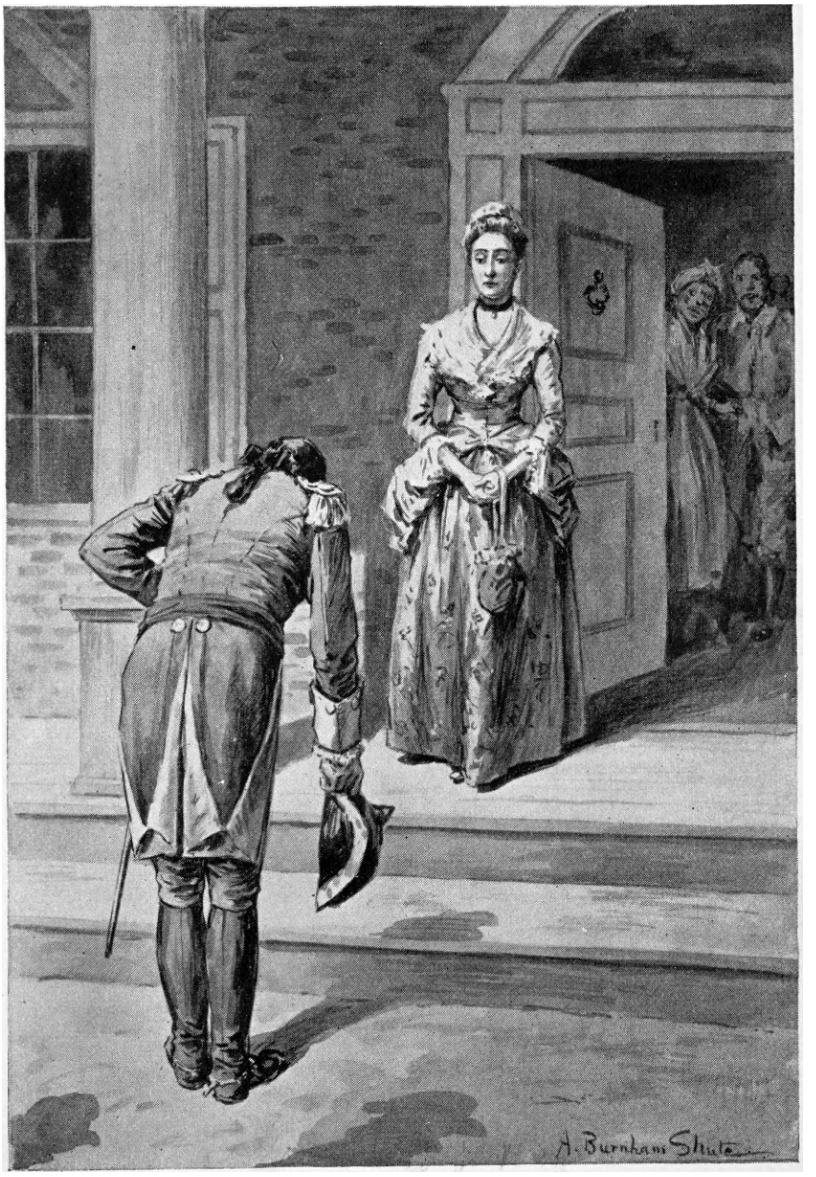
There was nothing in all the landscape, however, to indicate the presence of danger. The leaves upon the trees were motionless,

and the glare of the August sun was over all. The locusts were busy, and he could see the bees as they went in and out of the row of hives that stood by one side of the lane that led from the house to the road. It was an ideal summer day; but John's observations were suddenly interrupted by the blasts of buglers, and the approaching men swept into sight around the bend in the road.

"There must be fifty of them," said John. "About half of them are redcoats and half are Tories," he added, as he saw that only a portion were clad in the British uniform.

He was not left long in doubt as to their intentions, however; for, after halting a moment by the entrance to the lane, the entire body swerved from their course, and started towards the house.

"They're coming up the lane, mother," he said, as he entered the room. "We'll have to act as if we're not afraid, if we are so frightened that we don't know our names."



"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mistress Clark?"

His mother smiled, but John noticed that she was very pale. But she was a resolute woman, and already had had experience with the British officers, as many of the South Carolina mothers had.

"We'll do our best," she said as she sent the girls upstairs, and took her place beside John on the piazza, to await the approach of the soldiers. They all were mounted, and the horses plainly had been ridden hard. The leader called a halt as his troops drew near the house; and, leaping to the ground, he took off his hat, and, bowing low, advanced to speak to Mrs. Clarke.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mistress Clarke?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, waiting for him to declare his errand.

"I have no doubt, madam, that you are loyal to your king."

"I had a king once, but I have none now. Perhaps you will better know my feelings when I tell

you that my husband and two of my sons are now with Sumter."

"Doubtless I shall soon have the pleasure of making their acquaintance," replied the soldier with a sneer. Indeed, we are bound upon that errand now. But, meanwhile, we are in need of supplies, and, in spite of your feelings, must search your place."

"I hear you need supplies," replied the undaunted woman, "for it is reported that some forty of your wagons are in the hands of the patriots."

The soldier's face took on a scowl as he replied, "Unfortunately they are; but mark my words, my good woman, the rebels won't eat much. They'll soon lose their appetites. But meanwhile I must see what can be had here."

"Your men have stolen everything already, and you'll not find anything."

But the soldier made no reply, and with three of his followers began to search the house. Others were sent to the barn, and for a few minutes nothing was said by John or his mother. But the lad was not one to give up idly, although fifty redcoats were near. Suddenly his face lighted up. He had thought of a plan by which he might overcome these invaders of the home, but he said nothing to his mother of the project in his mind.

"We are not able to find anything here, but I doubt not you have something of use to us concealed somewhere," said the leader.

"So we have," spoke up John quickly. "We have one poor lean cow left; but she's out in the woods, and you can't get her."

"But you can, you young rebel!" replied the soldier angrily. "One cow isn't much, but it's better than nothing. You drive her in, and be quick about it."

John started obediently, apparently disregarding the reproachful looks of his mother. "Children and fools always speak the truth, madam," said the leader as John left the house. "Here! here!" he called out as he ran to the piazza. "You take one of the horses. It'll save time, and we have no more of that than we have of supplies."

John's heart leaped at the words. If he had contrived the plan himself he could not have been suited better. He started quickly for one of the horses, which had been tied to the rail fence, and leaped upon its back.

"That's all right," called out the leader to some of his men who were about to intercept John; "he's going on an errand for me."

Assured by his words, John slowly walked his horse past the men, most of whom were still mounted, and impatiently awaiting the coming of their leader. As the lad passed the row of beehives he leaned from his horse and quickly lifted one of the boxes to his shoulder. It was but the work of a minute to tear off the cover, and then he struck his horse on the neck and started him into a swift run.

Meanwhile the furious bees were not idle. They poured forth in a stream from their broken home, ready to visit their vengeance upon their enemies. But he who had so rudely seized the hive was not the one to receive their stings, for he was going too swiftly for that.

But right near them was this body of horsemen; and doubtless they must be the ones to blame, and the angry bees swiftly started for them. Few of the soldiers had noted the movements of John after he had passed them, and were therefore unaware of the cause of the trouble that soon beset them.

John glanced behind him as he passed out of the lane into the road. He had thrown aside the hive as soon as he was satisfied it was empty, and sped on his way. But it was a sight which he looked back upon that he never forgot. The horses were rearing, and plunging, and kicking out in every direction. Already many of the men had been thrown, and unable to discover the cause of the confusion were blaming one another, and some were using their fists upon their companions' faces.

Some of the riderless horses were running about the lane, and their riders were trying to catch them again; but many stopped to clap their hands to their faces, and apparently forgot all about their steeds. Some of the men and horses already were disabled by the kicks which were so freely indulged in, and above all arose the cries and shouts of the soldiers in their confusion and fear.

"It's time for me to put out," said John, as he saw the leader, astonished by the cries of his men and the scene before him, run quickly from the house and join his companions. The lad accordingly leaped from his horse's back, struck him with a switch, and as he started back, he himself quickly sought the shelter of the woods by the roadside.

In spite of his danger and fear he rolled over and over upon the ground in his glee, as he saw the troopers all sweep past him. He had won; and soon returning to the house, he explained to his astonished mother and sisters what he had done.

"You never saw such a sight in your life as those men were when they passed me. Some of them had their eyes closed by the stings, and some had such swollen lips they couldn't do anything but swear." Yes, they swore like troopers and the boy laughed aloud as he spoke.

"Then some of them had noses swelled to the size of powder-horns, and some were rubbing their broken shins, and blaming each other for all the trouble. But they're all gone now, and it is the first time on record when the Continentals shot the redcoats with bees. I think I'll have to tell General Washington about it, for it's better than powder and balls."

Chapter 18

An Old Time Decoration Day

"We couldn't move the old fellow, Tom. He's as obstinate as a mule."

"I didn't think you could get him. He isn't that kind."

"So much the worse for him. We've been up to his place twice to-day. We offered him a good position, and promised him protection, but he never answered a word. I'm sorry for the old man; but to-morrow he'll have to take the oath, or swing for it."

"He'll swing, then; for he'll never take it. I know Judge Williams; he's got his mind made up, and that's the end of it."

"Well, it's his own choice; he has nobody to blame but himself."

The speaker turned, and left the two boys with whom he had been talking. He was a sergeant serving under Tarleton, who had despatched a band of a hundred men to scour that portion of South Carolina in which they then were, in the summer of 1780, and drive out the Whigs, or compel them to take the oath of allegiance to the British king.

They had encamped for the night under the shelter of a hill, on the summit of which was the home of Judge Williams, a stalwart Whig; and their two visits to him that afternoon had not availed to shake the old man's resolution.

The two boys to whom the young sergeant had been relating the story of the fruitless attempts to change the purpose of the judge were Tom Crowell and John Blake. Tom's mother was a widow; and when a detachment of Tarleton's men had stopped at her home on the preceding day, and offered him his choice between leaving the country or joining their band, one look at the children, and one thought of the suffering which his mother might be compelled to undergo, had decided him. Forgetting loyalty to country, for the sake of his mother and the children he had yielded.

A similar offer to his friend and neighbor John Blake had made him yield also; and much against their wills the two boys found themselves serving under the British flag. They were not given much liberty, however, and soon saw that they were regarded with suspicion, in spite of the oath they had taken.

"I say, John," said Tom, soon after the interview with the sergeant, when both boys lay wrapped in their blankets on the ground, "I wish we'd done as Judge Williams has. That's what my sister Nancy wanted me to do all the time."

"We couldn't help it," replied John. "What could two boys only eighteen years old do, I'd like to know?"

"Oh! we had to do it, I reckon. Still, somehow I wish we hadn't. I wonder what the judge will do now?"

"Sh!" whispered John. "Here comes the guard." And both became silent, and were soon asleep.

Meanwhile Judge Williams was doing his utmost to answer Tom's question. He fully realized that the morrow would see the matter decided, and he knew too much about the sufferings of his Whig neighbors to be long in doubt as to what would happen to himself. The energetic old man promptly decided that it would be better for him to act than to leave it all with Tarleton's men; and accordingly, soon after sunset, he sent his faithful servants in every direction to summon those of his neighbors upon whom he knew he could rely.

Slowly the men began to assemble at his home. They came singly, or by twos or threes; and every man had his flintlock. A whispered word from the judge explained the purpose of the call, and a decided nod was the reply of each as he took his seat and waited in silence. By midnight twenty-five men were there. An hour later five more had arrived. They waited another hour; then, as only three more had come, the judge decided that it was time for action. Thirty-three men against a hundred! What could they hope to do?

The Old Continentals, from *Poems of American patriotism* by Brander Matthews. 1922

No time was allowed for thinking of such problems, however, and the determined band passed silently out into the darkness. Not a word was spoken except by the leader, and like moving shadows they advanced slowly down the hill towards the camp of Captain Eddy.

There were faint streaks of light in the eastern sky when they halted, and crept forward on their hands and knees to within a few yards of Tarleton's men. Then, at a signal from the leader, they all arose and stood together, waiting for the final word. The gray of the dawn had already appeared. They could discern the forms of the guards as they paced back and forth near the camp, and also the outlines of the tents.

"All ready," said the judge in a low voice.

"Now, then!"

A shout from the united band broke in upon the stillness of the early morning. There was a swift rush forward, and the calls and cries were redoubled. To the startled band in the camp it seemed as if howling enemies were on every side of them. They leaped to their feet, and made a rush for their guns. Before these could be reached, however, a volley rang out. The startled men no longer sought their guns. They darted into the woods in every direction, intent now only upon their own safety. But not all went. There were cries and groans, and many fell to the ground.

"Are you hit, Tom?" said John. The boys had been startled with the others at the first alarm,

and crouching low had begun to run from the camp.

"No," replied Tom. Are you?"

"No. Drop to the ground. Pretend you're hit. Maybe we can get away. Quick. Lie on your face."

And in a moment both fell prostrate on the ground and lay still. Over them swept pursuers and pursued. Others lay on the ground close by, but with them there was no deceit. Some were groaning or crying, some would never speak again. Above all sounded the shouts of the soldiers farther and farther away.

For half an hour the boys did not move, even to raise their heads. Some one might be watching; and the slightest sign might mean for them, a real, not a feigned death. But at last Tom heard a party approaching. Slowly he turned his head. Yes, there they were, a dozen at least; and he thought they wore no uniforms. It must be that the attacking party were now returning. So thought Tom; and quickly standing upright he called to his companion, "Come on, John, we're all right now. They've driven the Tories off, and we're among friends again."

Suddenly he stopped, and looked in confusion at the men before him. He had made a mistake; they were not the men who had made the attack. There was the young sergeant, and beside him were some of Tarleton's men whom he recognized at once.

In confusion he was about to turn and run, when he was suddenly surrounded; and before he could offer any resistance his hands and feet were securely bound, and he was thrown heavily upon the ground. John was served in a similar manner.

Then the young officer said, "Yes, you're among friends; you are, indeed. We'll do you a friendly turn, we will. You young rascals; probably you helped set this party on us. They scattered us a bit; but we've got together again now, and they're the ones that are running. As soon as Captain Eddy comes we'll attend to you fellows."

John made no reply. What could he say? He knew only too well what in all probability was before him. Tom was silent too; and with hopeless eyes they looked about them in their despair.

Hark! Some one was coming. Tom looked up, and saw Captain Eddy and a band of his men. Their faces were flushed, and as they came into the camp the boy could see that the leader was almost beside himself with rage.

The young sergeant stepped up to the captain, and spoke a few words which Tom could not hear; but there was no doubt about their effect. Suddenly Captain Eddy turned, and approaching the prostrate boys said, "They did, did they? String 'em up! String 'em up on the first tree!"

In a moment the boys were lifted from the ground, and carried by the angry men to a tree by the roadside, the captain leading the way. There they halted.

Two days afterwards an old man, bent and gray and marked by suffering, crept up to the door of Mistress Crowell's home, and rapped.

"My good woman," he began, when the door was opened.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the woman. "It's Judge Williams."

"I was Judge Williams once. Now I'm an outcast. I've been in the woods two days and two nights. This morning I came out; and there, hanging from a long limb which reached out over the road, were two bodies."

The woman was gazing at him now with an expression of agony on her face. She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Was one of them Tom?" It was Nancy, Tom's sister, who was speaking; and her voice was low and firm.

"Yes," replied the judge softly. "I thought you ought to know."

"I'm going there," said Nancy firmly.

"No, no!" interrupted the judge quickly.

"There's a placard warning every one against cutting him down or giving him Christian burial. Oh! it's horrible, horrible! Were ever such villains on earth before?"

"I'm going there," repeated Nancy quietly. "Come, Betty, you come with me. Mother, you'd better lie down while I'm gone. I'll be back soon."

The judge stopped as he entered the road, and watched Nancy and her younger sister as they passed out of sight.

On went the girls, neither of them speaking, until at last they came in sight of something that caused them both to stop. A sob which Nancy could not check escaped her, and she covered her face with her hands.

"I'm afraid, Nancy," whispered Betty. "Let's go home."

No," replied Nancy firmly; "we'll go on now."

The resolute girl went through her terrible task almost unaided. A shallow grave just within the borders of the forest was dug, and there both of the young soldiers were laid for their final rest.

"Where are you going now, Nancy?" inquired Betty, when, after their return to the house, Nancy started forth again.

"I'm going there with these." She held up two little flags which one of Sumter's men had given her not long before.

Flags were scarce in those days, and Nancy had prized them the more highly because of that fact. She would put these to a good use. The head of each grave was soon surmounted by a tiny flag. A wreath of wild summer roses was made, and reverently placed on each mound. Then, satisfied that her duty was done, Nancy stepped out into the road to return.

"Nancy, there's a redcoat," whispered Betty, pulling at her sister's dress.

Nancy glanced up, and saw a soldier standing before her. Without doubt he had been watching her all the time, and as she thought of the warning of the placard her face grew pale.

"What have you been doing?" asked the soldier.

"Decorating the graves of my brother and his friend, whom you hung."

He looked at her a moment in silence; then, turning, left her without a word. And Nancy, never knowing that she had just been doing a deed which almost a hundred years later the new nation would take up and make a national custom, also turned, and in silence sought her home to comfort her heart-broken mother.

Chapter 19

Friends From Across the Sea

In my childhood my daily walk to school led me to the neighborhood of a group of streets whose names by their very unfamiliar sound were easily fixed in my attention: "Lafayette, Kosciusko, De Kalb, Pulaski." Sometimes I wondered at their strange foreign sound and wondered too why streets in an American city should receive such names.

It was, therefore, a pleasure to discover that Pulaski, De Kalb, Kosciusko, and Lafayette were Revolutionary heroes, and that their strange foreign-sounding names told stories of the homes beyond the sea from which they came to fight for American liberty. Thus my wonder was satisfied, but my interest remained.

When war broke out between the English government and the English colonies in America, many European officers came to take a part in the fighting. Some came because they wished to win military glory; some, because at that time the armies of Europe were lying idle and their officers longed for battle somewhere; and some, because they wished to help America and see her win. Of the many, the four I have mentioned, and one more, Baron Steuben, are best known and most gratefully remembered. Of the five, the name of Lafayette stands first.

Marie-Joseph-Yves-Gilbert du Mortier, marquis de La Fayette, Louis-Leopold Boilly

Although only a boy of nineteen when he first heard of the rebellion of England's colonies, he was already a soldier and an officer. Belonging to one of the most distinguished families of the French nobility and possessed of a large fortune, the young man seemed to have a brilliant career before him. He was already married, and his home life was extremely happy. Yet he left home and

position to help the struggling Americans. More than that, he came to America against the wishes of the king. Indeed the king forbade his coming, lest the anger of England should be aroused against France.

But neither the command of the king nor the entreaties of his relatives could move the young man's determination. He seems to have had an inborn love for liberty; the story of America's fight for freedom roused in him a desire which he could not conquer.

It was no easy matter for the young nobleman to escape the watchful eyes of the king's officers. Indeed he had some exciting adventures before he was able to get away. He had bought a vessel for the voyage, and at last, with eleven other officers who wished to join the Americans, he set sail from a Spanish port in 1777.

Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon, Rossiter and Mignot

Landing near Charleston, in South Carolina, the officers hurried to Philadelphia to offer their services to Congress. Lafayette was made a major-general and at once joined Washington's army. Washington was kind to the young foreigner from the first, and soon there sprang up between them a strong and steadfast friendship, which nothing changed nor lessened as years passed by.

In his first battle Lafayette was slightly wounded; and he wrote to his wife describing Washington's care and affectionate interest. "When he sent his best surgeon to me," he wrote, "he told him to take charge of me as if I were his son, because he loved me with the same affection."

As winter approached, Washington led his army into winter quarters at Valley Forge. Lafayette was now in command of a division of this army. He describes the condition of the men in another letter: "The unfortunate soldiers were in want of everything; they had not coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes…. The army frequently remained whole days without provisions."

In another letter he spoke of his division as "almost in a state of nakedness; but I am promised cloth," he continued, "of which I shall make clothes." He went on to say he was also promised more men, "of which I must make soldiers, this being unfortunately a more difficult task."

Lafayette seems to have been modestly conscious of his lack of age and experience. He says, "I read, I study, I examine, I listen, I reflect; I will not talk much, for fear of saying foolish things; I will still less risk acting much, for fear of doing foolish things — but when some plans occur to me which I believe may become useful when properly rectified, I hasten to impart them to a great judge, who is good enough to say he is pleased with them."

A story is told of Lafayette at this time which shows that he was quite able to make plans which were useful, in spite of his youth.

Valley Forge was only about twenty miles from Philadelphia, and while the American soldiers had been suffering in one place, the British had passed a comfortable, indeed a gay winter in the other. It was nearly summer again when Washington sent Lafayette with two thousand men to march toward Philadelphia. He was to cross the Schuylkill River and take up a position where he could keep watch of the movements of the British.

Accordingly he took pos-session of Barren Hill, about halfway between Philadelphia and Valley Forge.

British scouts, discovering him there, hastened to the city with the news. General Howe, the British commander, was a guest that evening at a fine military ball. He was pleased to hear of the approach of the young French general. He was sure he could capture him and his men. So sure was he that he went about inviting the fair Tory ladies at the ball to a banquet the next evening at his house, "to meet the Marquis de Lafayette." Already he thought of the marquis as his prisoner.

Entertaining British officers in Revolutionary times,
from *Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas,* 1905

Next morning the British force selected to make the capture marched off gayly toward Barren Hill. It was all so easy. One division should hold the ford, to prevent the retreat of the "French boy" across the river. One division should march around the hill, and one should remain on the nearer side. Then the two should march up, and between them at the top would be Lafayette and his two thousand men.

American scouts brought word to Lafayette that the British were coming. Though this was not pleasant news, the young general had no

idea of being captured. Fortunately he knew another ford, but the time in which to reach it was short. Indeed the red coats were in sight.

Boldly Lafayette advanced toward them with a few of his men, while all the rest were hurried toward the ford. The British advanced toward Lafayette's bold front. Suddenly the American columns were drawn back and vanished over the hill. The two British divisions pushed faster up the opposite sides of the hill. They reached the top. They met. But no "French boy" was between them. And at the banquet that night the Tory ladies did not meet the Marquis de Lafayette.

Later in the year, when the British had gone back to New York and Washington's army stood guard over them from New Jersey to West Point on the Hudson, Lafayette went home to France. The French government had already agreed to help the struggling American nation, and Lafayette found the French people friendly to everything American.

Bust of Marquis de Lafayette, Virginia State House, Richmond VA

They were very proud of the young marquis, upon whom honors were showered by the king, the queen, and all the court. As for Lafayette himself, he could talk of nothing but America and the Americans. He told of the suffering of the army and of the brave endurance of the men. He told about the lack of money to carry on the war, and the lack of clothing and supplies. He told the fine ladies and gentlemen of the court that the cost of a single royal ball in the king's palace would buy clothes and comforts for the whole American army. He told them about Washington, the great general, his friend. He asked the king to send land soldiers to America in addition to the French warships which were already in American waters.

Happy indeed was Lafayette when he received instructions from the king to return to America. He was to proceed immediately to join General Washington, and "to communicate to him the secret that the king, willing to give the United States a new proof of his affection and of his interest in their security, is resolved to send to their aid, at the opening of spring, six vessels of the line and six thousand regular troops of infantry."

Returning at once to America, Lafayette remained until the fighting was over. His part in the later years of the war you will find in your histories. His first longing to fight for liberty remained as long as there was fighting to do. He proved himself a gallant soldier, an able general, and a true friend.

Lafayette's fame in his own country now knew no bounds; and he left behind in America the truest of gratitude and admiration. His friendship with Washington suffered no change from separation. Frequent letters passed between them. Washington returned to his farm at Mount Vernon, and from there went at his country's call to the Presidential chair. Lafayette busied himself on his estates with plans for future usefulness, from which he was called by revolution in his own land. Although he was rich and a noble by birth, he joined the poor and down-trodden in France who fought for liberty.

Some day you will read the story of the French Revolution and of the part Lafayette had in it. He had seen freedom won by the Americans; and he knew how much worse was the condition of the common people in his own country. He upheld their fight for liberty, but the Revolution in France became a wild and awful time. The most dreadful deeds were done in the name of liberty. At first Lafayette was a leader, but the time came when the people threw aside all obedience to law and order and Lafayette could no longer fight with them. Then they turned upon him, and his life was in danger.

He fled, but was captured, and lay in an Austrian prison for five weary years. Released at last, he returned to France, where after many years he saw at least the beginning of real freedom for the people.

He lived a long and useful life, during which he never forgot his early battles in America nor his friendship for the American people. Forty years after the independence of America had been won, Lafayette returned to visit the scenes of his youthful glory. President Monroe had invited him to be the nation's guest.

Bust of Tadeusz Kosciuszko,
Capitol Building, Washington D.C.

From the moment he landed in New York he was surrounded by welcoming crowds who lost no chance to show their love and honor for the nation's friend. Cannon boomed, and thousands cheered the fine old man wherever he appeared. As he went from city to city, everywhere the people made a holiday in which to greet him.

Washington had long been dead, and his friend could only weep beside his tomb. Few indeed of the Revolutionary heroes were left, but these came to take Lafayette's hand, or he went to them. The country had changed in forty years, and Lafayette went from state to state to see the new cities, the fine farms, and the comfortable homes. He was in America through the excitement of a presidential election, and he spent the last days of his visit in the White House in Washington as the guest of the new President. For more than a year he had been in the United States, and had received every honor the American people could devise.

Lafayette has been called "a man of two worlds," and surely it is true that both the old world and the new

Equestrian statue of Casimir Pulaski,
Freedom Plaza in Washington, D.C.

are better for his love of liberty. His name stands high on the roll of freedom's soldiers.

No other friend from Europe won quite the place in American hearts that Lafayette did. Perhaps it was partly his youth and position — what he gave up — that first attracted attention to the man. Others fought bravely too. Pulaski and Kosciusko were soldiers from Poland, who had fought for the freedom of their own land and had seen it crushed by strong and cruel conquerors. They came to America, seeking for freedom here since it was lost at home. Both were brave officers. Pulaski fell in battle, a true soldier of liberty to the last. Kosciusko lived, and after the war returned to Poland, where, like Lafayette, he became a leader of his people. But his efforts to free Poland were in vain. He was captured and imprisoned in Russia. When the Russian Czar gave him his freedom, after two years in prison, the Czar handed Kosciusko a sword. But Kosciusko refused it, saying, "I need no sword. I have no longer any country to defend."

These three — Lafayette, Pulaski, and Kosciusko — were all young men. De Kalb and Steuben were older. Indeed, De Kalb was a soldier before any of the younger group was born. Although a German, he had been in the service of France for many years, and had once been sent to the English colonies in America on business for the French king. He was one of the eleven officers who came to America with Lafayette, and he, like Pulaski, gave his life for the country he had come to help.

Of all the five, Steuben alone remained in America after the war, making it his home. He had come from Prussia, where his young manhood had been spent in the army of Frederick the Great, the Prussian king. Steuben had proved himself an excellent officer and had been honored by a high place on the king's own staff. Frederick was a great soldier and possessed an army that was probably better drilled than any other in Europe. To have held high place under him was evidence of

Tadeusz Kościuszko, Adam Grabowski

Steuben's ability.

He offered his services to the American Congress in the winter of 1777 and was sent at once to join Washington's army at Valley Forge. Here he found a difficult task awaiting him. Washington was anxious to make use of Steuben's knowledge in instructing the soldiers, many of whom knew very little about military drill. Steuben was, therefore, made inspector general of the army.

This office gave him the care of arms and equipment as well as instruction of the men. He was well fitted for the task, discouraging as it was. Men were without clothes, without shoes, without arms. Many were sick, and all were discouraged.

Steuben began work at once, with what men he could muster. From the first he kept careful account of all supplies and insisted that the men should keep their arms in perfect condition. They had been accustomed to no such care before. This alone made a great difference in the efficiency of the army.

When spring came, newly enlisted soldiers joined the army, and some supplies were received. The drill began in earnest. Every day, unless the weather was bad, the old general rose at three o'clock in the morning, and at sunrise might be found on horseback, galloping to' the parade ground. First of all came inspection of the men and their arms. This was no rapid riding in front of the line, but a careful examination of every man. Then came the drill. At first Steuben could not make the men understand the movements he desired, or the orders he gave, since he could speak very little English. A young officer who could speak French as well as English came to his assistance, and things went better.

The drill began in earnest

"If I had seen an angel from heaven," said the old Baron, in telling the story, "I should not have been more rejoiced."

Many stories are told of the Baron's hot temper and also of his kind heart. Sometimes the awkwardness of the men would move him to the most violent of language, until he had exhausted all the exclamations he could think of in German, French, and English. Then he would call upon his aids to help him think of more names to call them. His bursts of temper, however, had little effect on the affection the men came to feel for him. Always kind to those in distress and generous to all, he made friends everywhere. The young officers who were his aids loved him and continued

to devote themselves to him after the war was over, indeed as long as he lived.

Many stories are told of his hospitable habits. He made a point of inviting to his table not only the higher officers in camp, but those of lesser rank. "Poor fellows," he would say, "they have field officers' stomachs, without their pay or rations."

When the French soldiers had come to the aid of the Americans and were encamped near them, the Baron was disturbed because none of the American officers except Washington could afford to entertain them.

"We are constantly feasted by the French, without their receiving any invitation in return except from headquarters. I can stand it no longer. I shall give one grand dinner to our allies, should I eat my soup with a wooden spoon forever after." To do it, he sold part of his camp furniture.

It was not long before the effects of Steuben's drill began to show upon the men. All through the long spring months he went on with his work. He taught officers as well as men. As a result of his training, the army that came out from Valley Forge bore little resemblance to the one which had gone in in the dark days of winter.

When the war was over, Steuben made his home in western New York on land the state had given him. Here he built a log house, and lived surrounded by his books, and often visited by his faithful young friends of the war time. After some years Congress voted to give him a pension of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. A few years later he died and was buried by his own wish in the forest near his last home.

The work he did was of great benefit to the cause for which Americans fought. The gallant old general, with his kind heart and his desire to make those around him happy is surely a pleasant figure to find a place in our book of heroes. May we cherish his memory with that of Lafayette — both true friends of America and of liberty.

Chapter 20

"Mad Anthony" at Stony Point

Perhaps no story of the Revolution has been told oftener or with greater enjoyment than the account of the attack on Stony Point by General Anthony Wayne. "Mad Anthony," they called him, from the fierceness and fury of his charge; and "Mad Anthony," we call him still, although we know he was not only a valiant fighter, but an able leader, not only a dashing soldier, but a careful general, upon whom Washington was wont to rely.

If ever a man was born to be a soldier, Anthony Wayne was destined to that career. We smile as we read almost the only word we have about his youth; for it is full of "soldiering."

It seems young Anthony had not been doing well at school, and his teacher, who was also his uncle, wrote about him to his father:

Major-General Anthony Wayne, James Peale

"What he may be best qualified for, I know not; but one thing I am certain of, that he will never make a scholar. He may make a soldier; he has already distracted the minds of two-thirds of the boys under my direction by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc. They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and harlequins than of students; this one, decorated with a cap of many colors; and others, habited in coats as variegated as Joseph's of old; some, laid up with broken heads, and others, with black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games and amusements, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc. I must be candid with you, brother Isaac; unless Anthony pays more attention to his books, I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

We are glad to know that Anthony reformed his ways, that he gave up his "military rehearsals, mud forts, and sham battles," and astonished his uncle by becoming a good deal of a "scholar" after all.

The beginning of the Revolution found Anthony Wayne a promising young surveyor of thirty. But he was more than ready to give up surveying in order to fight for his country; and as in his school days, he was able to inspire others with his own enthusiasm. He rose rapidly in the Continental army, and by the summer of 1779, when our story begins, was one of the most popular officers in the army, and one of Washington's trusted generals.

Although you have not yet studied the history of the Revolution, you can easily see what an advantage it would have been to the British to gain control of the Hudson River. By holding this, they might "cut the colonies in two." Before 1779 they had made two attempts to seize the Hudson but had not succeeded. They had gained possession of New York City, but the Americans held the ground above.

West Point was the stronghold of the Americans on the Hudson, and its natural position had been made stronger by fortifications. The British could scarcely hope to take it. They had, however, seized Stony Point, fourteen miles below West Point, and were making that strong with fortifications and earthworks. They also held Verplanck's Point, across the river.

Between these two points ran King's Ferry, and the loss of that means of travel and conveyance disturbed the Americans.

Stony Point was a natural fortress, extending as it did nearly half a mile into the river, and so surrounded by water on two sides. The land side was cut off by marshes, which at high water were completely covered. Strongly fortified, it seemed as though no attempt to take it could succeed.

Washington, however, determined to make the attempt. There were reasons why the capture of Stony Point would mean far more than just regaining the use of the ferry. Therefore Washington laid careful plans and made preparations for an attack.

Every detail of the plan was worked out by Washington, in the utmost secrecy. The task was to be given to the Light Infantry, recently made up of picked men from the various regiments under Washington's immediate command. They were the very flower of the army, the finest of the troops from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. Their officers included a young Dane; a gallant Frenchman; Major Thomas Posy, of Virginia; Colonel Richard Butler, of Pennsylvania; Major Jack Steward, of Maryland, whose bearing was that of a fashionable young dandy, but whose daring and courage were the wonder of those who knew him; Colonel Meigs and Lieutenant Colonel Sherman, of Connecticut; William Hull, of Massachusetts; Major Hardy Murfree of North Carolina. Every officer had been selected by Washington himself, and for their leader had been chosen General Anthony Wayne.

The only possible hope of taking Stony Point lay in keeping the British from getting the slightest notion that any plan was on foot. "Knowledge of your intention ten minutes previously obtained blasts all your hopes," Washington wrote to Wayne, who with two of his four regiments was in readiness about five miles below West Point. The other two regiments were ordered to report to Wayne on July 14th. The date fixed for the attack was midnight of the 15th, but not a man in the force and only very few of the officers knew there was to be any attack at all.

During the forenoon of the 15th the entire command, about thirteen hundred and fifty men, was drawn up in battle array for "general inspection" by the commander. Men must be "fresh shaved and well powdered, fully equipped and rationed," were General Wayne's orders.

By noon the review was over, and the men expected to be ordered back to their quarters. To

Statue of "Mad" Anthony Wayne in
Valley Forge National Military Park, Valley Forge, PA

their surprise, however, they were given marching orders, and were soon in motion along the road leading to the south.

All the afternoon they tramped southward, and by eight o'clock came to a halt thirteen miles from their camp, and only a mile and a half back from Stony Point. How much the men suspected in regard to their destination is not known, but they must have guessed that some undertaking of importance was planned. Orders on the march had been that not a man was to leave the ranks for a moment for any purpose whatever except at a general halt, and even then no man must get out of sight of an officer. If any man should guess what was going on, he must have no chance to spread his guesswork where it might do harm.

More than that, officers had been sent with small companies by another and nearer road "to take and keep" all the men living in the neighborhood, lest they should run to the British camp with news. Not a person was allowed to reach the camp. Even two poor widows who were on the way to sell chickens and greens to the soldiers were stopped. And all this went on so quietly that no breath of gossip reached the fort on Stony Point. By nightfall American sentries had formed a silent line around the foot of the great hill. All was ready. The secret had been kept. Wayne had only to wait.

The plan divided the forces into three parts. One of these divisions, containing only two companies, was to march along the ferry road toward the fort. This division was "to amuse the British," as Wayne expressed it, while the other two did the work. The two remaining divisions were to approach the hill through the marsh, one on the north and the other on the south side. These were, if possible, to rush silently into the fort while the British were being "amused" by the small company in front.

Every detail was arranged, and late in the evening the men were called to attention and the "order of battle" was read. There was excitement enough when they knew what was before them.

But even excitement must make no noise. Every man was given a strip of white paper to fasten to his hat, that he might be recognized as an American by his companions in the fight. The orders were that no man was to load his gun. The attack was to be a bayonet charge. Only the small division in front was to fire. Any soldier who should fire his musket without orders or should retreat one foot was to be killed instantly by the nearest officer.

A watchword was given. The moment a soldier got within the fort, he must shout and keep on shouting, "The fort's our own."

It was hoped that both columns would reach the fort at the same time. Prizes of money were offered to the men who should first enter the fort.

It was within half an hour of midnight when the march began, and promptly at twelve the silent columns had reached the marsh. The men found the water deeper than they had expected; but they marched steadily on, sometimes waist deep, across the two hundred yards of black and slippery marsh. Still they were silent, but before they were across, they were fired upon by the enemy's pickets and heard shouts of "To arms! to arms!" from within the fort.

They were all mad with excitement and enthusiasm

Straight on the two columns went, climbing the rough sides of the frowning hill, hewing with axes to make opening, meeting the fire of musket and cannon, but firing never a shot in return. Some fell, others were wounded, but struggled on. Wayne was with the southern column, but neither men nor officers needed Mad Anthony's urging that night. They were all mad with excitement and enthusiasm and went scrambling up through the darkness like cats.

A bullet wound in the head stopped Wayne himself for a moment, but it proved to be only a flesh wound and he pressed on. There were other narrow escapes — bullet holes in hats, boots, and coats; bent swords; and scarred guns. Nobody paid much attention to anything short of a wound which brought him to the ground.

Within the fort, men had sprung to their stations at the first alarm and were valiantly defending the hill. The wisdom of the American plan was soon shown. All the noise was in front, where Major Murfree's two companies were making great show. While the British rushed to the outer line of their defences to meet them, a silent column of Americans went rushing into the fort from

either side, meeting defence at the bayonet's point, and madly shouting, "The fort's our own! The fort's our own!"

So indeed it was. The British were surrounded and could only surrender. Few men were killed on either side. More than five hundred prisoners were taken, and valuable cannon and supplies secured. Only one man escaped, by swimming nearly a mile to a British man-of-war in the river.

Stony Point was taken. General Wayne reported to Washington:

"Stony Point, 16th July, 1779.
"2 o'clock A.M.

"Dear Gen'l:

"The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

"Yours most sincerely,
"Ant'y Wayne."

Equestrian statue of General Anthony Wayne, Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, PA

The whole country went wild over the achievement of Wayne and his gallant Light Infantry. An amusing order issued by Wayne shows us how prominent a place they occupied in public attention.

"As the eyes of the citizens and country," he wrote, "will be more full upon the American Light Infantry than any other part of the army, the General can't doubt but that every officer without distinction will exert himself and require his men immediately to furbish up their arms and clothing in the best and neatest manner possible." And he gave his Stony Point prize money to buy needles and thread for the men to use in "mending themselves up." It is a question in my mind whether the Light Infantry proved as expert in mending rents as in storming forts. I can better imagine them handling bayonets than needles. But they were brave fellows, these picked men of Mad Anthony's, and no doubt they conquered, even against such fearful odds, emerging brushed and mended, "fresh shaven and well powdered," for the admiration of the public which came forth at their approach to see the heroes of Stony Point.

Chapter 21

Benedict Arnold – The Traitor

This is the sad story of Benedict Arnold.

Even before his brave deeds at Saratoga Arnold had done noble work for his country. He was always brave and always ready. More than once he had shown that he was no common soldier. He had led his men again and again to victory.

"But the people do not appreciate what I have done," he said to himself. "They should give me a higher place in the army. Others, who have done far less than I, have places above me. I will not endure it!"

This was quite true. Other men, who did not deserve as much credit as he, were raised above Arnold. It was a hard thing to bear patiently, yet he was still faithful in working for his country.

After he had been wounded at Saratoga, he could not fight. Then Washington gave him command over the troops at Philadelphia. The Americans had driven the British from Philadelphia and were now holding it.

He had not been long in Philadelphia when the people began to find fault with him. They said, "Arnold is living in a very costly way. He sets a poor example in these dreadful war times." Then, too, they declared he was too friendly with the Tories in that city. He showed them favor in many ways.

It is true that Arnold was in love with a beautiful girl whose father believed that the Declaration of Independence was wrong. He was a rather mild Tory, for he did not work with the British against this country.

It is also true that Arnold spent a great deal of money on grand dinner-parties and kept a stable of fine horses. These things cost a great deal, and he was soon very much in debt.

Battle of Saratoga: Gen. Arnold wounded in the attack on the Hessian Redoubt, from an original painting by Chappel

Benedict Arnold, engraving by Henry Bryan Hall

Besides all this, he had Tory friends whom he invited to his house. Worse still, people claimed that he was not quite honest, for they found out that he had made use of public wagons for himself. He also let a ship enter port that had no right to do so. And, of course, he was blamed for many things with which he had nothing to do.

"He must be tried by a military court for his wrongdoings," was the cry.

How dreadful this was to the proud, wilful, successful soldier!

When it was all over, one thing was agreed upon: although it had not been shown that Arnold was dishonest, yet he had not been careful. So the judgment was that he should be publicly blamed by the Commander-in-Chief.

Washington was very sorry that he had to do this. He liked Arnold, and he knew how ably and bravely that general had fought in the war. So his words of blame were as gentle as he could make them. But still, it was too much. Arnold's heart was very bitter.

"I will show them! I will show them who has won their battles! They will never win; they don't know a soldier when they have one!"

From that time, his mind began to turn against his country. It is a dreadful thing to think of. This man had done noble service, had risked his life many times, for the freedom of his country, and now he was already a traitor in his heart.

He would ask for the command of West Point, a strong fort on the Hudson River. If he once held it in his hands, he would give it up to the British. It was the key to the Hudson River.

Washington trusted his old friend completely and agreed to the request at once. He thought it was a good place for Arnold, who could not go into battle because of his wounded leg.

When the traitor was well settled at West Point, he wrote to the British, making his wicked offer. They jumped at the chance and Major Andre was sent by them across the American lines to plan with Arnold about the taking of the fort.

Andre stayed longer than he should and when he finally went away he carried papers, written by Arnold, which showed the general's plans. He was taken prisoner before he was able to reach his own lines and the tell-tale papers were taken from him.

"He is a spy!" cried one of those who had seized him and found the papers.

"Washington must see these papers," declared the officer before whom Andre was taken.

But Washington was not there and it would be some time before he would come that way. However, he was expected at West Point very soon.

Arnold, not knowing that Andre had been taken, was sitting at his breakfast table with his wife

and friends. He was expecting Washington to arrive in a short time. Just then he received a letter, saying that Andre had been made prisoner.

As he opened it and read what was inside he did not dare show any fear or excitement. He seemed quite calm as he excused himself from the table, saying that he was suddenly called to the fort.

Then he hurried to his room where his wife followed him.

"I am a ruined man and must fly for my life," he told her.

She fainted in his arms and he laid her on the bed. Then he kissed his baby boy, sleeping in the cradle, and fled from the house.

Jumping on his horse, he rode off to the river bank where his barge lay ready for him.

"Row me down stream as fast as possible, for I must be back soon to meet the Commander-in-Chief."

It was eighteen miles down the river to the British ship, the *Vulture*, that had brought Andre. Arnold reached it in safety.

How did Washington feel when he found out that Arnold was a traitor to his country? Arnold, his old friend! Arnold, whom he had trusted so faithfully! And who had fought so nobly!

It was too much! Hot tears rolled down the commander's cheeks and his voice was choked with sobs. When he could speak, he cried:

"Arnold is a traitor and has fled to the British! Whom can we trust now!"

There was no time to spend in sorrow, however. He saw that not a moment must be lost, else the British might yet gain West Point. Even now, a fleet of their ships might be coming up the river. He must see that the fort was in readiness for them. He carefully looked over the place and gave the necessary orders.

As for Arnold, the traitor, he fought as hard against his countrymen as he had for them, and at the close of the war went to England. His wife joined him there. The British officers despised him, and he was not given all he had been promised.

He could never forget what he had been and what he had done. The story has often been told that, years afterward, when he came to die, he called for the uniform of general in the American army in which he had escaped, and which he had always kept. He asked to be dressed in it. Then he put on the epaulets and sword-knot Washington had given him after his good work at Saratoga. He said:

"Let me die in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other."

Chapter 22

Arnold and Andre

John Andre, unknown artist

I am about to tell you of a good man and a bad man — of how the good man was hung, and the bad man escaped; and how now, after nearly one hundred years, the one is remembered in song and story, with flowers spread over his grave, and children weeping as they hear his fate, and the other cursed whenever his name is spoken.

Benedict Arnold was the name of the bad man. He was an American. John Andre was the name of the good man. He was an Englishman.

General Arnold had been in the American army for three years. He was a dashing officer, strong and fearless. Good service he had done in many battles. For his gallantry he had been promoted from captain to colonel, and from colonel to general. His disposition was, indeed, quarrelsome, and his conduct often harsh; but he was generally believed to be patriotic, and he possessed the confidence of General Washington.

In one of the battles with Burgoyne's army, his horse was shot under him, and he was wounded in the leg. When his wound was healed, Washington made him military commander of Philadelphia, and it was here that he began to think of treachery to his country. He was extravagant and proud. It was money he wanted. By betraying his trust, he could get money. He therefore made up his mind to do it. And this was his plan.

At West Point, on Hudson river, was an American fort. If he could get General Washington to give him command there, he could surrender the place to the British, for which they would give him money, and make him an officer in their army. It was a very simple plan, but very mean and wicked. Let us see how he succeeded.

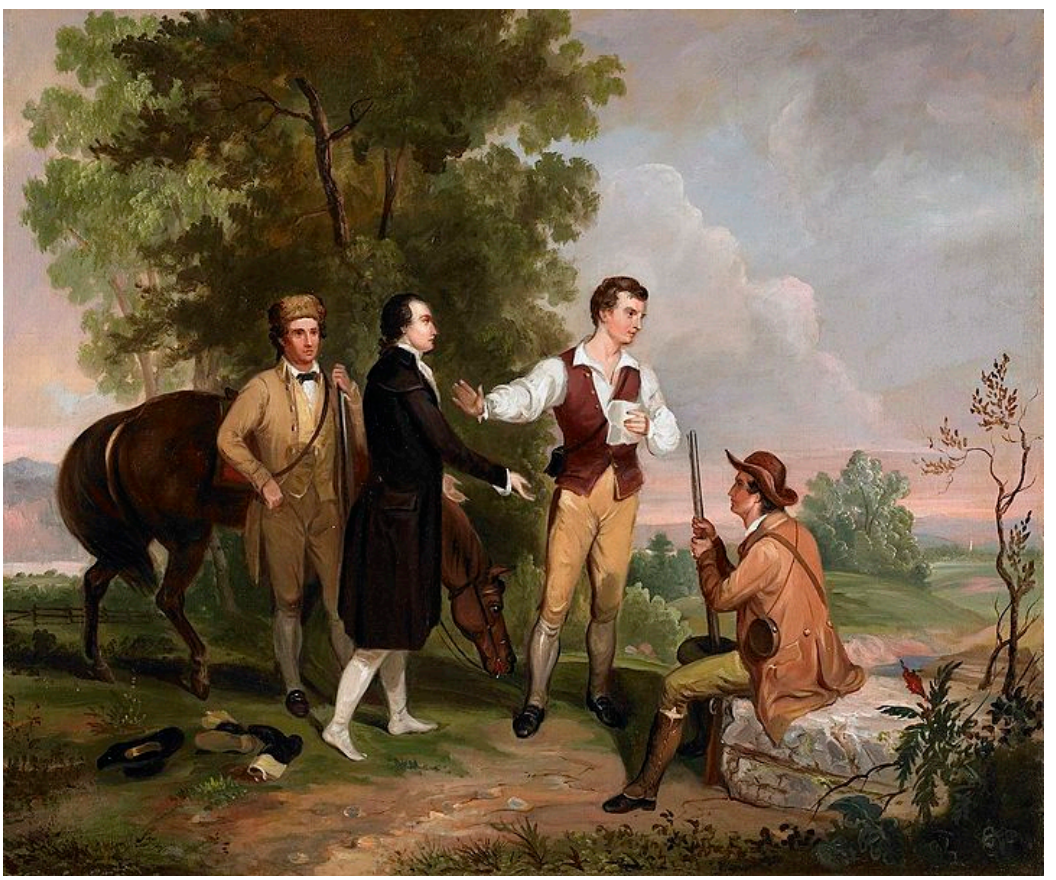
Though his wound had healed, he pretended that his leg was not yet strong enough to take a command in the field, and he petitioned General Washington to make him chief officer of West Point. The general thought it strange that so active a man should want so quiet a position. He gave it to him, however, for he believed Arnold to be a patriot.

No sooner was General Arnold made commander of West Point, than he began to carry out his

wicked plan. He wrote letters to Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded the British forces in New York. Without signing his name to these letters, he nevertheless told so much about the fort and its soldiers, that General Clinton knew the writer must be an American officer, and he answered them. Other letters followed. Flags of truce kept coming and going. No one suspected wrong. Arnold went on telling more and more. Clinton grew anxious to know who he was. If the writer were really commander of West Point, and would betray the place, it would be fair in war to take it. It is not the gainer by the treachery who is wrong, but the traitor.

After a time, General Clinton sent an officer to meet the writer of the letters and close the bargain. This officer was John Andre, adjutant-general of the British army. He was a brave and good man. There was not a finer officer on General Clinton's staff. Young, handsome, accomplished, truthful, and kind-hearted, everybody loved him. It was not his own business that Andre went upon. His commander sent him, and every man in an army must obey orders.

Major Andre went up the Hudson river in the *Vulture*, a British ship of war. He expected Arnold to come on board when she was near West Point. For a night and day he waited. Arnold was afraid, and did not come. But on the second night he sent a flag of truce for Andre to meet him on shore. Andre went, met Arnold, talked with him many hours, took plans of West Point, and agreed how it might be surrendered. When the time arrived for Andre to go back to the *Vulture*, the boatmen would not take him. Not that they knew who he was, but they were afraid that the ship would fire



The Capture of Major André, Asher Brown Durand

upon them. So he changed his military dress, hung his cloak over his shoulders, put Arnold's papers at the bottom of his stocking, took a pass from Arnold, and set out on horseback to go back to New York.

It was a ride full of dangers. There were many miles to travel. As he passed every picket, his pass had to be shown. "Stop!" a guard would say, "Who goes there?" "A friend," Andre would reply. "Show your pass!" the soldier would add. Then Andre would exhibit General Arnold's pass, which being read, the guard would present arms and say, "Go on!" So, full of fears, but with a brave heart, Andre passed one picket after another until he had almost reached the British lines, where he would be safe.

As he was riding on, happy in his good luck, and thinking of home, three men sprang out of the woods and seized his horse's bridle, saying "Stop!" Andre thought they were friends, and replied that he was a British officer. It was a great mistake. The men were Americans. They made him dismount, searched him, found his papers in his stocking-feet, and kept him prisoner. He offered them his gold watch, his purse and his horse, if they would let him go. It did no good. They thought he was a spy, and conducted him to the nearest American post.

Illustration from *Revolutionary stories retold from St. Nicholas,* 1905

And now the news began to spread that a British officer had been taken as a spy. General Washington heard of it, for he was then near by. He determined to seize Arnold, whom he knew by the papers to be a traitor. But the latter had the first news, and fled on board the *Vulture,* which had not gone down the river. He was therefore safe, but poor Andre was a prisoner.

A council of war was called to decide what was to be done with the prisoner. They were good men, and were fair to Andre when he was brought before them. He was manly and truthful, telling the council the whole story; he did not ask anything. They pitied him. Every one felt that it was Arnold who was most guilty. He was the traitor. If Sir Henry Clinton would send Arnold back, they would spare Andre. But that could not be, and the brave young major was condemned to death. It was hard, but it was right. An officer in the enemy's camp in secret, is a spy; and a spy is to be hanged. Andre was a spy, and it was right he should be hung.

Memorial to John André in Tarrytown, NY

servant began to cry. "Leave me till you can be more manly," he said. He ate his breakfast, and then sat for an hour at his desk, making a pen-picture of himself. It is very good, and can be seen in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College. He then shaved and dressed, placed his chapeau on the table, and said cheerfully to his guard, "Tell the officers I am ready."

The troops were drawn up, the field-officers and their staffs were mounted, and there was a great crowd of citizens. As Major Andre walked from the stone-house, arm-in-arm with two officers, he was calm and dignified. He had hoped to be shot; and when the gallows came in view, was visibly affected for a moment, but instantly recovered himself. At the place, he stepped quickly into the wagon under the gallows, bandaged his eyes himself, and adjusted the rope on his neck.

Sir Henry Clinton did all he could honorably do to save Andre, for he loved him as if he were his son. He wrote General Washington; he sent commissioners to the American camp; he proposed a reference to two French generals. All would not do. Washington was firm. He pitied Andre, but he was just, and justice is a higher virtue than pity. It was made known to Sir Henry Clinton, however, that Andre might be exchanged for Arnold, if Sir Henry would give up the latter; but he would not. "It would," he said, "be a violation of his honor," and he would not listen to the idea for a moment.

Major Andre, therefore, prepared to die. He was composed. To all those who were about him he showed the utmost gentleness. His sentence was read to him in the morning, that he was to die in the afternoon. His

Monument to Benedict Arnold (without his name) at Saratoga Battlefield, NY

"Have you anything to say, Major?" asked Colonel Scammell.

"Bear witness that I die like a brave man," he answered. The wagon was now moved, and Major Andre was suspended by the neck and died.

Benedict Arnold was made a British officer, and received a sum of money. He lived to the age of sixty-one, and died in London in 1801. Everybody despised him. Officers would not keep his company. The brand of TRAITOR was on his name, and will be forever. But year after year, since 1777, Major Andre has been called a HERO. His friends mourned for him; his commanding officer eulogized him in a public order; the king conferred knighthood upon his brother; the ministry granted a pension to his mother; his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey, and a handsome monument was raised over them. Even his enemies honor his memory, and his name will be a glory forever.

Chapter 23

The End of the War

When Benedict Arnold proved himself a traitor, Washington's heart was nearly broken. So many bad things had happened lately; he could not get enough money to pay the soldiers and get food and clothing for them; then, too, the Americans had been beaten in several battles.

The British had been trying a new plan. They said, "We will go south and get hold of one colony after another." So they marched into Georgia and got that into their hands. Then they went into South Carolina and seized Charleston. There they made prisoners of the American army that was holding the city.

Next, they went into North Carolina and came near destroying a new army that had just been raised to meet them.

It was no wonder that Washington, who was guarding the Hudson River in New York, was very sad over the bad news that kept coming to him. But a change was soon to take place. It was only a short time after Arnold's treason that the word of a victory came to Washington.

"A victory in the South!"

This was followed soon by another, and still another.

A new army was raised to meet the British, and Nathaniel Greene was made commander. He showed himself almost as great a general as Washington.

Now came some lively work. Greene made Cornwallis divide his force, and then drew that British commander, with the main body, clear across the State of North Carolina. Greene so fooled the enemy that Cornwallis crossed North Carolina no less than three times, and finally went up into Virginia. That made it possible for Greene to win back the whole of South Carolina, which he quickly did.

General Greene had several great leaders to help him in his work. One of these was Daniel Morgan, the Virginian sharpshooter. Another was General Marion, the story of whose noble work has been put into a poem. Then there was William Washington, a cousin of the great George; and "Lighthorse" Harry Lee, father of Robert E. Lee, one of the greatest generals of modern times.

Many others, too, were making it plain to the world that America had reason to be proud of the sons who were fighting her battles.

The British were beaten so many times that after a while Cornwallis thought, "I will move my army into Virginia, where there are many Tories; and, besides that, the negro slaves are quite ready to rise against their masters. I can certainly get Virginia into my hands."

We shall see how mistaken he was.

When he had entered Virginia, he thought he would first overcome Lafayette; that boy should not escape him. The young Frenchman was only twenty-three years old, but he soon showed

Battle of Guilford Court House, from *Soldiers of the American Revolution*
by H. Charles McBarron

Cornwallis that he could act like a man, and a wise one, too.

"I will not let him get me into a battle," said Lafayette, when he heard that Cornwallis was not far away. "I am not strong enough even to be beaten," he wrote to Washington. He had too few men to risk them against the great British army. So he began to get out of the way of Cornwallis, who gave chase.

In the meantime, Lafayette's army kept growing larger, for more men were constantly joining him.

Cornwallis could not catch the "boy." Moreover, he found few friends in Virginia. The people all around him showed they had no love for the British. He finally made up his mind to go to the seashore. The British ships were near by, and he would be sure of supplies for his army.

By this time the German general, Steuben, had come to Lafayette's aid with more soldiers. Lafayette did not fear Cornwallis any longer. Instead of fleeing, he now followed him and made him a great deal of trouble as he marched towards the coast.

News was swiftly carried to Washington that Cornwallis and his army were camped out on a narrow neck of land. Water was on three sides of him, and Lafayette was close behind on the land side.

Then more news came: a French fleet had arrived off the coast of Virginia and was ready to help the Americans!

"Ah!" thought Washington, "I will catch Cornwallis in a trap."

There was not a moment to lose. The British must not guess the great plan he had in mind. Quickly and quietly Washington got his army together and began a march.

Not even his own soldiers guessed what he was about till they were well on their way. When the good news became known, it was too late for the British in New York to spoil the plan.

Washington was about to join Lafayette, and shut up Cornwallis on the neck of land, while the French fleet in the bay would prevent any help from the water side!

On the line of march, beautiful ladies rushed to their windows to throw flowers out to the tired and dusty soldiers, American flags waved from the housetops; bands played stirring music; the air was filled with shouts of joy.

"Long live Washington!" was heard again and again. "He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mouse-trap," said the people, and they laughed as they had not laughed in seven long years.

But Washington did not linger. On he hurried till he had joined with Lafayette, and was close to the British army.

Too late Cornwallis discovered that he was shut up in a trap. Out there in the bay was the French fleet, ready to fire the great guns. Behind him stretched the American army, with Washington in command.

Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, John Trumbull

Was it possible to make a mad rush and break through the lines? Was there any chance of escape from the trap? No, it was of no use.

Nothing but surrender was left him. He was beaten! And this would probably mean that the American Revolution was over, and the United States of America would be acknowledged by England, her proud mother!

It was a sad day for the British when they had to march out between the lines of the patriot army and Cornwallis handed his sword to Washington. But it was a joyous time for this country.

Every little village had its bonfire. Prayers of thanksgiving and songs of joy were heard all over the land.

Cornwallis was taken and America was free!

Bonus Story

A Patriot Mother's Prayers

An eminent divine whose childhood was passed upon our New England frontier, during the period of the Revolution, narrated to the writer many years since, the story of his mother's life while her husband was absent in the patriot army. Their small farm was on the sterile hill-side, and with the utmost pains, barely yielded sufficient for the wants of the lone wife and her three little ones. There was no house within five miles, and the whole region around was stripped of its male inhabitants, such was the patriotic ardor of the people.

All the labors in providing for the household fell upon the mother. She planted and hoed the corn, milked the cow and tended the farm, at the same time not neglecting the inside duties of the household, feeding and clothing the children, nursing them when sick and instructing them in the rudiments of education.

"I call to mind, though after the lapse of eighty years," said the venerable man, "the image of my mother as distinctly as of yesterday, and she moves before me as she did in my childhood's home among those bleak hills — cheerful and serene through all, though even with my young eyes I could see that a brooding sorrow rested upon her spirit. I remember the day when my father kissed my brothers and me, and told us to be good boys, and help mother while he was gone: I remember too, that look upon my mother's face as she watched him go down the road with his musket and knapsack.

"When evening came, that day, and she had placed us in our little beds, I saw her kneeling and praying in a low tone, long and fervently, and heard her after she had pleaded that victory might crown our arms, intercede at the throne of grace for her absent husband and the father of her children.

"Then she rose and kissed us good-night, and as she bent above us, I shall never forget till my latest hour the angelic expression upon her face. Sorrow, love, resignation, and holy trust were blended and beamed forth in that look which seemed to transfigure her countenance and her whole bearing.

"During all those trying years while she was so patiently toiling to feed and clothe us, and bearing the burdens and privations of her lonely lot, never did she omit the morning and evening prayer for her country and for the father of her children.

"One day we saw her holding an open letter in her hand and looking pale and as if she were about to faint. We gathered about her knees and gazed with wondering eyes, silently into her sad and care-worn face, for even then we had been schooled to recognize and respect the sorrows of a mother. Two weeks before that time, a battle had been fought in which father had been severely wounded. The slow mail of those days had only just brought this sad intelligence. As we stood beside

A Prayer by Frederick Daniel Hardy

her she bent and clasped us to her heart, striving to hide the great tears that coursed down her wasted cheeks.

"We begged her not to cry and tried to comfort her with our infantile caresses. At length we saw her close her eyes and utter a low prayer. Ere her lips had ceased to intercede with the Father of mercies, a knock was heard at the door and one of the neighboring settlers entered. He had just returned from the army and had come several miles on foot from his home, expressly to tell us that father was rapidly recovering from his wounds. It seemed as if he were a messenger sent from heaven in direct answer to the silent prayers of a mother, and all was joy and brightness in the house."

The patriot father returned to his family at the close of the war with the rank of Captain, which he had nobly won by his bravery in the battle's van. The sons grew up and became useful and honored citizens of a republic which their father had helped to make free; and ever during their lives they fondly cherished the memory of the mother who had taught them so many examples of brave self-denial and pious devotion.

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