1934

Contribution of anecdotes to the teaching of history (Colonial Period)

Nola M. Squire

The University of Montana

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THE CONTRIBUTION OF ANECDOTES TO THE TEACHING OF HISTORY
(COLONIAL PERIOD)

by

NOLA M. SQUIRE

B.A., State University of Montana, 1927

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirement for the degree of Master of Arts.

State University of Montana
1934

Approved:

Chairman of Board of Examiners

Chairman of Committee on Graduate Study
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A JUSTIFICATION OF THE USE OF ANECDOTES IN HISTORY TEACHING

When the average pupil has sailed through a textbook and weathered the examination without casualty, he heaves a sigh of relief and casts it aside. Ask him some question about the contents, and he will probably reply, "Oh yes, I have had that" or "We took that last semester," with the same interest that he would have said, "Oh yes, I have had the whooping cough." or "We took the measles last winter."

There is a vast difference between teaching and learning. The teacher labors earnestly, trying to teach in the logical manner in which he has been taught, while the student struggles as earnestly to escape unscathed by any stray fact which comes his way. The things he learns seem to attach him when he is least aware, curiosity is aroused in the most casual way, and knowledge crystallized about the most unexpected nuclei. This is the learning which puts a new aspect on some little corner of his world, and he does not refer to it in the past or the past perfect tense; he speaks of it in a proud, possessive tone.

In "A New Approach to American History," a report of the Executive Committee of the American Citizenship League, referred to by Harry Lloyd Miller, in his "Directing Study," is found this rather whimsical criticism:
"The old-time education considers the mind a graveyard, spacious and receptive. Facts, events, knowledge of all kinds are too often dead matter ready for interment; the lesson, a burial rite, a tedious ordeal, but very necessary in respectable places; the teacher, the only live entity in the analysis, a combination of divine and undertaker; the examination a sort of resurrection morning where, true to form, few resurrect."

If one questions most high school students, he will find that their knowledge of history has come in a most informal manner. Their learning has centered around some episode which intrigued their interest, appealed to their sense of humor, or added fuel to their adventurous propensities. Curiosity thus aroused has caused them to study the prosaic facts, and so they came by knowledge. Rarely did they get it through textbooks alone.

As in childhood no number of printed stories, however beautiful and artistic, can take the place nor do the work of stories told by the father, mother, or teacher, so even in high school days, the events recounted in the text will not make lovers of history unless the history class is made a field for the story-teller. So few of us have been trained in this oldest art by means of which it is possible to play upon the human emotions as the harpist plays upon the harp!

A classic example of the value of story-telling is given

L. Harry Lloyd Miller, Directing Study, (New York, 1922)
pg. 170
in the Encyclopedia Britannica under the "Life of Alexander the Great":

"At the age of thirteen he became for three years the pupil of a man who had examined the political constitutions of a crowd of states, and while the boy awoke to the knowledge that a wonderful world lay before him, of which he had seen little, he listened to stories which told him of the great quarrel still to be fought out by the East and the West, and learned to look upon himself as the champion of Hellenas."

The Great Teacher used stories and parables to teach the multitudes who followed him, crowds of adults, not children. Just because the child is growing up is no reason for doing away with stories.

Story-telling as an art grew through the love of monarch and serf alike for history, the history of his day. Stern warriors and little children sat enthralled while the wandering minstrel told his tales of contemporary and past history, of tradition and mythology. If history today had more stories told in a dramatic, romantic fashion, it would continue to entrance and delight young people.

The author does not wish it understood that she is trying snobbishly to criticize the earnest, conscientious writer of present day texts; she is only inferring that it might be well to supplement these scholarly collections of facts and provide garnishment for what might otherwise be an unappetizing, though thoroughly wholesome, meal.

James Harvey Robinson probably would agree with the sentiment just expressed, because in his "The Humanizing of Knowledge" he says as follows:

"A seasoned teacher and a thinker of varied and penetrating insight ventures to begin an article relating to the humanizing of knowledge with the words: "It has become a commonplace of the psychologist that there is a structure in our experience which runs out beyond what we ordinarily term our consciousness; that this structure of idea determines to a degree not generally recognized the very manner of our perception as well as that of our thinking, and yet that structure itself is generally not in the focus of our attention and passes unnoticed in our thought and perceiving". This is a very revolutionary discovery and, if widely understood, might make the world look very different to the more alert and intelligent inhabitants of Auburn, Maine, or Billings, Montana; but there is grave danger of its continuing to pass unnoticed so long as it is expressed in the form above... The style of our serious books is still under the influence of a tenacious scholastic tradition. It is very hard to escape from it sufficiently to meet the real demands of the public. We sadly need something between the half-academic phraseology used in most so-called popular works, and the other extreme of "journalese" with its condescending intimacy and jocosity."

Would not a collection of episodes and anecdotes which the teacher could tell, informally, to her class, supply this need?

When the thought first presented itself, the following questions arose:

A. Has anyone attempted, either in thesis or book form, to handle this subject as herein conceived?

B. Is there an actual need for such a piece of work?

C. How should the problem be attacked?

D. What specific period should be covered?

E. In addition to episodes and anecdotes, what other information valuable to a high school history teacher should this thesis offer?
A.

Before attempting this work, the author made a careful investigation extending over a number of years, and inquired in many libraries, city, county and state, and from publishers and teachers of history, where such a collection could be found. So far as this investigation has gone, the writer has been unable to find anyone who has written either a thesis or a book along this line.
B.

Is there an actual need for a collection of anecdotes dealing with people and events referred to by our high school histories?

Nathan C. Goodwin, in his "Discussion: Is History Dull?" says:

"Simon-pure histories, with few exceptions had no life; they were dry collections of names, dates, facts, with a fancy group of index lists of rulers, prime ministers, and post-masters. Histories written by men with academic minds are usually dull. To be sure these are usually written to present facts, not to entertain. It is easy to write brightly if you do not care what you say."

A large percentage of the young people in our history classes will agree with the younger referred to by Charles Dudley Warner in "A Boy on the Farm", who declares that he "would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores".

To many high school students, learning names, dates, and facts seem like worthless chores which get them no place; make no showing; and must be done over and over again.

The difficulty of the task of squeezing the narrative of more than three hundred years into the limits of a high school textbook without making it dull is quite apparent. So much compressing requires a wholesale sacrifice of the small details; but some of the more picturesque facts should

5. Harry Lloyd Miller, Directing Study (New York, 1922) p.173
not be omitted if we wish to gain and sustain an interest in history for the average adolescent mind.

Many of the textbook writers, in their zeal to write a first class history of the United States, have over-looked the need of story-telling to intrigue the youth and make him enjoy his study. There is no medicinal value in the sugar coating on the outside of a pill, but think of the nauseating doses which so pleasantly and profitably pass our lips thus disguised:

Although one of the most important aims of the teaching of history in the high school is to help the child evaluate past events so that they may be used as a measuring stick for present and future events, there are very few young people who take a lively interest in a collection of dry facts. Thus, a second aim, and a very important one, is to create a happy response in the student’s mind when he studies his history.

While our many excellent history texts serve up the meat of the matter, without which life’s work cannot be well done, it is the purpose of this study to gather into one place those little episodes and anecdotes showing the character, personality, and humanity of actors in the pages of history, which will serve as a sauce to intrigue the youth and stimulate in him a love of history. When a vital interest is once secured, acquiring facts will take care of itself.
There is hardly a problem or question raised today which does not have light thrown upon it from a study of history. The function of history is to give us accurate information about the past; it helps us solve our problems by telling us how other people solved these same problems when they were confronted by them. We will get this greater value from history when we make it as real and concrete as we can; when as nearly as possible we can re-live the situation.

There is a vast difference between the statement of a fact and a story telling that same fact. The statement of a historical fact may soon be forgotten because it is remote and foreign to the student, but when this same fact is clothed in the form of a story it becomes alive, throbs with life, and interests him because it touches some experience of his own life. The story form may be longer, but the better results justify its frequent use.

If history is so presented that it makes a deep impression on the learner, it may affect his life to such an extent that it will cause him to turn aside from personal selfishness and rise to nobler heights, where self-sacrifice may enter in, and a real statesman may develop.

W. W. Charters in his book, "Teaching the Common Branches", says that:

---

"History develops patriotism. This it does by showing how many men and women in the past, when met by great crises have, in attempting to solve the problems that confronted their countrymen, given themselves wholly and selflessly, even sometimes at the cost of their lives . . .

Many a man, when brought face to face with an issue that permits of an easy path to self-aggrandizement or a difficult path of unselfish devotion to his country, has been influenced by the way in which some dead hero acted in a similar situation."

In "Good Citizenship Through Story Telling", a textbook for teachers, social workers, and the home, M. P. Forbes says:

"We can expose social illusions and put vicious and time-worn customs in their proper light without preaching if we have at our disposal anecdotes of all kinds."

Where can we get these? They must be accumulated here and there a little, from the great wealth of histories, biographies, memoirs, historical fiction, and current literature, to which the average small-town teacher does not have access.

The need of such a collection of material will be conceded by any thoughtful history teacher.

It is in an attempt to satisfy, in a small measure, this need of humanizing history facts, that the writer has undertaken this thesis.

7. Charters, op. cit. p. 17
   (New York, 1925) p.36
other persons are referred to in all of the books. Throughout
the entire authors in the sense number only.
the total number of persons referred to the text.

* a new one is presented on page
in the rest of the text, one new person is introduced
in the rest of the text, the total of the two books is 724 and 896 pages as
the three texts range from 265 persons concerned to
the writers. The median number of characters is 466
of people as rest, and almost the same as many in the majority of
texts, to note that there is no divergence there, there as many
which text pertains to the subject in hand. It is in
book, not introducing the index, after the
persons referred to each and the number of pages in the
names of the texts under consideration, the total number of
in Table I on the following page will be found the

* of our school libraries
just back off the texts, and which seems to be in most
the United States for Schools. By John Fiske, which was a popu-
read to in each. To those books were added an history of the
suggested in the running state course of study for High
American history, another, the author took the list of texts
seemed an idea of just what the field of High School

*
### Table I

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the old Fiske text, and only eighty in the nine others. The twelve not included in Fiske are chiefly people who have entered the stage since the latter book was written.

Each president is discussed to a greater or less extent in each text, but no vice president as such appears in all.

One text devotes just nineteen pages to the Revolutionary war. It is true that there has been quite a reaction against "drum and trumpet" history, but it seems to me a fallacy that by omitting or condensing to an absurd degree all accounts of war, we shall raise up a generation which will not enter into armed conflict. All history is a struggle, as is all life, and merely poking our heads into the sand and refusing to see will not alter conditions, although we might present thus a very easy target for any hunter lurking about.
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D.

After considering the several texts referred to, the relatively small portion of the books dealing with our colonial period; the romance and heroism displayed during those years; and their vital interest to subsequent history, the writer has decided to confine her search for anecdotes to the period extending from 1620 to the Revolutionary War, especially in the English-speaking colonies.

This period is remote. Three hundred years is almost fabulous to the adolescent mind which finds the high school period of four years an endless vista in anticipation, though it passes like a tale that is told in retrospect; and while each generation of history students should learn to honor the founders of our Republic for the one supreme example which they gave to the world when it was sadly needed—the example of a government founded on the popular will, and successful because of a citizenship which respected law as a foundation of order—they should likewise appreciate that the steady onward march of our national government has been possible because freedom in America has been based upon moral forces, upon the sense of common duty and common interest.

They should appreciate that the problems to be faced and solved in those early days were just as real as those we face today; the temptations for statesmen to become mere politicians were just as enticing; and the people themselves
were just as human as those with whom they come into daily contact.

William Bachus Guitteau, in the preface of his "History of the United States", says:

"The fundamental idea of history is that of development; history must be made to appear a wondrous chain in which the links existing today are seen to have been forged in ages long past. 'History is the lamp by whose light we see human nature in action; and we can understand the causes, the significance, the result of events in proportion to our comprehension of the characters of the men or the nation concerned.'"

We must not allow our history teaching to become a study in still life, but of living, acting people.

Further, it is essential that our students of history should become familiar with the democratic ideals which have so profoundly influenced our national life; and they should also appreciate that the self-reliance and the initiative which explain so much of our national development are still the keys that unlock life's opportunities, and without which our nation cannot progress.

The anecdotes and episodes which follow are not, with a few exceptions, verbatim quotations. The facts were secured from various sources, and the complete story is retold in a concise form which can be quickly read and easily retold by the teacher.

In arranging these incidents, the author has made no effort at continuity or chronological order. It could be said of them as some critic said of Emerson's poetry, "It might as well be read backward as forward." It does, however, take on the aspect of a scholarly work where "furious footnotes growl 'neath every page." The Table of Contents furnishes a partial guide though many titles overlap, and an index of individual items has been arranged for the convenience of the teacher.
CHAPTER I. PILGRIMS AND PURITANS........ 16 - 55
The story spread throughout England, many people felt

denied even the shelter of a jail...
The beat was beaten and driven from town to town, and
ten of the least settled any to Holland, and those who were
most of country people came rushing to the beach. The cap-
and reached the vessel by means of a small temple, a great

on part of the congregation

The queen had ordered all officers to go to Holland; the only county where men could work

stripped of all their property. The separators decided

• came, drew water, ascended above the fishing

from their homes; some were beaten others were put in prison.

and was tried heavily. Some separators were driven

when the anchorage is named or in the dangers that the

meantime in the home.

officers. He became a leader of the separatists and had

and had spent two years in Holland with one of the queen's

the anchorage of York and studied at Cambridge University

lived in Scotland. He lived in the great manor house of

for and in-keeper at Corby. A vigilance on the road from

WILLIAM WORRELL was a man of importance, possessing

26.

I. THE PLAGUE
could get to their families in Holland. They settled at Leyden, worked in mills and factories, and built themselves a church.

"We are but Pilgrims in a strange land." Their children were growing up to be Dutch. They thought of the new English colonies and sent two of their members to get the King's permission to go there. He appeared to approve of the idea, but kept putting off giving them a charter. He gave them to understand that they would not be disturbed if they went over and behaved themselves. This they finally decided to do.

They bound themselves by contract to a company of merchants who financed the expedition. Everything was to be held in common for seven years. No individual could hold title to any land. Exorbitant charges were made for everything, and the contract was very burdensome, but it was better than staying where they were.

The Pilgrims bought themselves free in six years, and immediately thereafter began to prosper. They tried repeatedly to secure a legal grant of land, and finally did so in 1639.

2. THE MAYFLOWER

One hundred two persons sailed on the Mayflower. One died and one was born enroute.

Eighteen married women were on board. All but four died the first winter.

Among those on board was one John Billington, not a Pilgrim but a servant, who gave out word that he should do as he pleased when he reached land; no one should have any authority over him, for John Carver had no commission, nor had the Pilgrims any charter from the king. The Pilgrims had ruled themselves as a church, but were subject to the laws of Holland.

Having a few such spirits in their midst made it necessary for them to have not only a religious but also a civic organization. They met in the cabin of the Mayflower, and drew up the Mayflower Compact. This was the first written constitution in the New World. In it they pledged themselves "solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another" to form a body politic, to frame such laws as they might need, and promised "all due submission and obedience." It was signed by all adult males, forty-one in number. This was the beginning of popular government in America.

What audacious things the little company were doing! They formed their own constitution, elected their own of-
boon an antecedent, surrounded her.

the practitioner. She died in 1899. Perceiving what he thought
question, who had lived seven-nine years after the land of

The last survivor of the Newtowners who was

Looking for a site.

It is

month, while her husband was on an exploring party on shore
Newtowner into the harbor and was drowned during the first
pened by the water's ebbing. She fell overboard from the

thirty years old when he joined the Newtowners and was known.

steam and was detected at once of the colony. He was

manufacturer while living in Holland, were an educated man.

WILLIAM BRUNDEN (1690-1767) who had been a stick

and William Brunden was ejected Governor.

does not carry, who was ejected about a year or two

sumed? What standards? the only so-called 'militant commission' to be their minister and expound the Bible to them each

They ejected John Carver Governor of William Brewster

"grees" and ordained their own minister.
3. ARRIVAL OF THE PILGRIMS.

It was the intention of the Pilgrims to land in Virginia, but their pilot brought them to Cape Cod, where, after exploring the shores of the bay for about a month, they finally chose for their settlement the place which John Smith's map called "Plymouth," and landed there on December 20, 1620. In this place they found clay for bricks, sand which could be used for mortar, and stone for wells and chimneys.

Nineteen families had taken passage, and all unmarried men were requested to join some family so that fewer houses would be needed. The head of each family cast lots for a home site. These were staked out, and garden plots according to the size of the family were provided.

While the men were busy felling trees to clear the ground and provide building material, there were no idlers. The women washed and cooked over open fires on shore. The children gathered twigs for fuel.

The protection of the ammunition and supplies was

15. Eva March Tappan, American Hero Stories. (New York, 1905) p.54
considered so important that they built the magazine first and then the Common-house. When this was finished, each man turned his attention to the building of his own home. This work was soon halted to build a hospital, as exposure and improper food were causing general illness. Only seven dwellings were completed the first winter.

Supplies from the Common-house were served out weekly. These consisted of coarse meal of several kinds, butter, English pease, salted meat, and ammunition. An occasional deer, fowl, or fish changed a famine into a feast, but snow, blizzards, and illness made hunting difficult.

The Indians sold them a small quantity of corn and showed them how to prepare it for food by making hominy and corn pudding. From their scant supplies, they also sold the colonists some dried huckleberries and cranberries. The vitamins in these checked the scurvey.

The Mayflower lay in the harbor all winter, but the crew did nothing to help the Pilgrims in their desperate struggle for existence. When disease attacked the sailors, however, they called upon the colonists for help. These showed their magnanimity by responding cheerfully.

The sufferings and privations of the first winter are recorded in William Bradford's "History of Plimoth Plantation."
During January and February two or three people sometimes died in a day, and less than fifty remained out of the original one hundred and two. At one time only seven were able to be about to wait on the sick and bury the dead. Miles Standish was one of these.

"These spared no pains, night nor day, but with great toil and hazard of their own health fetched wood, made fires, dressed meat, made beds, washed their loathsome cloths, clothed and unclothed them, and did all the homely and necessary offices, which dainty stomachs cannot endure to hear named."

He especially mentions William Brewster and Miles Standish as having ministered to him. "And I doute not but their recompence is with ye Lord."

4. The First Wedding

Early in the winter Death claimed Edward Winslow's wife, Elizabeth. Soon Susanna White was left a widow with two young children, and no one to care for her. Why should Winslow not be her helper and husband? There was no minister, and according to the laws of England they could not be married. The Pilgrims said, "We will be married as were Boaz and Ruth, in the presence of the people." So Edward Winslow and Susanna White joined hands before the newly-elected Governor William Bradford, and were married.

18. Charles Carleton Coffin, Old Times in the Colonies, (New York, 1908) p.129
In four years there were thirty-two houses and one hundred eighty persons in Plymouth.
5. EARLY ENGLAND IN MASSACHUSETTS

Some years before the English came to Massachusetts, Spanish traders had kidnapped a number of Indians and sold them into slavery in Spain. One of these was SQUANTO. He was later rescued by an Englishman and sent back to America. His unending gratitude to his deliverer made him a lifelong friend of all Englishmen.

Squanto was one of the first Indians to put in an appearance after the Pilgrims landed, and when he found they were English, he came to live among them and acted as interpreter for them.

He helped engineer the treaty with Massasoit, and taught the Plymouth people many things about fishing and raising corn, making samp and hominy, drying berries and herbs. He told them corn seeds should be planted when the oak leaf was as big as a mouse's ear, and had them plant the kernels in hills, and put one or two hurrings into each hill to fertilize it.

When dying he begged them to pray that he might go to the Englishman's God in heaven.

6. Massasoit

Safeguarding the lives of the colonists and at the same time retaining the friendship of the Indians were often placed in a very delicate balance.

Soon after the arrival of the Pilgrims, Massasoit, the great Wampanoag Chief, accompanied by sixty of his warriors, came to visit the Pilgrims. Squanto carried messages back and forth, for Miles Standish feared to permit so many possible enemies to enter the settlement. He finally invited Massasoit and twenty unarmed braves to enter. As the Indians approached a trumpet sounded, a drum beat, and six muskets were fired in honor of the great chief. Massasoit was greatly impressed. The negotiations resulted in a peace treaty which was faithfully kept over fifty years.

7. The First Thanksgiving

Massasoit and ninety Indians were invited for a week’s celebration to thank God for the bountiful crop which would prevent another winter such as the first had been. It was in the delightful Indian-summer.

There were only eleven houses in the settlement, and the cooking was done in them, but the tables at which the numerous company ate were spread under the trees. These

22. Elson, op. cit., p. 89
were heaped with good things. The Indians brought five
deer with them as their contribution, and the Pilgrims spent
a whole day hunting turkeys. In addition to this, they had
several kinds of boiled fish, baked clams, and wild cran-
berries.

Meals alternated with games races, and shooting matches.
The Indians sang and danced at night. Standish paraded his
little army of twelve men.

The Indians stayed three days, and then marched away,
happy and friendly. The Pilgrims closed the week with a
day of sermons and prayers of heartfelt thanks for the year
which had closed.

Once Massasoit was seriously ill. Winslow went to see
him and ministered to him, and fortunately the chief recov-
ered. He never forgot this brotherly act, and several times
warned the Pilgrims when danger threatened them.

He wanted English names for his sons, and had them
christened "Alexander" and "Philip." (See King Philip).

The Pilgrims were pioneers in more than building homes
in a wilderness. They were pioneers in diplomacy. They had
to learn how to deal with the untutored minds of the savages

23. Albert F. Blaisdell & Francis K. Hall, A Child's Book
of American History, (Boston, 1915) p.48
and create friendly relations if possible, yet give the Indians to understand thoroughly that they had strength enough to enforce their wishes if it were necessary.

When Massasoit made his peace treaty with the Pilgrims, CANONICUS, Chief of the Narragansetts, who was an enemy of Massasoit, felt that he could show his scorn of Massasoit by declaring war on his new friends. The way he went about this was to send a snake skin filled with arrows to Governor Bradford. Bradford promptly returned the skin filled with powder and shot, so Canonicus, terrified, decided it would be wise to make friends. Thus a war was averted.

24. Elson, op. cit., p. 89
25. Charles Carleton Coffin, Old Times in the Colonies, (New York, 1908) p. 131
and extended "look on the little"

Only a few hours after they arrived, a man stumbled up

"and crossed during the terrible storm weather"

"and crossed during the terrible storm weather" and crossed during the terrible storm weather.

He turned tender-hearted as a child. He crossed, walked

"Capitan Sullivane" because he was so small. He was brave as

water because he was easily made afraid. Some called him

savages soon learned to fear him. They called him "potential"

holland and was the right man in the right place. The

him in millitary array. He had fought the Spaniards in

chosen commander by common consent, and all promised to obey

being the only soldier in the company. Stanstead was

rose from death within a month after landing.

Holland. He was not a member of the conversation.

and the wire. rose, joined the group of planters at Plymouth.

Mr. Stanstead was thirty-six years of age when he

H. WILTS"
were dragged to the top of the hill and mounted ready for use.

The Indians were such a constant menace that the Pilgrims could not relax their vigilance for a single moment, as the following incident will show:

One day Standish and another man were cutting logs to build houses and laid down their axes long enough to go back for dinner. These were stolen by the Indians before they got back.

Standish organized his "army" — forty-eight men! He appointed an officer for each twelve.

They built one unusually staunch building on the top of the hill at the head of their main street, to be used as a fort and church. The roof was made strong enough to have cannon mounted on it.

The Indians made many attempts to surprise the whites but could never surprise the Little Captain. He let it be known that he wished peace, but would not be imposed upon. Once when a sachem (under chief) had seized Squanto, he set out in the night with ten men, dashed into the large wigwam

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and demanded either his friend Squanto or the "sachem who had murdered him." He received Squanto. The story went from tribe to tribe, and many messages came praying for peace.

9. First Bloodshed by Pilgrims.

Another company of colonists who were not so fair and just as the Pilgrims settled nearby, and so mistreated the Indians that the latter decided to kill all the whites. When the Pilgrims heard this, they decided to fight for their lives. Miles Standish and eight men set out for the new settlement. While waiting in a house, four Indians came in and greeted him with, "We are not afraid of your little Captain. He thinks he can kill us but let him try."

Others made insolent gestures and speeches to Standish's face. Wituwamat unsheathed his knife, showed Standish a woman's face carved on the haft, and began to shout saying:

"I have another at home with a man's face that hath killed both French and English. By and by this one shall see, and by and by it shall eat, but not speak. Then they two shall marry."

Following this, a huge warrior who had a knife hung about his neck (Pecksoot), stood forth and said, scornfully:

"This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us! He is a little man. Let him go and work with the women."

27. Tappan, op. cit., p.69-70
Then Standish, as strong and wiry as he was slender, sprang upon the savage, caught his knife away from him and killed him with his own weapon. Two of the others were also killed, and the fourth was carried away as a prisoner. The head of the leader was put on a post in a public place as a warning. The Indians did not disturb Plymouth.

Miles Standish's last days were passed quietly and peacefully at his own house on "Captain's Hill." He married a second time and had four sons and one daughter.

A faithful old Indian, Hobomak, who had been a scout for Massasoit and had accompanied Standish on most of his military expeditions, set up his wigwam near the Captain's home and lived there until he became too feeble to care for himself. Then Standish took the old fellow into his house and cared for him tenderly until he died.

29. Tappan, op. cit., p.71
30. Tappan, op. cit., p.72
Bradford, in his "Plimoth Plantation," says that doubtless many misconceptions of the colonists arise from the fact that "many wicked and profane persons were shipped off to the colonies by relatives who hoped thus to be rid of them."

"Some began to make a trade of it . . . . and to make up their freight and advance their profits cared not who the persons were, so they had money to pay them. And by this means this country became pestered with many unworthy persons, who, being some over, crept into one place or another."

One of these renegades was named Thomas Morton. He was well supplied with money and built him a place called Merrymount. Here the idle and profligate of the colony gathered and caroused. Though we rarely hear of immorality among Indian women, Morton is said to have provided himself with a harem of them. He broke the law continually by selling liquor and powder to the Redman, and so endangered the settlement. As a climax he had a great May-day celebration, using an eighty-foot pine tree for a May-pole, and had drunken dances about it, the savages, male and female, clad only in wreaths and garlands.

This revelry was too much for Governor Bradford. He

sent Miles Standish to "brake up the unclean nest." This was done. According to Bradford, the only person injured "was so drunk that he ran his own nose upon the point of a sword and lost a little of his hot blood".

Morton was sent back to England, but to the dismay of the Pilgrims he returned the next year. They promptly imprisoned him. His home at Merry Mount was burned in the presence of Morton himself and of the Indians, so that the Indians would thoroughly understand that the law was supreme, and that law-breakers were punished.

The Pilgrims dealt with criminals more expeditely and with less expense to the state than modern courts do, as shown by the following incident:

The Pilgrims did not believe in duels. One of them had a couple bound-servants who quarreled and determined to settle their dispute with a duel. Governor Bradford had them arrested, the whole community acted as a court, and it was voted that the two be tied neck to neck and heels together for twenty-four hours, with nothing to eat or drink. This ended dueling.

However, at the end of an hour, the offenders promised to behave themselves in the future, and Bradford ordered

32. Bradford, op. cit., p.46-58
them released. The Governor believed in punishing, but he also believed in stopping it as soon as the result was obtained.

Bradford tried to be just and reasonable in his dealings with strangers who were inadvertently with them, but he did not propose to be taken advantage of.

Some wild adventurers appeared one fall and decided to stay at Plymouth. When Christmas Day came, they refused to work, saying that it was against their conscience. The Pilgrims did not keep Christmas as a holy day because they felt that the Catholic Church had made a heathen holiday of it, adopting customs and rites taken from the barbarous German tribes. The Church of England also celebrated greatly, but the Pilgrims had been persecuted so cruelly by that organization that they associated Christmas with their persecutions. The Governor, however, allowed these men to stay at home instead of working with the others. When the Pilgrims came home at noon to eat, they found the new-comers playing ball and other games, and enjoying themselves immensely.

35. Charles Carleton Coffin, Old Times in the Colonies, (New York, 1908) p.131
Bradford took their ball away from them and ordered them into the house. "If it is against your conscience to work today, it is against my conscience to allow you to play while others work."

There was no fooling with such a governor.

An outsider once tried to stir up a revolt in the settlement. Bradford marched him through a double file of soldiers, each one giving him a thump with his musket.

Thomas Dudley, in a letter to the Countess of Lincoln, written in 1631, says that if anyone is thinking of coming over here for worldly ends or because he cannot live well at home, he will soon repent it. "But if he comes for spiritual ends he may find here what will well content him—viz; materials to build, fuel to burn, ground to plant, seas and rivers to fish in, pure air to breathe, good water to drink till wine can be made, together with the cows, hogs, and goats brought over with them, and the fowl and venison which are dainties here as well as in England."

He tells her that clothing and bedding must be brought along until such time as there will be industries to produce them, and says they do not enjoy many things to be envied, and endure much to be pitied in the sickness and

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37. Coffin, op. cit., p.134
death of their people. He concludes, however, by saying that "They are poor and contemptible but contented with their condition, being well assured that God will not fail nor forsake them."

11. Furnishings of Pilgrim Home

High-backed, roomy arm-chairs for adults.
Settles, Benches, and stools for young people and servants.
"Crickets" for little children.

High-posted bedsteads on which the might-caps hung.
Trundle-beds or "truckle-beds" for young children.
Cradles for the babies.

Braided mats or rugs.

Large fireplace for cooking purposes and heat.
Flint and tinder; tongs, and-irons, bellows.
Iron pots and pot-hooks.
A set of shelves in the corner for dishes, etc.

 Pewter plates, platters, porringers, candle-sticks, basins which were secured daily.
 Wooden trenchers, trays, bowls, and bottles.
 Occasionally a few silver spoons or teapot, and Holland delft.

Every woman had a spinning wheel.
Most of the men had arms—sword, corselet, musket.

Oiled paper windows at first, with a "noon-mark" cut in the window-frame to tell time by. 39

Many Pilgrim relics are still at Plymouth; the sword and other articles of Brewster's, brought from Holland;

Miles Standish's sword; the cradle in which the first Pil-

38. Hannah Logasa, Historical Fiction Suitable for Junior and Senior High Schools. (Philadelphia, 1927) p.43
grim baby slept; Plymouth Rock, supposed to be the same one on which the Pilgrims stepped when they left the Mayflower.

The Pilgrims had few amusements. Dancing was "an unseemly practice"; stage plays were considered a device of the Evil One; and outdoor sports were a foolish waste of time.

They sang psalms and madrigals, and many of these were truly beautiful. Morning and evening prayers were offered, and a blessing at the table was never omitted. Belief in supernatural signs and portents was universal.

They did not observe Christmas or Easter, only the Sabbath and such feast or fast days as they set aside from time to time.

The Governor called all the able-bodied men together every morning, and all went together to work in the field or forest.

Marriage was a civil contract performed by a magistrate as in Holland.

On Sunday the drummer beat assembly. Each family came out to the central square. The men, with guns on shoulders, formed three abreast in front of Standish's house. He then placed himself before them and marched to the Governor's house. The Governor, wearing a long robe, came out. Elder Brewster stepped to one side of him, and Standish stepped to the other. The women and children lined
up behind them; the servants came last. When all were ready, Standish gave the signal, and they marched quietly up the hill to the church.

Thus they escorted the governor whom they had chosen, not because he was William Bradford, but because they had chosen him to represent law and order, two things they desired and reverenced.

13. PURITAN LAWS AND CUSTOMS

It is well to bear in mind that in all ages among all people there are periods in which one idea over-shadow all the rest. In one age it is exploration; in another it is military conquest; in modern times it is winning wealth. The Puritans thought only of how to live according to their religion. All political questions were religious questions.

It has been said that "There ought to be a law—" is the favorite refrain of our soap-box orators. The colonists must have had the same idea, because very little that effected life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness escaped their legislators.

In Massachusetts even their dress was dictated by law. One law forbade the wearing of lace. Another forbade "slash-ed cloaths other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back". The length and width of a lady's sleeve were solemnly decided by law.

It was a penal offense for a man to smoke in the street, or for a youth to court a maid without the consent of her parents.

Husbands were not permitted to kiss their wives in public. A certain Captain Kimble, returning from a three year ocean voyage, kissed his wife on his own doorstep and spent two hours in the stocks for his "lowed and unseemly
behavior".

The Puritans, at the time of the Commonwealth, and for many years thereafter in New England, believed that the text in I Cor. xi:14, "If a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him", was as applicable in their day as when the apostles took this stand in the first century, and there was a law in New England that no man should wear his hair below his ears. It was an especially heinous offense in a clergyman.

Since the Puritans had braved so much to come to this new country and had set up a church which they believed was right, they did not propose that any of their congregation, now that they were safely away from the persecution of the Church of England and the Roman Catholics, should become luke-warm and neglect their own services. Therefore, they enacted penalties for absenting themselves from church services which were about as tyrannical as those from which they had fled.

An example of this is the court proceedings brought against Thomas Goold, Thomas Osburne, and John George of Cambridge in 1666. These men claimed that they had met together and had studied the Bible according to the instructions of Christ Jesus, but they were fined four pounds each for absenting themselves from public worship, and twenty pounds each as a bond that they would appear at the next
It was a penalty for men who wore loose attire. Women were forced to wear veils and headdresses at night. Women were also forced to drink no tobacco and wear certain veils and dresses.

In Boston, women were also made to appear at the next court, but "decently dressed."
lives softens the harshness of their laws.

Nathan Mather wrote that in his youth he went astray from God and did dreadful things, such as whittling behind the door on Sunday.

Sometimes a child would weep and wail in the fear that he was not one of the elect and would go to hell.

14. Early Laws in Virginia

The FIRST REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY convened in Virginia in 1619. Two representatives from each of eleven plantations were present. Below is the gist of some of the laws passed at that time.

Against idleness:

If any "idler or renegade" should come among them, even "though a freedman, it shall be lawfull for that Incorporation or Plantation to which he belongeth to appoint him a master to serve for wages till he shewe apparent signs of amendment."

Against drunkenness in private persons:

1st offense - be reproved privately by the minister.
2nd offense - be reproved publicly.
3d offense - lie in bolts twelve hours in the house of the Provost Marshall and pay a fee.

For further offense - undergo such severe punishment as the Governor or Council shall think

42. Americanization Department, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, America, (Chicago, 1925) p.195
43. Stuart P. Sherman, AMERICANS, (Boston, 1923) p.39
fit to inflict.

Against drunkenness in officers:

1st offense = be reproved by the Governor.
2nd offense = be openly reproved by the minister in church.
3rd offense = be degraded; Governor may restore him if he thinks fit.

A man was taxed for excess in apparel on behalf of himself or his wife.

Sewall's Diaries are thus described by Long:

"Mostly dull records of commonplace events ... never once brightened by the play of imagination or humor. Yet somehow we have grown deeply interested in them, following their endless windings as one follows a trout stream, with continual expectation of catching something in the next pool. Nor are we disappointed. Here and there amidst dreary details are fleeting glimpses of the little comedies of long ago, when fashions were different but human nature quite the same as in our own day." 45

"1677, July 8. New Meeting House. In sermon time there came in a female Quaker, in a canvas frock, her hair dishevelled and loose like a periwigg, her face black as ink, led by two other Quakers, and two others followed. It occasioned the most amazing uproar that I ever saw."

The Puritans evidently were not so intolerant as we sometimes suppose. They seem to have permitted Quakers to live among them.

44. Albert M. McKinley, Illustrated Topics for American History, (Philadelphia, 1922) Topic 3–6
45. William J. Long, American Literature, (Boston 1915) p.31
Judge Sewall seemed to take a morbid pleasure in deaths and funerals, and his diary contains many gems like the following:

"1706, Nov. 10. This morning Tom Child the painter died. Tom Child hath often painted Death. But never to the life before. Doing it now, he's out of breath; He paints it once and paints no more.

1716, Feb. 6. Sloop run away with by a whale, out of a good harbor at the Cape. How surprisingly uncertain our enjoyments in this world are!

1720, Jan. 25. This day a negro chimney-sweeper falls down dead into the Governour's house: Jury sits on him.

1688, June 6. Ebenezer Holloway, a youth of about eleven or twelve years old, going to help Jno. Houseal, another Boston boy, out of the water at Roxbury, was drowned together with him. I followed them to the grave; for were brought to town in the night, and both carried to the burying place together, and laid near one another.

1676, Oct. 9. Bro. Stephen visits me in the evening and tells me of a sad accident at Salem, last Friday. A youth, when fowling, saw one by a pond with black hair and was thereat frighted, supposing the person to be an Indian, and so shot and killed him; came home flying with the fright for fear of more Indians. The next day found to be an Englishman shot dead. The actor in Prison.

Hanging the Pirates

1704, June 30. After dinner, about 3 p.m. I went
to see the execution of pirates. Many were the people that saw on Broughton's Hill. But when I came to see how the river was covered with people, I was amazed. 150 boats and canoes, saith Com. Moody of York. He told (counted) them. Mr. Cotton Mather came, with Capt. Qualich and six others for execution, from the prison. When the scaffold was hoisted to a due height the seven malefactors went up. Mr. Mather prayed for them, standing on the boat. When the scaffold was let to sink there was such a shriek of the women that my wife heard it, sitting in the entry next the orchard, and was much surprised at it; yet the wind was sou-west. Our house is a full mile from the place."

JOHN COTTON was the most famous of the Puritan ministers in New England. He was described as follows in the Samuel Whiting's biography of him:

"He was of admirable candor, of unparalleled meekness, of rare wisdom, very loving even to those that differed in judgment from him, yet one that held his own stoutly, strictly holding and painstakingly defending what he himself judged to be the truth. . . . He was exceedingly beloved by the best and admired and revered of the worst of his hearers. He had many enemies at Boston, as well as many friends, and some that rose up against him and plotted secretly to undermine him, and others that practiced more openly against him. But they were all of them blasted, either in their names, or in their estates, or in their families, or in their devices, or else came to untimely deaths; which shows how God . . . owned his servant in his holy labors."

Below is an extract from the diary of "the Puritan

46. Long, op. cit., p. 29-36
47. David Daville Mussey, Readings in American History,
(New York, 1921) p. 39
Saint," COTTON MATHER, showing how seriously he took his religious duties, and how truly he endeavored to practice what he preached:

"RESOLUTIONS AS TO MY WALK WITH GOD

Lord! Thou that workest in mee to will, help mee to resolve

I. As to my Thoughts.
1. To endeavor that I will keep God, and Christ, and Heaven much in my Thoughts.
2. In a special manner, to watch and pray against... ambitious Thoughts, and wandring Thoughts in the Time of Devotion.

II. As to my Words.
1. To bee not of many Words, and when I do speak, to do it with Deliberation.
2. To remember my obligations to use my Tongue as the Lord's, and not as my own....
3. Never to answer any weighty Question, without lifting up my Heart unto God, in a Request that Hee would help mee to give a right Answer.
4. To speak Ill of no Man; except, on good Ground, and for a good End.
5. Seldom to make a Visit, without contriving, what I may do for God in that visit.

III. As to my daily Course of Duties.
1. To Pray at least thrice, for the most part every Day.
2. To meditate once a day....
3. To make a Customs of propounding to myself, these Three questions, every Night before I sleep:
   What hath been the Mercy of God unto mee, in the Day past?
   What hath been my carriage before God, in the Day past?
   And, If I dy this Night, is my immortal Spirit safe?
4. To lead a Life of heavenly Ejaculations.
5. To bee diligent in observing and recording of illustrious Providences.

But in all, to bee continually going unto the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only Physician, and Redeemer, of my Soul.
Lord! Thou that workest in me to do, help me to perform.

Pennebed by Cotton Mather; a feasible and worthless, yet, (Lord! by thy Grace!) desirous to approve himself a Sincere and faithful Servant of Jesus Christ." 48

15. Price-fixing in the Colonies

Tobacco took the place of money to a great extent in Virginia, and even clergymen were paid a certain specified quantity of this commodity. The passage of the Navigation Acts caused the price of tobacco to drop so low that they protested to the Assembly. After considerable argument, a higher price was arbitrarily fixed, and each minister was to receive 15,000 pounds. While this by no means restored the buying power of these men, it greatly alleviated their troubles.

It has often been said that where the land was too stony to raise corn, they planted school-houses to raise men. Education was encouraged in every possible way. Every township of fifty families was directed by law to have a teacher, and when it numbered one hundred families it was to have a grammar-school to prepare boys for Harvard. While

48. Masssey, op. cit., p.40
was made and the intention was there.

The first person supposed to have landed at what is now BOSTON was Anne Polland. She was one of a merry picnic party of young people from Charlestown. They were delighted with the three hills and the fountain of pure water, and told about the place. Before the end of summer a settlement was begun on the peninsula. Governor Winthrop himself decided to make a home there.

"Plymouth — "This tiny free state on the margin of a wilderness continent, like a distant glittering pharos, showed the persecuted Puritans in England the fare-way to a harbor."

16. A CALIDOSCOPIIC PICTURE OF COLONIAL TIMES THROUGH ADVERTISEMENTS

The American Weekly Mercury appeared in 1719, when Philadelphia was only thirty-seven years old, and was the first newspaper in the Middle Colonies, and the fourth in America. Its proprietor was Andrew Bradford. It frequently contained but two pages and about two thousand words, but it contained advertisements.

"To be sold by Edward Horne, at John Gordon's, Hatters, in the second Street in Philadelphia, Very Good English Saffron, of the last year's Growth by Pestic, for its weight in Silver, and Incouragement to any that take a Quantity. Also very Good new Caraway Seed at Reasonable Rates."

"Any person that has any light hair to sell, may have ready Money at the best price for it of Oliver Galtory, Per wig Maker, in High Street, near the Market Place, Philadelphia." . . . 1721

(Example of business rivalry; both advertisements appear in the same paper)

"Elizabeth Barnaty's Right and Genuine Spirit of Venice-Treacle, truly and only prepared by her in Philadelphia, who was the original and First Promoter of it in this City, is still sold by her at her Shop in High Street near the Market, as also the Spirit of Sourvy-Grass."

53. Paris, John T. Then America was Young. (New York 1925) p.50-51
"Mary Bannister's Sovereign spirit of Venice Treadle, Sold for her by David Bremthall and Francis Knowles, is now, she being dead, rightly prepared by her Daughter, who employs the same Person to sell it, and no other in the city of Philadelphia. At Francis Knowles's is to be sold the Golden Purging Spirit of Sourvey Grass at 15 d the bottle."

"These are to give notice that John Hopkins living in Letitia Court over against Thomas Chalkley's, Mendeth Shoes and Boots Cheap, strong and neat."

"All persons Indebted to Thomas Chalkley merchant in the city of Philadelphia are desired to come and settle their Accounts by reason his Book Keeper is going to leave him, in order to prevent differences which may arrive hereafter."

"Coach and Chaise work done after the best and newest Fashions. Made and Sold at Reasonable Rates, by Thomas Barton, Coach Maker in Third Street Philadelphia, next door to the Widow Priest's. N.B. He has a New Conventent Two Wheel'd Chaise to Hire and several very good and new Finish'd, to dispose of."

"Just arrived from London, in the Ship "Borden", Will Harbert, Commander, a Parcel of young likely men servants, consisting of Husbandmen, Joyners, Shoemakers, Weavers, Smiths, brickmakers, Brick-layers, Sawyer's, Taylors, Stay-makers, Butchers, Chaimmakers, and several other Trades; and are to be sold very reasonable, either ready Money, Wheat Bread, or Flour, by Edward Horne, in Philadelphia."

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54. Paris, op. cit., p.53-54
Very good season'd Pine boards and Cedar Shingles to be sold by Charles Hild opposite to Mr. Thomas Masters, where any person may have Cocoa Ground, or be supply'd with right good Chocolate Cheap.

Advertisement of a schoolmaster who declared his readiness to teach,

Calygraphical and stenografical arithmetick... also Dealing in a Most Plain and Regular Manner, Teaching how to project all sorts of Sun-Dials for Latitude, by a Line of Chords, very Pleasant and Delightful for all Ingenious Youth.

A Neat Pocket-Piece! Medals struck upon a new and fine Metal and beautiful even as Gold, wherein are described (it being no broader than a Crown Piece) Tables, and Lines, whereby to find the Day of the Week and Day of the Month for Ever, the Rising and Setting of the Sun, the Southing and Age of the Moon, the Beginning and Ending of the Terms, the fixt and Moveable Feasts, and other Remarkables of the Year for Ever. Price 3 shillings each.

"For sale by Inch of Candle" On Monday next, being the 3d day of December, at four a Clock in the afternoon, at the Coffee-House in Philadelphia, a Lot on Society-Hill, lying between Front and Second Street, is above 100 Feet in Breadth, and fenced in. (Evidently the sale was to last only so long as the inch of candle burned; with the expiring flicker the lot would be knocked down to some eager purchaser! Is this where our "Hour Sales" originated?)

Isidore, op. cit., p. 34-35
A bookseller advertises as follows:

"The Life and Works of the Most Illustrious and Pious Armand de Bourbon, Prince of Conti. To which is added a Discourse on Christian Perfection, by the Author of Telemachus. Stoic-mindedness Pressed upon Young People by the late Matthew Henry, a book very Necessary for Youth of all Persuasions."

"Lost, Last Fryday, between Benjamin's Ferry and Philadelphia, a lightish Coloured Cinnamon Riding Hood, lined with a Yellowish Balloon, Faced on the Hood with silk of a Cinnamon Colour. Those that will give Intelligence of the same to the Printer hereof shall be fully satisfied for their pains."

"April 30, 1730. Whereas Christ Church in Philadelphia was broke open on Monday or Tuesday Night, the 20th of Elst instant, by some Prophane Fretch, who like Brutus, abused some things belonging to the said church, and Stole from the Reading Desk one large Bible and one Common Prayer Book in Folio, and another in Octavo. These are to give notice, that whoever will discover the Author of such Villany, so as he or they, may be brought to justice, should be amply rewarded by the Church-Warden and Vestry of the said Church."

"Taken out of a pew in the Church, some months since, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D.F. (Deborah Franklin) on each cover. The person who took it is desired to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken."

55. Faris, ed. cit., p.55-57
57. James Parson, Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin (New York, 1926) p.228
"Lent at different times (and forgot to whom), the following Books, viz: Whiston's Astronomical Principles of Religion; Croxall's Psalms; Watt's Lyric Poems, sacred to Piety, Virtue, and Friendship; Steele's Dramatic Works; Discourse of Free-thinking; The Persons that borrow'd them are desired to return them to the Printer of this Paper.

He has in his Hands the 2d vol. of Cowley's Works, in Octavo, of which he does not know the Owner."

"Stolen or stray'd on the 5th Instant at Night, out of Benjamin Franklin's Pasture near Philadelphia City, a likely young sorrel Horse, about 14 Hands high, with Silver Mane and Tail, four white feet, a blaze on his Face, no Brand, a large Belly, and is in good case, Faces well, but Trots sometimes, very small ears, and is shed all round. Also a small bay Horse without shoes, low in Flesh, long dark Tail and Mane. Whoever brings them to the subscriber, shall have Forty Shillings Reward for the first, and Ten Shillings for the other. If stolen, and the Thief detected, so that he may be brought to justice, Five Pounds, with Reasonable Charges, paid by

B. Franklin"
Two years later:

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

"at No. 31 Queen Street
Next door but one to the Friends' Meeting House
Has for sale an assortment of
Piano Fortes of the Newest Construction made
by the best makers in London,
which he will sell at
reasonable terms.

He gives cash for all kinds of Furs
And has for sale a quantity of Canada
Beavers and Beavering Coating, Racoon skins, and Raccoon Blankets,
Muskrat Skins, etc., etc."66

60. Marsh, op. cit. p.34
ANECDOTES

CHAPTER II. ENGLISH PROPRIETORS AND PROPRIETORY

COLONIES ......................... 56 - 72
17. BALTIMORE PLANTATION

When the second Lord Baltimore received his grant of land, he sent his brothers Leonard and George Calvert, with a group of twenty gentlemen and three hundred laboring men to plant the first colony. The young Calverts had with them what they called "a good letter" from the King introducing them to the Governor of Virginia and other notables. As a result of this letter, the Governor presented them with the following things:

200 or 500 stocks ready grafted with pears, apples, plums, apricots, figs, and peaches, and some cherries . . . . some orange and lemon trees . . . . also filberts, hazelnuts and almonds; and in one place of the colony, quince trees.

After carefully exploring the inlets and streams opening into Chesapeake Bay, a site was selected for the first town—Saint Mary's. The Calvert attitude toward the Indians is shown by these excerpts from letters written by them to friends in England.

"To avoid all just occasion of offense, and color of wrong, we bought of the king (Indian king he meant) for hatchets, axes, hoes, and clothes, a quantity of some thirty miles of land, which we called Augusta Carolina . . . . Yet do they daily relinquish their houses, lands, and cornfields, and leave them to us. Is not this a piece of wonder that a nation, which a few days before was in arms with the rest against us, should yield themselves now unto us like lambs, and give us their houses, land and livings, for a trifle? Digitus Dei est hic . . . ."
For modesty, I must confess, I never saw from man or woman, any section tending to levity; and yet daily the poor souls are here in our houses, and take content to be with us, bringing sometimes turkeys, sometimes squirrels as big as English rabbits, but much more dainty; at other times fine white cakes, partridges, oysters ready boiled and stewed; and do run unto us with smiling countenance when they see us, and will fish and hunt for us if we will; and all this with intercourse of very few words, but we have hitherto gathered their meaning by signs."

Some of their letters describing the country were published in a London paper in 1634. We could imagine them taken from a modern real estate prospectus.

"For the commodities...we have sent over a good quantity of iron-stone, for a trial, which if it prove well, the place is likely to yield infinite store of it...the soil...is excellent, covered with store of large strawberries, raspberries, vines, sassafras, walnuts, ooms, and the like; and this in the wildest woods too...It abounds with good springs, which is our drink. Of beasts; I have seen deer, raccoons, and squirrels beside which there are many others which I have not yet seen. Of birds diversely feathered there are infinite; eagles, bitterns, herons, swans, geese, partridge, ducks, red, blue...And to say truth, there wants nothing for the perfecting of this hopeful plantation, but greater numbers of our country-men to enjoy it."

The great city which bears Lord Baltimore's name was not founded for a hundred years after his death.

61. Americanization Department, Veterans of Foreign Wars, America, (Chicago, 1925), p.133
62. Ibid.
18. THE CAROLINAS

In 1663, Charles II gave all the territory from Virginia to Florida to a group of proprietors who agreed to plant colonies there. A fort was built and many settlers arrived, but the proprietors and their representatives were unjust and unreasonable, and soon there was much dissatisfaction.

In addition to trouble with their governors, the settlers had trouble with the Indians who were a serious menace. The Spanish to the south used every artifice to stir up the Redmen, and in 1711 a general massacre was planned. North Carolina ran with blood for three days. Then the Indians were so weary and so drunk that they ceased their horrible work.

For two years thereafter the whites pursued the Indians; South Carolina and Virginia sent help; and friendly Indians, anxious to show that they had had no part in the massacre, aided also. At last the hunted savages fled to New York and joined the Five Nations, who were henceforth known as the Six Nations.

After a few years, two tribes of Indians in South Carolina started a little war between themselves.

They soon tired of this and, influenced by the Spaniards at St. Augustine, decided to pounce upon the English colonists and wipe them out. The Spanish furnished them with weapons.

There is a story of one Indian, Sanute, who was the friend of a Scotsman named Fraser, and like many of his race, held friendship a sacred thing. Therefore, he came to Fraser's house the day before the massacre was planned, and told him that all the tribes had joined to wipe away the British pale-faces, and urged him to flee at once because the Spanish fleet was going to block the rivers and harbours so no one could escape. The Indian offered to lend them his canoe if their own boat were not large enough.

Mrs. Fraser was badly frightened, but her husband laughed at her fears, and said that Spain and England were not at war. Sanute persisted in his statement, and said that if they would not go, he would do one last act of friendship and kill them himself, rather than leave them to be tortured. Finally, yielding to the entreaties of his wife, Mr. Fraser loaded his family and his goods in a boat, and paddled away.

Whether in his agitation, he forgot to notify his neighbors, or whether they disregarded him, is not known, but the whites were sleeping at daybreak when the Indians swooped down upon their erstwhile neighbors, and burned and killed until Governor Craven, a wise man, courageous
and quick of action, sent troops and drove the savages back to the Spaniards who had sent them. They were crushed as a nation, but individuals were constantly fired with resentment and with rum, and broke across the borders until no one dared live there.

These were the conditions in the Carolinas when Oglethorpe decided to found Georgia.

64. Marshall, op. cit. p. 294
James Oglethorpe was moved to found the colony of Georgia as a haven for debtors because his attention was drawn to the plight of these unfortunates thru the fate of one of his own friends who had died of small pox in a debtor's prison. He secured a charter granting him a large tract of land in 1732, and named it Georgia in honor of George II.

He argued that Rome, when she was increasing in power and territory, considered one of her greatest policies that of sending surplus population out into new areas where they would plant colonies on the frontiers, give new strength to the whole, and remove any danger of unemployed multitudes at home. Planting such colonies was financed from the public treasury.

The trustees of Georgia pictured themselves engaged in a similar work, but the money for it did not come from the public treasury. It was to be collected from benefactors everywhere and deposited in the Bank of England. Regular reports were to be made on how it was spent, and the profits were to form a perpetual fund for placing unfortunate in Georgia so the good work could go on.

It was suggested that twenty pounds be appropriated for each man or woman brought over to pay his passage and defray such expenses as were necessary, and that the pounds
be devoted to each child. They were to be established in a well regulated town and were to build houses and clear land.

In addition to people in debtors' prisons, distressed Salzburgers, and other persecuted protestants in the British empire were encouraged to come over. Many Scotch Highlanders came.

To the Trustees in London, Georgia seemed to have the same natural conditions as China, Persia, and Palestine, so they planned that raw silk, wine, oil, dyes and drugs would be their products.

They considered from the first that this colony would be a bumper between the unfriendly Spaniards farther south and the older colonies to the north.

When one reads the deliberations of the Trustees and the provisions of the Charter, he can almost see those old noblemen in lace and wigs dreaming their dreams in which real concern for the unfortunate is inseparably mixed with a statesmanlike regard for the growth of Great Britain, the whole bathed in a rosy mist of fact and fancy.

They issued an elaborate prospectus which was presented to wealthy persons from whom they hoped to obtain donations. It was full of inaccuracies but, for that very reason, is interesting reading.
This document cited the difficulties under which early Virginia had labored, emphasizing the swampy location and the "Starving Time," and then referred to the annual revenue of one hundred thousand pounds received from duties upon her present exports. They announced in all seriousness that "Pennsylvania in fifty years had produced a city of eighty thousand inhabitants as fine as most in Europe." The facts are, of course, that in 1763 Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, while comparing favorably with Liverpool and Bristol, and populations ranging from 15,000 to 20,000. The trustees, however, believed what they wrote, and persuaded themselves that the land they were about to colonize was much superior to either Virginia and Pennsylvania. Many of them backed their beliefs with their money.

Oglethorpe came over with one hundred and twenty colonists, slept in a tent and lived with his people who in return loved him and obeyed him. He kept strict discipline and allowed neither drinking nor swearing. About six weeks after their arrival some people from Charlestown came to visit, and wrote as follows:

"It is surprising to see how cheerfully the men work, considering they have not been bred to it. There are no idlers there. Even the boys and girls do their parts. There are four houses already up, but none finished... He has ploughed..."

up some land, part of which he has sowed with wheat. . . . He has two or three gardens which he has sowed with divers sort of seeds. . . . He was palisading the town round. . . . In short he has done a vast deal of work for the time, and I think his name justly deserved to be immortalized."

The Spaniards were angry when they heard of the new colony and resolved to wipe it out immediately. Oglethorpe was as great a soldier as he was a statesman, and succeeded in protecting his colony, altho a constant watch had to be kept.

Ten years later, in 1742, Spain sent a fleet of vessels with 5,000 men. Oglethorpe had eight hundred men. Hearing of the expedition, Oglethorpe sent to Carolina for help which he supposed would be forthcoming at once, spiked his guns at St. Simon, the town most likely to be attacked, and retreated with all his men and supplies to Frederica.

The Spanish came to St. Simon as he had anticipated and then set out for Frederica. This town was located in a marsh and surrounded with dense undergrowth and pathless woods. The Spanish declared that the Devil himself could not force a passage thru. They became mired and entangled and wearied beyond endurance. Oglethorpe sent out Highlanders and Indian allies who added to the horrors of swamp and reptiles. Meanwhile no help came from South Carolina,
whose rascally governor was jealous of the prosperity of his southern neighbor and hoped Georgia would be wiped out.

Learning that the Spanish force was divided, Oglethorpe decided to make a sortie with three hundred picked men and surprise and capture them. When almost upon the enemy, a Frenchman in his ranks, discharged his musket, and fled to the enemy's camp. Surprise was now out of the question, and when the traitor informed the Spanish how weak the English were, Oglethorpe feared that victory would be impossible unless he could resort to strategy.

"He wrote a letter in French addressing it to the French deserter. This letter was written as if coming from a friend. It begged the Frenchman to tell the Spaniards that Frederica was in an utterly defenceless state, and to bring them on to an attack. If he could not persuade them to attack, at least he must persuade them to remain three days longer at Fort Simon. For within that time two thousand men would arrive from Carolina and six British ships of war "which he doubted not would be able to give a good account of themselves to the Spanish invaders." Above all things the writer bade the Frenchman beware of saying anything about Admiral Vernon, the British admiral who was coming against St. Augustine. He ended by assuring him that the British King would not forget such good service, and that he should be richly rewarded.

This letter Oglethorpe gave to one of the Spanish prisoners they had taken, who for a small sum of money and his liberty, promised to deliver it to the French deserter. But instead of doing that he gave it, as Oglethorpe had expected he would, to the leader of the Spanish army.

The French deserter at once denied all knowledge of the letter or its writer, but all the same he was fettered and kept a prisoner while the Spanish leaders held a council of war. They knew not what to do. Some thought that the letter was a ruse (as indeed it was) merely meant to deceive them. But others thought that
the British really had them in a trap. And while they were thus debating, by good luck some British vessels appeared off the coast. And thinking them to be the men-of-war mentioned in the letter, the Spaniards fled in such haste that although they had time to set fire to the barracks at St. Simon they left behind them great cannon and large stores of food and ammunition."

Thus was Georgia saved, and Carolina too. Many of the more northern colonies wrote letters of appreciation to Oglethorpe, knowing that the Spanish would not have stopped with despoiling and destroying one colony, but the governor of South Carolina gave no indication of having heard of the expedition at all. Then many of the people themselves wrote personal letters to Oglethorpe, thanking him for what he had done.

While he was admired and respected by the best people on two continents, he had many enemies, especially people in his own colony who wished slaves and rum, both of which Oglethorpe opposed.

After twelve years of unselfish effort for the unfortunate, and after exhausting his own great fortune, he returned to England. At the age of fifty-five he married and lived, for forty years more, the life of an English gentleman.

"Heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry to the end, he lived out his last days in the great manor house of an English village, and was laid to

rest in the peaceful village church.

But the Savannah repeats to the Altamaha the story of his virtues and of his valor, and the Atlantic publishes to the mountains the greatness of his fame, for all Georgia is his living, speaking monument.

Oglethorpe was the only one of the founders of British colonies in America who lived to see their separation from the mother-country. But long ere that he had to see many changes in the settlement. For the colonists would not be contented without rum and slaves, and in 1749 both were allowed. A few years later (1752) the trustees gave up their claims and Georgia became a Crown Colony, and the people were given the right to vote and help to frame the laws under which they had to live.88

26. PENNSYLVANIA

William Penn received Pennsylvania from Charles II in payment of money loaned the king — sixteen thousand pounds due his father's estate.

Penn disposed of his land to settlers as follows: He sold five thousand acres for one hundred pounds; he rented land for one penny per acre for lots up to two hundred acres. Fifty acres per head were allowed the master of servants and it was in the contract of indenture that each servant should receive fifty acres when his time expired.

Laws were so generous and just, and settlers increased so rapidly that he had to buy more land from the Delawares. There is a story that his agreement regarding the tract was

that it should extend as far back into the forest as a man could walk in three days. Penn and another Englishman and several Indians set out to make the walk. They continued for a day and a half, with frequent rests to eat their meals and for the Indians to smoke. Then Penn decided he had all the land he needed for the present, and said they would continue their walk on some other day.

Many years later, 1733, when William Penn was dead, his sons who were very different from their father, and the officers of the colony, found the old deed and decided to walk the remaining day and a half. The Indians were willing and chose three braves to walk with three white men. The Governor advertised for expert walkers, offering each five hundred acres of land, and had a path cleared to expedite matters. At the end of the first day the Indians refused to go any farther. They said, "No sit down to smoke; no shoot the squirrel, but run, run all day long." The whites kept on until they had included all the land they wanted. One of the walkers was so exhausted from his walk that he died in a few days; another was injured for life; but the third, a famous hunter named Marshall, walked over sixty miles in a day, greatly to the chagrin of the Indians. Naturally the Indians refused to give up the land and fought anyone who settled there. Thomas Penn had acquiesced to
this trick, and further soiled his noble name by enlisting the aid of the Iroquois who were enemies of the Delawares. The latter were driven from their land. Many years later when Braddock set out for the Ohio Valley, against the French these Indians took their revenge and ravaged the whole frontier. The second generation of Penns had forsaken the religion of their great father and took part in outrages against the Indians, caring only for the pecuniary gains for themselves instead of for the good of the settlers.

In 1732 the heirs of Penn and Baltimore, after much discussion as to their boundary, employed Mason and Dixon, two English astronomers, who fixed the line. At intervals of a mile small cut stones were set in the ground. Each stone had a large P carved on the north side and a B on the south side. Every five miles was placed a larger stone bearing the Penn coat of arms on one side and that of Lord Baltimore on the other. These stones were cut in England and brought to the colonies. A few of them still stand, but time has crumbled many of them; others have been carried away piecemeal by relic hunters; and a few are doing service as steps before the doors of farmhouses along the route.

70. Justin Winseor, Narrative and Critical History of America (Boston, 1884), p. 479
72. H. E. Marshall, This Country of Ours, (New York, 1917) p. 266-70
According to tradition, Penn met the Indians under the branches of a wide-spreading elm tree in the vicinity of Kensington in Philadelphia in 1682. Here a solemn treaty of friendship was made. No oaths were taken, each party simply trusting the other. This treaty was never broken. So long as the Quakers were in control the people of Pennsylvania lived at peace with the Red-men.

The Quaker dress was a better protection among the Indians than a musket, and if an Indian wished to pay the highest compliment to a white man he would say, "He is like William Penn."

During the Revolution when the British forces occupied Philadelphia, Generals Simon in command placed a sentinel under this Treaty Tree to prevent his soldiers from cutting it down for fire-wood.

The elm was blown down in 1810 and a monument now marks the place where it is reputed to have stood.

The Indian record of the treaty—a belt of wampum representing Penn and the chief clasping hands—is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Philadelphia is reputed to be the first city laid out
with checker board streets.

Wm. Penn, in his "Some Account of the Province of
Pennsylvania," 1682.

"A Plantation seems a fit place for those Ingenious
Spirits that being low in the World, are much
clogg'd and oppress'd about a Lively-hood, for the
means of subsisting being easy there, they may
have time and opportunity to gratify their inclina-
tions. . . . ."

Quoted from William Penn's own account of his observa-
tions of the Indians.

"In liberality they excel. Nothing is too good
for their friend. Give them a fine gun, coat, or
other thing; it may pass twenty hands before it sticks;
. . . . They are light of heart, have strong affections
. . . . The most merry creatures that live; feast
and dance perpetually. . . . They never have much,
nor want much; wealth circulateth like the blood,
all parts partake; and though none shall want what
another hath, yet exact observers of property.

Some kings have sold, others presented me with
several parcels of land; the pay or presents I made
them were not hearded by the particular owners, but
the neighboring kings and their clans being present
when the goods were brought out, the parties chiefly
concerned consulted what and to whom they should give
them. To every king then, by the hands of a person
for that work appointed, is a proportion sent, so
sorted and folded, and with such gravity, that it is
admirable. Then that king sub-divided it in like
manner among his dependents, they hardly leaving
themselves an equal share with one of their subjects;
and be it on such occasions as festivals, or at their
common meals, the kings distribute, and to themselves
last." . . . .

Thomas Jefferson Wartenbaker, The First Americans,
(New York, 1929) Preface
"They care for little because they want but little, and the reason is, a little contents them; in this they are sufficiently revenged on us; if they are ignorant of our pleasures, they are also free from our pains... We sweat and toil to live; their pleasure feeds them; I mean their hunting, fishing, and fowling, and their table is spread everywhere; they eat twice a day, morning and evening; their seats and table are the ground."

William Penn believed that the Indians were of Jewish origin, descended from the Ten Tribes, and gives the following interesting reasons:

"First, they were to go to a "land not planted or known" which to be sure, Asia and Africa were, if not Europe; and He that intended that extraordinary judgment upon them, might make the passage not uneasy to them, as it is not impossible in itself, from the easternmost part of Asia to the westernmost of America.

In the next place, I find them of like countenance, and their children of so lively a resemblance, that a man would think himself in Duke's Place or Bury Street in London when he sees them.

But this is not all; they agree in rites, they reckon by moons; they offer their first-fruits; they have a kind of feast of tabernacles; they are said to lay their altar upon twelve stones; their mourning a year; customs of women, with many things that do not now occur... Their eye is little and black, not unlike a straight-looked Jew... their language is lofty, yet narrow; but, like the Hebrew, in signification full."

The Indians were tricky and shrewd. They took advantage of the simple Germans in Pennsylvania and tried to pass off an eagle for a wild turkey.

76. Americanization Department, Veterans of Foreign Wars, America Vol. II, (Chicago, 1925) p.252-5
77. Ibid., p.3468249
CHAPTER III.  FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS AND WARRIORS............73 - 118
21. A SAMPLE OF CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH GOVERNORS

The governor of New York in 1685 was Thomas Dongan, an energetic Irishman who did not propose to let the French encroach upon his territory. Dr. Muzzey has collected some correspondence which he calls "an amusing compound of deferential scolding and tart amenities," which passed between Governor Dongan and M. de Denonville, governor of Canada.

M. de la Barre had just been removed from the governorship and M. de Denonville had taken his place. Dongan immediately writes him a welcoming letter and tells him that his predecessor was "a very worthy gentleman, but he has not written to me in a civil and befitting style", and had "meddled in an affair that might have created some indiffercence between the two Crowns," and ends with, "It will not be my fault if we do not cultivate a cordial friendship, being, with respect and truth, Your most affectionate servant."

After about eight months M. de Denonville answered that he was filled with pleasure to receive such kind expressions of friendship, and supposes that the matter referred to was their quarrel with the Senecas. He insinuated that no one could be expected to live in friendship with people "who have neither religion nor honour nor subordination,"
and that M. de la Barre had many causes of complaint against
them. He explained in several pages how diligently the King
of France had supported and protected the missionaries who
had endured great fatigue day after day for Jesus Christ
and were converting all the other Indians. He admitted
that the French traders had supplied many of the Indians
with weapons so that they could prey upon the whites and upon
each other and had given them liquor which made them mad,
but insisted that it was his duty to maintain their mis-
ionaries and keep all the other ferocious tribes in respect
and fear.

Dongan wrote immediately that he had had a meeting
with his Five Nations and asked them to keep away from the
French side of the lakes, but they reported that the French
had come upon the English side and had built a fort and
were preparing to build another at what is now known as
Niagara, in English territory. He follows this very definite
accusation with:

I cannot believe it that a person
that has your reputation in the world would
follow the steps of Mons. Labarr and be ill
advised by some interested persons in your
Government to make a disturbance between our
Masters subjects in those parts of the world
for a little pelttree; . . . . if there be
anything amiss, I doe assure you it shall not
be my fault, the we have suffered much, and
doe daily by your people's trading within the
King of England's territory.

This letter he closed as follows:
Setting apart the station I am in, I am as much Monsieur Denonville's humble servant as any friend he has, and will omit no opportunity of manifesting the same.

The above letter brought an immediate answer from the French governor. He insists that the garrisons being established at the places referred to are most friendly and put there only to protect the soldiers they already have. He then says he is afraid that the New York governor is not well informed as to just what is French territory; that the pretensions he makes as to English territory are not at all correct, because the French have had all that region for many years. His letter ends thus:

Sir, it would be very apropos that a gentleman, so worthy as you, should not grant protection to all the rogues, vagabonds and thieves who desert and seek refuge with you, and who to acquire some merit with you, believe they cannot do better than to tell you many impertinences of us, which will have no end so long as you will listen to them.

The doughty Irishman responds at once that "before the French king had ever made any pretensions to Canada, English Indians had traded from one end of the continent to another."

The Frenchman comes back with a long letter accusing the New York Governor of encouraging the Iroquois to plunder the French traders, refers again to the valiant effort the French are making to Christianize the Indians, and says:

Think you, Sir, that Religion will make any progress whilst your merchants will supply,
as they do, Eau de Vie in abundance which,
as you ought to know, converts the Savages into
Demons and their Cabins into counterparts and
theatres of Hell.

Dongan by return mail informs the Canadian Governor
that he has not solicited nor bribed any Indians to injure
the French, that his traders have strict orders not to
meddle with any of the French people, and hopes he will
give similar orders. He also assures him that the English
are as anxious as the French to dissuade the natives from
their drunken debauches, "though certainly our Rum doth
as little hurt as your Brandy and in the opinion of Chris-
tians is much more wholesome."

Dongan then sends a gift of oranges to the Canadian,
since he has heard that they are a rarity in Canada,

Two months later Denonville sends the following letter
to Dongan:

"I thank you, Sir, for your oranges.
It was a great pity that they should have been
all rotten."
The Pequots began killing settlers' cattle and burning their hay-stacks. Then they killed a man close to Saybrook fort and captured two men in a boat, cut off their feet and hands, gashed their flesh with knives and filled the gashes with hot ashes. In February, 1637, ten men were waylaid and three of them killed; then two were captured and their bodies split open and hung upon a tree; a man from Wethersfield was roasted alive. The Indians attacked that town, killed seven men, a woman and a child, and carried away two girls.

The magistrates of Wethersfield, Hartford, and Windsor decided that something must be done. They had just two hundred and fifty fighting men, and there were over a thousand Pequots. They sent to Boston and Plymouth asking for aid. Both villages voted to send help and Connecticut sent ninety men at once under Captain JOHN MASON. Seventy Mohegans joined them.

Instructions were to go directly to Pequot Harbor, but Mason knew that the Pequots expected him to do just that, so he acted on the maxim which Napoleon made famous one hundred and fifty years later, "Never go where your enemy wishes you to go." His little fleet sailed away in the opposite direction. The watching savages saw the sails
disappearing in the distance and thought the white man were so afraid that they did not dare fight them.

As soon as they were out of sight from the shore, they altered their course so they could disembark at a point from which, by means of a forty-mile march over rocks and fallen trees and several difficult fordings, they could make a surprise attack upon the Indians. They halted five miles from the Indian fort. Here they ate their supper in silence and slipped through the darkness until they could hear the drums beating inside and the shouts of the warriors who were still gloating over the cowardice of the English.

The little army waited until two o'clock; uncovered their heads while the chaplain prayed; advanced to the Indian fort; and began to scale the palisade. Mason and sixteen men got inside before the dogs awoke the Indians. Mason snatched a fire brand from a smoldering camp-fire and held it against a wigwam. This ignited immediately, and a strong breeze swept the flames down the line.

There were six hundred Indians in the fort, warriors, squaws, and papooses. Seven escaped and seven were taken prisoners. All the others were ghastly corpses, most of them blackened by the flames. Governor Bradford, in his Plimoth Plantation says: "It was a fearful sight to see
them thus frying in the fyer and the streams of blood quenching the same."

Out of the seventy-seven men who composed Mason's attacking party, two were killed and twenty wounded.

Lieutenant Bull had a narrow escape. A piece of hard cheese in his pocket stopped an arrow. Two other men had arrows shot through their neck-cloths.

Mason quickly gathered up his wounded, hired some Narragansetts who were encamped twenty-five miles away to carry them to the ships in the bay, and reached home safely. The Pequots lost heart. Their chief fled and was killed by the Mohawks, and such as were captured were sold into slavery in the West Indies. Terror was struck into the hearts of all Indians in New England.

80. Bradford, op. cit. p.247-253
81. Charles Carleton Coffin, Old Times in the Colonies, (New York, 1908) p.179-181
23. KING PHILIP

King Philip was the second son of Massasoit. The older son, Alexander, died suddenly, and Philip suspected that the white man had poisoned him. This added to the keen dislike which he already felt for the English. He refused to renew the peace treaty when he became chief and gave as his excuse that the governor was merely a subject of the English King and that it was beneath the dignity of a chief to treat with an underling. "When he comes, I am ready."

Philip saw how the English constantly increased in numbers and he knew that his own people were growing weaker. He felt like the Indian chief who asked a white man to sit on a log with him. He kept asking the man to move along. Finally they came to the end of the log. "Move on!" said the Indian. "I can't. I am at the end of the log now."

"That is the way with you English," said the Indian. "You keep asking us to move on, and then to move again, until we are as far as we can go. Now you ask us to move on again!"

In 1675 King Philip began what he hoped would be a war of extermination against the whites. His first attack

the attack.motors from a number of artillery pieces manned the
forts and put out the fires. before the inundation could renew
would we launch over them, and a heavy column began to
one showed, "good to come in to our help." that
just as the heavy artillery fell that all was over.

shadows

were too great to do put out by the remaining water from the
reaching the well and set them at rest because the flames
not by butters from the house. this time they succeeded in
were shot down under the platform and could not be
across a barrier within they rolled toward the house. the
track and chance on it, thus they set no fire and shoed
put a rude platform several yards long and put any

border, the gunpowder then came into play. the house

as quickly as they appeared

of the house and got upon the roof and put out the flames
onto the roof. the people inside and through the
they then tried burning leaves to their arrows and shot them
successful for they were driven back by butters from within
enough to set fire to the wall. this was un-
were put burning leaves on the side of streets and tried
a heavy fire which frequented penetrated the wall. they

by the nearest stairs house and prepared for a siege.

was on occurrered. at the first alarm the soldiers crowded
and the settlement was saved.

The Attack on Hadley

This occurred on a fast day when everyone was at church. In the midst of the prayer they heard an Indian warwhoop. The men rushed out, musket in hand, and found themselves surrounded by what looked like thousands of savages. They were brave men ready to fight to the death for their homes and families, but they were not soldiers and were confused by the clamor. Suddenly a tall white-bearded man appeared. He had a military bearing, and the men instinctively obeyed him. His orders rang out. They formed in line, shot, and charged. The Indians finally yielded and fled, and Hadley was saved.

When they turned to thank their leader, he was gone. They had never seen him before and never saw him afterward. When, in after years they told their children of him, they said in reverent voices, "It was an angel from Heaven."

(See Colonel Coffe).

83. Eva Marsh Tappan, American Hero Stories. (New York, 1906) p. 91
84. Tappan, op. cit., p. 92
85. H. E. Marshall, This Country of Ours. (New York, 1917) p. 227
The mysterious stranger was Colonel Coffe, the regicide, who for many years had lived hidden in the minister's house. From his attic window he had seen the Indians creeping upon the town. When he saw the helpless congregation, brave but leaderless, his old fearless fighting spirit had sent him forth to save them. As soon as the Indians were gone, he slipped back to his hiding-place.

The Attack on Lancaster

The whites learned from spies that the Indians intended to burn their town. They sent the minister to Boston, thirty-five miles away for soldiers, but the Indians came before the messenger got back. The Redmen attacked at sunrise, and when the troops appeared a few hours later, the village had been burned, many people killed and many others carried away. Among these was the minister's wife. The wily savages said, "We will not kill her. She is the wife of the great medicine man. He will pay us well to get her back." She was treated as well as possible under the circumstances, but had a very hard time as the Indians ran out of food and had to eat acorns, roots, bark, and whatever else they could get. They marched many miles through primeval forest. One night when they camped, she made a

86. John Fiske, Beginnings of New England (Boston, 1889) p.217-218
little cap for Philip's son, and so won his friendship. She was ransomed after three months for about one hundred dollars."

Death of Philip

When the English were hemming him in on all sides, and his cause looked hopeless, one of Philip's warriors suggested that they had better yield. This so enraged Philip that he killed his advisor with a single blow of his tomahawk. The man's brother saw the deed and was incensed to such a degree that he slipped away to the English and told them he would show them the hiding place of his chief. This he did, and the Indian and a soldier lay in waiting near a secret path used by Philip. Both shot at him when he ran from the attack of the army in front. The white man's bullet missed, but the Indian's went straight to the heart. King Philip was the last of the race of Massasoit, his son having been killed.

Colonel Coffe - General Halley

These two men had been members of the English Parliament when Charles I was beheaded in 1649, and had signed the

For Mrs. Mary Rowlandson's account of her captivity see Fiske, op. cit., p. 230-233
67. Fiske, op. cit., p. 236
death warrant.

On the restoration of Charles II in 1660 they had fled to Boston and Cambridge. Parliament passed the death sentence upon them, and offered a reward for their capture. The king's agents were seeking them always, and often were not on their trail, but the people in the colonies shielded them. At one time, the fugitives were hiding under a bridge across which their pursuers passed.

For twelve years the two lived in hiding in the home of Rev. John Russell, pastor of Hadley. Not even the townsfolk knew of their presence.

Shalley died in Hadley and was buried there, but historians seem to have no idea concerning the time or place of the death of Colonel Coffe, the unrecognized savior of Hadley during King Philip's War.

24. HANNAH DUSTIN

Hannah Dustin, wife of a farmer near Haverhill, Mass. saw her home burned by the savages and her infant child dashed to death against a tree while she and a neighbor, named Mary Neff, were carried away captive. She carefully planned her escape. The twelve Indians who had her and

89. H. E. Marshall, This County of Ours, (New York, 1917) p. 287
a young boy in charge, lay asleep. She and the boy arose
at midnight, and with well-directed blows of a native's
tomahawk, killed ten of them, sparing only a squaw and an
Indian child. Mrs. Dustin scalped the Indians before fleeing.
She eventually got back to Haverhill, having thus avenged
the death of her baby, and collected fifty pounds bounty
for the scalps.

25. Deerfield Massacre, 1704

About four hundred French and Indians assaulted Deer-
field in 1704, and slew nearly fifty inhabitants and carried
away over one hundred. This was one of the most horrible
of the early massacres.

The minister's seven-year-old daughter was one of the
prisoners. She was adopted and raised as an Indian. Many
years later she appeared in Indian garb at Deerfield and
sought out those who had known her family. These friends
urged her to remain with them, but her heart was with her
dusky husband, a Mohawk chief, and her half-breed children,
and she returned to them.

90. Elson op. cit., p. 148
91. Elson op. cit., p. 149
92. Elshe op. cit., p. 211-225
sent messages to the Indian villages both far and near, and
that other who ever looked on an empty, sickly, white man.

The Great Ocean other wise "United States" thence to form a
Great Mediatine men began preaching on some
place to make slaves of them and take their country.

Then up to the Great Ocean telling them that the English intended
the large body of half-breed encroached the Indians in
done to prevent the French who remained in Canada and
the English were there to stay, unless something could be
set. They also treated the
domestics, the Great Mediatine. But they were
men who, once being brought to their "settles" to them
and they, the English, on the other hand, were free enough
for their Great Wealth of guns, and kept them home to hunt
with them, traded them much for trade and "The Great
a Trading Post" called the Indians by the French. "The" and "the
Great Very Interested," the Indians

after Canada became another settlery, the Indians

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With them these messengers carried a hatchet stained with blood, and a war belt of scarlet wampum. When they came to a village they called the braves together. The spokesman flung down the blood-stained hatchet and, holding the belt in his hands, made a passionate speech, reminding the Red-men of their wrongs and calling upon them to be avenged upon their foes. Wherever the messengers went, the blood-stained hatchet was seized and the war-dance danced.

The first attack was to be upon Detroit, and Pontiac had a skillful plan for capturing it. Indians often went to forts to amuse the garrison with their rude games and dances, or for councils, so Pontiac and his warriors were to enter the fort on such a visit. Each was to have a weapon hidden beneath his cloak and, at a signal, fall upon the English and murder them to the last man.

The day before the attack, a woman was astonished to see some Indians filing off the barrels of their guns. She reported the news to her neighbors. A blacksmith then recalled that the Indians had been borrowing his files and saws. Alarmed, they reported the matter to Major Gladwyn, commander of the fort.

He thought little of it until later in the day, when an Indian girl brought him a pair of moccasins which he had

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When putting red the other into the fort at 10 o'clock

From all directions.

On the morning Indians were seen coming
the Indian chief decided not to waste until the motion but
what he had learned. They kept watch all night for fear
of an immediate attack he the artillery and told them

and the went easy

where O'Farrell told her not to worry and to say nothing.

[...]

message at the same time and not one man he would do
draw the gun and fire. The Indian outside would start a
that he would hold up the battle and when he turned to around
would make a great speech and offer a peace boil of community
would make a speech of gun under the blanket that presented
them all that they would come and see for a council meeting.
thought that they would come down and told him that the Indian intended to kill
get her secret, whatever it was. He was so kind that she

seemed together to home and the major cried more to

look asked her what was wrong. She still said nothing but
continued to linger and looked so upset that another of
whether anything was the matter. She did not answer but

as though she had something on her mind. He asked her
ordered from here. She seemed ill at ease and lookeded about.
street were lined with soldiers, standing at attention, guns in hand. Groups of other men were standing about, each man fully armed. Not a woman or child was visible. The haughty chief stalked on, fearing that he had been betrayed, every sense alert.

He arrived at the Council Hall to find the Major surrounded by his officers, waiting for him, each man with a sword and a brace of pistols.

"Why," he asked, "do I see so many of my father's braves standing in the street with their guns?"

"Because I exercise my soldiers," replied Gladwyn calmly, "for the good of their health, and also to keep discipline."

This answer made the Indians still more uneasy, but after some hesitation, they all sat down. Pontiac rose, the peace belt in his hand, and began his speech.

"As he spoke his false and cunning words, the officers kept a watchful eye upon him. Would he give the signal or not, they asked themselves.

He raised the belt. At that moment Gladwyn made a quick, slight signal. Immediately from the passage without came the sound of grounding arms, and the rat-tat of a drum. Pontiac stood rigid, as one turned to stone. Then, after a moment's deathly silence, he sat down.

In the silence Gladwyn sat looking steadily and fearlessly at the Indians. Then he replied shortly to Pontiac's fine speech, "The friendship of the British should be theirs," he said, "so long as they deserved it."

94. Marshall, ed. Alt., p. 341
The council was at an end, the fort gates were thrown open, and the bewildered savages stalked back to their homes. (1763)

This was the beginning of a three-year war. The Indians were everywhere, murdering men, women, and children without mercy. Fort Detroit was besieged for a year, but held out. Pontiac pitched his camp two miles below the fort, where he could intercept vessels coming with supplies, without which the garrison would starve. Of the settlers between Pontiac's tents and the fort, not one would stir to help the imperilled garrison. Gladwyn expected aid from Niagara, but Pontiac watched for relief, and when a vessel was sighted, sent fire-rafts down upon it.

Captain Dalzell started to Gladwyn's assistance but was delayed by stopping to rescue several forts enroute. The siege dragged on until fall—something unheard of in Indian warfare. Even Pontiac could not hold the savages longer, and they gradually deserted until Pontiac himself withdrew, intending to come back in the spring.

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27. PRESQUILE

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Presquile fell at about the same time, after making a heroic defence. Being too few to defend the entire fort, the garrison shut themselves up in the block-house.
The Indians shot flaming arrows into the roof, hoping to burn it. Fifty times it was set on fire, and as often volunteers from within came out upon the roof and put it out, in imminent risk of being shot. At last the water gave out. Nothing daunted, the men who were not manning the loop-holes started to work digging a well beneath the house. This was done in a day. The Indians, in the meantime, mined beneath the block-house and threatened to blow it up if the garrison did not surrender. This they did, under promise of being taken to Pittsburg, but were treacherously taken off toward Detroit. Two soldiers managed to escape and brought word of the disaster to Pittsburg.

28. FORT MICHILIMACKINAC

At Fort Michilimackinac, Pontiac tried the following plan. He invited the officers and soldiers to a ball game outside the fort. Unsuspecting, everyone came. Crowds of Indians were also there, every squaw hiding a tomahawk or knife under her blanket. When the soldiers were standing about, the gates to the fort open, and everyone intent on the sports, suddenly a ball flew thru the air and into the fort. At this signal, the players ran to the squaws, seized the weapons, and began the bloody work. The English were unprepared and few escaped alive.
Sandusky was captured by treachery, and every man in the fort was put to death except the commander, Ensign Paulli, who was carried to Detroit as a trophy. He was given his choice of being put to death, or to marry a squaw. He was not put to death.

Pontiac kept two secretaries, one to read his letters, and one to answer them, and kept each ignorant of what the other did. He secured loans from the Canadians to carry on his war, and gave promissory notes written on birch bark, signing his name by making the totem of his tribe, an otter. Every note was paid in full.

On hearing that a trusted friend of his, a Canadian, had been offered a bushel of silver to betray him, Pontiac went to his friend's house and slept there all night to show his perfect confidence.

He was a remarkable genius. If his great powers had been used to uplift and civilize his race, he might have done great things.

95. E. E. Marshall, This Country of Ours, (New York, 1917) p. 348
In the group of great men whose statues surround the pedestal of Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington in Richmond, is the figure of a large man dressed in fringed buckskin and carrying a rifle. This is Andrew Lewis. He was born in Ireland in 1720. His father, a Huguenot, came to Virginia as a result of trouble in Ireland. He was with Washington at Ft. Necessity and in Great Meadows when Braddock was defeated.

He is described as being six feet two in height, very quick and active, with a stern and forbidding countenance. The Governor of New York once said that "the earth seemed to tremble at his tread."

In the vicinity of Pittsburgh on the Ohio River lived a great Indian warrior, an Iroquois chief, called by the settlers, LOGAN. Logan kept his tribes neutral in the border warfare and was himself a friend to the white men on many occasions.

On April 30, 1774, a drunken trader, whose name was Greathouse, set out with a few Indians whom he had made drunk also, and murdered Logan's family, even the women and

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children. This dastardly deed turned Logan and his friends into fiends who set out on their own account to massacre any whites on whom they could lay their hands. They did not know or very much care who had committed the original outrage, and consequently many innocent people were sacrificed.

The Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, as soon as conditions were reported, sent troops to quiet the Indians. He went himself in charge of one division, and placed Andrew Lewis in charge of the other.

This war is usually almost forgotten because the Revolutionary War followed so soon, and so over-shadowed it in importance. Nevertheless, if these Indians had not been weakened, the English might have used them against the Colonies, with no one can tell what results.

All the great men of the Ohio Valley participated in this engagement; James Robertson and John Sevier of Tennessee, George Rogers Clark, Daniel Morgan and Simon Kenton. Daniel Boone commanded three frontier forts.

It was a great expedition which marched one hundred sixty-five miles through primeval forests. The first division had four hundred pack-horses loaded with flour, and drove one hundred eight cattle. The second division had two hundred pack animals and as many more cattle. They went over the mountains where there was no trail. It was necessary to fell trees for the passage of the animals.
Such a cumbersome expedition could not advance into Indian country undiscovered. CORNSTALK, a Shawnee chief of unusual ability, had been watching the advance, planning to swoop down upon the weaker division when a good opportunity offered.

One day a mysterious note was brought to Lewis, telling him to march up the Ohio to meet Lord Dunmore. Three hundred of his men were many miles behind, swimming horses across a river, so Lewis had to wait for them before obeying the note. He had his men rest and sleep.

Two hunters sent out by him to provide meat for the troops happened upon a large body of Indians. One hunter was killed, but the other managed to escape and warn the camp. Cornstalk, knowing that the one hunter had escaped, decided to attack at once.

Lewis ordered the long roll beaten, and the men sprang to arms and prepared as best they could, to resist where they were—on a little peninsula between two rivers. There was no danger of being flanked by the enemy, but neither was there any possibility of escape if the hostile force were too great.

Lewis supposed that they had met only a small scouting party of Indians, so sent two parties of one hundred fifty men each, one under his brother Colonel Charles Lewis,

99. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Border Fights & Fighters. (New York, 1908) p.48
the other under Colonel Fleming, to skirt the two river banks. He also had an other party in readiness to advance in the center. Lewis kept the remainder in a state of preparation ot go if needed. Waiting quietly, expecting a sharp little engagement, Lewis had just taken out his pipe for a smoke when a roaring fusillade less than a mile from camp broke upon the air, and he realized that he had misjudged the strength of the enemy. His men were engaged one to three.

It was only a matter of minutes until General Lewis and the remaining troops were in the long line from river to river, fighting desperately, the men behind trees and rocks, the officers dashing about encouraging and doing everything heroic commanders could do.

All day the battle raged. Cornstalk lead a masterly attack, and finally massed his men on a hill where they could safely spend the night. The American loss had been terrible.

The three hundred men under Colonel Christian, for whom they were waiting, had not yet come up, so Lewis resorted to strategy. He ordered three small detachments to slip around to the far side of the hill and immediately assault the Indians.

The Indians supposed they were being attacked by the reinforcements under Colonel Christian, which they knew
were expected, so, carrying their dead with them, they withdrew.

Colonel Christian arrived a few hours later and helped bury the dead—over one-fifth of the total army. Lewis built a fort at this place, Point Pleasant, and left three hundred men to protect it. He then marched up to join Dunmore, according to the instructions he had received.

The men felt that Dunmore had deliberately separated himself from the second division and had sent the Indians upon it, hoping that the Virginians would be wiped out. This was never definitely proved, but they felt sure that treachery had been intended that a guard of fifty men was required to keep the indignant pioneers from killing Dunmore. He, however, made an excellent treaty with the Indians at this time, which protected the whites in the Ohio Valley for several years.

In about a year, when the Revolutionary War began, Lord Dunmore incited insurrections among the slaves, sent the Indians upon the colonists, and in many ways made himself thoroughly hated and despised.8

Logan refused to sign the treaty and made the following

speech, which is a masterpiece of savage eloquence:

"I appeal to any white man if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man.

Colonel Cresap,* the last spring, in cold blood and unprompted, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear; Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life.

Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

*(Col. Cresap was entirely innocent. The drunken Greathouse was the murderer.)

Logan fell into bad habits after this, drank heavily, and was killed by an Indian in a drunken brawl several years later.

Old Cornstalk kept his peace contract, and in 1777 came to warn the commander at Point Pleasant that the Shawnees were going on the war path. Instead of treating

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100. Brady, op. cit., p. 57
him as the honorable ally he was, he was thrown into prison and deliberately murdered a few days later.

There is a dramatic picture of Cornstalk standing with open arms to welcome the soldiers into the hut where he was confined, and receiving seven bullets which instantly killed him.

Instances like this made fiends of savages with whom it would have been possible to live peaceably if all men had been like the Pilgrims or William Penn.

101. Brady, op. cit., p. 58
30. JOHN STARK

"The Indians either adopted their captives or tortured them. They liked to see how much agony a captive could bear without crying out. The surest way for a prisoner to save his life was to show that he was not afraid to lose it for the red men never failed to respect courage.

When General Stark of New Hampshire was taken prisoner by the Indians in 1752, he was condemned to run the gantlet. Two long rows of stalwart young warriors were formed. Each man had a club or stick to strike Stark as he passed. But Stark was a match for his tormentors. Just as he started on the terrible race for life he snatched a club out of the hands of the nearest Indian, and knocking down the astonished savages right and left, he escaped almost unhurt. The old men of the tribe, who stood near, roared with laughter to see the spruce young warriors sprawling in the dust. Instead of torturing Stark, they treated him as a hero."

For a long time Stark and his Rangers were stationed at Fort William Henry. A regiment of Irish was also there. The French, many miles away at Fort Ticonderoga, decided to attack Fort William Henry on St. Patrick's Day because all the Irish would be drunk. John Stark figured that they would do this. He could not prevent the Irish drinking, but he could keep his own Rangers sober. The French came toward morning when the Irish were sleeping off their celebration, but the Rangers were at their posts. After the fighting began the commander of the Irish woke them and got

them upon the walls in time to be of a little assistance. The French had to leave, very much chagrined, having succeeded only in setting fire to some outbuildings.

One day in March, 1757, Major Rogers and John Stark together with seventy-four Rangers went to see what the French were doing at Ticonderoga. They wore shoes shod with iron and carried food, blankets, and snowshoes, and trailed their arms. For two days they marched on the ice of Lake George. The third day they entered the woods, put on their snow-shoes and came out on the shore of Lake Champlain in time to dash upon a party of seven French with horses and sleds. There was another party around a point of land, however, who saw what happened and gave the alarm at Ticonderoga. A large party of French and Indians was sent out to get the English. The attack was a thrilling one. Major Rogers was shot in the face in the first encounter, and Stark took command. He sent eight men to the rear to watch for Indians who would slip up behind, and stationed everyone behind trees, telling them to keep cool and save their ammunition. They put up a gallant fight, but Major Rogers was so faint from loss of blood that he asked them to surrender since many of the Rangers were being killed. But Stark's blood was up, and he told the men that he would shoot the first one who attempted to retreat. This was a bold thing to do, but he felt that his commander was not quite
one hundred and eighteen red liver

shaken with a half hundred dead or wounded

reason and indwelling retorted tofoundation: to return the

it into the wound. They returned without interest when the

battered in a way. He had a manner out of the one and whole

stopped or be would bleed to death. hopeless more the hurt

shot on the which we that the blood sprouted. It must be

turned to the tree and removed the flight. Then drank and

pronounced fatal and extreme forever, sewed his gun, and re-

and hanged at useless. At the same instant he saw a

man every now and then. Then a bullet struck a chest, gum

getting wider, but, because of their numbers, getting a

hanging shooting accuracy and fatal mischief. The French

himself because of the wound. The fright went on, the

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At one time during the French and Indian War Major Rogers and one hundred sixty-two Rangers started for Fort Edwards. A French scout saw them and reported to the French. The next day, just as they finished their dinner, a sentinel discovered ninety-six Indians. They ambushed themselves, surprised the Indians, and killed forty of them. The remainder fled. While they were exulting over their victory, they suddenly found themselves confronted by six hundred French and Canadians. These attacked at once and killed fifty in the first round. Turning to retreat, Rogers discovered two hundred Indians approaching from the rear. More than a hundred of his Rangers had fallen, and others were dropping every moment, so Rogers signified his willingness to surrender and asked for quarter. The French replied favorably, and the English ceased firing.

Before they could surrender their arms, however, the Indians sprang upon them, and a massacre began. With tomahawk and knife the savages split the heads of their victims and tore their scalps from their skulls.

Rogers managed to escape, hotly pursued. He climbed the mountain to a place where it ended with a ledge hundreds of feet high with a sheer fall to the frozen lake below. Arriving here, he threw his rifle and pack down the embankment,
unbuckled his snowshoe straps, turned around on them, and rebuckled them. It was the work of a moment. Then he ran back into the woods and disappeared from view just before his pursuers came up. They followed his track to the cliff. No Rogers was there, but there were two tracks going to the cliff. They supposed that the two Englishmen had thrown themselves headlong over the cliff to be dashed to pieces rather than be captured. Just then they heard a shout below them, and behold Major Rogers, with his pack and gun, rushing across the lake.

104. Charles Carleton Coffin, Old Times in the Colonies. (New York, 1908), p. 420-422
31. ISRAEL PUTNAM

Israel Putnam was born in 1718, the twelfth child of Puritan parents. He was vigorous, muscular, venturesome, hot-tempered and fearless. His father died when he was five, and he took charge of his widowed mother's farm and managed it when he was eighteen.

He is reputed to have tamed a vicious bull by donning spurs and riding the beast around a field until it bellowed its submission.

Called in to aid whipping a refractory slave, he lassoed the master and the man together and swung them to a beam in the barn and left them there until the owner's wrath was transformed from the slave to the joker.

He married when he was twenty-one and went into the frontier of Connecticut.

A she-wolf had been ravaging the flocks and was doing great damage. She outwitted the hunters — though she once left the claws of one paw in a trap — and killed sheep for the joy of killing. Seventy of Putnam's were slain in one night.

With five neighbors, he set out to hunt down the wolf.
They found her den in some rocks only three miles from Put-

nam's house. Dogs sent in after her came whispering out,
torn and bleeding. Straw and sulphur were burned to no
effect. Finally Putnam volunteered to get her.

He fastened a rope to his legs so that he could be
pulled out at a signal, took a torch, and crawled for forty
feet into a hole between the ledges before he saw her eyes
gleaming in the light. He had arranged to jerk the rope
when he saw her. In the excitement, the men confused this
signal with the one to pull him out, and with mighty jerks,
dragged him out over the rocks, scratching and skinning
him, and stripping his shirt over his head. He straightened
his clothes and crawled back, a musket loaded with buckshot
in his hand, killed the snarling beast, caught it by the
ears, and then signalled to be hauled out.

He straightway became a popular hero and was the leader
of the neighborhood.

The family crest in England had been a wolf head. Now
this was apropos for the colonial branch.

Having accumulated enough of a fortune by the time he
was thirty-seven, to be independent, he left his farm in
charge of his wife and children and went with Connecticut
volunteers against the French in 1755. He saw much dangerous
fighting and scouting, and had numerous hair-breadth escapes.
Before many years had passed, he had become a major.
At one time he was taken prisoner by the Indians and tied to a tree while they attacked another detachment. After the scrimmage, he was released, loaded with baggage, and forced to make a hard march. He was badly treated, received a gash in the face with a tomahawk, and was finally tied to a stake. Fagots were piled around him, and he was being scorched from the fire when a French officer sprang through the flames, cut the thongs, and saved him. He was sent as a prisoner of war to Montreal and Quebec before he was finally exchanged.

He entered the fray again as lieutenant colonel and was present at the invasion of Montreal, went with the English when they took Cuba from Spain, was sent against Pontiac when he was besieging Detroit, and, after nine strenuous years, again returned home.

Several quiet years ensued during which his wife died, leaving him with seven children, the youngest but three months old. He devoted himself to his family for a number of years, but finally became an active organizer of the Sons of Liberty. He was active in all the events leading up to the Revolution.

We know how word of the fighting at Concord and Lexington was brought to him while he was plowing in a field; how he left his plow in the furrow, mounted one of the horses
without changing his clothes, and rode to Lebanon for orders from Governor Trumbull. He galloped to Concord, one hundred miles, in eighteen hours and was present at Bunker Hill, where he gave his famous order, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes."

He was a better man than soldier, and a better fighter than strategist, but he feared no one and did what he believed was right in spite of anything.

He was once challenged to a duel by a British officer who was a prisoner on parole. Putnam, having the choice of weapons, selected an open keg of powder standing near, set a lighted candle in it, and laughed as his challenger fled.

The following epitaph was placed on his grave:

"Who dared to lead where any dared to follow."

In almost every war, and especially one in which the circumstances or surroundings are novel and make a strong appeal to the emotions, a soldier of fortune will appear, a man who has no personal reason for taking part but does so for the joy of participating. Such a man was General Bouquet.

He was born near Lake Geneva in Switzerland in 1719. Desiring a military career he entered Dutch service as a cadet when he was seventeen. Later he joined the King of Sardinia and greatly distinguished himself. The Prince of Orange made him lieutenant colonel of his Swiss Guards in 1748. In the meantime he was educating himself very extensively.

In 1756 he was given command of a battalion of "Royal Americans" raised by George II for service in the French and Indian War. This battalion consisted chiefly of Dutch and Germans who could understand little English. With them he performed superb service since he could speak their languages.

During the next years, in the wilds of America, he mastered the tactics of fighting the savages until he could compete with the wiliest and most cunning of them.

He fought one of the most brilliant and effective
battles ever waged against the Indians—certainly the most
notable engagement in which a British officer commanded —
but he is a forgotten hero whose services are little remem-
bered.

His most notable service was in 1763 in the Ohio
Valley where conditions were becoming so desperate that even
the apathetic English mind realized that Fort Pitt must be
given assistance if the territory was to be held. Only
six hundred men were available, and two of these regiments
were Highlanders who had just been invalided home from the
West Indies. Some of the men had to be carried along in
wagons because of weakness, but they cheerfully undertook
the campaign for the relief of the suffering people.

Bouquet was instructed to get supplies at Carlisle. He
arrived to find the inhabitants in a panic, men away
fighting, and women and children almost starving. Conse-
quently he had to divide his own supplies with them. It
took him eighteen days working most energetically to accumu-
late provisions for himself and the settlement.

While so engaged, he sent thirty of his strongest men
ahead on a forced march to Fort Pitt with instructions to
break thru the besieging Indians and render such assistance
as they could.

Leaving the men who were too weak for service and his
wagons and heavy baggage, he proceeded with the pack-horses
and about five hundred men to Fort Ligonier. The desolation
through which they passed inflamed the hearts of the soldiers for vengeance and redoubled their efforts. He marched with the greatest care; a few backwoodsmen scouting ahead, a strong advance party, the main body and baggage train, a strong rear guard, and finally flanking frontiers-men.

33. Battle of Bushy Run

Suddenly, on August 5th, when only twenty-five miles from his goal, he was attacked by Indians. They tried the same tactics they had used when attacking Braddock, but Bouquet was a different man. Even his feeble half-sick soldiers obeyed implicitly. They maneuvered skillfully from tree to tree, kept scouts ahead, and got the convoy and the baggage behind a hill. His brilliant colonel's uniform was such a target that his officers insisted upon his changing it. This he did from behind a tree, which was hit fourteen times while the change was being made. Sixty English had fallen when night descended. Bouquet walked around the circle past his sentries all night, planning and praying, urged on by the horrible things he had seen on the way. His men had no water since noon of the day before, except what one frontiersman, named Byerly, had brought in his hat from a pool outside their lines. The horses stampeded and plunged upon the men. The drivers were afraid to rush out and catch them, and Bouquet did
not dare to drive them away because he would need them desperately if he won the battle.

The Indians opened the fight in the morning, the English keeping out of sight and not wasting a shot, but Bouquet knew it would be a loosing fight unless the Indians could be enticed into the open, and quickly dispatched. To accomplish this, he sent a company of men into a nearby ravine out of sight of the Indians. They were to remain under cover and crawl to the farther side. When this was done, he had the Scots jump and rush wildly toward the ravine as though panic stricken, while other men crawled quietly to the places they left. The Indians saw the panic. The ruse succeeded. They abandoned their cover, and came swarming out into the open to follow. Many of the English went down in the first encounter, but when the Indians came face to face with the two companies in the ravine they realized that they had been tricked. They showed unusual ability for a few minutes, facing the fire gallantly, but soon broke and fled. Hoping that the Indians would do this, Bouquet had scattered his remaining men so that, when the Indians fled panic-stricken, they were shot down from all directions. One hundred and fifteen of the English were killed or wounded in the two days' fight, but the Indian loss was greater.

This was one of the few times when Indians were enticed into an open battle.
The soldiers were so weak that it took them five days to go the twenty-miles to Fort Pitt. The fort had held out, however, thanks to the little reinforcement which had been sent ahead, and the Indians and French were crushed and withdrew from Pennsylvania.

Bouquet was made brigadier-general as a result of this expedition and was thanked by the king. He died from a fever at Pensacola three years later, still in the prime of life. He was in love with a beautiful Philadelphia girl, Anne Willing, who refused to marry him because he was merely a soldier.

If Bouquet and Wolfe had not been killed in these Indian wars, the American Revolution might have been a different story. Men of such talent and genius would have made the colonists' task even more difficult than it was.
Major General James Wolfe

General James Wolfe, a long-legged, red-haired, Englishman, frail and sickly, was placed in charge of English forces in America by William Pitt, the Great Commoner, whose happy faculty of always choosing the right man for the right place, made England the greatest nation on earth.

When Pitt removed the inefficient and cowardly generals in America, conditions quickly changed. The French forts began to surrender, Fort Duquesne was relinquished and became Pittsburgh, Louisbourg became English; but Quebec was still invulnerable. Altho the town was destroyed and the countryside was laid waste, the fortress seemed impregnable.

"I will have Quebec if I stay here till the end of November," Wolfe is reported to have said.

Montcalm hoped Wolfe would stay that long, because the St. Lawrence froze from bank to bank when winter came, and the British fleet would be at his mercy. But Wolfe, helpless and in agony on his sickbed, was planning to take the fortress.

He himself had found a narrow pathway leading straight up the steep cliffs to the Plains of Abraham above. It was so steep and so narrow that it was carelessly guarded, the French feeling that nothing less agile than a goat could use it. When all preparations were made, one dark, moonless night, a long line of boats drifted silently down the river.
Out of the darkness rang a sharp French challenge.

"Who goes there?"

"France," replied a Highland officer who spoke French glibly, and had learned from French prisoners that provision boats were being expected convoyed by the Queen's regiment.

"What regiment?" barked the sentry.

"The Queen's" came the answer.

The sentry was satisfied; the boats passed.

Then another challenge came and the same officer replied.

"Speak louder" shouted the sentry.

"Hush! answered the Highlander, "Provision boats, I say. Do not make a noise; the British will hear us."

This sentry also let the boats pass. The men landed and the ascent began. It was a desperate climb, hand over hand, from bush to rock, gripping the branch of a tree or a projecting root. They were hot and breathless, but a few had reached the top before another challenge rang out.

This time the sentry was not deceived; he knew no Frenchman would be on that cliff, and he fired down into the darkness, but it was too late. He was overpowered and no alarm reached the fortress. All night the British swarmed up the cliff and four thousand red coats were lined up on the plain when day dawned.

107. H. E. Marshall, This Country of Ours, (New York, 1917) p. 335
The British forces waited patiently until ten o'clock when the French dashed from the Fort with Montcalm, pale but determined at their head. Then suddenly they charged. Wolfe was shot in the wrist; shot again; and then received a mortal wound in his breast. He was quickly carried to the rear, and lay in a sort of stupor on the ground.

Suddenly an officer shouted, "They run! They run!"

Wolfe roused himself and asked "Who run?"

"The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere."

"Now God be praised," murmured Wolfe. "I die happy." [106]

Meanwhile a fatal bullet found Montcalm, and tho he could sit his horse, he was carried along in the mad retreat and thru the gates of Quebec. The excited crowd within recognized him, and a woman screamed, "The Marquess is killed!"

He replied, "It is nothing, my good friends," and fell from his horse. That night he died, glad that he did not have to live to see Quebec surrender. (1759)

New France died with him that night, and made possible the birth of Canada and the United States.

When the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, more land was involved than in any other treaty. Great Britain was

106. H. E. Marshall, op. cit., p. 334
confirmed in her claim of all territory from Hudson Bay to
the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi,
with the exception of the peninsula of Florida. The Span-
iards claimed this, so the British traded Cuba and the
Philippines for it. Then France gave to Spain New Orleans
and all of Louisiana.

Pitt was severely criticized for appointing Wolfe to
lead the Quebec expedition. The ex-premier, Newcastle,
said: "Pitt's new general is mad."

"Mad, is he?" exclaimed Pitt. "Then I hope he will
bite some other of my generals."

110. Henry Wm. Elson, History of the United States of Amer-
ica, (New York, 1931), p. 166
ANECDOTES

CHAPTER IV. FRONTIERSMEN AND INDIAN FIGHTERS..................119 - 138
The frontiersmen fought not only the Indians, but wolves, foxes, and lynxes which killed their cattle and sheep; squirrels and raccoons which laid waste their cornfields; and rattlesnakes and copperheads which threatened their children.

Almost every family in the Indiana region suffered from chills and fever and malaria. They made grim jokes about it. The story is told of a young man who went out to look for a cow and came across one of his neighbors sitting on a log in the woods with a rifle on his knee. When asked why he was sitting there, he replied that he was just waiting for his chill to leave so he could shoot the gray squirrel in the tree opposite. The story says that the young man took the sick man's rifle and shot the squirrel for him.

Virginia's charter embraced all the land west to the "China Sea." That she took this grant seriously is shown by the fact that she attempted, from time to time, to fortify it against the French. All the early expeditions down the Ohio Valley were under authority from Virginia. The country beyond the Allegheny Mountains, rather indefinitely known as "Kentuckye," "Kaintuckee," "Saintuckey,"
"Kentuckgin," or "Kentucky," was extremely beautiful.

In the spring it was a vast park. The ground was carpeted with blue-grass and flowers; the trees were masses of gorgeous blossoms; and beautiful streams sparkled in the sunlight.

Is there anything more romantic in the history of the development of the United States than the record of the opening up of the great country between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi?

It is remarkable how little was actually known about this vast empire. The fertile meadows were a winter feeding-ground for buffalo and other game and many Indian tribes resorted thither to hunt. Consequently it became a "dark and bloody" land, where no tribe could hunt in peace.

A few adventurers had been in the blue-grass country, and from one of these DANIEL BOONE had heard wondrous tales which fired his imagination. It was not until 1760, however, that he was able to go and see it for himself. He felt that the half had not been told him, and when he returned to North Carolina, it was with the intention of returning to Kentucky and making it his home.

For over a hundred years a large beech tree stood on the bank of what is known as Boone Creek, bearing in its bark
the following inscription:

D Boon killed a bear on this
tree in the year 1760

In 1769 North Carolina became "too crowded" for him,
and he left his wife and family and started with six other
men to find a new home in Kentucky.

Throughout the first spring and summer they saw no
Indians and worked diligently preparing homesteads for their
families. One autumn day Boone and a companion who were
working in a field were suddenly captured by a roving band
of Redmen and taken away. Both men went without resistance
and simulated friendship and contentment, but they were ever
on the alert for an opportunity to escape. This came after
seventeen days when the Indians had had a great feast and
were sleeping soundly. Slipping away in the night, they
went with the utmost speed back to their homesteads. After
the first few hours they were hotly pursued. They eluded
their enemies, however, and arrived to find that their
homes and their friends had entirely disappeared. Their
large store of furs, provisions, and ammunition had been
taken, and their horses were gone. Stripped thus of every-
thing, they decided to steal back to the Indian camp and

D. H. Montgomery, Leading Facts of American History
(New York, 1910) p. 183
and other complimentary remarks were made in his honor. The land, purchase and purchase of the property were completed by both parties and forth from the Indians, the negotiations being consummated by home. By Colonel Norton Jennesson, the purchased large estate occupied. Informed by the most important facts, the need of the community, several land stories of the community spread and many committees created.

The Family

Dunbar repeated the intended trip to the place of his father and returned to Washington, where his situation for a time was critical. But the remarkable fact is that, throughout the entire course of the negotiations, the Indian never was mentioned once, fresh horses, provisions and ammunition. He met the officers upon the homestead tract who had come there from Arizona with fresh horses, provisions and ammunition. In the meantime native dogs, mounted by the officers from the community, were sent to meet the agents and escorted toward the east where they overtook their horses and preceded toward the east, and they returned there and make away with some horses and return to Arizona. The
Boone's unusual ability to pick the best road through an unknown wilderness assured for him a place on the payroll of several of the real estate concerns, and the Cumberland Gap Road was commonly known as "Boone's Wilderness Road."

As people increased in numbers, little settlements, or "stations" sprang up. Boonesborough was one of the first of these, and all of the early settlements were built on the same pattern. Boone himself supervised the building of Boonesborough at the time he brought his wife and family out. In his autobiography he claims that they were the first white women who ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River.

Meanwhile the Ohio tribes kept harrying the settlements, and on one occasion captured Boone. His reputation as a hunter and fighter was so great that all other captives were sent to the French at Detroit, but they kept Boone to gloat over. He promised not to resist, if they would spare Boonesborough. Promises were exchanged, and he lived with them for many months, his friends supposing him dead. The Shamenes used Boone as a hunter for them. In the morning they would send him out with his musket and a certain number of bullets. When he returned he had to account for

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112. Archer Butler Hulbert, *Boone's Wilderness Road,* (Cleveland, 1903), p. 15-18
every one. While the Indians knew that Boone was an unusual shot, even they did not realize just how unusual he was. When out of sight, he carefully bit his bullet in two, secreted one piece and then crept close enough to the game he was after to bring it down with the smaller charge of powder. He managed occasionally to get two birds in line and got both with one shot. Then he could keep the whole extra charge. In this way he managed to acquire a supply of ammunition unsuspected by his captors. He also learned to understand the language of several neighboring tribes, which fact he kept to himself. To his dismay one evening four hundred warriors, all armed and painted for war, gathered in the village where he was kept, and he learned that they were going to attack Boonesborough, the safety of which he supposed he had bought with his semi-slavery. Something must be done! The station was a hundred and sixty miles off. How could he escape? His every step was watched although his head was shaved and his face painted, and they pretended to have adopted him to be one of themselves.

Feeling that his own life was worth nothing if his home and family were destroyed, he slipped out that night and fled to Boonesborough. Five days later, dressed like an Indian, he came staggering across the clearing at the station. He was a wretched-looking object, more dead than alive. He had managed to elude his pursuers but had neither dared to
shoot at a deer nor light a fire lest the report of the
gun or the smoke might betray him. He had lived on berries
and roots and had pushed his endurance to its farthest limits.

Under his guidance every member of the settlement
went to work strengthening the place. The attack was delayed,
but a fearful siege resulted when the Indians finally ap-
peared. There were but fifty men at the station. For twelve
days the firing on both sides scarcely ceased. The fearless
Kentucky women stood side by side with the men loading their
rifles, running bullets, bringing water, or nursing the
wounded. Boone's own daughter was hit at his side.

Finding the station too strong for them, the savages
finally retreated having killed only two members of the
garrison. In his account of this siege, Boone says:

"We picked up one hundred twenty-five pounds
of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of
our fort, which is certainly a great proof of
the enemies industry."

Daniel Boone was busy in the loft of his tobacco drying
shed one day when four stout Indians noiselessly glided in
at the door. The first intimation Boone had of their
presence was when one spoke, gloatingly, and informed him
that this was one time when he would not escape. The daring
frontiersman glanced malaully down at them, and started to

113. Samuel Adams Drake, The Making of the Ohio Valley States,
(New York, 1894); p. 182-3
talk in a friendly fashion, his fertile brain devising a
means of escape. As he talked he scraped together a heap
of fine tobacco dust, and then made some remark which caused
them all to look up and grin. Quick as a flash he dashed
the dust into the upturned faces, and while the blinded
Indians choked with astonishment and pain, he sprang thru
the door and vanished.

Boone died in Missouri — it had become too crowded
east of the Mississippi River — at the age of eighty-six, 114,115,116
loved and respected by all.

36. Life at Boonesborough

"On July 14, 1976, Betsy Callaway, her
sister Frances, and Jemima, a daughter of Daniel
Boone, the two last being only about fourteen
years old, carelessly crossed the river opposite
to Boonesborough, in a canoe, at a late hour in
the afternoon. The trees and shrubs . . .
formed a thicket that came down to the water's
edge. Unconscious of danger, the girls were
playing and splashing the water with their paddles, until the canoe had drifted quite near the
shore. Five stout Indians lay there concealed,
one of whom crept down the bank as noiselessly
and stealthily as a serpent, until he could reach
the rope at the bow, which he quickly seized and
turned the canoe up-stream, away from the station.

114. John T. Faris, On the Trail of the Pioneers,
(New York, 1929), p. 47
115. Archer Butler Hulbert, Boone's Wilderness Road,
(Cleveland, Ohio, 1903) p. 15-23
116. Faris, op. cit., p. 20-47
117. Americanization Dept. Veterans of Foreign Wars.
America, (Chicago, 1923), Vol. III, p. 89-93
The loud shrieks of the captured girls were heard there, but too late for their rescue.

Next morning by daylight we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our following them, by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We observed their course and . . . . travelled upwards of thirty miles. We imagined that they would be less cautious . . . . found their tracks in a buffalo path. We pursued, and, after going ten miles farther, overtook them just as they were kindling a fire. Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us, than to kill them.

We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed upon them, which prevented their carrying away anything except one shotgun, without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shoot . . . . I am well convinced that I shot one through, and the one he shot dropped his gun . . . and being so much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making further search. We sent them off without their mocassin, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."118

118. Samuel Adam Drake, The Making of the Ohio Valley States, (New York, 1894) p. 112-113
If it had not been for George Rogers Clarke, the Treaty of Paris would have fixed the boundary of the United States at the crest of the Alleghenies instead of extending it to the Mississippi River. With the declaration of war the colonists were too busy saving their homes on the seaboard to think of that vast territory to the west. But George Rogers Clarke thought.

Word of the battle of Lexington was brought to Kentucky several months after it occurred, and Clarke immediately sensed the significance of what had taken place. The British were in control of all that region as a result of the French and Indian War. What was to prevent the English officers holding the country?

Needless to say, the majority of the pioneers were of the same independent strain as the Sons of Liberty. They had repeatedly suffered from neglect at the hands of British governors and had had to fight their own battles with the French Indians. Almost to a man their sympathy was with the patriots who were disputing their rights with the Mother-country.

Without telling his plans to anyone, Clarke started at once for Williamsburg to secure permission to raise soldiers to march against the British forts in Kentucky.
Kaskaskia Vincennes, and Detroit must be taken or destroyed. Only a fearless, audacious, reckless young man could have dreamed of such a chimeraical project.

When he received his commission he did not dare let the men who enlisted know just what his plan was. They would never have undertaken an expedition of almost a thousand miles, even defying the English "Hair-buyer", Hamilton.

Only one hundred and fifty men could be secured, but they were hardy frontiersmen, and ardent admirers of their daring leader.

The English had so antagonized the French that Clarke hoped these latter would now join the cause of the colonists. He decided to go against Kaskaskia first. This was in French territory, and he felt that all of the garrison who were not British officers would be friendly to the new cause.

His little party, equipped with such supplies as could be purchased with Continental money, embarked for a journey which took them nine hundred and fifty miles. Below the mouth of the Tennessee River he landed, hid the boats, and struck through the woods for the settlement. They could carry no food but trusted to living off the country. Many times they were driven to eat roots, and they were weak and hungry when they reached their destination.

Fortune was with them, however, for they met no Indians, and arrived entirely unannounced. The garrison offered no
resistance, supposing, from the message received from
Clarke, that he was in command of an over-powering force.
When they learned their mistake, the American flag was
flying, and the settlement as a whole rejoiced.

Learning that Vincennes was quite unguarded, Clarke
sent an embassy there, to explain what was happening in
the East and ask the inhabitants to cast off the British
yoke and join the colonies. This they did, only the com-mis-
ioned officers resisting. Clarke then declared that the
government of Virginia was established over the entire re-
gion, never suspecting that he, single-handed, had doubled
the area of the United States. This conquest is an ex-
cellent
in history.

There was still a very real enemy to be disposed of.
The British commander at Detroit was the detested Hamilton.
As soon as war was declared, he offered to buy scalps from
the Indians, and immediately Canadian Indians were mas-
saering lonely settlements, and no one was safe. Hamilton
also took a large force and set out to re-take Vincennes.
It happened that there were just two men in the fort when
the English army arrived and demanded its surrender. Helm,
the audacious commander, declared that he would defend the
place to the last man unless they were allowed the honors
of war. This Hamilton agreed to. The British army lined
up in proper form to receive their prisoners of war, the
gate was flung open, and out marched Helm and his one man,
with their arms and baggage. Imagine the feelings of Hamil-
ton and his men when they saw how they had been duped!

After Hamilton took Vincennes from Helm and his garri-
son of one, it was made a strong British post, and hair-
buying went on at a pace. Something had to be done or the
whole territory would be lost. Clarke determined to go at
once while the inclemency of winter kept the Indians in
their villages. There was so much delay in securing volun-
teers and supplies that the rivers were breaking up before
he had covered more than half the distance. The hardships
undergone by these valiant men are beyond belief. The men
marched for days through icy water, floundered in marshes
where it seemed that the next step would certainly mire them
down. They carried no supply of food, all their energies
being required to take care of their weapons and ammunition,
and depended upon the skill of an expert hunter. The
country was becoming so flooded that practically all game
had sought higher land. Only birds and squirrels remained.
Fires were frequently impossible for days at a time because of
a continuous drizzle, and the saturated condition of the
ground made it impossible to find dry fuel. Night after
night the unfortunate men could find no dry place to camp
and threw themselves, exhausted, upon the soggy ground and sank into a stupor until morning.

Clarke was a superman throughout this gruelling trip. He would strike up a marching song when the men lagged or refused to go farther, he joked with them, scolded them, occasionally threatened, and often praised. He had an uncanny faculty for getting the most out of his men. He also had a genius for writing notes which made the recipient feel that a great man with a great army was at his gates.

Arriving a few miles from Vincennes, the weary men threw themselves upon the ground and rested before beginning the assault. The garrison was so completely surprised, the attack was so vigorous, and the French settlers so friendly to the invisible besiegers that Hamilton soon surrendered. The British officers were made prisoners, the United States flag was flung to the breeze, and the victors set about feasting until their strength was restored.

George Rogers Clarke, the Hannibal of the West, whose superior strategy, magnetic personality, and indomitable courage had saved the Ohio Valley for England and then for

119. Drake, op. cit., p. 116-120
121. Americanization Department, Veterans of Foreign Wars, America, Vol. III, p. 83-84
the colonies, was never rewarded for his incalculable services either by Virginia, the Continental Congress, or the Republic. When his land titles were annulled, when strangers came in and received positions and honors which rightly belonged to him, and young men were promoted above him, he became bitter. He died in extreme poverty in 1818.
The soldiers from the garrison shop, around it to make the
emergence, they got a bottock, treated parties, which
destroyed the hayy peddler, of the fort, with nature
Alyatt: if they had a cannon, they could easily
in the meantime theIndians had captured a boat laden

• Alyatt, the hall and about him, also in the
appalled the braving then a negro seized the colored
house, a squaw had arrived up to the kitchen wall and was
may it night, however, they all attended to set fire to the
demolished was kept up that the assembled colored in the-

The women of the household mounded butter, opened the
the fort. This, of course was refused, and the battle began
and demanded the surrender of the house before they attacked

the Indians had turned on this extra supply of powder
seven of eight persons pose that one could hardly live there.

attached to the fort, connected a supply of ammunition, and
gotammon powder, Jane of the morning when that station was

Elizabeth was
one of the best known cokers of the Kentucky border

The unknown gave
strong and then filled the improvised cannon with their balls, pointed it toward the fort, and fired it. It burst into a thousand fragments, killed the Indians nearest and wounded many others. They lost a little enthusiasm, but returned to their regular assault. At last the ammunition in the fort ran low. It was imperative that powder be brought from Lane's house. While it seemed an impossible task, many of the heroic settlers volunteered. Elizabeth was among these. She argued that the loss of a woman would not be serious to the safety of the settlement, but that every man was needed if they were to defend the fort. Her offer was finally accepted.

They put a keg of powder in a table-cloth and tied it around her waist like an apron. She bounded from the gate and dashed toward the fort. The Indians gazed in amazement for several moments, dumbfounded to see a "squaw" exposing herself in such an insane fashion. She had almost reached her destination before they realized just what was happening. They then opened fire upon her, but she entered the fort with her precious burden, several bullets having pierced her clothes. The arrival of reinforcements caused the Indians to slip away and the settlement was saved.
For fifty years travel on the Ohio was fraught with danger and death. At any turning or bend some war-party might lurk in ambush. The over-hanging cliffs made excellent watch towers for waiting savages. When a flat-boat was sighted, an Indian would hail it and ask to be taken on board. As the boat stopped to answer the hail, a swarm of Indian canoes would dart out of hiding and attack it. No one knows how many murdered wretches the river has carried away.

One foggy night Captain William Hubbel and a party of eight other men, three women, and eight children were gliding the river on their way to what is now Marysville, Kentucky. Just at dawn they were hailed from the shore. Suspecting this to be a trick to decoy them to death, Hubbel ordered each man to his rifles, and told the women and children to lie on their faces on the floor of the cabin and keep quiet. Silently they floated on. Suddenly, through the heavy mist, canoes filled with painted Redmen appeared. Hubbel ordered all chairs, tables and boxes to be thrown overboard to make room for the fight which was imminent. Arriving within gunshot, the Indians stopped paddling, raised their guns and fired at the boat. Two men were hit. The Indians then quickly paddled outside the smoke and surrounded their victims, and sent a heavy fire at the flatboat.
While the stout sides of the boat offered considerable protection if the whites could have stayed behind them, the attack was from all sides at once, and it was impossible to stay under cover. When Hubbel was shot through the arm, a canoe load of savages climbed aboard, tomahawks in hand, uttering their horrible yells. With a pistol in each hand, Hubbel rushed upon them, discharging both weapons. The foremost Indian fell. He then grabbed a stock of cordwood and laid about him so furiously, that the surviving Indians leaped into their canoes and got out of reach. Only four whites remained unhurt. They watched their chance and picked off an Indian every time one lifted himself to fire at them. At last the Indians gave up the fight and sheered off for the shore. While the survivors were rejoicing at their escape, the flatboat was run almost ashore by the treacherous current and they were again assailed with a volley of bullets. Two of the men dropped their guns and caught up the oars, but the unwieldly ark could not be turned. Just as they felt that the end had come the erratic current snatched them up and shot them into the middle of the river.

Three of the nine men had been killed and four wounded. Of the passengers in the cabin only one little fellow was hurt. The danger being past, this child asked to have the bullet taken out of his scalp. When this was done he held up his arm which had been shattered off at the elbow. His
His mother in agonized tones asked him when it had happened and why he had not said something sooner. He replied, "Because the captain told us to keep quiet, and I thought you would make a noise if you knew of it."
The Quaker and Missionary Advocate (New York, 1859)
who managed her husband's estate while he was in Congress and in France, when war and pestilence wrecked many fortunes.

She was the first American lady at the English Court, she associated with the great of Europe and with smart French radicals, and she wrote home as follows:

"Do you know that European birds have not half the melody of ours? Nor is their fruit half so sweet, nor their flowers half so fragrant, nor their manners half so pure, nor their people half so virtuous; but keep this to yourself, or I shall be thought more than half deficient in understanding and taste."

John and Abigail wrote the most beautiful letters to their son John Quincy, urging him to love his country and help make it vie with the wisdom and valor of antiquity; to despise wealth, and pomp, and external advantages; add to the internal excellence of his mind, and remember that nothing can compensate for the want of integrity and virtue.

The advantages they gave their son were extraordinary. From the age of eleven until he was fourteen, John Quincy was living with his father in Paris or Leyden, or traveling in Russia as private secretary to the American Envoy. He learned French naturally in France, and spent his childhood

185. Sherman, op. cit., p. 297
among philosophers and diplomats.

The family was always engaged in some public act or gesture, and we usually think of them as drafting the Declaration of Independence, presenting credentials to George III, making epoch-making motions in the Continental Congresses, signing the Monroe Doctrine; culminating in Congress against the annexation of Texas, or penning the famous dispatch to Lord Russell, "It would be superfluous to point out to your Lordship that this is a war."
Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706. He was twenty-six years older than Washington; thirty years older than Adams; and thirty-seven years older than Jefferson. His paternal great-grandfather was once imprisoned for a year and a day "on suspicion of his being the author of some poetry that touched on the character of some great man." His maternal grandfather wrote in 1675 some home-spun verse favoring liberty of conscience and exhorting the authorities to repeal the laws against Baptists, Quakers, and other persecuted sects.

Benjamin's father had had two wives and seventeen children, thirteen of whom survived.

He is described as a small pudgy individual "with thin lips, a long and heavy chin, and slightly protruding eyes rolling under heavy drooping lids and only relieved from commonplace by a gleam of drollery in them."

He was seven years old when he "paid too much for his whistle" and wept with vexation when his family ruthlessly pointed out to him just how foolish he had been. He had a shrewd sense of the value of money thereafter.

He early showed a lack of sympathy with the religion of his parents, for he told his father it would waste less
time if he would go to the cupboard and ask a general blessing on all the provisions rather than spend so much time with a daily blessing.

The small boys of the vicinity often fished for minnows in a nearby marsh, a rather uncomfortable place, because their feet constantly bogged down. One day Benjamin betook himself of some large stones in the yard of a house under construction. These he hauled to the fishing place and built himself a "wharf" from which they could all fish in comfort. When his father learned of it, the youngsters had to return the purloined stones and were thoroughly birched. Thus Benjamin learned the sacredness of private property.

His formal education began when he was eight and ended when he was ten, though he remarks that he does not remember the time when he could not read. His father was a pious, prudent tallow chandler, skilled in music and drawing and with considerable mechanical genius, who had a custom of inviting in sensible friends and neighbors to dinner so that their discourse might tend to improve the minds of his children. His parents intended to make a clergyman of Benjamin on account of his being the tithe of his father's sons, and this is the reason for his being sent to school when he was eight. When it became evident
that he had no desires along that line, he was promptly taken out and put to work in his father's business. This did not appeal to him, and his father had him travel about watching other artisans at work, hoping to learn what his talents were. He learned from each and would go home and make little machines to experiment with, but seemed to be interested only in reading everything he could get his hands on.

At twelve he was apprenticed to his eldest brother, who was a printer. He met many bookish people and tried his hand at writing ballads, much to the disgust of his father, who declared that "verse-makers were generally beggars."

He and his brother could not get along together, however, so he fled from Boston to Philadelphia, where he set up with another printer.

When he arrived in Philadelphia, he had a dollar and several coppers in his pocket and gave all his change to the boatman, "a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little."

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187. Phillips Russell, Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American, (New York, 1926) p.46
Stuart P. Sherman rather cleverly characterizes him as follows:

"A runaway Boston printer, adorably walking up Market Street in Philadelphia with his three puffy rolls, directing his fellow shopkeepers the way to wealth; sharply enquiring of extravagant neighbours whether they have not paid too much for their whistle; flying his kite in a thunderstorm and by a happy combination of curiosity and luck making important contributions to science; and to add the last lustre to his name, by a happy combination of industry and frugality making his fortune. This picturesque and racy figure is obviously a product of provincial America, the first great Yankee with all the strong lineaments of the type: hardiness, shrewdness, ingenuity, practical sense, frugality, industry, self-reliance."

This is all right so far as it goes, but we must not forget his abundance of books, his appetite and capacity for learning, his extensive travel, his participation in great events in three nations, and his association with the most eminent men of his time, both in Europe and America. His childhood and the rugged industry and common sense of his father provided a foundation upon which the superstructure could safely rest.

We all know the story of Deborah Read, who stood on her father's doorstep and laughed at Franklin as he walked down the street, eating one roll, with two others tucked under his arm. A short time afterwards he went to the Read

home as a roomer.

When he was eighteen his employer decided to send him to England to transact some business for him. In the meantime, Benjamin had made love, in a lukewarm fashion, to Deborah, and asked her to marry him. She was willing to do so, especially when she heard he was about to take a trip abroad. Her mother, however, objected, seeing no merits in an absent husband. Much to Deborah's chagrin, Benjamin acquiesced without any protest and left. Shortly after that Deborah married a worthless fellow who deserted her in a year or two.

Then twenty-four years of age, Franklin decided that he should marry, and he resolved to get a wife whose dowry would pay for his printing press. His landlady introduced him to a girl, the courtship progressed, but the necessary dowry was lacking, so he had nothing more to do with that girl. He tried to meet other ladies, but no one seemed to think enough of his printing establishment to give him both a daughter and a hundred pounds, "unless he will take an ill-favored one," so he remained single.

Finally he met Deborah again. She was "woeful of face" and lonesome, the mother lamented her interference in preventing the marriage years before, Franklin's conscience
hurt him for deserting her at that time, and, while there was no certainty that the husband was actually dead, on September 1, 1730, he writes in his Autobiography, "I took her to wife." There is no record of a legal marriage.

He usually addressed her as "Dear Child" (they were the same age), and she called him "Pappy."

Deborah had two children, a son, Francis, who died when four years of age, and a daughter, Sarah, who became a great favorite with her father and married Richard Bache. Whatever might have been Deborah's legal status, she made him an excellent wife, became spirited and happy, was a tireless housekeeper, worked for Franklin incessantly, tended the shop, "helped make ink from lamp-black and traded in goose-feathers," and made a home for his illegitimate son William. William was a self-centered, pompous young man, who seemed to inherit both his father's ability, inasmuch as he became Governor of New Jersey, and his loose morals, inasmuch as he, in turn, brought home an illegitimate son whom his father cared for.

Benjamin Franklin was a superior businessman. His printing business and his newspaper grew, and he formed a chain of printing businesses by forming partnerships with his promising workmen and sending them out into other colonies. When he was thirty, he became clerk of the General
Assembly, and he was appointed postmaster of Philadelphia, the following year. These offices became useful to his printing business, and his newspaper boosted the measures he hoped to inaugurate. He induced the town to pave its filthy streets; introduced street cleaning; and followed the example of John Clifton, who put a lamp at his street doors, and persuaded the town to light all the streets, using a special four-sided lamp with a funnel above, patented by him.

He advocated a regular police force, and helped organize the first fire company, which consisted of thirty young men equipped with leather bags and baskets for carrying water and rescuing property. He backed the first hospital and a public library.

In 1744 he invented the stove, which supplanted the old fireplace, and also founded the American Philosophical Society.

He cut a hole in his kitchen wall and placed a little windmill there to turn the meat roaster.

By the time he was forty-two years of age, he had amassed a fortune, turned his business over to his foreman, David Hall, and lived forty-two more years to enjoy it.

He drew up a proposal for an academy which eventually became the University of Pennsylvania; made many experiments with electricity, securing apparatus from a man
named Spence who was making experiments, and eventually in 1752, by means of his kite experiment, showed the identity of lightning and electricity and invented the lightning rod.

Before Franklin performed his kite experiment, he had printed a pamphlet explaining his theory, and Louis XIV had the French scientist Dalibard perform the experiment with an iron rod, proving that electricity and lightning were identical. This happened one month before Franklin's own experiment.

Franklin did not discover electricity.

"He simply dramatized it more successfully than any of his predecessors, and he later popularized it and helped to tame it . . . He showed more clearly than anyone that lightning was a more manifestation of electricity, and that electric-laden clouds do not, as supposed, strike into the objects on the earth, but that the objects of the earth strike into electric-laden clouds. He achieved this by keeping his eyes open and then putting two and two together. Therein lay his superiority. . . . He crowned his achievements by writing about them clearly and charmingly, using terms that even tyros could understand."129

We thus begin to comprehend the source of Franklin's fame; he could not only do things but get publicity for them.

Most people knew nothing about the scientific principles back of lightning rods and felt that Franklin was a sort of magician. Everyone bought them. The Academy of Sciences recommended them in France; the Republic of Venice installed them on all public buildings; German princes vied with each other in equipping their property; English manors and powder magazines installed them, and even the Queen's palace in London had an especially large one on it.

Lord Shelburne was once entertaining at his castle a large party of scholars, scientists and churchmen of both kinds, those who believed and lived pure Christianity, and the new radicals who believed nothing and used their positions to lay up for themselves snug fortunes. One day while walking thru the gardens accompanied by groups of lords and ladies, the conversation turned to the Bible, and Franklin smilingly remarked that Biblical miracles no longer seemed like miracles to him; that he could calm the waters as easily as Jesus did. An atheistic Abbe' raised his eyebrows in polite inquiry and glanced at the little pool beyond, which was ruffled by a slight breeze. This was what Franklin had hoped for. He called the party together, and slowly walked around the pond, while the company stood expectantly. Suddenly he raised his cane and whirled it three times in a fantastic fashion above the pool and then waved his hand at the waters, which were actually
becoming smooth as glass and gleaming in the light.

The company was swelled and rushed in adulation to the marvelous doctor. Franklin, however, escaped down a shady path, followed only by the Abbe', who was frankly mystified. Then Franklin showed him that his cane was hollow and that he had filled it with oil with this very "miracle" in mind. They laughed with much glee over the hoax and watched through the bushes the excited and awestruck groups still exclaiming over the miracle.

Toasts were being given at a banquet in Paris, during the months when Benjamin Franklin was representing the colonies there.

A Frenchman rose and said, "I will name the King of France as the sun."

An Englishman rose and said, "I will name the King of England as the moon."

The toastmaster turned to Franklin, and asked him what he would name.

"I will name the United States. I can't call it the sun, the moon, or the stars," he said, "but I will call it Joshua, the son of Sun, who could command the sun and the moon to stand still as long as he wished them to."

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130. Russell, op. cit., p. 2-213
131. Bernard Fay, Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times (Boston, 1930) p. 10-17, 300-354
132. James Parton, Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin, (Boston, 1878) p. 100-235
133. Thorndyke, Ashley H., Editor, Modern Eloquence in 18 volumes, Vol. 12, Modern EloquenceCo. (New York, 1923)
When Admiral Howe met a delegation from Congress after the Battle of Long Island and expressed his reluctance to conquer the Americans, Franklin replied, "We will do our utmost to save your lordship from that embarrassment."

Franklin was a master politician. When Dr. Thomas Bond wished the legislature to appropriate money for a hospital for Philadelphia, he was unsuccessful because the rural members were jealous of the city and would not make the grant. He appealed to Franklin, who suggested to the legislators that they make a grant of two thousand pounds on condition that the city raise an equal amount. "The country members now conceived that they might have the credit of being charitable without the expense," and the first hospital was built.

This money-raising feat drew the attention of a Presbyterian minister who wished to build a new church. He appealed to Franklin, who declined to give him anything but advice, but this was so shrewd that the minister took it, and was successful. This is what he was told to do:

"Apply to all those whom you know will give something; next to those who you are uncertain whether they will give anything or not,

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and show them the list of those who have
given; and lastly do not neglect those who
you are sure will give nothing, for in some
of them you may be mistaken."

In 1754 he represented Pennsylvania at the Albany con-
gress; was active in 1755 in providing transportation for
General Braddock's ill-fated expedition; and was sent to
England in 1757 to adjust long-standing grievances of the
colony against the proprietors. Although not especially
successful in this, he stayed in England for five years and
became thoroughly familiar with European thought. He
toured the Low Countries; became acquainted with the prom-
inent men of the day, wrote a number of letters, essays,
and skits; received honorary degrees from several univer-
sities, and returned home in 1762 a "man of the world" in
all of its meanings.

During the French and Indian War, the Governor gave
Franklin the title of General, and he set out with a
company of volunteers to protect a massacred community. To
make his men ambitious, he offered $40.00 for each Indian
scalp, and gave them a gill of rum each per day, served
half in the morning and half in the evening.

126, Phillips Russell, *Benjamin Franklin, the First Civil-
ized American* (New York, 1920) p. 120
His men were unusually diligent in everything except attendance at divine service. The chaplain complained, and Franklin calmly suggested serving the rum just after prayers. Thereafter there was no complaint about the attendance.

He bought a farm in New Jersey and set about agricultural experiments. Believing that the soil could be improved by an application of lime, he sowed the field and then caused the lime to be applied in large letters as follows: "THIS FIELD HAS BEEN PLASTERED." Eventually the grain which had been sown under the lime outgrew the remainder and this words stood out above the rest of the field, proclaiming the correctness of his theory.

In 1740 the renowned preacher, George Whitefield, began a series of revival meetings in a huge tabernacle. He was also trying to raise money to build an orphanage for helpless children in Georgia. Franklin was approached for a contribution and suggested that the orphanage be built in Philadelphia and the orphans brought there. When Whitefield refused to do this, Franklin refused to contribute. A few days later, however, Franklin decided to attend one of the meetings out of curiosity, his mind thoroughly made up not to donate anything, however.
The preacher begins his discourse, and Benjamin decides to give some copper. The speaker adds some of the flowers of oratory and Benjamin thinks of giving some silver. Whitefield concludes in a glorious burst, and Benjamin empties his pockets, copper, silver, and gold, and all."

The first great American advocate of nepotism, he always took care of his relatives when public offices were open, and he had nine brothers and innumerable cousins and nephews.

Franklin once wrote the following half-serious, half-ironical epitaph for himself:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
By
The Author.

186. Russell, op. cit., p. 149-188
On July 5, 1775, he wrote the following letter to an English friend:

"You and I were long friends:—You are now my enemy;—and I am Yours, 137

B. Franklin

Benjamin Franklin's motto: 138

"Never seek an office and never resign one."

In the matter of religion, Franklin claimed "recognition of one God, the providential government of the world, the immortality of the soul, and divine justice."

He found this emotionally gratifying, socially expedient, and conformable to common sense. He believed "in the docility and propriety of going to church," and went when he could endure the preachers, but advised his daughter to go constantly, no matter who preached. He contributed financially to all the leading churches in Philadelphia, and managed to enjoy the friendship of the leading Quakers, he cheerfully admitted the good points in each and was not enough interested in any to argue about it. 139

In 1775 Franklin was sixty-nine years of age, but he

137. Stuart P. Sherman, Americans, (Boston, 1923) p. 44
139. Sherman, op. cit., p. 48-49
took an active part in everything of importance which arose. During the war he lived in France and, by his shrewdness, wit, and good humor, secured French recognition for the Colonies. He had been living lavishly, however, and began to suffer from the gout and realize that old age was upon him.

In 1785, after being elected President of the State of Pennsylvania, he wrote to an English friend:

"I had not firmness enough to resist the unanimous desire of my country folks; and I find myself harnessed again in their service for another year. They engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

He died on April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four.
42. EXCERPTS FROM POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.

* Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

Men and melons are hard to know.

* He that lieth down with dogs shall rise up with fæaces.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

* He that would catch Fish must venture his Bait.

* Men take more pains to mask than to mend.

Work as if you were to live one hundred years; pray as if you were to die tomorrow.

* Whate'er's betun in angur, ends in shame.

Don't think to hunt two hares with one dog.

* Teach your child to hold his tongue--he'll learn fast enough to speak.

* Necessity never made a good bargain.

* Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower in changing.

* Pain wastes the body, pleasures the understanding.
If you ride a horse, sit close and tight;
if you ride a man, sit easy and light.

* Beauty and folly are old companions.

* Where there's a marriage without love, there will be love without marriage.

* He that cannot obey, cannot command.

* Approve not of him who commands all you say.

* Time is an herb that cures all diseases.

* The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

* Read much, but not too many books.

* The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

* The rotten apple spoils its companion.

* Do not do that which you would not have known.

* Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

* It is better to take many injuries than to give one.

* An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow.

* A little house well filled,
  A little field well tilled,
  And a little wife well willed,
  Are great riches.
Most fools think they are only ignorant.

Pardoning the bad is injuring the good.

Many foxes grow gray, but few grow good.

Drink does not drown care, but waters it, and makes it grow faster.

Different sects, like different clocks, may be all near the matter, though they don't quite agree.

Having been poor is no shame, but being ashamed of it, is.

All would live long, but none would be old.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you but even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.

Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is merely selling himself a slave to it.

Though modesty is a virtue, bashfulness is a vice.

The Golden Age never was the present age.

Today is Yesterday's pupil.

A great talker may be no fool, but he is one that relies on him.

He that is of the opinion that money will do everything may well be suspected of doing everything for money.
"Tis a shame that your family is an honor to you! You ought to be an honor to your family.

Glass, china, and reputation are easily cracked, and never well mended.

Pray don't burn my house to roast your eggs.

Prosperity discovers vice, adversity virtue.

Friendship increases by visiting friends, but by visiting seldom.

The proud hate pride—in others.

Sudden power is apt to be insolent, sudden liberty saucy; that behaves best which has grown gradually.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down your hedge.

To be intimate with a foolish friend is like going to bed to a razor.

The doors of wisdom are never shut.

None preaches better than the ant, and it says nothing.

Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting.

Learn of the skilful; he that teaches himself hath a fool for a master.

Despair ruins some, presumption many.

Life with fools consists in drinking; with the wise man, living's thinking.
As we must account for every idle word, so must we for
every idle silence.

* He that best understands the world, least likes it.

* Many have quarreled about religion that never practiced it.

* Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second
will be what thou wilt.

* Industry need not wish.

* Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have
not wit enough to be honest.

* Don't overload gratitude; if you do, she'll kick.

* If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

* If you'd lose a troublesome visitor, lend him money.

* Keep thou from the opportunity, and God will keep thee
from the sin.

* The things which hurt, instruct.

* One man may be more cunning than another, but not more
cunning than everybody else.

* Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men
poor.

* Nine men in ten are suicides.

* Clean your finger, before you point at my spots.
Friendship cannot live with ceremony, nor without civility.

There was never a good knife made of bad steel.

Where there is hunger the law is not regarded; and where the law is not regarded there will be hunger.

Be civil to all; sociable to many; familiar with few; friend to one; enemy to none.

Love your enemies, for they tell you your faults.

Laws too gentle are seldom obeyed; too severe, seldom executed.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

Half the truth is often a great lie.

Act uprightly and despise calumny; dirt may stick to a mud wall, but not to polished marble.

The honey is sweet, but the bee has a sting.

Don't throw stones at your neighbors' windows, if your own are glass.

Well done is better than well said.

Content is the Philosopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into gold.

Keep conscience clear, then never fear.
43. WASHINGTON—HIS BOYHOOD

Many historians give almost no consideration to the early periods of Washington's life. To the writer the early years in Virginia and his experience in the French and Indian wars are most important, because his great accomplishments during the Revolution and the founding of the democracy were the flowering of the knowledge and character acquired before.

We need to know the jealousy, selfishness, and greed of the petty officers and politicians who opposed and thwarted him, even in his early years, to appreciate his true greatness.

While a certain school of new writers have taken Oliver Cromwell's statement that "A portrait should show all the warts," to mean that the worst side of a popular hero should be shown, and have tried to suggest clay feet on all of our idols, too few have studied our great personalities with the object of picking out the pure gold and showing how it got there.

Even adults can be comforted by knowing that other people have been reviled and persecuted, and it is well for young people to know that greatness was not just thrust upon Washington, but that he achieved it through soul-racking agony when even so-called friends misunderstood and maligned him.
The familiar stories of the cherry tree and the fiery colt have no proof, neither have some of the tales of his remarkable physical prowess. These grew up after he became great and are a result of his fame, not the cause of it. It is probable that he did break wild horses and performed other unusual physical feats, as an active virile youngster would do during his boyhood days. The only documentary proof of his youth is found in his own diaries, and his well-known modesty would have restrained him from boasting about himself.

Many of our texts give the impression that Washington was "uneducated" and emphasize his lack of formal schooling. The impression made on the average school-boy is that George Washington did not have to go to school or study, but just stepped out into the world and by a combination of native wit and "brass" pushed himself to the top. This is not the formula for making great men, none of our great men followed that program, and Washington was especially far from it.

When Washington was a boy, there were no public schools, as we think of them today. Gentlemen of means usually hired tutors for their sons or taught them themselves until they were ready to take examinations for Oxford or Cambridge, or

other colleges in England or France, and then sent them back to their own alma mater. There were few textbooks, and pupils wrote in home-made blank books the things taught them by their teachers.

From the old notebooks belonging to George Washington, we find that his father taught him all the fundamentals. One book shows his arithmetic work. It contained addition and subtraction problems, multiplication tables, and rules for fractions, decimals and square root. Each definition was followed by numerous applications of it. He studied trigonometry, and understood the use of logarithms, and did innumerable exercises in geometry and surveying.

This work began when he was about seven and was finished when he was thirteen.

Another set of note-books show that his half-brother, Lawrence, took him at this time and thoroughly reviewed him in all of the above work, and then gave to him the work he himself had recently taken in the Appleby School in England. This had been his father's alma mater, and George had been prepared to enter there, but financial circumstances made it impossible to send the boy to London, so Lawrence undertook the task instead. This latter set of note-books included a complete study of Euclid and professional surveying problems.

148. John C. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p. 30
He also made a set of books which contained a collection of business and legal forms of all kinds; promissory notes, bills of exchange, judgments, bills of transfer, bills of sale, deeds of gift and of conveyance, servant indentures, power of attorney, bonds, leases, and even wills. Notations were made as to the differences to be found in English and French law.

He studied, moreover, astronomy and geography, and did practical work in map-making, which stood him in good stead when he was planning battles and movements of troops years later. He could also figure the latitude and longitude of any given place, which explains his phenomenal ability to find his way through the uncharted wilderness when he carried his message to the French in the Ohio Valley.

All of the above was completed by George by the time he was fifteen. Many modern youths spend sixteen years in school and graduate from college at twenty-two without having acquired as thorough a grounding for their life's work.

The "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior," which some authors seem to think that Washington formulated, were dictated to him by his father and his brother, and were originally rules made by the Jesuits and taught in their schools as the rules of conduct for a gentleman of that day.

143. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p. 80
144. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p. 21-28
44. His First Big Adventure

When he was sixteen, George Washington went with the son of Lord Fairfax on an expedition over the Blue Ridge Mountains into the Shenandoah Valley to survey a large tract of land belonging to Lord Fairfax. They were accompanied by the county surveyor, who was a man of mature years. This being the first big event in George Washington's life, he kept a diary record of it. Grammar and spelling evidently were not subjects emphasized by the elder Washingtons when they were training George, but we get a vivid picture of the trip.

The first night they stayed in the cabin of a frontiersman, and the following entry was made:

"We got our supper and was lighted into a room and I not being so good a Woodman as ye rest of my Company striped myself very orderly and went in to ye Bed as they called it, when to my Surprize I found it to be nothing but a little Straw Hatted together without Sheets or anything else but only one thread bear blanket with double its weight of Vermin such as Lice Fleas, &c. I was glad to get up (as soon as ye Light was carried from us), I put on my Cloths and lay as my Companions." 125

He was so tired that he slept that night but decided to sleep in the open thereafter. This he did, but we read of his tent being blown away one night, and having it

125. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p. 36
catch fire and almost burn up on another.

When they met their baggage train the next day, he wrote, "we cleaned ourselves (to get rid of ye Game we had catched ye Night before)" and goes on to say that that night they slept on a good feather bed with clean sheets.

The above entries give such a good picture of the real boy, Washington—the exaggerated statement concerning the number of vermin, his fastidiousness in appreciating the clean bed, and his humorous references the next day to the parasites.

He saw his first Indian war dance at this time and noticed that the Redman used as a drum a pot half full of water with a deerskin stretched tightly over it, and for a rattle had a gourd filled with shot and decorated with pieces of horse-tail.

This surveying work was completed in about a month, and, leaving the surveyor, they set out on their return trip alone. The most interesting entry in the Journal regarding this is, "This day see a rattled Snake ye first we had seen in all our Journey."

45. The Trip to Fort le Bourne

In 1753 the French were encroaching upon the land

146. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p.37
147. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p.38
occupied by the English Indians. The Indians protested to
the French general, and he replied most defiantly that "he
was as little afraid of the Indians as of flies or mos-
quitoses," that his own forces were "as the sand upon the sea
shore," and that he intended to go down the Ohio River and
take complete command of it.

This was reported to Governor Dinwiddie. He straight-
way commissioned George Washington to visit and deliver a
note to the Commandant of the French forces on the Ohio.
The diary reports that he "set out on the intended journey
the same day." The English had treated for this land, many
settlers had bought and paid for portions of it, and the
Governor evidently meant to fight before surrendering it.

Washington's party consisted of just six persons:
four traders, Christopher Gist, the most skillful scout on
the frontier, and himself.

It was thought that Washington would find the French
at the fork of the Ohio, but when he arrived there he found
that the Commandant had died and that he would have to go
a hundred miles further.

Another part of Dinwiddie's instructions was to make
friends with the Six Nations if he ran across any of them.

Washington met in council with some of these chiefs,

148. David Sayliss Nussey, Readings in American History,
(New York, 1881) p. 101
and here he made his first diplomatic speech with Indians. He was only twenty-one years of age and was dealing with a very experienced and wily chief, Half-King. He showed much cleverness by asking to have sent with him a number of braves to escort his party through the hostile French territory. This inference that the Kingoes were not only superior to the French Indians, but even to the whites, was very flattering to the egotistical sons of the forest. After three days the chief decided to send this escort.

When Washington delivered his message at Le Becaf, he found that the Indians had not been mistaken as to the intention of the French. In his diary he noted that he was entertained at dinner by some of the under officers while awaiting the return of the general officer, and that the former "dosed themselves pretty plentifully" with wine, which lessened the restraint to such an extent that they told him they were going to take possession of the Ohio territory; that, although they knew the English could raise two men for their one, they were so slow and dilatory that the French would succeed.

The Commandant finally arrived, and Washington writes:

"He appeared to be extremely complaisant, though he was exerting every artifice which he could invent to set our own Indians at variance with us, to prevent their going until after our departure."
Dinwiddie's note asked the French to remove themselves from the Ohio Valley, and the reply was brief, merely saying that they could take orders only from their own superior officers.

The French connived in every way to win the escorting Indians away from the English but did not succeed in this because of the watchfulness of Gist. In the meantime, Washington had made careful notes concerning the strength of the fort, its arrangement, its guns, etc.

The Commandant provided canoes for the return trip, the horses having been sent back because there was no feed for them. Washington got his Indians started first, when the French made a final attempt to out-maneuver him by sending a number of Frenchmen with presents and rum to overtake the departing Indians. Washington's diary reports with considerable satisfaction that he had the pleasure of seeing the canoe carrying the drunken French upset and their liquor float away down the river.

The return journey was beset with many hardships, and had one Indian's aim been true, Washington would never have been the Father of our country.

After leaving the escort at their home fort Washington's party proceeded on horseback for a short distance, but, as the horses were still weak and there was no winter forage, he decided to dismiss the traders and go on alone with Gist.
One day they met a French Indian who craftily tried to turn them northward. Finding it impossible to confuse them regarding directions, he suddenly whirled and fired at Washington. Neither Washington nor his companion was hurt. The scout wished to kill the treacherous Indian, but Washington would not permit this. Instead he took the savage's gun and compelled the Indian to accompany them for several hours. As night drew on he had him make all preparations for a night camp, then told the Indian to go back to the north where he belonged and not come near his camp again under a severe penalty. Cist accompanied him for a short distance to see that he started in the desired direction, then returned rapidly, and the two white men continued on their journey, traveling all night with the utmost speed, leaving their camp fire burning. This strategy Washington was to use again during the Revolution, when he and his whole army slipped away from the enemy at Long Island.

Their troubles were not yet ended. When they came to the flooded Allegheny River, it was full of floating ice. They constructed a raft and attempted to cross, but an ice cake struck them, and both were thrown into the water. They reached an island but had no way of making a fire, so walked all night in their icy clothing to keep from freezing.
Washington arrived in Williamsburg and reported to the Governor on January 16.

"Directed to write an account of his journey for the Virginia Council, which was to sit the next day, Washington labored hard to whip a report into shape from the rough memoranda and notes he had kept on the journey. To make the matter clear, he drew a map of the region and marked the path of his journey thereon. Dinwiddie promptly sent the original of this report to the Williamsburg printer for publication and as promptly sent copies overseas to his Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies. The Williamsburg publication was reprinted in London as soon as it arrived there, and Major George Washington, a Virginia district-adjutant, became, for a time, the talk of two hemispheres, which was, most certainly an unusual thing to happen to any young colonial American, twenty-two years of age."[150]

In recognition of this excellent service Washington was raised to the rank of colonel.

In the following April (1754), Washington, with about one hundred fifty men, was sent to build forts in the Ohio Valley to stop the advancement of the French. It was understood that reinforcements should follow immediately, but owing to the negligence and stubbornness of Dinwiddie, these were not sent.

"It is curious that the first military movement of Washington's life was so entirely like many of the military movements of his subsequent career. He was ordered forward before he had collected an adequate force, before they were..."

150. J. C. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p. 54
properly trained, and before they were properly
equipped. Years afterward, in the Revolutionary War,
there were but few occasions when Washington could
delay his movement until his troops were numerous
enough, until they were fully equipped and completely
trained. In most cases he had to move and trust
to Providence for results."151

While Washington was unable to accomplish much under
these handicaps, there was the little fifteen minute battle
at Great Meadows where the French were captured and their
Indians routed. This victory helped to seal the friendship
of the Six Nations, who had been luke-warm allies. Half-
King, who was with Washington in this engagement, was so
pleased with results that he sent scalps to his brother
chiefs and urged them to take up their hatchets against the
French. This was the first battle in what is known as
the French and Indian War.

46. Braddock’s Defeat

An excerpt from a letter written by George Washington
to his mother, Mrs. Mary Washington, from Ft. Cumberland,
July 18, 1755:

"We were attacked by a party of French and
Indians whose number, I am persuaded, did not
exceed three hundred men; while ours consisted of
about 1,300 well-armed troops, chiefly regular
soldiers, who were struck with such a panic that
they behaved with more cowardice than it is pos-
sible to conceive. The officers behaved gallantly,
in order to encourage their men, for which they

151. Fitzpatrick, op. cit., p. 37
suffered greatly; there being near sixty killed and wounded; a large proportion of the number we had. The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery and were nearly all killed, for I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. . . . In short, the dastardly behavior of those they called regulars exposed all others, that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and, at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them." 152

Inheriting his brother's estate made Washington one of the richest men in Virginia.

He married Martha Custis, who had two children; Fatsy, who died when she was seventeen; and Jack, who died at the siege of Yorktown, leaving a two-year old daughter. This baby, Eleanor, "Nellie," was adopted by George Washington and raised as his daughter.

Washington's flute is still at Mount Vernon; also Nellie's guitar. Nellie married one of Washington's nephews.

In May, 1782, Washington received a letter from Colonel Lewis Nicola, suggesting that, since a practical state of anarchy existed and that a strong central government was

needed, Washington seize the reins of government and drive alone. The letter assured him that the army was behind him, and that he did not need to shy off from "the title of king."

Washington replied in his own hand, and the letter hangs now in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Mr. Irwin says, "There are jerks in his legible, curly, careful penmanship, indicating that he may have let out a swear word or so even as he wrote. It is by far the most intemperate of his existing letters. Colonel Nicola's communication is 'an address which seems big with the greatest mischiefs that could befall my country'. As for the Colonel's action... 'I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity... Never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of like nature.'"

His heated remarks blighted the American royalist movement in the bud.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effective means of peace."

Washington's dying words: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go."

A Sunday School teacher once asked a pupil to

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name the first man. "George Washington," was the prompt answer. "No, you are wrong. It was Adam," quickly corrected the teacher. "Oh, of course that is right," admitted Johnny, "if we are going to count foreigners."

Senator William N. Evans of New York once visited Mount Vernon, and as he and an Englishman were standing on the bank overlooking the Potomac, the latter recalled that Washington was able to throw a dollar across the river at that place, and said that he doubted the veracity of the statement.

Evans said, "You forget that a dollar would go much farther in those days than now, and anyway, throwing a dollar across this river would not be much of a feat for a man who could throw a crown across the ocean!"

Washington retired to his plantation after the capture of Ft. Duquesne, but was soon elected to the House of Burgesses. Called on to give an account of his military exploits, he rose to his feet, but stood abashed, unable to utter a word. The speaker relieved him by saying, "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses any power of language I possess."

155. Ibid., p. 117
The American coast line to Mexico was a favorite resort, and the hotel made a perfect place. After the campaigns, the hotel was a gathering place.

At the hotel, one could see people from many parts of the world. People of all walks of life came together at the hotel.

\[ \text{\textit{Note: The text is not legible due to the quality of the image.}} \]
The unexplained disappearance of a vessel, or a desperate fight with a pirate, was an everyday topic of conversation, and many exaggerated and romantic stories were told.

The pirates were supposed to be brutal rascals who sailed the seas during the summer, bringing terror to peaceful merchantmen, and spent their winters in idleness and drunkenness in more or less legendary splendor in the West Indies or other tropical places, swaggering and swearing the hours away, and drowning their consciences in rum.

There are many fantastic tales told about the castles which they built in the depths of forests, surrounded by mazes which strangers could never thread successfully. They were supposed to live in barbaric idleness with slaves to wait upon them, protected by moats and walls. (156)

Pirate ships usually flew a black flag with a white skull and cross-bones upon it, and this was called, "The Jolly Roger". The sight of it almost paralyzed timid passengers, and even stout hearts quailed before it.

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When a pirate had as much booty as he could carry, he would produce some old letter of marque, swear that he was a privateer, and sell his cargo for a suspiciously low price to some supposedly respectable merchant. Since the Navigation Laws were considered unjust and unreasonable, many reputable business men connived with smugglers, and piracy and smuggling went hand in hand.

Below are some of the stories:

Captain Mantel, in September, 1716, after equipping a sloop with ample provision, with four double guns, and with eighty men, took a number of rich prizes in the West Indies, one of them being loaded with slaves from Africa. The captain of a British war vessel, determined to protect the trade to the American colonies, pursued the sloop which ran aground. The pirates, together with twenty of the negroes, escaped to the woods, and were never heard of again. (157)

Major Stede Bonnet, a highly respected resident of Barbadoes, surprised all who knew him by equipping the "Revenge" with guns, and then sailing with sixty men to the Capes of Virginia. There he took several prizes. Next he was heard of near New York, where another ship became his victim. In South Carolina waters he captured two vessels. When overhauled, he pretended to be a privateer, but he became reckless and declared himself a pirate. His later escapades were off Cape Henry, where he took four vessels, and near Philadelphia, where he made himself a terror.

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157 John T. Parke, When America was Young, (New York, 1925) p. 233
to ships which came out of the Delaware River. But when he went down to Cape Fear River, to make repairs, he was captured and was taken to Charleston. There being no prison in the city, he was kept under guard. He contrived to escape, but was brought back to Charleston in time to share the fate of thirty-two men who were found guilty of piracy, and sentenced to be hanged. (167)

Those were the days of the nefarious activity of the redoubtable Captain Teach, or Blackbeard, who began his career by capturing a ship bound to the Carolinas. His equipment was slight until he captured a French vessel which mounted forty-six guns. This he re-named "Queen Anne's Revenge", hoisted the black flag, and captured many ships, among them a vessel from Boston. This ship he burned because he proposed to take vengeance on a city which had put to death two of his men, captured in the act of piracy.

In North Carolina he marooned seventeen of his men on an island, leaving them to starve. Two days later they were rescued by the pirate Bonnett, who seemed to have a fellow feeling for pirates in distress, even if he was ruthless in his attacks on the defenseless.

The next chapter in Blackbeard's career tells of a collusion with officials in North Carolina, who winked at his offenses and shared his treasures. For a time profitable voyages were made between North Carolina and the Barbadoes, to the sorrow of many captains who fell in with him. Finally, however, he met a man who struck back. After losing his ship, he persuaded others to join him in sending a delegation to the governor of Virginia, asking him for several vessels to punish the pirate. Althe Blackbeard received word of their coming, he would not flee, but arrogantly determined

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Paris, op. cit., p. 235
to defend himself and his men. To his amusement, the contest that ensued went against him. Twenty of his fellow pirates were killed at the first shot, and he soon fell, mortally wounded. The captors returned to Virginia with the head of the leader hanging from a conspicuous place on the vessel, and with thirteen prisoners, who were forthwith tried, sentenced, and hanged.

Tales of buried treasure left by Blackbeard are told at many places along the Delaware, in Virginia, and in North Carolina, but the secret of his hoard perished with him. The night before he died, he was asked if his wife knew where to go for it, and he is reputed to have answered, "Nobody but the devil and myself knows, and the longest liver will take it all."

The most extensive execution of pirates in colonial history took place at Newport, R. I., in 1725, when twenty-six men were convicted and hanged between high and low tide. Not much delay in those days between capture, conviction, and execution!

Whenever a ship was seen standing off-shore the countryside was terror-stricken, for many of these sea-rovers descended upon helpless towns or farms and raided them.

Passenger ships advertised in the newspapers that they were fitted to defend themselves if attacked, hoping to secure the passage of timid persons who

feared the infested waters. Business was becoming very slack, indeed.

H8 Captain Kidd

At last Lord Bellomont, Governor of New York, decided that something must be done to discourage piracy. He armed a frigate, the "Adventure", and placed Captain Kidd, with a rather ruffianly crew, in charge and sent him out to capture the pirates. The Fates were against him.

Though he roamed the seas, and sought the pirates in the haunts he knew so well, he found never a one.

Nor could he find even enemy ships which as a privateer, he might have attacked. Dutch ships, ships of the Great Mogul he met. But Britain was at peace with Holland and on most friendly terms with the heathen potentate. Pirates and ships of France he could not find.

Food and money were nearly gone, the crew grew mutinous. They had come forth for adventure, and not to sail the seas thus tensely, and on short rations to boot. So there was angry talk between the crew and captain. Plainly they told him that the next ship which came in sight, be it friend or foe, should be their prey. Kidd grew furious and seizing a hatchet, he hit one of the men on the head so that he fell senseless on the deck and died. Alone he stood against his mutinous crew. But in the end he gave way to them. He turned pirate, and any ship which came his way was treated as a lawful prize.

For two years after Capt. Kidd left New York nothing was heard of him. Then strange and disquieting rumours came home. It was said that he who had been sent to hunt pirates had turned pirate himself; that he who had been sent as a protection had become a terror to honest
traders. So orders were accordingly sent to Lord Bellomont to arrest Capt. Kidd. A royal proclamation was also issued offering free pardon to all pirates save two, one of whom was William Kidd.

This was the news which greeted the new-made pirate when he arrived one day at a port in the West Indies. But those were lawless days. Capt. Kidd's ship was laden with great treasure—treasure enough, he thought to win forgiveness. At least he decided to brazen it out, and he set sail for New York.

His ship was no longer the "Adventure" but the Quedah Merchant. For the "Adventure", being much battered after two years' seafaring, he had sunk her, and taken one of his prizes instead. But on the way home he left the "Quedah Merchant" at San Domingo with all her rich cargo, and taking only the gold and jewels, he set sail again in a small sloop.

As he neared New York his heart failed him, and he began to think that after all forgiveness might not be won so easily. Cautiously he crept up to New York, only to learn that the Governor was at Boston. So he sent a messenger to the Governor confessing that acts of piracy had been committed, but without his authority. They were done, he said, when the men were in a state of mutiny, and had looked him up in his cabin.

Lord Bellomont was broad-minded and just, and had no desire to condemn a man unheard, so he sent back a message to Capt. Kidd saying, "If you can prove your story true you can rely on me to protect you."

But Capt. Kidd's story did not satisfy Lord Bellomont, so he was put into prison, and later sent home to England to be tried. There he was condemned to death and hanged as a pirate. Some people, however, never believed in his guilt. Whether he was guilty or not, there is little doubt that he did not have a fair trial, and that he was by no means the shameless ruffian he was made out to be.
What became of the Quedah Merchant and all her rich cargo was never known. Indeed the most of Kidd's ill-gotten gains entirely disappeared. For when his sloop was searched very little treasure was found. So then it was said that Capt. Kidd must have buried his treasure somewhere before he reached Boston. And for a hundred years and more afterwards, all along the shore of Long Island Sound people now and again would start a search of buried treasure. But none was ever found. (160)

ANECDODES

CHAPTER VII. WITCHCRAFT ..................187 - 191
The witch craze at Salem, Massachusetts, was brought about by a negro woman and a group of eight girls. The negroes told the girls witch-stories which she had learned in Barbadoes, from whence she had been purchased, and taught the girls incantations to call up the devil and his imps. She would draw a circle in the ashes on the hearth, burn a lock of hair, and mutter gibberish. She also taught the girls to bark like dogs, meow like cats, grunt like hogs, and pretend to have spasms.

Rev. Parris, her master, came into the kitchen one day and saw the girls going through these monkey-shines and thought they were bewitched. He at once had his own daughters examined by a doctor, who said they were in perfect health. This left no doubt in his mind that the whole group was bewitched. The town was on fire with the news. The girls were delighted with the sensation they were making, and whenever they could get an audience threw fits, barked and mewed and screamed.

Then one Sunday they took turns talking out in church, making such remarks as, "Now stand up and name your text," "There, we have had enough of that," "There is a yellow bird on the minister's hat."

The parents of the girls were aghast, the minister
believed that they were assaulted by the devil and invited the ministers for miles around to come and hold a day of fasting and prayer. The girls put on a great show when the ministers assembled; had fits, rolled their eyes, held their breath, muttered gibberish, and thoroughly convinced the ministers that they were bewitched. Crowds came to see them and asked who bewitched them. The girls named two friendless old women in the town, Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn, and the oldnegress.

The poor old women were arrested and brought to a town meeting. They insisted that they were innocent, had had nothing to do with the girls or with the devil, but the girls began to screech, "She is sticking pins into us!" and all the people were so deluded that they believed the girls and thought the women were lying.

The old negress explained in harrowing detail just how the devil compelled her to bewitch the girls, and how she and the other old women rode through the night on broomsticks. The old women were chained and thrown into jail. Thrilled at the commotion they were causing, the girls renewed their convulsions, and accused two more old women of sticking pins into them and tormenting them. These women were fine old people, well known and respected by all, and the ministers could not believe they could be in league with the devil, but when the girls insisted, they lost their heads.
and joined with everyone else in having them committed to prison.

Then the girls accused a little five-year old girl of bewitching them and biting them, and showed toothprints on their arms. Whereupon this baby was jailed also. The girls accused first one person, then another.

Gallows were erected outside of town and the so-called witches hung dangling in the air until they were dead, and then thrown into holes and covered with stones. Nineteen were hung through the deviltry of these girls, and one hundred fifty were thrown into prison before people came to their senses.

The girls overdid it one day by accusing a woman in a nearby town, the most loved and honored woman in the state, a Mrs. Hale. People were amazed, and it suddenly dawned on them that they had accepted the statements of the girls as gospel truth without any examination or question, and had only questioned the accused, whose statements they regarded as lies. The spell was broken. Samuel Sewall, one of the judges, and a fine old gentleman, made a humble confession on Sunday in the Old South Church in Boston before a large congregation. With tears rolling down his cheeks he begged the people to pray "that God might not visit his sin upon him, his family, or upon the land," and for the remainder of his life he kept a day
of fasting and repentance each year to show his sorrow for the part he had had in it all.

The prisoners were released, and the girls stopped having their fits, but nothing was done to them. Several confessed that they had just been seeing what they could do, but they were shunned and had the swinging forms of those who had died upon the gibbet before their eyes all their lives. What they had begun in sport ended in a terrible tragedy.

It is significant that American historians make a mighty ado over the nineteen witches of Salem, while European nations are silent over the thousands they have slain. In the little city of Treves alone, over seven thousand witches were put to death; and the number killed in European countries is estimated at three hundred thousand. Moreover, the torture, burning, and unspeakable barbarism of European trials were all sternly suppressed at Salem. And, though our writers still speak of the "burning of witches," there was never a witch burned in New England.

As a matter of fact, witchcraft flourished for ages before the Puritans were heard of; and our Colonists were

161. William J. Long, American Literature, (Boston, 1915) p. 62
the first people in all the world to recognize the delusion
and to treat it as they treated wolves and rattlesnakes.

"Like many another noxious germ, witchcraft
was brought over and widely planted in America, where
the dark forests, the screaming of unknown beasts at
night, the hideously painted savages—everything
external—favored the increase of the superstition.
And it speaks volumes for the character of our
first settlers that this horrible fungus, which
flourished all over civilized Europe, found root here
in only one spot—a soil made ready by numerous descen-
dants of some feeble-minded immigrants, who were brought
here for the profit of the early transportation com-
panies. There it grew weakly for a brief period,
and was then rooted out and destroyed. Here, in
a nutshell, is the real meaning of the Salem Witch-
craft."162
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CHAPTER VIII. MISCELLANEOUS... .......... 192 - 212
50. The Cargo of Brides.

In 1618 the London Company, which was responsible for colonizing Jamestown and vicinity, decided that a colony of bachelors could never found a state. The matter was discussed on both sides of the Atlantic, and the result was that the company advertised and secured ninety young women, guaranteed to be handsome and well-recommended, who were willing to go to Jamestown and marry a resident bachelor. Special rewards were promised the men if they would marry. These were not needed, however. The maids thus brought over proved to be respectable girls from good middle class families who were willing to stand a certain amount of embarrassment for the thrill of the trip to America and the chance of securing a romantic and prosperous tobacco planter. The women were protected by the Company. The colonial representative was to provide meals and lodging for them in a proper place; they were to be treated with all due respect and not forced to marry against their will. The suitor, besides having to pay the transportation charge for the girl, was to court her until he won her consent. Suitors far outnumbered the women, and the latter had things very much their own way.

The first cargo left London in 1619. The vessel is reputed to have anchored off shore in the evening, and word was carried to all the interested bachelors. In the morning the girls, all dressed in their most becoming finery, came
ashore and were met by several hundred planters, equally gorgeous. The public square, soon known as the "Courting Ground," was filled with couples walking about and getting acquainted. In England where the women have always outnumbered the men, husbands were hard to find, and a dowry was essential. Here conditions were different. Girls who had never hoped to marry at home suddenly found themselves being ardently courted.

The first cargo was so satisfactory that shipload after shipload were eagerly bought by the planters. As late as 1624 shipments were still being brought, but the quality seems to have degenerated, for the governor issued a proclamation threatening fine or shipping for the offense of betrothal to more than one man at a time. In 1632 we find the colony still being replenished with women sent in this fashion, but two of these were sent back because their disgraceful conduct on shipboard proved they were "not fit to be the mothers of Virginians."

About a hundred years later the French used the same expedient to get women into Louisiana and Canada, but they did not take pains to secure women of good character, and the result was not so satisfactory.

163. Edward Eggleston, The Beginnings of a Nation, (New York, 1899) p. 57-72
These people called themselves "Friends of Truth" and were followers of George Fox.

The name "Quakers" was given them in derision by their enemies because "they trembled before the Lord." They were a peace-loving people who were kind and charitable, refused to fight either physically or legally, took Christ literally when he said, "swear not at all" and refused even to take an oath of allegiance, gave up titles of all kinds, and would not take off their hats to any man, believing it was a gesture of worship which belonged to God only.

There was much good in their religion, but they were different and not understood, therefore condemned and persecuted. Because they wore black clothes with broad-rimmed hats, they were suspected of being Jesuit in disguise, therefore feared and hated.

The first Quakers to come to New England were two women. Their baggage was searched, their books burned, and they were sent to prison. Here no one was permitted to speak to them, and they might have starved to death had not a good old man named Nicholas Upshal sent food to them.
They were finally deported.

The next arrivals were treated in the same way; and laws were made forbidding others to come.

As in the case with many sects, there were a few well-intentioned but foolish members. These held noisy meetings on the streets and helped get all the Quakers into dispute. As a result many harsh laws were made against them. In one locality any Quaker was to have one ear cut off; if he came again, the other ear should be cut off; if he came a third time, a hole should be bored through his tongue with a hot iron. In spite of these laws, Quakers arrived.

The people of Boston became desperate and ruled that any who came and refused to leave when requested to do so should be hung. The Quakers feared no one but God and showed their scorn of man-made laws by coming to Boston more than before, and so it became necessary to enforce their hanging law or become the subject of ridicule.

This resulted in five Quakers being hung. A sixth came boldly into the court and defied them to hang him, since he had done no wrong and was a subject of the same king that they were.

There were many prominent Quakers in England, and they succeeded in bringing their case before the king and
won his respect and leniency. He sent a messenger with a note to Boston, commanding that the colonies desist per-
secution and send the quakers back to England for trial.

Quakers were occasionally beaten or stoned in the months that ensued, but they were no longer killed; and gradually, they were forgotten and permitted to live in peace.
The Dutch were very peculiar people,—thrifty, shrewd, enterprising, ingenious in labor-saving devices, practical, not inclined to over-work but fond of smoking their pipes and contemplating their comfort. This restful attitude has been made much of by Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and by other humorists.

The Hollanders were frank in speech but paid most extravagant compliments and gave flattering titles to everybody, and greatly enjoyed firing salutes and sending important messages by a trumpeter. When they corresponded with the little colony of Pilgrims at Plymouth, their letter began, "Noble, worshipful, wise, and prudent Lords, our Very Dear Friends."

Peter Minuit paid $24.00 for Manhattan Island.

The Dutch feared an attack when England and Holland were at war, and they built across the island a wall, from which Wall Street is named.

106. Ibid.
Holland had a unique way of disposing of the land she claimed in the New World. She offered a strip twenty miles wide along any navigable river to any man who would bring over fifty persons and settle them upon the land. This patroon system was very similar to the Feudal System.
The Indians had been tomahawking Dutch settlers for trifling causes, and Peter Stuyvesant prepared to take action. He went with fifty soldiers to an Algonquin Council and demanded the surrender of an Indian who had just killed a farmer. The Chief said the man had fled across the marshes and could not be caught. Stuyvesant thundered at him, and the Chief grew apologetic and said he was sorry because of what had happened, but that he was not to blame. The young braves were wild with a desire to fight.

Stuyvesant burst out that if they were so ready to fight, let forty of the young warriors face twenty of the pale-faces then and there and fight it out, and that he, with his wooden leg, would be one of the twenty. The Indians were not accustomed to fight duels in the open like that and hesitated. They Stuyvesant told them that they were not brave warriors at all, just cowards who murdered in the night. They gave up their hostages and made a treaty. (169)

Below is Washington Irving's description of Governor Van Twiller:

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned . . . as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly

five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a
perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that Dame Nature . . . would have been
puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; therefore she wisely declined the at-
tempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back one, just between the shoulders. His
body was oblong and particularly spacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, 
seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. 
His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when
crash he had not a little the appearance of a
beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infa-
rible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse,
unfurred by any of those lines and angles which
disfigure the human countenance with what is
termed expression. Two small grey eyes twinkled
fearily in the midst, like two stars of lesser
magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed
cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every-
thing that went into his mouth, were curiously
mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a
spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person.
He daily took his four stated meals, appropriat-
ing exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted
eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of
the twenty four. Such was the renowned Wouter Van
Twiller.

LEISLER'S REBELLION

Jacob Leisler was a German fur-trader and mer-
chant living in New York who rose to prominence follow-
the English Revolution in 1688. When James II was de-

Washington Irving, History of New York, (New York
1820), p. 154-62
posed, Leisler put himself at the head of a Committee of
Safety in the name of William and Mary and deposed the former
royal governor, who had to flee, and took to himself the
title of Lieutenant Governor.

He was a very energetic gentleman and immediately
fought a battle with the French and Indians at Schenectady,
fortified New York against possibility of attack by the French
fleet, and assembled an intercolonial congress to plan an ex-
pedition against Canada. Inasmuch as James II had fled to
France, everyone was expecting immediate war between the two
countries. Leisler and his son-in-law ruled the colony with
great vigor and energy for two years, but he frequently of-
fended the aristocracy, and the magistrates considered him
a usurper.

In 1691 a new governor, Henry Slaughter, arrived in
New York. His agent demanded the surrender of the fort, but
inasmuch as the lieutenant could not prove his authority,
Leisler refused to surrender until Slaughter himself arrived.
Leisler's enemies now determined upon his destruction, threw
him into jail and protested to the new governor. The latter
was a weak and worthless man and, while intoxicated, signed
death warrants for both Leisler and Wilborne, his son-in-law.
They were both hanged immediately.

While Leisler had been legally wrong in seizing the
government, his intentions were good, he had ably protected
New York while there was no governor of any kind, and his ex¬
ecution after he had quietly given up his post and all danger
was over was little else than political murder. It created
two hostile factions in New York which continued for many
years.

Leisler's son appealed the case to England and, in 1695,
obtained the restoration of his father's confiscated estates
and a reversal of the bill of attainder. 141 142 143

There is no good water to be met with
in the town itself, but at a little distance there is
a large spring of good water which the inhabitants
take for their tea and for the uses of the kitchen.
Those, however, who are less delicate in this
point, make use of the water from the wells in
town, though it be very bad. This went of good
water lies heavy upon the horses of the strangers
that come to this place, for they do not like to
drink the water from the wells of the town. 144

141) Henry William Elson, History of the United States of
America, (New York, 1841), p. 198
142) David Saville Muzzey, Readings in American History, (New
York, 1932), p. 266
143) Benson J. Lossing, Eminent Americans, Vol. I, (New York,
1855) p. 64-65
144) Albert Bushnell Hart, Source-book of American History,
(New York, 1917) p. 118. A description of
New York city taken from the diary of Prof.
Peter Kalm, Travels into North America, Vol. I,
p. 247-252.
54. THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

Forty or fifty men disguised as Indians went aboard the three vessels and quietly cut open and dumped three hundred and forty-two chests of tea. There was no disorder. The "Indians" went quietly home. One kept a handful of tea found in his shoe as a souvenir.

55. THE BOSTON PORT BILL

In order to appreciate the seriousness of the Boston Port Bill, we need to recall that towns were along navigable streams or on arms of the ocean, and that all commerce was by boat. There were no roads as we think of them today. when the Boston port was closed the business of the city was paralyzed, the waterfront was silent.

No fisherman could go out in his smack to fish; no bricks could be brought from the kilns at Leechmere's Point, barges of cordwood stayed tied up where they were loaded. There were apple orchards on Bunker Hill, and pear trees on Breed's Hill, and the fruit usually was ferried across to the city. Now it had to be put in a cart and jolted away out over Charlestown Neck and through Cambridge and Roxbury, before it could arrive in Boston.

Charlestown was surrounded with truck gardens, and the

trucksters ordinarily ferried their cabbages and turnips and potatoes over to the city. Now war-ships were anchored in the channel, and the guns at the Castle were kept loaded, ready to fire upon any vessel attempting to pass.

The poor and the improvident who habitually "took no thought for the morrow" were hard put to it to get food. The town was full of sailors lounging about the taverns with nothing to do, their ships being tied up along shore. Also the town was full of British soldiers; the Common was covered with tents and military supplies; drums were beating and troops were marching.

The plight of the city, while bad enough, would have been many times worse had it not been for the loyalty of the other colonies. In her time of need Boston received sympathy and supplies from far and near. Colonel Israel Putnam is reported to have driven one hundred thirty sheep, his own and his neighbors, to the unfortunate town; Windham County folks sent two hundred and fifty-eight sheep in July. The trails through the woods became alive with carts loaded with wheat and rye, beans and peas, corn meal and flour. The French and English at Quebec sent down a thousand bushels of wheat, which were unloaded just outside the blockaded area and hauled through the intervening woods to the city. The highways and byways were busy when the wharves were deserted.
General Gage was in control of the city, and he found it hard to get the machinery of his new government to running smoothly. He appointed councilors, but some refused to accept the office, and others found themselves so unpopular with their neighbors that they had to resign.

Timothy Paine of Worcester accepted the appointment, but the people of his town went to his home one evening and brought him into the street. There they all surrounded him and made him take off his hat and resign. Fifteen hundred of these people started for Rutland to treat their new councilor likewise, but he learned of their errand and hid. Out of thirty-six such appointments, twenty resigned, and the others kept out of sight as much as possible.

A number of judges were appointed by the General, but he was equally unsuccessful with them. The neighbors threatened to tar and feather one of them; two had to get down on their knees and publicly resign; one had to march around a large circle of people and ask their forgiveness.

When the Superior Court opened, all the jurors refused to take the oath. The chief-justice asked one of the jurors why he refused. He fearlessly answered, "Because the chief-justice of this court has been impeached by the representatives of this province."

176. Charles Coffin, The Boys of '76, (New York, 1904) p. 22
There was not a quorum present when the council met at Salem.

The youngsters took a hand in affairs and pinned large papers bearing the word "Tory" on the back of anyone who upheld the General in his new government.

Minutemen organized in all the country towns, pledged to start at a minute's notice whenever the colony needed them.
Paul Revere was about forty years of age at the time of his famous ride. He was a member of the Sons of Liberty, a secret society to watch the British.

He was of Huguenot descent, and had been a lieutenant of artillery in the French and Indian War.

See "Paul Revere's Ride" by Longfellow. It refers to "muffled ears." The ears were muffled by means of a petticoat which he secured from a man who lived nearby.

Captain Pulling was the friend who hung the lanterns. William Dawes was the other rider.

Revere was captured by the British on the "ride" but was soon set free.

He was a goldsmith and copperplate engraver by profession and engraved the plate for the continental money. In 1775 he was sent to Philadelphia to learn to make powder and on his return set up a powder mill. He also became a manufacturer of church bells and cannon.

Paul Revere is reputed to have made George Washington's first false teeth.
John Paul was a Scotch lad. One afternoon he fell asleep on a ledge in the Solway Firth while watching gulls. The tide arose and cut him off from land. He finally awoke dazed by a wonderful dream he had had. A glance around revealed his predicament, and he knew there was nothing to do but swim to the shore.

A young Lieutenant Pearson from a British ship saw him out in the water and came down to render assistance if necessary and to find out where he had come from. John Paul explained his plight and poured out his dream.

He had been captcha of a ship and in a great sea fight. The yardarms were on fire, and they were pouring broadsides into the enemy, afraid every moment that they, themselves, would sink. His face glowed when he told of the fight, and so did that of the young officer, the story was so graphic.

"But the strangest part was the flag," John Paul said. His ship was not carrying the British flag, but a strange one, red and white, with a blue field in one corner filled with stars. He asked the Lieutenant what country had a flag like that, and the young officer replied that he knew all the flags and that there was no such one. He assured him, however, that he might get into such a fight if he were lucky.

179. See Don Dickinson & Helen Winslow Dickinson, Children's Book of Patriotic Stories, (New York, 1917) p.399
John Paul grew up to be a sturdy fisherman and an unusually clever seaman. One day an important shipowner was in the village and saw the boy bring in a fishing yawl through a terrific squall. He was so impressed that he offered him an apprenticeship on a new ship he was setting out for a voyage to Virginia and the West Indies. John Paul sailed for this man until he became a master seaman. He made money handling cotton, tobacco, and slaves, and sold out his interest for what was a small fortune in those days, and planned to return to his family in Scotland. He was just twenty-one at this time.

He took passage home on a vessel which proved to have yellow fever aboard and, including the captain and the mate, everyone died with it except John Paul and five members of the crew. He took charge and brought the ship, "John O'Gaunt," safely to England. In recognition of this fine piece of seamanship he was given command of a full rigged merchantman and one tenth of the profit and was to sail between England and America.

Several years later a rich old Virginia gentleman, William Jones, with whom John Paul's brother had lived for a number of years, died and left John a considerable fortune on the condition that he add "Jones" to his name. Thus he became John Paul Jones.
Once he was tried for murder of a mutineer whom he
had hit over the head with a belaying pin, but he was ac-
quitted because he had had two braces of loaded pistols in
his belt and could easily have shot the man, instead.

Captain Pearson of the "Bon Amis Richard," who sur-
rendered to John Paul Jones, was the same Pearson to whom
he had told his dream many years before, and the flag of
his dream-ship was indeed flying at his mast-head.

120. Dickinson, op. cit., p. 297-302
Sevier, familiarly known as "Nolichucky Jack," was a well-educated French gentleman who had been raised in Virginia. He had a large road-house in Tennessee on the Nolichucky River.

Indians attacked Natchaug settlement in 1776. Sevier and Robertson were in command. The Indians were driven off after three weeks, but kept lurking about, and settlers were commanded to stay within the fort. As the weather improved, some would venture out during the daytime.

One day Catherine Sherrill, an attractive young woman, went out to gather flowers and was gone all day before she was missed. Her mother inquired for her about dusk. Suddenly she was seen running toward the fort followed by a half dozen yelling Indians who were between her and the great gate. She turned toward another part of the stockade, and Sevier hurried in that direction. She dashed to the wall, leaped and caught the top of the pickets, drew herself up, and the next moment tumbled, breathless, into the arms of Sevier. Three years later he married her. When she was an old woman, she is said to have remarked, "I would take a leap like that every day to fall into the arms of a man like John Sevier."

Captain Abraham Whipple led the attack upon the Caspec, a British ship which was trying to enforce the Navigation Act.

He also fired upon the British frigate, "Rose." The commander, James Wallace, sent him a note; "You, Abraham Whipple, on the 7th day of June, 1772, burned His Majesty's vessel, the Caspec, and I will hang you to the yard's arm."

To this Captain Whipple replied, "Sir—Always catch a man before you hang him."
CHAPTER IX. SELECTED LIST OF HISTORICAL FICTION...213 - 222
THE NEED FOR HISTORICAL FICTION

The collection of historical fiction is very meager in many of our school libraries, and the history teacher should take it upon himself to enlarge the collection whenever the opportunity offers.

In the historical novel the human interest is strong and obvious. Thoughts are frequently bewildering, but living, suffering, loving, conquering men and women come very near to all of us, and our hearts are soon beating sympathetically with theirs. These stories emphasize the personal element which can hardly be over-valued. It makes the history vital and concrete.

We are constantly transferring ourselves to other personalities. A little boy sees himself as a daring Daniel Boone or a fearless fireman; a girl imagines herself a dainty princess or, perhaps, a dusky Pocahontas. Older children's imaginations make these flights also, and it is well for their minds to be stored with stories of the fine old heroes with whom to identify themselves rather than to have nothing to dream over but the gang hero or deserted wife in the current moving picture.

Although some of our schools have but a scant supply of historical fiction on their shelves, there is a wide choice of such books which are adapted to the immature
mind of the high school student. While these are not all
great books from the point of view of a man of letters or a
historian, there are many excellent writers to be found in
this field. The high school teacher of history should have
at his tongue’s end or his fingers’ tips a list of such
books which, when an opportunity comes, he can add to
his library. The following bibliography is appended to
meet this contingency.

Many of the books listed could be classified as of
junior-high school grade, but the writer is constantly be-
ing surprised by the avidity with which high school pupils
read books which have been purchased for elementary grades.

These stories give background and atmosphere to the
period of history covered in this thesis. They appeal to
the sense of adventure. Names cease to be lay figures and
become men of flesh and blood. The readers become histori-
cally minded.

A few students may indulge to excess in reading of the
story type, but this danger is negligible. Experience
proves that many students gain their first interest in his-
tory through this avenue, and it will raise the level of
achievement in ordinary class work if the imagination and
interest can be stimulated in this way, especially by reading
in leisure hours.
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New York, 1916 (French & Indian War)

Altsheler, J. A. The Lords of the Wild, Appleton & Co.
New York, 1918 (Abercrombie's defeat at Ticonderoga)

Altsheler, J. A. The Masters of the Peak, Appleton & Co.
New York, 1918 (Fall of Fort William Henry)

Altsheler, J. A. Rulers of the Lakes, Appleton & Co., New York, 1917 (Braddock's Defeat)

Altsheler, J. A. The Sun of Quebec, Appleton & Co., New York, 1919 (Capture of Quebec)

Altsheler, J. A. The Young Trailers, Appleton & Co., New York 1907 (Early Kentucky)

Atherton, G. F. The Conqueror, being the true and romantic story of Alexander Hamilton 1902

Austin, Mrs. J. G. Betty Alden (Sequel to Standish of Standish)

Austin, Mrs. J. G. David Alden's Daughter (Twelve stories)

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Austin, Mrs. J. G. A Nameless Nobleman (Plymouth)

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Bacheller, Irving In the Days of Poor Richard, Bobbs Merrill Co. Indianapolis, 1922

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Barr, Mrs. A. E. Huddleston, A Maid of Old New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1911 (Days of Peter Stuyvesant)
Barr, Mrs. A. V. Huddleston, *The Strawberry Handkerchief*, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1908 (Stamp Act)

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Boyd, James, *Drums* (North Carolina)

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Cooke, John Esten, *Henry St. John* (Shenandoah Valley)

Cooke, John Esten, *Leather Stocking and Silk*

Cooke, John Esten, *Lady Pocahontas*

Cooke, John Esten, *Stories of the Old Dominion*

Cooke, Rose Terry, *Steadfast*

Cooper, James Fenimore, *Leather Stocking Tales* - 5 volumes
*(Especially The Last of the Mohicans, and (The Deerslayer)*
Cooper, James Fenimore, **The Pilot**

Cooper, James Fenimore, **The Spy** (Revolution-early)

Cooper, James Fenimore, **The Red Rover**

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Frederic, Harold, *In the Valley* (New York and Revolution)

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