STORIES FROM VIRGINIA HISTORY

MARY TUCKER MAGILL

J. P. BELL COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
LYNCHBURG, VA.

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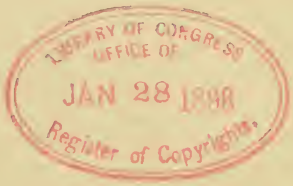
VIRGINIA HISTORY

FOR THE YOUNG

BY

MARY TUCKER MAGILL

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA



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TO THE TEACHER

In sending out this little book, I find myself much interested in the teachers and pupils who will use it, and am impelled to write a word to my Fellow Teachers. I have tried to make my language as simple as possible, but I really do not like the books in words of three or four letters. Children should be taught language, and if the teacher will explain the meaning of the words to the class, taking them in connection with the rest of the sentence, they will be much more easily remembered than when studied in the columns of a dictionary. I would also suggest that the children be encouraged to tell the stories in their own language. They will thus learn to express themselves with ease and fluency. In the sketches of Virginians, I am greatly impressed with the salutary lessons their lives contain; young children catch so readily at things of that kind. Many a boy will dream of being a Patrick Henry, a Washington, an honest man like Monroe, or a hero like Lee or Jackson. I have tried to "point a moral and adorn a tale," but a teacher on the spot can

do so much more. Only think, fellow teachers, what a work to set for ourselves—to build, out of the present generation, men like the giants of the past, without their faults ; for, in writing of them, we naturally draw a veil over the weaknesses of the dead.

As a veteran in your noble mission, I say to you, let us work together to bring back the past of our noble old State, so that the children of the future may gather strength to go forward with brave, firm footsteps, putting their feet into the prints their fathers have left, so that it may continue to be the pride of the Old Dominion that her sons grow stronger and stronger, and her daughters more and more beautiful in virtue, until time shall be no longer.

Very truly your friend,

Mary Tucker Magill.

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STORIES FROM

VIRGINIA HISTORY

CHAPTER I

THE START, DECEMBER, 1606

NEARLY three hundred years ago, in the month of December, in the city of London, when English children were beginning to think of Christmas gifts, and the boys were snowballing and sliding in the streets, just as children do now-a-days, a great excitement might have been observed among the older people. Men and women were hurrying to and fro, or gathering at the corners of the streets, talking earnestly, and the word "Virginia" was often heard. If you had been there, you would, probably, have asked what it all meant, and would have been told that King James the First was that day to send three vessels full of

men to Virginia to found a colony which he was to plant in the New World discovered by Columbus more than a hundred years before.

These vessels had been launched in the River Thames, near Blackwall, a short distance below

London, and were named the "Susan Constance," the "Godspeed," and the little pinnace "Discovery." Three tiny ships to bear across the stormy Atlantic the beginners of a new nation. There were a hundred and five men in the party: among them were Captain Newport, the commander; Captain John Smith; and others, with whom you will become well acquainted when you study the History of Virginia.

Try and realize the scene when the boats started

on their voyage. The shouts of the men; the tears of the wives left behind, for no woman was allowed to go with them; and then, as the boats disappeared in the distance, the sad turning homeward of those on shore, who knew that the chance was, that the men from whom they had parted would never come back. The reason for their starting at this season of the year was, that they might be in time to sow their seed in the spring.

They had a long, stormy, tedious voyage. The trip across the Atlantic, which now is made in six days, took them five months. There was no steam, no machinery, such as we have now. They did not know the path as it is known now-a-days, and lost a great deal of time going round about un-nec-es-sa-ri-ly. They had to depend upon the winds, which were often con-tra-ry, and the crew was a very dis-or-der-ly one. There was no one of the party who had any con-trol. The only man who might have managed them, Captain Smith, had no au-thor-i-ty, and was hated by the others. They even quarrelled with old Preacher Hunt because

he did not pray hard enough to keep away the storms out of their path.

Their intention had been to land at Roanoke Island, where an attempt had been made to plant an English colony years before. But they encoun-tered a violent storm, which blew them farther north, and they found themselves between two capes, and at the entrance of a wide bay. They called the capes Henry and Charles after the two sons of the king. They landed on Cape Henry; and only one year ago I went with a party of Virginians to plant a cross on the spot where they first moored their boats.

The next day they sailed on through the beautiful Ches-a-peake Bay, which you all know so well. The next point of land at which they touched, they called Point Hope, which must have been somewhere about Norfolk, as visitors to that part of the State are shown places, spoken of in Captain Smith's book, where they picked straw-ber-ries, the largest they had ever seen, and where the ground was spread with many "sweet and deli-

cate flowers of divers colors and kinds," until the weary voyagers said that "heaven and earth had never agreed better to make a place for man's habitation." They were like children in a fairy-land, everything was so new and strange.

It was here that they first met with the Indians, who came creeping around in the darkness of the night, and two of their number were very seriously hurt by the arrows of the Indians; but the guns of the English soon drove them away, and they had a friendly visit from the chief of the Rap-pa-hannock Indians, who, they say, was dressed like an Indian dandy. His body was stained crimson, and his face was painted blue, and smeared with something that looked like silver to the greedy eyes of the English.

The next point at which they touched they called Point Comfort, which we know as Old Point Comfort, where the schools for the Indians and freedmen are; and on the 13th of May they landed on a low pen-in-su-la, beautiful at that season with flowers of dog-wood and red-bud, and

here they determined to make their settlement. They called this place Jamestown.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER I

Tell of the expedition from Blackwall, England, in December, 1606.

How long did the journey take which is now made in six days?

Who was King of England at that time?

After whom did they name the two capes between which they entered Chesapeake Bay?

Tell of their first landing.

Where do we suppose Point Hope was? Describe it.

Where did they next land?

Tell what you know of this place.

Where did they make their final settlement? Describe it.

CHAPTER II

JAMESTOWN, 1607

After passing Point Comfort, they had entered the wide mouth of a beautiful river, which they called James in honor of their king. The Indians had called it Pow-hat-tan, which was the name of their king, who ruled over all the tribes in that

part of the country. The peninsula they chose was about twenty miles from the mouth of this river. It seems strange to us that they should have chosen this low place for their home; they might have known, as we do now, that it was unhealthy; but I suppose they were attracted by the beauty of the country and the ease with which they could moor their boats in the deep water and tie them to the trees on the shore.

When you study the History of Virginia, you will learn many stories of this colony which it would be useless to tell here.

It had been very unfortunate for the colony that King James had not been more particular in choosing the men who were to compose it. If he had made choice of hard-working countrymen, who were accustomed to tilling the ground, or of carpenters and builders, the fate of the settlement at Jamestown would have been very different. But although James was King of England, he was not a very wise man; so he chose for his colony broken-down gentlemen who, through ex-trav-a-

gance and in-do-lence, had lost their fortunes, and hoped to grow rich in the New World by digging away a little earth and picking up gold. They had no idea of working.

I must tell you that the company who supplied the money to send out these colonists was called the London Company, and the greatest difficulties which the colonists met with were due to the fact that this company wanted, while in England, to rule over the colony in America, about which they knew little or nothing. They made many mistakes, and at last found that the only man who could help in the matter was Captain John Smith, whose story I will tell you in a few words, as you will learn it more fully when you come to study the History of Virginia.

He was born in England, and lost his parents when he was very young. His father left him enough money for his support, but his guardians were very dishonest men. As they found he was of a roving temper, they gave him enough of his own money to tempt him to travel, and they

took the rest; while he went from one country to another, fought under various flags, meeting with many wonderful ad-ven-tures. At last he went back to England, determined to train himself fully for a soldier's life, and lived in the woods with his books, his horse, his gun and sword. He had seen men practise riding in tour-na-ments, so he used to fasten a ring to the bough of a tree, then go to some distance, mount his horse, and ride at full gallop, with pointed lance, which he aimed to put through the ring. When he became very expert in this, he knew that he could strike his enemy on horseback. He then practised with his sword until his wrist became strong and his eye keen, and

he hunted in the woods until he became an ex-pert marks-man, and then he knew he was ready for the game of war, and started out for new ad-ven-tures. It was after this that he determined to go to the New World with the ex-pe-di-tion which started from Blackwall on that wintry day in December, 1606.

The London Company did not like Captain Smith, and it was only after they had made trial of others, and the colony had been reduced by bad man-age-ment, sickness, famine, and the mas-sa-cres by the Indians, to a very small number of men, that they chose him for its head. In the mean-time Smith had been travelling up and down the country, meeting with adventures. Many times was he taken prisoner by the Indians, and a pretty story is told of how he first became acquainted with the Indian maiden Po-ca-hon-tas, the daughter of King Pow-hat-tan, who was after-wards to be the pro-tec-tress of the colony at Jamestown.

Smith and a party of men had gone in a boat

up the Chick-a-hom-i-ny River, which empties into the James, to get corn and other food for the colony, when they were set upon by the Indians, his companions killed, and he himself taken prisoner to King Powhattan, where he was kept some days. Pocahontas was about twelve years old, and used to spend a great deal of time with her father's prisoner, and he was very much amused with his little companion. He made toys for her—doll-babies, perhaps, and other oddities which please little girls—until they became fast friends; and more than once afterwards she saved his life when it was threatened by her father.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER II

What did they call the river they passed, and after whom?
What had been its name?
Tell about the king of the Indians.

What was the London Company?

What mistake did they make?

Who was Captain Smith?

How was he treated by his guardians?

Tell of his adventures when he left England.

Tell of his return to England, and how he prepared himself to be a soldier.

Where did he go when he left England the second time?

What made the London Company choose Captain Smith for the head of the colony?

How did he employ himself?

Who took him prisoner?

What acquaintance did he make while a prisoner?

How did he amuse Pocahontas?

CHAPTER III

HIAWATHA

Longfellow the poet has written a beautiful poem which is full of Indian legends, or stories, very much like fairy tales. In one of them he tells of the "Master of Life," which was, of course, their god, who, gathering the tribes together, promises them that he will send them a prophet who will teach them everything that it is

good for them to know. You will see that this is like the promise which was given so long ago, that Christ would come into the world to teach the people. After a while a little child was born, and his grandmother, old No-ko-mis,

Nursed the little Hiawatha;
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! My little owlet!"
. . . . . .

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Flaring far away to northward.
. . . . . .

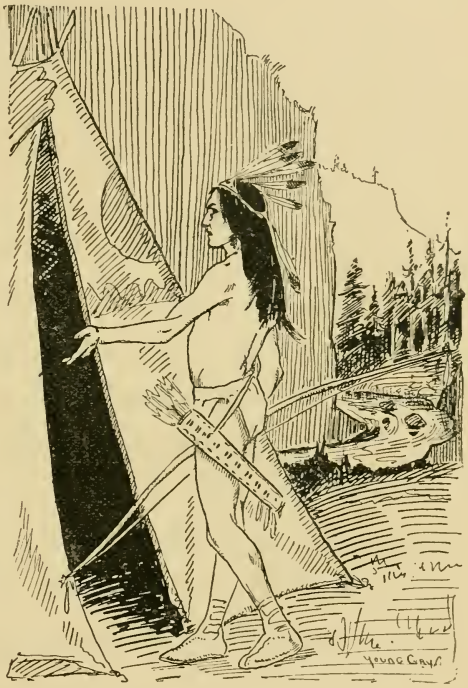
At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water.
Saw the firefly, . . .
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,

Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Pretty little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
. . . . . .
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in the heaven above us."
When he heard the owl at midnight,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding to each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
. . . . . .
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

The whole story of Hiawatha is too long to tell you; but he became, under the teachings of the Master of Life, a great, powerful, and good man,

who was born to be a teacher of the people. He prepared for his work by fasting and praying. He married a beautiful Indian maiden, named Min-ne-ha-ha. When you are older, I hope you will read the whole story.



The Indians believed in a god of their own, whose name was Okee, and they kept an image of him, which in war they often carried with them, and thought it would preserve them from danger. They thought that the thunder was his voice, and the lightning the flashing of his eyes. They also believed

in a future world of happiness and misery, and, as they loved hunting better than any other employment, their heaven they called "The Happy Hunting Ground," to which they believed they would go if they lived according to their idea of right. They also believed in a great fire in which they would burn eternally as a punishment.

The Indians were very savage and cruel to their prisoners. They would pile wood around them, tie them to a stake, and dance about them as they saw their tortures. Even the little children were taught to torture prisoners.

They were very brave, and would not allow any one to rule over them who was not brave. The reason they obeyed and respected Powhattan was because he was a man of great courage. Powhattan was a remarkable old man ; although he was a savage, he had a great idea of what was due to him as a king. He was very dignified, and insisted on having great respect paid to him. He had several homes where he lived at different seasons of the year. One was at the falls of the

James River, where Richmond now stands, and the bower in which he lived was opposite three islands, and the spot is still called Powhattan after him. He was a tall, strong old man, clad in the skins of animals, moc-ca-sins on his feet, and feathers on his head. His throne was shaped somewhat like a bedstead. He had a great many wives, and a hundred bow-men, who kept guard over him when the white men came to see him. I once saw an Indian dance, which I will tell you about. The Indians were all painted until they looked horrible, with black and red splotches of paint all over their faces. The dances were called the Eagle dance and the Raven dance. We were in a long Indian house where the Indians had promised to dance for us. First came in about fifty women, with their "papooses" (babies) bound to boards, which they carried on their backs by means of straps which passed under their chins. When they came into the room, each one took her board and set it up against the wall; and it was very amusing to see the little dark babies in

a row, laughing and crowing, and doing just as white babies do, only none of them cried; while the mothers squatted on the floor, and each beat on something very like a tambourine, singing at the top of her voice, "Hi-yai-ya, Hi-yai-ya!" The painted warriors came tipping down the room, waving their arms like birds' wings, and singing "Hiyaiya!" with the women. They became more and more excited as they danced,

rushing at one another in imitation of birds fighting, and leaping in the air in imitation of birds flying. The little babies on the boards winked and blinked at them, and laughed and crowed to show how pleased they were with the entertainment.

It has been impossible to fit questions to this chapter, so I suggest that the teachers make the children commit the poetry to memory, and each take a portion to recite, then tell of the Indian belief and the history of the bird dance.—THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER IV

POCAHONTAS

THE colony grew at Jamestown, in spite of the Indians. I cannot follow Captain Smith through all of his adventures. He and Powhattan had many dealings with each other. Pocahontas often came to Jamestown "with her wild train of Indian boys and girls," as we are told, and they played about the market-place, like

other children. She was devotedly attached to the English, and once, when she overheard her father laying a plan for the massacre of the colony at Jamestown, she started off in the night, alone, and making her way "through the dark woods, with the tears rolling down her sorrowful cheeks," as Captain Smith relates, she told him of the plot, and begged him not to send her back to her father, as he would kill her if he knew what she had done. The Indians came, as she had told him they would, but the colony were prepared, and so were saved.

This lovely child, who was so often the guardian angel of the colony, must always be interesting to Virginians, and I will tell you in a few words the rest of her story. Captain Smith met with an accident which obliged him to return to England, and Pocahontas never was as much at Jamestown after he left. She went to a friend on the Potomac River, who was named Jap-a-zaws. At this time Powhattan gave the colony so much trouble that the English thought if they could get Poca-

hontas in their possession, they could force him to keep peace with them. So they gave Japazaws a brass kettle to pay him for delivering her into their hands. He did so, and she was taken back to Jamestown, where a young Englishman named Rolfe fell in love with her and she with him. The Indians were considered such an inferior people that Rolfe scarcely knew what to do, as such a marriage would be regarded as a sin in England. He wrote to the governor, Sir Thomas Dale, that he knew the Bible said that Christians must not marry "strange wives" who were heathen, but Pocahontas was willing to become a Christian. He said he loved her with all his heart, as she did him, and they wanted to marry each other.

Sir Thomas gave his consent, and they were married in the old church at Jamestown. Before their marriage, Pocahontas was baptized under the name of Rebecca. Rolfe then took her to England, where she was called the Lady Rebecca, and treated like a princess.

At the court of King James she met Captain

Smith. She was then twenty-one years old, and he thirty-seven. It had been about six years since they parted, and they had a great deal to talk about; but Captain Smith thought it would not be best for her to treat him as she used to do in Virginia, so he was very dignified, and called her

Lady Rebecca, upon which she put her hands before her face and began to cry, and said it was unkind in him to treat her so coldly; that she had called him father when he was in her country, and she *would* call him father. This was their last meeting. She had one child born in England. A year after her interview with Captain Smith, she and her husband were returning to Virginia, and had gone down to take ship for the purpose, when she became suddenly ill and died. Her son returned to Virginia, and among his descendants are some of the best-known families in the State.

Powhattan lived until after the death of Pocahontas. He never would go to Jamestown after her marriage, but he preserved the peace between the Indians and the white men. In his last interview with Captain Smith, he said, "I have seen two generations of my people die; not a man of them is alive now, except myself. I know the difference between peace and war better than any man in my country. I have now grown old and must soon die. Why will you take by force what you may have quietly by love? Why will you destroy us, who supply you with food? What can you get by war? I am not so simple as not to know that it is much better to eat good meat, live quietly with my wives and children, and be merry with the English, than to run away from them, and to lie cold in the woods, and feed on acorns, roots,

and such trash, and be so hunted that I can neither eat nor sleep. In these wars my people sit up watching, and if a twig breaks, they cry, 'Here comes Captain Smith!' So I must end my miserable life. Take away your guns and swords, the cause of all our jealousy, or you may all die in the same manner."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER IV

Did the colony at Jamestown grow?
Who amongst the Indians was the best friend of the colony?
Tell how Pocahontas saved the colony.
What happened to Captain Smith?
What effect did this have on Pocahontas?
Why did the English want to get possession of her?
How did they manage it?
Tell of Pocahontas' marriage. Finish her story.
How did Powhattan behave to the colonists after this?
What did he say to Smith?

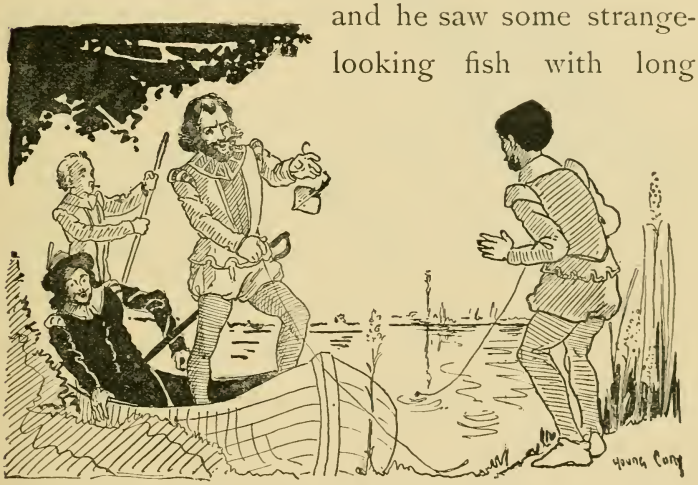
CHAPTER V

WHAT THE COLONISTS FOUND IN VIRGINIA

I DO not suppose that Captain Smith had any great confidence in Powhattan's fine speeches,

and probably watched him as closely after as before he made them. The secret of the whole matter was, that Powhattan, seeing that he could not conquer the English, thought it better to make peace with them. Powhattan died soon after.

One day Captain Smith was out in his boat, and he saw some strange-looking fish with long



CAPTAIN SMITH STUNG BY THE FISH

tails. He stuck his sword through one, and drawing it to him, took it in his hand. The fish twisted its long tail around, and stung him

in the wrist. The whole arm immediately swelled and turned purple, and Captain Smith was so certain that he was going to die, that he picked out the place on the shore where he told his men to bury him ; but the swelling gradually disappeared and left no bad results. The fish was called a stingray, and in memory of the incident Smith called the place Stingray Point, the name it still bears.

Captain Smith thoroughly explored the Chesapeake Bay and all the rivers emptying into it. He went at least three thousand miles in an open boat, and made a map of the whole country. A bag of gun-powder exploded in his boat one day, which injured him so that he returned to England, where he was honored and esteemed.

The king made him Admiral of Virginia, and he died in 1631, at the age of fifty-two. He was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, London, and his grave is under the church, in front of the chancel, and above it are two flat stones.

On one of them is carved his coat-of-arms, three Turks' heads, in memory of his fight with the Turks, in which he killed three of them; and on the other stone these words are cut: "Here lies one conquered, that hath conquered kings."

CAPTAIN SMITH

When the English came to this country, they saw for the first time corn growing, with which you are so familiar. It is called Indian corn, because it was first cultivated by the Indians. They also saw tobacco growing. When Columbus landed in the island of Cuba, he saw the Cuban Indians, each with a pipe in his mouth, smoking something which they afterwards knew to be tobacco. Sir Walter Raleigh came over here

and learned to smoke, and one day his man-ser-vant came in and found him with a fire coming out of his mouth, and threw a bucket of water over him, thinking he was on fire. Now the whole world smokes tobacco. I don't believe it has ever done any good to the world, however, and perhaps it is a pity it was ever discovered, for it has certainly done harm to some. The Virginians cultivated it in great quantities in Jamestown, and it grew so much finer and larger in ground in which nothing had ever been planted, that they used to cut down the trees to make new ground for the tobacco ; so the island was cleared.

I must explain to you here, that at the time the English first went to Jamestown, it was a pen-in-su-la, but the water has washed away a part of it, and separated it from the main land, so it is now an island. There are no houses left there now, only a part of the wall of the old church where Pocahontas was married. A few years ago a lady, Mrs. Barney, bought

the whole island, and presented that part of it where the Jamestown church stood, and the walls still stand, to the State of Virginia.

Every year, on the 13th of May, which was the day that the colonists first landed at Jamestown, great numbers of Virginians, from all parts of the State, meet there in memory of that occasion. I was with them once, and found it very interesting; and I hope you too, my little readers, will be able to go there some day and think of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, and the scenes which passed there three hundred years ago.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER V

Did Captain Smith believe Powhattan?
What was the real reason that Powhattan wanted peace?
How did Stingray Point get its name?
What made Captain Smith return to England?
What honor did the king bestow upon him?
When did he die, and where was he buried?
What was carved on the two stones above his grave?
What new crops did the English find growing in America?
What did Columbus find where he first landed?
Tell the story about Sir Walter Raleigh.
Has tobacco ever done any good in the world?

How was the island cleared?
What made Jamestown an island instead of a peninsula?
What is the present condition of Jamestown?
To whom does it belong?
What happens every year on the 13th of May.

CHAPTER VI

BACON'S REBELLION

For a great many years after the death of Captain Smith, everything progressed well at Jamestown, but the Indians were still the great trouble. There were those among them who remembered that the whole country was once their own, and we can scarcely wonder that they did not feel kindly to the people who had come amongst them and were gradually driving them from their hunting grounds. Every now and then there would be massacres of the English by the Indians, and wrongs of the Indians by the English, until feeling grew more and more bitter between the two races.

There were some efforts made to preserve the peace and do what was right to the Indians. A large tract of land was set apart for them on the Chick-a-hom-i-ny and other rivers, and a part of this is still owned by a remnant of the tribe, who have never sold the land owned by their forefathers. But most of them sold their lands to the English and moved farther west, where they could get land for nothing.

In the year 1676, Sir William Berkeley had been appointed Governor of Virginia by the King of England. He had already ruled over the colony for about thirty-three years. Most of that time he had been very popular, but he was a hot-tempered old man and devoted to the King of England. The Virginians, living in the great free country over here, began to feel that it was not right that they should have to obey a king three thousand miles away, and they rebelled against the orders that came through the governor. Governor Berkeley had a beautiful estate, called "Greenspring," near Jamestown, where he

lived in great luxury. The Virginians did not object to that. They liked fine living themselves, and respected their governor all the more because he ate off a silver plate, and rode in fine carriages, and gave great dinners; but they did not like his habit of forcing them to obey the King of England in everything. They complained, too, that he would not protect the families living up the river from the Indians, and so they determined that they would protect themselves.

There was an Englishman having a fine estate in the neighborhood of where Richmond now stands, who was in many ways a very remarkable man, and just the one to make a great military leader. His name was Nathaniel Bacon. He was very brave and determined, and a fine public speaker. A man who speaks well can always make those who hear him think as he does. Sir William Berkeley showed great favor to Bacon for some time, making him a member of the "King's Council," as it was called, because he thought that Bacon would take the part of the king against the

DINNER AT GOVERNOR BERKELEY'S

Virginians; but he was mistaken in this. Bacon took the Virginia side, and so the Virginians made him their leader. One day Bacon heard that the Indians had attacked his plantation and killed his overseer and one of his servants. He called his friends together and made an excited speech, in which he spoke of the governor as the enemy of Virginia, who would not do anything to protect them from the Indians, and that he, Bacon, was ready to lead the people against the Indians. At this the men uttered a great shout, and declared that they would follow him. But first he sent to Governor Berkeley for a commission to fight the Indians; the governor refused, and so they marched off without any commission. They won a complete victory over the Indians, who were all killed or driven off, and Bacon came back in triumph. Governor Berkeley was greatly enraged when he heard what the Virginians had done. He issued a proc-la-ma-tion declaring Bacon and his men traitors to the king, and got together an army to attack them; but when he set out, he

found that the Virginians everywhere were on Bacon's side, so he marched back to Jamestown.

This was a great triumph for Bacon, and the governor had to submit, and agree that new laws should be made; and Bacon was appointed a member of the House of Burgesses, which was to meet at Jamestown to make the new laws.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER VI

What was the great trouble the colonists had to encounter in Virginia?

What made the Indians hard to deal with?

Did the English try to do justice to them, and how?

Who was Governor of Virginia in this year, 1676?

What kind of a man was he?

What made the Virginians dissatisfied?

Why did they object to Sir William Berkeley?

Who was Nathaniel Bacon?

Describe him.

Was the governor friendly to Bacon?

What made him change in his feeling?

What made Bacon want to fight against the Indians?

Tell what he said to the Virginians.

What answer did they make?

Tell of the quarrel between the governor and Bacon.

How did it end?

CHAPTER VII

BACON'S REBELLION (CONTINUED)

BACON sailed down the James River in his boat, to take his seat in the House of Burgesses, and, when he landed, he was arrested by order of Governor Berkeley and taken before the King's Council to be tried. The old governor received him with a storm of rage; but Bacon was as cool as he could be, and showed he did not care at all for the old man's anger. He said that he knew it was against the law for him to go against the Indians without a commission, and that he would promise not to do it again if the commission was given him. Berkeley promised, but did not keep his word; so Bacon left Jamestown, and went home and told his neighbors how matters stood. He said he was determined to have the commission, and they said that they would help him.

About four hundred planters joined him, and they marched down to Jamestown, and, going to the State House, Bacon sent word to Governor Berkeley that he had come for his commission. The old governor, in a fury, rushed out, and, tearing open his ruffled shirt, cried: "Here, shoot me!" Bacon bowed to him, and said that he did not want to hurt a hair of his head, or of any other man's; that they wanted to save the lives of their wives and children from the Indians, and had come for the commission which he had so often promised them, and that they intended to have it before they left. There was an angry scene, but the governor was obliged to submit, and gave the commission, so Bacon led his men away very quietly.

The governor said that they were defying the king, who had made him governor, and that he would go to war about it with the Virginians. So he crossed York River to Gloucester County, and called upon his friends to join him to fight the rebels. But Bacon was

as firm as he was, and raised an army and went to meet him.

Berkeley fled across the Chesapeake Bay to Accomac County, from which place he sent to England for soldiers to fight the Virginians. Meantime Bacon heard that the Indians had risen again about Richmond, and he fought a bloody battle with them, killing them in such numbers that their blood ran down and made the whole stream red. It has been called Bloody Run ever since. This ended the trouble with the Indians in that part of the State. They never fought again.

When Bacon returned, he found that Sir William Berkeley had collected a large army, and had again taken possession of Jamestown, and he hurried to meet him. On his way to Jamestown, he captured some of the wives of the men who were with Berkeley, not intending to do them any harm, but as protection against the guns of their enemy, who had so many more men and ships than he had. When they reached

Jamestown, they commenced throwing up for-ti-fi-ca-tions. It is said that Bacon put a line of the captured ladies in front of the fortifications, to keep the other side from firing their cannon until the breastworks were finished. The plan was successful, and for some reason Sir William Berkeley's men did not fight at all; perhaps because they were uneasy about their wives. They ran away to their boats, and did not feel safe until they were far down the river.

When Bacon and his men entered the city, they found it completely deserted; and as they could not remain there, rather than allow the governor and his men to take it again, they burnt it to the ground.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER VII

What happened when Bacon went to Jamestown?
Tell of his interview with the governor.
Did he get the commission?
What course did Bacon take?
Did the planters join him?
Then what did they do?

How did the governor behave?
How did Bacon answer him?
Did he get the commission?
What did the governor do?
What did Bacon do when he got the commission?
What did he find when he came back home?
What was his next move?
Do you think he was right to capture the ladies?
Give an account of the battle of Jamestown.
Tell of the burning of the city.

CHAPTER VIII

BACON'S REBELLION (CONCLUDED) — TOBACCO REBELLION

Sir William Berkeley, having now no capital in which to govern, returned to Accomac; while Bacon retired to Gloucester, where he dismissed most of his followers, making them promise that they would return to him on the first news of Berkeley's advance from Accomac. But a most unexpected end came to this war. Bacon was taken very ill, and died in Gloucester County at the house of a Dr. Pate. This was a terrible blow

to his followers. They had had such blind confidence in him that no one knew what to do without him, and there seems to have been no leader among his men who could fill his place.

They buried Bacon's body secretly, and to this day no one knows the spot. No doubt, if Sir William Berkeley could have found it, he would have hung his dead body upon the gallows he intended for the brave soldier if he could have caught him. If Nathaniel Bacon had been successful, he would, perhaps, have been called the Father of his Country, just as Washington was a hundred years later, as he fought against the English for the same cause that Washington did.

When Sir William Berkeley found that his enemy was dead, he was greatly delighted. Bacon's men had all scattered to their homes, but he sent after them, and had them arrested. They were brought before him one by one, and each was hung after a pretended trial, although their friends entreated for their lives. His cruelty was so terrible that even the King of England was

disgusted with it, and sent men over to stop it. Governor Berkeley was hated for his cruelty. He had scarcely a friend in the whole country, and determined to go back to England; but when he got there, he was so coldly received by the king and by the people—the king even refusing to see him—that he died of mortification.

I told you this story in as few words as possible, leaving out many facts which are fully related in the History of Virginia.

There was another rebellion in Virginia, about the year 1680, of which I must tell you. You will remember what I told you about the cultivation of tobacco. But what made it more valuable than even its use for smoking was, that it was used at one time as money by the colonists. Think of ladies going shopping with a wagon full of tobacco behind them, and purchasing a silk dress at so many pounds of tobacco a yard. When the planter in Virginia saw his tobacco putting up its leaves above the ground, he knew that it was so much money, and would cultivate nothing

else. It was the same love of gain which now makes the people leave their homes and rush to the Klondike to dig for gold.

So great was this desire for tobacco, that the rulers had to put an end to its being used as money, and made laws to force the planter to raise such crops as were necessary for food. Even after the custom of using tobacco as money was changed, it brought a great deal of wealth to the planters. Vessels would come from England, and go back loaded with tobacco. After Jamestown was burnt, there was no town at which they could load these vessels; so in order to make the people build towns, a law was made, that certain places along the river should be used as depots for the tobacco.

The people were very angry, as it was so much more convenient for them to load the vessels at their plantations, and they declared that they would not obey this law. Many of the planters cut up their whole crops rather than submit to the law. This raised such a storm that the govern-

HAULING TOBACCO TO THE LANDING

ment of Virginia had to appeal to the king, and at last a law was made that any planter who cut up his tobacco was to be hung. Six men were actually executed for it, but it had the effect of ending the rebellion.

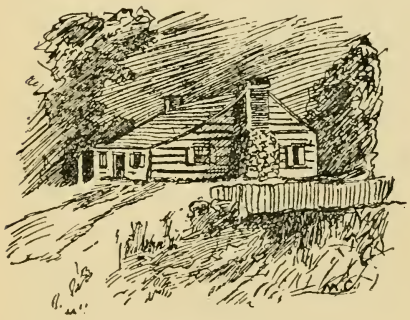
QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER VIII

What did Sir William Berkeley do?
Where did Bacon go?
What put an end to the war?
Tell of Bacon's death and burial.
Why did they hide his grave?
If Bacon had been successful, what would probably have happened?
What course did the governor take?
What effect did his cruelty have in this country?
How was it viewed by the king and people of England?
Tell of Berkeley.
What use was made of tobacco about 1680?
Tell how the ladies went shopping.
What was the effect on the planters?
What laws had to be made?
Where did the planters sell most of their tobacco?
How did they try to make the people build towns?
Did the people submit to this?
What was this rebellion called?
How was it stopped?

CHAPTER IX

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732

THE next event which I have chosen for my story book occurred about fifty years after the tobacco rebellion. It was the birth, in Westmoreland County, of George Washington, who, in his life of sixty-seven years, had more influence over the history of the United States, and particularly of Virginia, than any other man who ever lived in it.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE

He was born on the 22d of February, 1732. His father's name was Augustine Washington, and his mother was Mary Ball, both Virginians. I think that a great deal of the honor that George Washington gained was due

to the teachings of his father and mother. His father said to him once: "Truth, George, is the loveliest quality of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the little boy whose heart was so honest and his lips so pure that I could depend upon every word he said."

Mary, the mother of Washington, as she is called, was a very pious and in-tel-li-gent woman. She used to teach him to kneel beside her, night and morning, to ask God to take care of him and teach him to do his duty. George Washington listened to their teachings. No wonder he grew to be the great and good man he was. Many children in these days have as good and wise parents as he had, but they do

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

not attend to the lessons they give them, and so do not profit by them.

George was very fond of hunting, and of out-of-door sports requiring bodily strength and skill, and so he grew tall and strong. It is said of him that he once threw a stone across the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg. He was particularly fond of military games, and at school the boys used to fight pretended battles between the French and Americans George always commanded the Americans.

George's father removed from Westmoreland to Stafford County, and here George's childhood was passed. He lost his father when he was ten years old. When he was fourteen, like a great many boys, he wanted to be a sailor; and his brother Lawrence, who was a great deal older than he was, and a rich man, had him appointed to a midshipman's place in the English navy. George was delighted, and had a fine, new uniform made, of which he was very proud. His trunk was all packed, and he was to start immediately; but when

he went in to tell his mother good-by, although she had given her consent to his going, like many another mother, at the idea of parting with her boy, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. George said at once, if it so distressed her he would not go; so he took off his fine uniform, resigned his commission, and stayed at home to take care of his mother. If it had not been for this love for her, it is possible we should never have heard of George Washington; he would not have fought the battles of the American Revolution, nor been called the Father of his Country. Instead of going to sea, he went back to school, where he studied hard, until he was sixteen years old.

Lawrence Washington, the brother of George, lived at Mount Vernon, a beautiful old place on the Potomac River, below the city of Washington, which all Virginians know and love, for it was afterwards the home of their great hero, and where he chose to be buried. It was years after sold by the heirs of Washington to the Mount Vernon

Association, which is made up of ladies from every State in the Union, who keep the place in order. Each State has a room, which they have furnished with old furniture such as they used at that time.

The Virginia room has in it a good deal of the furniture that belonged to Washington himself, which makes it very interesting.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER IX

When and where was George Washington born?
What were the names of his father and mother?
What did his father say to George about truth?
What kind of woman was his mother?
What kind of sports did he most enjoy when a boy?
What was the effect upon his manhood?
What profession did George choose, and why did he give it up?
What was the name of George's elder brother?
Where did he live?
What do you know about Mount Vernon?

CHAPTER X

LORD FAIRFAX, 1750

It was when George was at Mount Vernon, being sixteen years old, that he met a singular old nobleman, who had a great deal to do with his fortunes. Lord Thomas Fairfax was born in England, and when he was a very young man he went from his home in the country to live in the city of London, where he moved in the most fashionable society, and chose for his intimate friends lit-er-a-ry men, which means men who read a great deal and write books. Here he met with a young lady, to whom he became much attached, and they were engaged to be married ; but she deserted him for a richer man, and he was so distressed that he determined he would never marry any one, and left London, and after a while came to Virginia, where his mother's father, Lord Culpeper, had a great deal of land granted him by the king.

At the time of the "Tobacco Rebellion," Lord Culpeper was Governor of Virginia. While he was living in Virginia, he found how very rich the land was between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers. This is called the Northern Neck of Virginia. It was only partly settled at this time, and when Lord Culpeper went back to England, he persuaded the king to give him all this land. After receiving such a rich grant, he appointed a deputy to do his work in Virginia, while he went back to England and enjoyed himself.

Lord Culpeper's daughter inherited his rich estate, and Lord Thomas Fairfax was her son. His cousin William Fairfax lived near Mount Vernon, at a beautiful place called Belvoir, and it was there that George Washington met Lord Fairfax while visiting his brother Lawrence, whose wife was a daughter of William Fairfax. The old Englishman, Lord Fairfax, became very fond of George, who was a bright young fellow with a great desire to go to work for himself, and

Lord Fairfax determined to employ him to survey—that is, to measure—and lay out his lands in the western part of Virginia.

He proposed this plan to George, who eagerly consented. He was just sixteen, and thought it would be a fine thing to be his own master, and to ride about the country, which was full of Indians and wild animals, with plenty of hunting to do by way of recreation. He had for his companion George William Fairfax, who was a son of the owner of Belvoir. The two friends started off in high spirits. Their course lay over the Blue Ridge, which they crossed at Ashby's Gap, at the foot of which runs the Shen-an-do-ah River, which they crossed, and made their way to Greenway Court, belonging to Lord Fairfax. This house stood until a few years

ASHBY'S GAP

ago, when it was torn down. It was a house with broad stone gables, and a roof sloping down over a wide porch in front. On the top were two bells with which they used to give the alarm to the settlers when the Indians approached them. A mile or two away was erected a white post with an arm pointing to show the way to Greenway Court. One stands there to-day, and around it is built the village of White Post, which takes its name from it.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER X

What was the name of the nobleman whom George Washington met at Mount Vernon?

Tell his story.

Tell Lord Culpeper's story.

What was the name of William Fairfax's home?

Tell of Lord Fairfax's offer to George.

Who was to survey with him?

Tell of their journey and visit to Greenway Court.

How did the village of White Post get its name?

CHAPTER XI

SURVEYING

THE young surveyors measured and laid out all of the land on the Shen-an-do-ah River in the neighborhood of Greenway Court, and after that they went farther west, until they got to that part of the country where there were very

GEORGE WASHINGTON SURVEYING

few white people. It was the first time they had ever met with Indians.

I must tell you of a custom belonging to the Indian nations. When they capture a person, they scalp him, which is done by making a deep cut all the way around the top of the head, beginning at the forehead; then, taking hold of the hair, they tear the whole skin of the head off. This is very often done before the victim is dead. The warrior then attaches the scalp to his belt, and the more scalps he has, the more he is thought of by his people. They have a dance which they call the "Scalp dance."

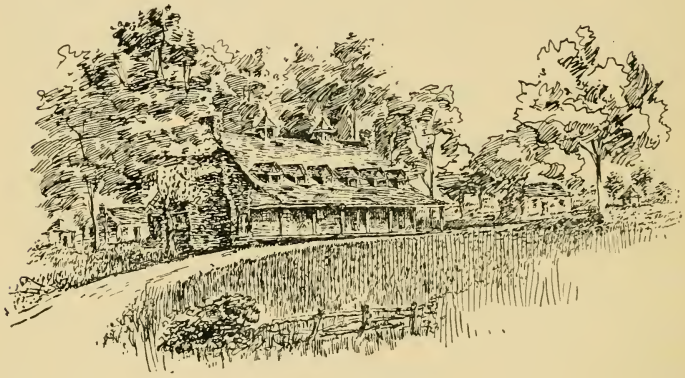
The young surveyors learned here to endure great hardships. George wrote to one of his friends: "I have not slept over three or four nights in a bed; after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire, on a bit of straw or fodder, or a bear-skin, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

In the spring the two boys returned to Greenway Court, and from there went to Belvoir, where they told old Lord Fairfax what they had done, and he was highly pleased with them. He now knew, for the first time, how large and valuable his property was, as the boys had done their work of surveying it very thoroughly.

You would probably like to know what Lord Fairfax paid for this work. He was a very rich man, and for those days he was also very liberal. He gave them three dollars and a half a day when they were only riding round, and seven when they were regularly surveying. That was a good deal of money for boys of sixteen to make. No doubt George was very much delighted; so was old Lord Fairfax, who directly after went to Greenway Court, and there spent the rest of his life. He died just at the close of the Revolutionary War. He was an Englishman by birth, and always continued loyal to that government.

We have an account of his last days. He was

taken very ill at Winchester, and one day while he was ill he heard a great noise of shouting and cheering in the street. He asked his old servant Joe what it meant; he answered that



GREENWAY COURT

Lord Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown to General Washington. The old man groaned and said: "Take me to bed, Joe; it is time for me to die." He could not bear to think that the young man he had helped on in life had been the instrument used for breaking up the English government in America. He died soon afterwards, and his body rests under the church

at Winchester, and a marble tablet is erected to his memory on the walls of that church.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XI

What was the first work of the young surveyors?
Where did they go from Greenway Court?
Tell of the brutal custom that prevailed amongst the Indians.
What was George's account of their life?
Tell of the close of their expedition.
What did Lord Fairfax pay them for their work?
Give an account of Lord Fairfax's last days.

CHAPTER XII

THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

The first wars in which George Washington engaged were those between the French and English, arising from disputes about their boundaries in the west. The English claimed to be the first discoverers of the continent of America, or that part of it stretching from Canada on the north to the southern border of North Carolina on the south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific

in breadth, all of which they named Virginia. Now they had no idea of the extent of this claim, because they thought the continent was very narrow, but the grant from the king was for the whole of it. The French in Canada disputed this claim. They had sent their missionaries down the Mississippi River, past the mouth of the Ohio, and they said they had a right to all the lands lying upon those rivers; and when Dinwiddie was governor of Virginia the news came that the French were building their forts along the Ohio River. Governor Dinwiddie determined to send a message to the French commander, to the effect that all of the land had belonged to England long before the French missionaries had come down the Mississippi, and that they would not be permitted to build their forts there.

Then the difficulty arose as to who would be the messenger, when George Washington, now twenty-one years of age, offered to go. He was pretty well known by this time, as at nineteen he

had been made adjutant-general of the Army of Virginia under Colonel Fry, the commander, and he was known to have travelled in the west while surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax; so Governor Dinwiddie accepted his offer, and gave him his commission at once, and on the very day he received it, Washington started on his journey. At Winchester his party were waiting for him; it consisted of three white hunters, two friendly Indians, and a woodsman whose name was Gist. This occurred in the month of November, 1753, and the weather was very cold.

They had with them some small tents packed on horses. They set forward and reached the Mo-non-ga-he-la River. Washington's desire was to go to an Indian village called Logstown, about where Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, now stands; so they got some canoes and packed their baggage in them, and placed them in charge of two men, while the rest followed along the bank of the river. At last they reached Logstown and found the half-king, whose name was Ta-na-char-is-son.

Washington had a long talk with him, and succeeded in making him promise not to have anything to do with the French. He told Washington that the French commander was at a fort near Lake Erie, and if he wished to visit him, he would go with him. Washington agreed; and after a long journey in freezing weather, they reached the fort. The commander was an old French officer whose name was St. Pierre. He was very polite, making low bows and paying compliments. Washington handed to him the letter from Dinwiddie. He kept Washington waiting for several days, on one excuse or another, but Washington knew that the cunning old man was trying to persuade

WASHINGTON AND ST. PIERRE

Ta-na-char-is-son to remain friendly to the French; so he told St. Pierre what he had found out. The Frenchman told him he was mistaken, but he gave him the letter to Governor Dinwiddie, in which he informed him that he would forward his letter to the commander in Canada; but as to giving up the country he had been commanded to hold, he could not and would not do anything of the kind.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XII

What were the first wars in which Washington fought?
What caused the war between the French and the English?
What right had the English to claim such a large tract of land?
Did they know how much they were claiming?
On what grounds did the French claim the country?
What news did the Governor of Virginia hear?
What steps did he take?
Whom did he choose as messenger?
What rank did Washington hold in the army?
Where did he find his party?
Tell who went with him.
What baggage did they have?
Tell of the journey.
What was the name of the Indian half-king?
Tell of his conversation with Washington.

Tell of their journey to the fort on Lake Erie.
How did the commander behave to Washington?
What plans had he?
Did Washington find him out?
What answer did St. Pierre make to the governor's letter?

CHAPTER XIII

THE JOURNEY HOME

The French commander was both polite and cunning to the last. He furnished Washington with plenty of canoes and provisions for the journey, but never stopped trying to persuade Tanacharisson to leave the English for the service of the French; but in this he failed. Washington had won the half-king completely, and he never had any reason to doubt him.

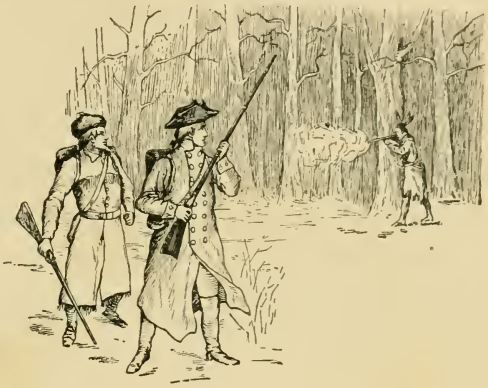
The baggage was all packed in the canoes, and the horses followed on the bank. The way home was by French Creek, which was full of floating ice, and their canoes were almost battered to pieces. At one time they had to take the

canoes on their backs, and carry them for a quarter of a mile before they could launch them again. At last they reached the spot where they parted with Tanacharisson, and Washington pushed on to Virginia, anxious to make the journey before the winter was further advanced. They found their progress so slow, and the horses stumbled and fell so on the ice, that Washington came to the conclusion that he would never reach Virginia in that fashion; so Gist and himself packed their provisions and papers in knap-sacks, which they strapped on their backs, over their good, stout overcoats, and left the other men in charge of the horses, with orders to follow as soon as they could. Perhaps this was the most perilous experience of Washington's whole life. Himself and his companion were in the midst of the forest filled with Indians hostile to the English. It was now the middle of winter, and intensely cold; but they pushed on over frozen streams and snow-clad mountains. They lived on the food that they had in their knapsacks, and at last reached

a town which bore the name of Murdering-town. Here they encountered a band of Indians, who offered to guide them through the wilderness. Mr. Gist, who, having always lived in the woods, knew Indians well, advised Washington not to have anything to do with these; but, in spite of him, Washington engaged one of them as a guide, and they pushed forward. They, however, watched their guide very closely, and when he offered to carry Washington's gun for him, they felt very sure that he was false to them.

Once, when night was drawing on, and they were looking for a place to build a camp-fire, the Indian advised them not to do it, as there were unfriendly tribes in the neighborhood; but said that his cabin was a short distance ahead, and if they would go with him to it, they would certainly be safe. They went on with him, but still continued to watch him. At one point he was walking about twenty yards ahead of them, when he turned and fired his gun directly at Washington. The bullet missed its aim, and the Indian darted

behind a tree. Washington pursued him, and dragged him out, and Mr. Gist would have killed him, but Washington would not agree, and let him escape, which I think was not wise. His treachery deserved death.



WASHINGTON AND THE INDIAN GUIDE

When they reached the Alleghany River, they found it frozen for about fifty yards from the shore, and the channel, in the middle, full of drifting ice. They determined to make a raft, which they did by cutting down trees and binding the trunks together with grapevines. This raft with great difficulty they pushed into the current, which was so swift that they lost all control over it. At last it was dashed against an island, upon which they

took refuge, and where they remained all night. When the morning came, they saw the drifting ice had made a pathway to the shore. In this terrible experience Gist had his hands and feet frozen, and suffered intensely; but their troubles were soon over. They reached the house of a trader whom they knew, and he took care of them and supplied all their wants. About two weeks afterwards, Washington reached Williamsburg and delivered St. Pierre's letter to Governor Dinwiddie.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XIII

How did St. Pierre help them on their journey home?
Tell of their journey.
What did they have to do at last to get along?
What were the dangers of the way?
Whom did they meet at Murderingtown?
Tell of the Indian guide.
What was the end of the adventure?
How did they cross the Alleghany (Al-le-ga-ny) River?
What became of their raft?
How did they reach land at last?
Tell of the end of the journey.

CHAPTER XIV

WAR WITH FRANCE

The letter from St. Pierre ended in a dec-la-ration of war with France, and Washington, who had gained a great reputation by his expedition, was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the American forces. He marched to Will's Creek, where Cumberland now stands, and there he heard that some Virginians had gone to build a fort at the forks of the Ohio River, and had been attacked by the French and Indians, who had captured them, and the French were now on their way to meet his command. One dark night, under the guidance of some friendly Indians, Washington advanced to meet them, succeeded in surprising their encampment, killed their commander and others, and the rest surrendered. Soon after this, Colonel Fry, the commander of the American forces, died, and Washington was promoted to the full command.

At the same time two regiments arrived to reënforce him, and he found himself at the head of about four hundred men. These he collected at Great Meadows. He afterwards built a small fort, called Fort Necessity, in which he placed the larger part of his force, leaving a few men to hold Great Meadows; his object being to attack the French at Fort Duquesne (Du-kane). He was joined on his way by his two old friends, Gist and Tanacharisson, whom you may know he was glad to see. But here, I am sorry to say, the French got the better of our hero. Tanacharisson, with some Indians, heard that the French were advancing, and went out to see about it; but the French hid themselves behind the rocks and in the high grass, and while the Indians thought there were only about fifty of them, there were really about nine hundred, twice as many as Washington had in his command. The Americans fought bravely, but had too few men to gain the victory. The French called upon them to surrender; they

refused, and again fought from ten in the morning until night.

Washington next told the French that he would surrender the fort to them, with the cannon, if they would permit him to march out with his men fully armed and their baggage, and promise not to attack them during their retreat into Virginia. This pleased the French very much; they only wanted to be rid of them, and to be permitted to hold the land along the Ohio, so Washington and his men marched away with sad hearts.

The governor and the House of Burgesses approved of his conduct in having managed to save the lives of his men, for they knew that defeat must come sometimes to armies.

When they heard in England of all these events, the British government determined to send out General Braddock with an army of Englishmen, and felt sure that he would make short work of these savages in the forests of America. General Braddock, who thought a

great deal of himself, as well as of his men, imagined that he had only to show himself and conquer. He talked a great deal about it, and was warned that fighting in Europe and fighting the Indians in America were two very different things; but he would take no advice. He invited Washington, who had resigned the command of the Virginia troops, to join him as one of his volunteer aides. Washington accepted the position, and joined Braddock at Alexandria, then called "Bellhaven." The unfortunate defeat of Braddock you will find told so fully elsewhere, that I shall not repeat it here. I shall only say that it was a terrible disaster to the English cause, as it left the French in full possession of the land along the Ohio.

It may be interesting to you to hear of the last moments of General Braddock. He was mortally wounded on the battle-field, but lived for several days. They carried him from the field in a light wagon, the movement of which became so painful to him that he could not

bear it. He wore an immense silk sash, which was the fashion for officers in those days, and tying the ends of this sash to the saddles of

BRADDOCK'S DEATH

two horses, the soldiers made a hammock of it, in which they placed him. This relieved him very much, and here he died. He was buried in the dead of night, under the road over which the soldiers tramped, and his grave was not discovered for many years after. It is an interesting fact that the sash is still in existence, and in possession of a lady whom I know very well.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XIV

How did the letter from St. Pierre affect the Virginians?
What rank did Washington have?
What did they hear at Will's Creek?
What of the first fight?
Why was Washington promoted?
How many men did he have?
What fort did he build?
What old friends joined him?
What misfortune did he meet with?
How did he save his men?
Did the governor approve of what he had done?
What did the English government do when they heard of this?
What sort of a man was General Braddock?
What was the difference between fighting in Europe and America?
How did the battle end?
Tell of General Braddock's death.
What about his sash?

CHAPTER XV

WILLIAMSBURG, 1774

A HUNDRED years had now passed since Bacon's Rebellion. A great many people had come to Virginia from England and other countries; be-

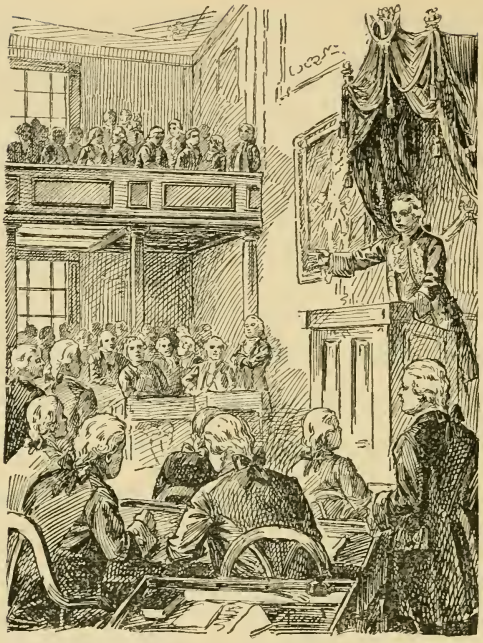
sides, a great many children had been born in the country, and so were Virginians by birth. The capital was now at Williamsburg, where the young men of Virginia, who used to have to go to England to be taught, were educated. The country about Jamestown, where the colonists first settled, had become so full of people that a great many of them went to the western part of the State, where they could get lands for nothing. But the richest part of the State was down on the peninsula about the capital. The city of Norfolk had been built, and from there the vessels came and went between England and America, carrying trade from one country to the other, and in Williamsburg there was a great deal of wealth, and there were fine carriages rolling in the streets all the time.

Lord Dunmore had come to Virginia in 1772. He was very angry when he found the people so rebellious. He took no pains to make friends with them. He lived in the "Palace," which was a fine, large house, built for the governor, in the

middle of the city, and stood in a handsome park of three hundred and seventy acres. When balls were given at the "Palace," colored lamps were hung to the boughs of the magnificent old trees; but Governor Dunmore did not give many balls. He wanted to see as little of the Virginians as possible; but when Lady Dunmore and his daughter came to join him at Williamsburg, two years later, the House of Burgesses determined to try and make friends with the governor by giving them a grand ball at the "Palace." Lady Dunmore and her daughter were very different from Lord Dunmore. They were very friendly to the Virginians, and every one liked them. When they came to Williamsburg the whole city was illuminated as they drove through in their beautiful coach.

Just about this time the English were trying to make the people of Boston pay unjust taxes, the same as they were doing in Virginia, and they were equally resolved not to pay them; and when England sent a shipload of tea to Boston, a great many

Bostonians disguised themselves as Indians, and went on board the ship and threw all the tea into the water. Then England made a law that the port of Boston should be closed because they had refused to pay the tax. Virginia and Mas-sa-chu-setts had a great deal of love for each other at that time, and felt in the same way about the government of England. When Virginians heard how Boston had been treated, they were very indignant, and determined to show the English government that they approved of what Boston had done; so the House of Burgesses made a law that the first day of June should be passed as a day of fasting and prayer, this being the day that the port of Boston was ordered to be closed. This was a very brave thing for the Burgesses to do, because they knew very well that it would make George the Third, the King of England, very angry, and that they might expect the same sort of punishment he was giving to the Bostonians. But they did not care for that. They knew that things must go from bad to worse until they fought with



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES

England and gained their independence, and they felt that the sooner the struggle came the better. It was somewhat like a little boy daring a big boy to come on and fight him ; but the little boy, which was America, did not feel at all afraid of the big boy, which was England, in spite of his big ships and armies.

The House of Burgesses, you know, was like our Legislature of these days. Virginians elected by the people met to make laws for the good of the State, and to talk about matters in the interest of the people.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XV

What changes had taken place in the hundred years since Bacon's Rebellion?

What seaport had been built?

Who was made governor in 1772, and what kind of man was he?

Describe the "Palace."

How did the House of Burgesses try to make friends with the governor?

What news came from Boston?

How did the Virginians feel about it?

What did the House of Burgesses do?

Why was this a brave thing to do?

What was the House of Burgesses?

CHAPTER XVI

LORD DUNMORE

From the time the brave Burgesses made the law expressing sympathy with Boston, Williams-

burg was in a great commotion. People were coming in from the country in their handsome coaches, men talked eagerly on the streets; and if we had been in Williamsburg at the time, and had gone into the capitol, we should have seen a fine sight.

The Burgesses dressed in the fashion of the day, with powdered heads, long waistcoats covered with embroidery, queer-looking coats, ruffled shirts, knee-breeches not unlike those which the boys wear now, and low shoes with buckles on them. The dress was very becoming, and they were a fine-looking body of men, very grave and dignified; for they felt the danger to their country in the law they had made. Among them were some of the most distinguished men this country has ever known. There was Patrick Henry, who had risen, by his genius for speaking, from a plain little country boy to the greatest orator in the world; and who, in the midst of his handsomely-dressed companions, stood with unpowdered hair, yarn stockings, and coarse shoes.

But what difference did that make? They listened to his words and never thought of his dress. The finely dressed members of the House laughed openly as the coarsely dressed figure presented himself, but when he began to speak they did not feel like laughing. His eye brightened; his slouching figure straightened; and his voice, when he spoke of *Virginia*, was as sweet as music. Every eye turned to him, and all knew that what he said was true, and that unless they resisted England, Virginians would be her slaves. They had not realized their danger until they heard him tell of it. They had so long obeyed the King of England that it had become as natural as living. Once when he spoke plainly of the king as a tyrant, some called out, "Treason!" He finished his sentence, and added: "If this be treason, make the best of it." He it was who said: "Give me liberty, or give me death," and he meant it.

There was George Mason, who afterwards wrote a celebrated paper which was called the Virginia Declaration of Rights. There was

Thomas Jefferson, who afterwards wrote the Declaration of Independence for the United States of America; and many others whom Virginia honors.

Prominent among all these, we must not forget to observe a tall man who looks like a soldier. You have seen his face many times, for it is Colonel George Washington, who fought the wars with the French and Indians, and read the burial service over poor General Braddock. He is married now and lives at Mount Vernon, and every American knows and honors him. Suddenly there is a stir at the door. It is a messenger from the governor, who enters and delivers a paper to the speaker. The governor orders them to meet in the Council-chamber, which is in the capitol, to receive a com-mu-ni-ca-tion from him. The speaker announces the order to the House. They all rise and follow him to the Council-chamber.

They find Lord Dunmore, elegantly dressed, seated in the midst of his Council. He might

have been a king receiving his subjects. He makes a stiff bow to the Burgesses, and says: "Mr. Speaker and the House of Burgesses, I have in my hand a paper, published by order of your House, written in such terms as reflect highly upon His Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary to dissolve you." He makes another stiff bow, which they return, and they leave the room.

It was in this way that the governor could break up a meeting when the members did anything to displease the king. They could no longer sit as a House of Burgesses, but they went to the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, where they talked over the whole affair, and said the king was treating Virginia as badly as he had treated Massachusetts; and they determined still to keep the day of fasting and prayer, according to the law they had made.

You will remember that the next evening the grand ball was to be given at the capitol to Lady Dunmore and her daughters. The invitations

had been issued before this rumpus, and, like the Virginia gentlemen they were, they must be ready to receive their guests. The night of the 27th there was a great blaze of light at the capitol, and the crowd saw carriage after carriage drive up to the door, and all the wealth and grace and beauty of Virginia poured into the doors of the House of Burgesses to do honor to the governor, who was their greatest enemy, and whom they hated with a cordial hatred. He and his family entered, superbly dressed, and were received with the most dignified politeness by the Burgesses. Lord Dunmore looked glum, but his wife and daughters were very gay, and so the ball passed off brilliantly.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XVI

How did the Virginians feel about what the Burgesses had done?
How did the Burgesses dress?
Tell about Patrick Henry.
What did George Mason write?
What did Thomas Jefferson write?
What old acquaintance do you see?

RECEPTION BY THE BURGESSES TO THE GOVERNOR AND HIS FAMILY

What message came to them?
What did the governor do?
What did the Burgesses do?
Did they give the ball?
Tell about it.

CHAPTER XVII

TROUBLES IN THE WEST

Lord Dunmore's career after this was as wicked as it could be. He was even accused of encouraging the Indians to fight against and massacre the whites, in order to prevent the Virginians from rising against the English. At last he became so hateful to the people of Virginia, that he was obliged to fly, and take refuge on an English vessel. He afterwards burned Norfolk to the ground, and sailing up and down the coast, where he did not dare to land, he carried fire and sword with him. All this is so fully told elsewhere that we will pass it over,

and give you a chapter which I think will interest the boy readers, at least.

In the western part of Virginia, near the Ohio River, as I told you, a great many of the settlers from the East had taken possession of the land there, and were constantly brought in contact with the Indians, and even the boys became very expert in defending themselves from them. On the east side of the Ohio River, there were two little boys named John and Henry Johnson; one thirteen, and the other eleven. They had been sent out into the woods to hunt for cows. They saw two men approaching them, but did not know, until they were very close to them, that they were Indians. The boys were taken prisoners, and when nightfall came on, the Indians halted by the side of a spring, where they made a fire, cooked some food, and prepared for repose. Henry, the youngest of the two boys, had pretended to the Indians that he was delighted to be taken prisoner, as his father was a very hard master, he said, and he had

always wanted to be an Indian; and so he became quite intimate with one of them.

After they had finished their supper, and the fire was covered up, the boys' hands were tied, and they were made to lie down together. The Indians then put a strap across the two, the Indians lying on the ends of the strap. They slept very heavily, but the boys lay awake, hoping for a chance of escape. In the middle of the night, one of the Indians seized John, the eldest, and turned over with him, releasing the strap which had been over them. John easily crept away from him, and succeeded in getting his hands loose. He then went to Henry, and got him away from between the Indians. The two boys then proceeded with their work.

John got one of the rifles belonging to the Indians, and fixed it on a log, with the muzzle close to the Indian's head. He then placed Henry's hand on the trigger of the gun, and told him to pull the trigger, as soon as he saw him strike the other Indian. He had some

difficulty in making Henry agree to this, as he only wanted to run away and get home; but John said: "We must kill these Indians before we go." Henry agreed; and John, seizing an

JOHN AND HENRY JOHNSON

Indian tom-a-hawk, struck with all his force. The first blow did not kill his foe, but he struck again and again, until, as he said, "He lay stiff and began to quiver." At John's first blow with the tomahawk, Henry pulled the trigger,

but only succeeded in shooting off the lower jaw of his victim, who flounced around and yelled in the most terrifying way. The boys lost no time in running off to the fort, which was three miles away. They reached it a little before daybreak; and just as they arrived there, heard their mother, who had come to the fort to find them, exclaim: "Poor little fellows! They are either killed or taken prisoners." Little Henry cried out: "No, mother, we are here yet." The men at the fort would not believe the story of the two children until they went with them to the spot, and found the body of the dead Indian; the other having crawled away, his skeleton was found years later.

An Indian afterwards asked what had become of the boys. He was told they lived in the same place. The Indian replied: "You have not done right; you should make kings of those boys."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XVII

What was Lord Dunmore's career after this ?
How had West Virginia been settled ?
What happened to the Johnson boys ?
What did Henry do ?
How did the Indians prepare for the night ?
What chance of escape came to John ?
Tell of their escape.
What happened at the fort ?
What did an Indian afterwards say of these boys ?

CHAPTER XVIII

ATTACK ON FORT WHEELING

In the town where I have always lived, Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia, there was a fire company called the Elizabeth Zane Company, and this name was over the door of the engine-house. I have often stood before this house and wondered how it got its name, and now I can tell you, for this is the story: Elizabeth Zane was the daughter of a rich farmer who lived on the Ohio River, not far from Wheeling. Her father

was very proud of his little girl, and sent her all the way to Phil-a-del-phi-a to go to school. So she came back finely educated for those days, and everybody admired her very much, as she was very beautiful and very sweet. Soon after she arrived at home, the dreadful news was brought that there was going to be an attack upon Fort Henry, at Wheeling, in Northwest Virginia, and that all the women and children must take refuge in the fort at once, which they did, Elizabeth Zane and her mother being of the number. This was in the year 1777.

The Revolutionary War had now been going on about a year, and the English did not hesitate to use the Indians against their enemy. There was a wicked man whose name was Simon Girty, and Colonel Hamilton, the English commander, employed him to gather a large number of Indians to take Fort Henry. He thought Girty the best person to employ, as he knew he hated the white men, although he was a white man himself. He had been captured by the Indians up about the

Great Lakes when he was a boy, and had never gone back to the white men. As he was well paid by the English, he was only too glad to do the bad work they had set for him. He knew that Fort Henry had not many men in it, and thought it would be easily captured.

He had an army of five hundred Indians, and with these he marched from the Great Lakes down to the neighborhood of Wheeling. They expected to surprise the fort, as they had kept their coming a great secret ; but the white hunters in the woods, when they saw so many Indians around, knew what to expect, so they all collected in the fort. There were only forty-two fighters, including old men and boys, under the command of Colonel Shepherd, who was a brave soldier. Almost all of them were killed.

The Indians advanced in two ranks upon the fort, dodging behind the trees, to avoid the shots. Girty, who was at their head, went into a hut very near the fort, and calling to Colonel Shepherd from the window, read him a paper

from Colonel Hamilton, ordering him to surrender, and promising, if they did so, no harm should come to them; but, if not, they would take the fort, and every man would be put to death by the Indians. Colonel Shepherd called out that they never would surrender to a rascal such as he was, and that they would never get the fort as long as there was a man alive to defend it. Then a young man fired at Girty, who closed the window and went away. The battle commenced at once, the Indians firing as they came, but the Americans had one advantage of them. The Indians could not see the men in the fort, so their shots missed fire; but the Americans could pick their men, and never lost a shot.

At last a party of Indians advanced close up to the fort, and putting their guns through the logs, tried to kill the whites that way; but it was an unfortunate attempt, as the whites, having them at such close quarters, killed almost all, and met with no harm themselves. Then the whole body of Indians retreated, yelling like wild animals.

The Americans knew the Indians too well to think that they had gone away for good: they only wanted to make believe, so that the Americans would come out into the woods, and they could surround them and kill them all. But the Americans were not so easily fooled, and they stayed inside of the fort. Now a dreadful thing happened to them. When they went to see how much powder they had, they found that the only keg had been left in a house outside of the fort.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XVIII

What was the name of the fire company in Winchester?
Who was Elizabeth Zane?
What happened soon after she returned from school?
What dreadful thing did the English do in the war?
Who was the English commander?
Who was Simon Girty?
What did Simon Girty do?
What did the Virginians do?
Who commanded them?
Tell of the attack and Girty's proclamation.
Tell of the fight.
What dreadful misfortune happened to them?

CHAPTER XIX

ATTACK ON FORT WHEELING (CONTINUED).

This brings us to the story of Elizabeth Zane, which I promised to tell you.

When the Americans found they had no powder, they were at first very much dismayed; but, brave men as they were, never gave up until they had tried everything. Colonel Shepherd made a speech to his men, and told them that if they did not get the powder, there was no hope for them; and he said, "Some one must go for it." He did not conceal from them that it was almost certain death to any one who made the attempt, as the Indians were behind the trees all around, and would certainly shoot at any one who left the fort. "Now," said he, "is there anybody who will offer to go?" Immediately, out of the little body of men, about half of them shouted out, "I!" "I!" Colonel Shepherd said that there were too few of them to spare more than one of their number,

and it was hard to choose which one that should be.

Just then a wonderful thing happened. A beautiful young girl came forward, and, blushing deeply

ELIZABETH ZANE

as she spoke, said, "I will go for the powder." This was Elizabeth Zane, who had taken refuge in the fort with her mother. You may imagine how the young men all called out, "No!" "No!" But she answered, very modestly, that if the Indians got the fort, they would all be killed, anyhow,

and that not a man could be spared from the defense. Then, putting her little white hands together, she cried, "Oh! let me go, let me go!" with tears streaming down her cheeks. At last Colonel Shepherd agreed to it, and the gate was opened wide enough to let her through.

The Indians and Girty saw the girl, hardly more than a child, flying through the woods, her hair streaming. But they thought she was of no importance, and did not even send a shot after her. But when, a while after, they saw her flying back through the woods, with a keg clasped to her breast, they knew what her mission had been, and many a shot fell about her, but God watched over her. The door of the fort was opened for her, and through it she dashed, panting and breathless, safe, with her heavy burden in her arms. You may imagine how the men received her. I suspect all the young men loved her from that minute. Well, Elizabeth Zane saved the fort.

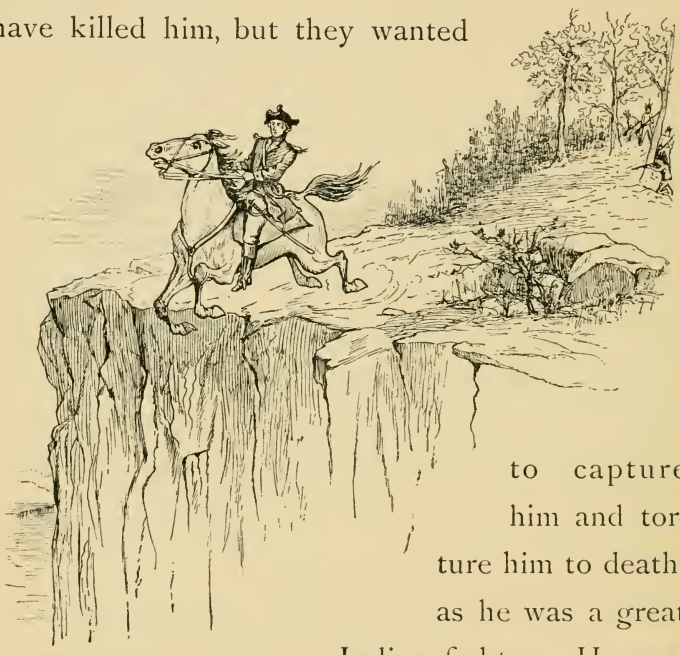
Soon after her return with the keg of powder, the Indians made another rush; but the whites

each one picked his man, and down he went before their shot, so all that were left alive very soon retreated. They next came with heavy logs and rails, and tried to force open the gate; but the whites, with their unerring aim, raked them down, and they had to retreat.

That night they tried something quite new. They took a maple log, through which they made a very large hole, which they stuffed with stones, pieces of broken iron, and gun-powder, and making a touch hole to it, they dragged their curious cannon up as near to the fort as they could get it; but the log must have been an American log, for it burst all to pieces, and killed the Indians around, and the rest retreated.

Soon the news reached the settlements near, and the hunters made haste to help their friends. Some were shot, but most of them succeeded in getting into the fort. Among those who came to help to save the fort was a Captain McCulloch with forty men. When they were seen coming, the Indians rushed at them, and the doors of the

fort were thrown open to receive them. All got in except the captain, who was left outside, facing the enemy. The Indians could have killed him, but they wanted to capture him and torture him to death, as he was a great Indian fighter. He saw that the only hope for him was to escape, so he turned and spurred his fine horse to Wheeling Hill, a precipice one hundred and fifty feet high, at the foot of which ran Wheeling Creek.



CAPTAIN McCULLOCH'S LEAP

He thought it would be certain death to leap down that precipice, but he knew it would be certain death to fall into the hands of the Indians; so he spurred his horse, and over they went, and, wonderful to relate, neither horse nor rider was hurt. They splashed into the water beneath and rode away safely. If you ever go to Wheeling, you must go to this hill and see where that brave man made his leap for life. Fort Henry, at Wheeling, never surrendered. Girty had to withdraw.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XIX

What did Colonel Shepherd tell his men?
What did they say?
Tell what Elizabeth Zane said.
Did Colonel Shepherd let her go?
Tell how she got the powder.
Who came to help the men in the fort?
What happened to Captain McCulloch?
Why did not the Indians kill him?
How did he escape?

CHAPTER XX

GREAT MEN OF VIRGINIA

Now, my children, I want to tell you of the "Makers of Virginia," by which I mean the men who, by their wisdom and their talents, made Virginia the great and honorable State that she has always been; so great and so honorable that, no matter into what part of the world you go, when you say, "I am a Virginian," you are expected to be an honorable, brave gentleman or lady; and I hope that you will all try to keep up the reputation which the sons and daughters of the Old Dominion have always had.

I have already told you of George Washington, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." I will next tell you of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice; that is, he was a distinguished lawyer, and then he was made Chief Justice of the United States.

He had fourteen brothers and sisters, and his father was not a rich man. In those days it was

not easy to get the comforts of life as we have now, and it is said that his mother and sisters used thorns to fasten their dresses, instead of pins. His father was a farmer, and determined, before everything else, he would give his children good educations; and I have no doubt that John thanked him many times, and did not regret the hardships by which he gained what made him the great and good man he was. You may be sure that he, like other little boys and girls, was often tired of his books, but he did not give up for that. And as he grew older there was no office in the gift of his country that he could not have had, and when he died he was mourned as the greatest loss his country could have sustained.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

He was very poor, and often had to dress very shabbily. It is said that a tavern keeper in Philadelphia refused to let him enter his house because he was so poorly dressed. He would do many things which men in his day, even, would have thought it beneath them to do. I have time to tell you only one story about him, which will show you what I mean.

He used to go to market in Richmond, with his basket on his arm, and bring home what was needed. One day he was just turning to go home, having made his purchases, when he heard a young man swearing dreadfully behind him. He turned and saw a finely-dressed young gentleman who had bought a turkey and could not find any one to carry it home, and who said: "Of course I cannot take it home myself; what am I to do?" and he cursed and swore at the bare idea. Judge Marshall stepped up to him, and said quietly: "Where do you live, sir?" The young man turned and saw a shabbily dressed old countryman, and thought, "This old fellow wants to

make a little money, so I'll let him carry my turkey home;" and he handed him the turkey, and told him to follow him. Judge Marshall did so. When they reached the end of their walk, the young man took the turkey and handed the bearer a piece of money. The young man was astonished when it was declined, and said to some one passing: "Who is that curious old fellow?" "That is Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer. You may imagine how the young man felt as he said: "What made him bring home my turkey?" "To give you a lesson on false pride," was the answer.

I have not space to tell you any more of this great man, who died at a good old age, beloved and honored by all.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XX

What is meant by the "Makers of Virginia"?
What is a Chief Justice?
What sort of a home did John Marshall have when a boy?

Are hardships good for children?
What happened to him in Philadelphia?
Tell of his adventure at market.
What lesson did he want to give the young man?

CHAPTER XXI

STAMP ACT AND PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY, one of the greatest orators the world ever knew, was born in Hanover County, Virginia. He was very poor, had no advantages of education or family to help him, was awkward and homely in appearance, and, from having grown up rapidly, was very indolent. Everybody spoke of him as "that lazy young rascal, Patrick Henry." He used to lie for hours in the woods, under the trees, watching the birds as they hopped from branch to branch. He was devoted to history, and particularly to the history of his own country from the time that James the First gave the charter to the London Company to settle Virginia.

What seemed to wake him all at once out of his leth-ar-gy, was hearing the people around him talk of how Great Britain was taxing the colonies without their consent. Now let me explain what this means. You hear your father and other men talk about paying taxes; that is, every one has to pay money to keep up the Government under which they live, and no good cit-i-zen should object to this; but in this country the people vote for a man, who is one of their neighbors, to go to Washington or Richmond now, and represent them; that is, stand up for their rights. These are the Members of Congress or Leg-is-la-ture, and no one can be taxed unless he has a representative.

Now, when England owned America this country had no representative in Par-lia-ment, which is their Congress, and so they had no right to tax the people over here. But they did tax them heavily, and at last made a law that everything that was brought to America should have a stamp on it, and all law papers also, and

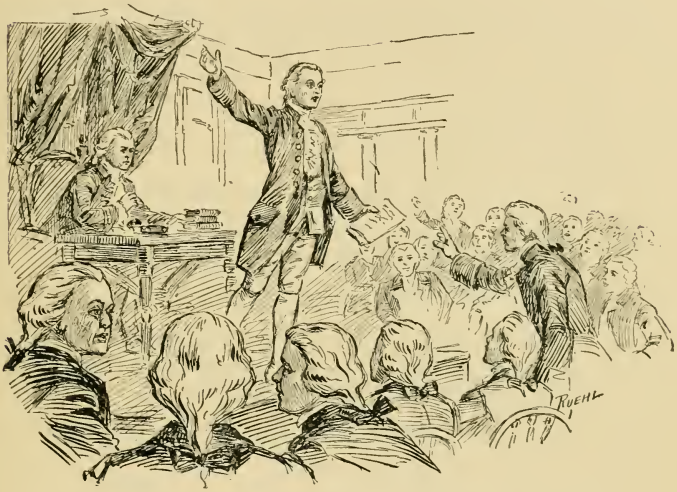
the price of that stamp should be added to the price of the goods, thinking that the people would not object to a small thing like that. This was called the "Stamp Act." They did object, not to paying the few cents money, but because England was making them pay it when she had no right to do so. The Virginians loved England as a child does its mother, and they knew, too, that a war with England would be a terrible thing; but they loved justice better than England, and feared submitting to a wrong more than they feared fighting the English armies. And this it was that awakened Patrick Henry, and sent him forth to arouse the people by his el-o-quence.

This happened when he was twenty-eight years old. People had found out by this time how finely he could speak, and one of the members of the House of Burgesses resigned his place in order that Patrick Henry might go there and arouse the House to a sense of its danger.

There were two strong parties in the House:

one was for submitting to England, by paying for the stamps; and the other was for opposing England, by refusing to pay for them.

You know which side Patrick Henry was on.



PATRICK HENRY SPEAKING ON THE STAMP ACT

America would willingly have voted to give England some money to help to pay her debts, but when England said they should pay this tax, the Americans said they would not; and when the English agent came with the stamps which were to be put upon the law papers and articles for

sale, he was so rudely treated that he had to run away to save his life.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXI

Where was Patrick Henry born ?

What were the circumstances of his life—that is, was he rich or poor ?

How did he spend his time ?

What branch of study did he like ?

What seemed to waken his life ?

For what are people taxed by the government ?

What is meant by a representative ?

Why had England no right to tax America ?

What law did England make about stamps ?

What was this called ?

What did Virginians love even better than they did England ?

What effect did this have on Patrick Henry ?

How did he become a member of the House of Burgesses ?

What two parties were in the House ?

What effect did the Stamp Act have on the people ?

CHAPTER XXII

PATRICK HENRY

As I told you once before in this book, it was the fashion in those days for the men to have

their clothes made of bright-colored silks and satins, to have silver buckles on their shoes and knees, to wear their hair powdered, and tied in queues behind; and so, when Patrick Henry rose in the House of Burgesses, he looked so different from these finely-dressed gentlemen that everybody laughed.

He had on plain, coarse clothes and yarn stockings, and was awkward in his movements; but when he began to speak he straightened up, his eyes sparkled, and his voice was clear and beautiful when he spoke of England's wrongs to Virginia, and the danger to Virginia if she allowed England to take this first step in making her a slave.

It is a great pity that he had not written this speech; but he spoke it just from his heart, and there were no re-port-ers, as there are now, to take it down in shorthand, and write it off word for word on a typewriter. It was one of the grandest speeches that was ever made; and many that were going to vote for the English side came

over to the American side, although they knew it meant the war with England that they so much dreaded, and it was decided that they would fight rather than submit to the tyr-an-ny of England.

Well, the House of Burgesses ad-journed in great excitement, and as Patrick Henry pushed his way through the crowd, to get out of the house, a plain countryman clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Stick to it, old fellow, or we are lost!"

After this Patrick Henry became a great lawyer. When anyone had a case to try, he went to him, because he made people think as he did, by his wonderful power in speaking.

This trouble about the Stamp Act caused the Revolutionary War, though it did not take place for nearly ten years afterwards. The people, however, knew that it must come, and by 1775 the Americans had changed so in their feelings, that instead of loving England they hated her, and instead of being afraid of war with England they longed to begin it; though there

were still some who held back because they said Virginia was not ready for war, that she had no army and nothing to fight with, and that England would whip her, and then it would be worse for her than ever. You will remember what I told you about Governor Dunmore driving the Burgesses away from Williamsburg because they sym-pa-thized with the Bostonians when their port was closed.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXII

How did Patrick Henry differ in appearance from the other Burgesses?

What happened when he began to speak?

Did he write his speeches?

What change came over those who listened to him?

What did the countryman say to Patrick Henry?

What profession did Patrick Henry choose?

What did the Stamp Act cause?

What change came over the people?

Were they afraid of England?

CHAPTER XXIII

PATRICK HENRY (CONTINUED)

As the Burgesses could not meet in the Hall at Williamsburg, which was their proper place, they determined to meet in St. John's Church, Richmond, to consult over the state of affairs, which they did in March, 1775. This church was a plain old building, which is still standing, not far from Bloody Run, where Bacon defeated the Indians, and in full view of the place where Pocahontas saved Captain Smith's life; so that these men of Virginia, on looking around them, could read the history of their State written on the landscape. This meeting was called a convention, and a great many dis-tin-guished men were present, but foremost among them was Patrick Henry. As soon as the con-ven-tion took its seat, Patrick Henry rose. He said: "I move that Virginia be put in a state of defence immediately."

A great many wanted to keep peace with Eng-

land, and thought if they asked the king, he would take their part. Then Patrick Henry again rose and made the finest speech of his whole life. He said there was no use talking about begging the king to help them; they had knelt before him again and again, and he had done nothing for them; they must fight; there was no use talking about their being weak and unable to fight; if they were doing right, God would help them; they must remember the best Book in the world says, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." "There is no choice. If we submit, we are slaves; our chains are ready for us; we can hear them clanking; the war must come, and I say let it come. Indeed the war is actually begun.

PATRICK HENRY

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? For-

bid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

As he said these last words, with both arms extended, and his flashing eyes raised to heaven, the members became so excited that they were ready to rise from their seats and go against the British at once. There was no opposition now. It was all swept away by the voice of Patrick Henry; and before the week was over, the news came that the war had actually begun in Massachusetts.

Thomas Jefferson, one of the great men of Virginia, said: "We could not have done without Patrick Henry. He was before us all in keeping up the spirit of the Revolution. He was our leader."

Patrick Henry fought bravely in the Revolutionary War, and was chosen the first governor of Virginia, to the great delight of the people. He served two terms, and would have been reëlected the third time, as no one was so popular as he; but

THE WASHINGTON GROUP

he refused the honor, and Thomas Jefferson was elected in his place.

I will tell you one more story of Patrick Henry. It was in the year 1799, twenty-four years after he

made his great speech. The war had been fought; America had gained her independence; Patrick Henry was a very old and feeble man. He was appointed to make a speech. The tears came into the eyes of many as they saw how feeble he was. He said he had not wanted Virginia to join the United States. He thought she could have been a great country by herself, but she had chosen to do it, and she must be loyal to the government. Then, waving his body backwards and forwards, he said, "If we are wrong, let us all go wrong together." The people were so excited that the bodies of the whole audience waved with his, and, as he sank ex-haust-ed into the arms of the crowd, some one exclaimed: "The sun has set in all his glory." He died very soon afterwards.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXIII

When the Burgesses could not meet in Williamsburg, what did they do?

Where was St. John's Church?

What was the meeting called?

What did some of the people still think?

What did Patrick Henry say?

Who did he say would help them if they did right?

What does the Bible say?

What did Patrick Henry say would happen if they submitted to England?

Repeat the end of his speech.

What was the effect of his speech?

What did Jefferson say about Patrick Henry?

Could he fight as well as speak?

Tell of his last speech in 1799.

What did the people say of him?

CHAPTER XXIV

JOHN RANDOLPH

When Patrick Henry made his last speech, there was a young man in the audience who was very well known to all the people around, for he had grown up in that neighborhood, and as Patrick Henry's exhausted frame was borne away by his friends, this youth stepped forward, and, mounting to the plat-form, took the place just va-ca-ted. Everybody was astonished. "Why,

they said, "that is Johnny Randolph! Does he expect us to listen to him after Patrick Henry?" And one old man said: "Tut! tut! it won't do! It's like the beating of an old tin pan after a fine church organ." If that old man lived a little while longer, he learned to know that the "old tin pan" grew into the "church organ" after awhile. The sun was rising after the sunset.

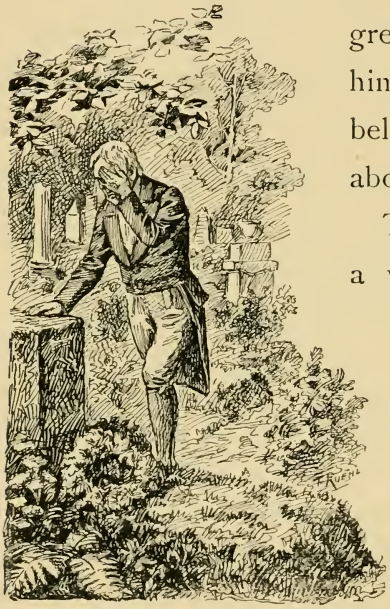
John Randolph was the greatest orator after Patrick Henry that Virginia ever saw. Unlike Patrick Henry, who was born poor, and of plain family, John Randolph came from a very distinguished family, and had plenty of money. He was descended from Pocahontas, who, you will remember, married John Rolfe, and when she died left one son, who was the great grandfather of John Randolph. His mother was Frances Bland, the daughter of Theodric Bland, who afterwards married St. George Tucker. John Randolph was born in the year 1773. His mother was a very beautiful woman and devoutly pious.

He said, in after life, that he was once near becoming an atheist—that is, one who does not believe that there is any God—but the thought of his mother, and how she used to make him kneel at her bed and repeat the Lord's Prayer, saved him. Many a boy's mother has saved him in the same way.

I have a letter in my possession, written by him when he was an old man, and he writes: "Ah, I remember to have seen her die, to have wondered that the sun continued to shine and the order of nature to go on." And when he writes this little sentence about his mother, his hand, which had written firmly and distinctly, shakes so, that you can hardly read what he writes.

Once, when he was an old, gray-headed man, very sick and suffering and miserable, he crossed the Ap-po-mat-tox River below Petersburg, and went to "Cawsons," his old home, where he had been born and his mother was buried, and going to her grave, bowed himself upon the stone

that covered her, and wept like a little child. All this showed that he had a tender heart; but he let himself get into the habit of talking very bitterly, and this made a great many people hate him, and they would not believe anything good about him.



JOHN RANDOLPH AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE

This way of talking is a very bad habit. We should always avoid hurting the feelings of any one. No doubt it made his old age more miserable to think how much cause he had given to persons to hate him. The only excuses that can be made for him are, that he was a great sufferer, which made him nervous and irritable, and he had a great dis-ap-point-ment in his life.

He was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, to whom he had been attached since they were children, but for some reason the engagement was broken off, and this made him very unhappy. He never married any one else, and when he died, a letter from her and a faded rose were found in his room. John Randolph became very celebrated. He was made Minister to Russia, and travelled abroad a great deal, and a great many of his letters still exist, giving fine accounts of his travels.

He made a great many celebrated speeches, but there was too much of ill-temper about them for you to enjoy hearing them. He died at last in Philadelphia, on his way to Europe.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXIV

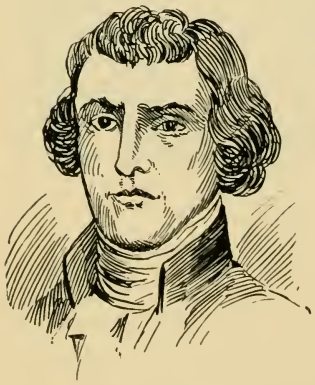
Who rose after Patrick Henry made his last speech ?
What did the people say ?
Who was John Randolph ?
Tell of his mother.
What did he say kept him from being an atheist ?
What is an atheist ?

What did he say about his mother's death ?
What happened when he was an old man ?
What bad habit did he have that made others dislike him ?
Tell the story of his great disappointment.
Where did he die ?
What lesson should we learn from his life ?

CHAPTER XXV

THE VIRGINIA PRESIDENTS

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. His ancestors came from Wales, and em-i-gra-ted to this country in 1619, which, you know, was only about twelve years after the first settlement of this country.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Thomas Jefferson's father was a farmer, and from all accounts was a very wise man. He was noted for being very strong, and always made

Thomas take a great deal of exercise, and he became one of the strongest men of his time. His father died when he was fourteen, and when he was dying he charged his wife not to allow their son to neglect exercise necessary to health and strength. Jefferson was a keen hunter, and could shoot turkeys, deer, foxes, and other game on his own estate. His father had taught him to swim his horse over the Rivanna River, which flowed through his farm. At school he is said to have been very industrious, a good scholar, with a talent for literature and math-e-mat-ics; but he was very shy. From the description we have of his appearance, he was certainly not handsome. When he entered college at seventeen "he was tall, raw-boned, freckled, and sandy-haired; he had large feet and hands, thick wrists, and prominent cheek bones and chin; but, though far from handsome, he was a fresh, healthy-looking boy, very straight and active, and with the air of a country boy about him.

His father had directed in his will that he

should finish his education at William and Mary College, and Jefferson used to express his gratitude to his father for taking such pains to secure him a good education, saying, that if he had to choose between the money his father left him and the education, he would choose the education. He had a fine teacher, Professor Small, at Williamsburg, who became very fond of him, and used to make him the companion of his walks. He was one of ten children, and the whole family were very musical. Thomas was an excellent performer on the violin, and when he was in Williamsburg, which was the capital of Virginia, he was invited by Francis Fauquier, the governor, every week, to a musical party at the "Palace," where he performed on the violin for the amusement of the company. He was in the House of Burgesses when Patrick Henry made his first great speech, which you will remember I told you about. He was a member of the House of Burgesses and the Legislature, and was made Governor of Virginia in 1779, after Patrick Henry.

He was Congressman, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President and President of the United States. He served two terms as President. He founded the University of Virginia. He died at his beautiful mountain home, Monticello, on the 4th of July, 1826. But after all, the thing that he was most celebrated for, was writing the Declaration of Independence for America. He was a Virginian of whom we may all be proud, and whom Virginia boys may safely take as an example.

JAMES MADISON

James Madison was born in Virginia in 1751. His ancestors were among the early settlers of the State. He was the eldest of twelve children. Very little is known of his school days, but we know he must have

been a good student, because when he entered public life he was still very young, and he was remarkable for his large acquaintance with literary subjects. He wrote finely, and was distinguished for quickness in learning and great industry, and for devotion to his State. He was particularly distinguished as a highly honorable man, and, it is said, failed to be elected once to the Legislature because he would not ask for votes, or furnish whiskey for thirsty voters. He had all the honors his State could give him, and was made President after Jefferson, in 1809. He died, full of years and honors, at Mont-pe-lier, his home, in Orange County, Virginia, June 28, 1836.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXV

Where did Thomas Jefferson's an-ces-tors come from?
Tell what you know of his father.
What directions did he leave for his son?
Tell what you know of Jefferson as a boy.
Where did he go to college?
Who was his teacher, and what of him?

Tell of his college life.
What honors did his State give him?
What honors did the United States give him?
But what was the greatest thing he did?
How should Virginians esteem him?
Who was the President after Jefferson?
Where was Madison born, and when?
Why do we know he was a good student?
What reason is there for knowing that he was an honest, high-minded man?
What year was he made President?
In what year did he die?

CHAPTER XXVI

JAMES MONROE

Four out of the first five Presidents of the United States were Virginians, and all distinguished themselves in that office. Monroe was the fourth of these. He was born in 1758, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, very near where the Father of his Country, George Washington, was born about twenty-five years before. Here also was born "Light Horse Harry," as he was called.

His real name was Henry Lee, and he was celebrated in the Revolution, but is more interesting to us from the fact that he was the father of General Robert Lee, who led the Confederate Armies during our Civil War.

JAMES MONROE

When Monroe was a boy, every one was excited about the Stamp Act, which you will remember I told you about, and you may imagine how angry the boy was at the tyranny of England. No doubt this was the cause of his always being so interested in politics; for what a boy sees and hears determines what kind of a man he will be. He entered the College of William and Mary when he was very young; it was at Williamsburg, which was the capital of Virginia.

At the first breaking out of the Revolutionary

War, James Monroe and his great friend John Marshall joined the army, to fight for the united colonies. A historian of that time writes : "Among those who went forth to fight the battles of the colonists, I see these two gallant youths, and when the struggle is past, once more they enter your lists to serve their country."

As soon as the war was over, he was elected to the Legislature of Virginia ; he was made Minister to France and to England ; he was Governor of Virginia, served in the Congress of the United States, and was twice President.

I could fill many pages with his story, but you will take more interest in him when you grow older and can better understand the great events of the time in which he lived. He was the author of the "Monroe Doctrine," which you will know about later. He died in New York, on the Fourth of July, 1831. While he was President, Lafayette came to the United States and was received by Congress.

I have tried to give you some history of the

great men of the past in Virginia, and have only been able to tell you enough to interest you in them, so that in the future you may study about them and the times in which they lived, and may not feel that they are quite strangers. The list might be a great deal longer, but it would make our book too large for such little people.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXVI

When was Monroe born, and in what county ?

What other distinguished man was born there twenty-five years before Monroe ?

What distinguished father of a distinguished son was born there ?

What did Monroe hear so much talked about when he was a boy ?

What effect did it have on him ?

Where did he go to college ?

With what great man did he join the army ?

What was said of them ?

What honors were given Monroe by his country ?

What doctrine was he the author of ?

Why have I given you these sketches ?

CHAPTER XXVII

LAFAYETTE

And now I want to tell you a story of the young French officer who came over to help the Americans gain their independence. His name was La-fay-ette. He was very rich, had thirty thousand dollars a year, and was of high birth; he was a marquis, which is the title of a nobleman in France. When he was sixteen years old he was married to a beautiful girl of fourteen, and they were very fond of each other.

LAFAYETTE

When he was nineteen, which was in the year 1776, the brother of the King of England, George III., dined with Lafayette at the house of an old nobleman at Metz, in France. He was telling how much trouble his brother, George III., was

having with his colonists in America. He said that they actually refused to pay taxes, saying that the king had no right to tax them without representation. The boy Lafayette was listening eagerly all the time, thinking what a brave people the Americans must be, and from this time he determined that he would leave his wife and two children and beautiful home, to go and help the colonists to gain their independence. His friends all thought he must be crazy, and the King of France commanded him to stay at home; but he secretly had a ship built at his own expense, and taking a few friends with him, who, like himself, were anxious to go and fight for the Americans, he started off without taking leave of anyone, and sailed for America.

He landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and from there the party went to Philadelphia, a distance of nine hundred miles, on horseback, the only way to travel in those days. The American army was at Philadelphia, and Congress was sitting there.

It was considered such a grand thing for the Marquis de Lafayette to come all the way from France to take their part, that Congress gave him a commission as Major-General, although he was such a boy. They hoped that if they thus honored him, France might help them to fight against the English, and they were not disappointed; for after a while the French did come to their help, and I doubt whether they could ever have gained independence without their assistance.

Lafayette became a great general. Washington loved him like a son. Once Lord Cornwallis, the English general, heard that Lafayette was bringing an army against him, and he laughed at the idea, and said: "The foolish boy, he can't escape me;" but Lafayette whipped him and made him run away.

Once during the war Lafayette returned to France and succeeded in raising a large sum of money for the American cause. Then he came back and fought to the end of the war. After

America gained her independence, and the war was all over, Lafayette returned to his own country. He fought in France, was a prisoner for a great many years in Austria, and lost all of his money.

He was invited by Monroe, then President of the United States, to visit this country as the guest of the nation. They told him that if he would come a war vessel should be sent over for him. He accepted the invitation, although he was sixty-seven years old, and came.

What a commotion he made! The people were overjoyed to see him. He had a reception by Congress at the Capitol, and then at the President's house. As he was now poor, Congress gave a large sum of money to him.

He travelled all through the country, and everywhere he was received with the greatest joy. He lived ten years after this, and always continued to love America as well as he loved his own country. He named his only son George Washington.

I have been able to give you only a short sketch of him, but I hope it will interest you enough to induce you to read his whole story.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXVII

What was the name of the young Frenchman who came to help the Americans?

Tell what you know of his early life.

What made him take an interest in the Americans?

What made it hard for him to come to America?

Tell of his escape from France.

Where did he land?

Where did he go next?

How was he received by Congress?

How did they honor him, and why?

How did Washington regard him?

What did Cornwallis say of him?

Tell of his return to France.

What did he do after the war?

Tell of his visit to America.

How was he received?

How did he show his love for Washington?

CHAPTER XXVIII

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

The Revolutionary War began in April, 1775, when the battle of Lexington was fought, and in June of the same year George Washington of Virginia was appointed by Congress commander-in-chief of the army.

I have not tried to tell you the story of the Revolution; you will learn that later; but I want to tell you a little of the last scene in the war, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He was considered a great general by the English and by himself.

The English had gained a great many of the battles of the war, and they had no idea that the ragged Americans could whip the tried armies of England. Cornwallis was sent down to capture Virginia and destroy all the stores which the Americans had collected in the State, and Washington sent Lafayette down from

Pennsylvania to oppose him. Lafayette succeeded splendidly, and by his bravery and skill he forced Cornwallis to retreat to Yorktown, a few miles from Jamestown, where Cornwallis thought he could easily get his army away by water, if the Americans should be too strong for them on the land side. But the French fleet of vessels, coming just at the right time to help the American army, surrounded Yorktown on the water side, and Lafayette's army built its fortifications on the land side, so Cornwallis was shut up like a rat in a trap.

Washington was now in New York; but when he heard of the situation down in Virginia, he started off with his whole army, including the French under General Ro-cham-beau. Lafayette was all ready for him, and I must tell you how generous he was.

A great many of the French soldiers with him tried to persuade him to take Yorktown before Washington came; but Lafayette said: "No; General Washington is the proper person to

end the war," and on the 19th of October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Of course, it was a great mor-ti-fi-ca-tion to the English, and you may imagine what a joy to the Americans.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

They had gained their independence, and the English found that they could not prevent it. And now the young country had to prepare itself to take its place among the nations of the world, and to do this it must form a

government of its own. This was not an easy matter. The States each had its own Governor and Legislature, and would not be ruled by other States, and still they were all drawn so close together by fighting in the Revolution that they wanted to have some tie to bind them together, and this is the plan they fixed upon :

Each State was to have its own government, and in addition they were to have a big Capitol at Washington where there would be a President and Congress who would decide all matters for the good of the whole. This President was to be elected every four years from one of the States, and by the people from all of the States, and the Congress was to be made up of men sent from all the different States to represent the people.

There was to be a great army which was to protect the whole country, but it was solemnly agreed that the State laws were not to be interfered with. This was called "States Rights." Some of the great men of Virginia did not

approve of this plan. Among these was Patrick Henry, who spoke bitterly against it; but after it was done, as I told you before, he thought Virginia ought to be faithful to the bargain.

This government was called the United States of America.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXVIII

When did the Revolutionary War commence?
What was the first battle?
What was the last scene of the war?
What of Cornwallis?
For what purpose was he sent to Virginia?
Who met him?
What did Lafayette force Cornwallis to do?
Why did Cornwallis think Yorktown a good place for him?
What vessels shut up Yorktown on the water side?
Who surrounded the land side?
What did Washington do when he heard this news?
What did the French soldiers try to persuade Lafayette to do?
What did he answer?
How did the English and Americans feel about the surrender?
What had the Americans now to do?
What was their great difficulty in forming the government?
What plan did they fall upon?
What was the meaning of States Rights?
Who disapproved of the plan of union?
What was the government called?

CHAPTER XXIX

THE JOHN BROWN RAID AND WHAT LED TO IT

In the last chapter I told you of the forming of the United States government. All the laws which were to govern it were written in a paper styled The Constitution of the United States, and here it was made very plain that the State laws were not to be interfered with, and from neglect of this the trouble came.

Many years before the Revolution, slaves had been brought to America, and the English Government made so much money by capturing Africans and selling them in America, that they insisted that it was right. Virginia never liked it, and remonstrated with England; but it did no good, and all the colonies had slaves. This was not bad for the slaves. In their own country they were can-ni-bals, or man-eaters, and very degraded in every way. They were much better off in this country, where they were taught to know about

God and about other things which were good for them.

After a while the slave-trade, as it was called, was stopped; but not until a great number of slaves were owned in all the States. As the years went on, the Northern people found that the Africans could not live in their cold climate, and so they sold their slaves to the Southern States, where the climate agreed with them, as they came from a warm country, and they were of great use in working in the cotton fields. When they were rid of most of their slaves, the Northern States, one after the other, made it the law that none of their people should own slaves.

As time passed, the North decided that it was a great sin for the South to have her slaves, and she ought to be made to give them up. They talked about this so much in Congress, that the two parts of the country began to hate each other as people who quarrel will do.

The South said that it was one of her State Rights, and the Constitution had promised that

those rights should not be interfered with; while the North tempted the slaves away from their owners whenever they could, and whenever a new State was formed, laws were made that no slaves should be taken there.

JOHN BROWN CROSSING THE RIVER INTO VIRGINIA

This went on until, in the year 1859, a man named John Brown, from Kansas, had thought so much of the great sin of the North in allowing the South to keep its slaves, that he decided it was his duty to free them; so he gathered a small

army, and came down to Harper's Ferry in Virginia. His plan was to persuade the negroes to join him, and so his small army would become a large one; but he found he was mistaken. The negroes did not want to fight against their masters, and were only frightened, and the United States sent soldiers to join the Virginians, who were indignant at the idea of a Northern man coming to interfere with their State Rights, and John Brown and his men were captured, and after trial were hung in Charlestown, West Virginia. This made a great noise through the whole country. Some thought it was right to hang them, as it was a dreadful thing for a State to be invaded, and brought into such danger; others looked upon John Brown and his men as martyrs, who had died for a good cause; so the feeling became more and more bitter until it ended in the Civil War, in 1860.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXIX

What was the Constitution of the United States?
What caused trouble?

Tell about slavery.
Why was this not bad for the slaves?
Did Virginia like slavery?
Why did the North give up slavery?
What did they do with their slaves?
After they had sold them, what change came over them?
Tell of the discussion in Congress.
What did the Northern people do about it?
What did the South say?
Who was John Brown?
What did he do?
When was this?
Did the negroes join them?
How did it end?
What did people North and South think about it?
In what did it end?

CHAPTER XXX

THE FIRST GUN OF THE CIVIL WAR

More than a year passed after the John Brown raid before the Civil War began.

The subject of slavery was dis-cussed in Congress with more and more bitterness. Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and as this was

done by that party who were pledged—that is, bound by promise—to prevent slave-holders from going to the new States, some of the Southern States determined to secede, that is, go out of the Union, and have their own governments as they

FIRST GUN OF THE CIVIL WAR

had them before the United States was formed. Virginia loved the Union, and determined not to leave it as long as there was a hope of making peace between the North and the South; so she did not join the States that seceded, but proposed

a Peace Congress to meet at Washington in February, 1861, and at the same time a Convention met in Richmond to decide what course Virginia would take.

By this time the North and South were so angry with each other that peace was no longer possible. The men who were sent to the Peace Congress came back to Virginia very indignant at the way they had been treated, but the Virginia Convention in Richmond would not decide until all hope was gone. In April, President Lincoln ordered the States to raise a large army of men to go down and make war upon the Southern States, because they had left the Union.

Then Virginia decided, rather than allow her men to be forced to fight against the South, that she would join her Southern sisters, so on the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia passed the Ordinance of Secession; but, always particular to do things lawfully, it was ordered that the people of the State should vote upon this question. As this would take some time, she at once took the gov-

ernment workshops at Harper's Ferry, Norfolk, and other points.

This made the government at Washington very angry, and they raised an immense army.

When Virginia seceded she had no army to fight, and no firearms to fight with; but her men were so en-thu-si-as-tic and so indignant at the way they had been treated, that they came in great numbers to join the army.

At Harper's Ferry the Virginians managed to save a great quantity of machinery, cannon, and small arms. General Robert E. Lee was made commander-in-chief of the Virginia army. He had been in the United States army, and would have been made commander there, if he would have accepted it; but he said, "I am a Virginian, and must fight for my own State."

A camp was formed at Richmond, where the young soldiers were taught the art of war, and it was in charge of Major Thomas Jackson, afterwards known as "Stonewall" Jackson.

The first blood shed in Virginia was on the

24th of May, when a portion of the United States army marched across the bridge at Washington to Alexandria in Virginia, of which they took possession in the name of the United States. They did not expect any opposition, but they saw a Confederate flag floating from the roof of a small hotel, called the Marshall House, which was owned by a Mr. Jackson.

Colonel Ellsworth, who was in command of the United States troops, entered the house, went up to the roof, and took down the flag. He met Mr. Jackson, as he returned, coming hastily out of his room, half dressed, to see who it was that was invading his house. "This is my trophy!" said Ellsworth, holding up the flag as he saw him. "And you are mine!" said Jackson, firing a pistol into his breast. He fell dead instantly, and in another moment Jackson fell dead across his body, pierced by the bullets and bayonets of Ellsworth's followers.

This was the first blood shed in Virginia—that of a Virginian killed in the defence of his home.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXX

How long after the John Brown raid did the war begin ?
Who was elected President ?
What did the South object to in this election ?
What did the Southern States do ?
What course did Virginia take ?
Where did the Peace Congress meet ?
How did the Peace Congress end ?
What did Lincoln do ?
What did Virginia do ?
What action did the North take ?
What was the situation of Virginia ?
Who was made Commander of her Armies ?
What honor was offered Lee by the North ?
What did Lee say to the North ?
Where did the war begin ?
Tell of the first blood of the war.

CHAPTER XXXI

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

It is not necessary to give you a history of the whole Civil War, but only a story here and there, and this is best done by sketches from the lives of the two greatest generals who were dis-tinguished in that strife.

General Robert E. Lee came from one of the most famous families of Virginia. It was an ancestor of his who fitted out and manned the vessel which was sent over to Holland by Virginia, to invite Charles II. to come over and be crowned King of Virginia when he was banished from England.

His father, Henry Lee, called "Light Horse Harry," was the greatest cavalry general of the Revolutionary War, and was greatly beloved by General Washington. I will tell you a story about him which will make you remember him.

He was injured by a mob in Baltimore, 1812, and went to the West India Islands, hoping this would help him to recover. It did not; and, finding that he must die, he started for home, but was taken so ill that he stopped at the house of a friend on the coast of Georgia. He suffered so terribly from his wound that it made him very ir-ri-ta-ble, and he drove every one out of the room. The lady of the house sent an old negro mammy, who was a splendid nurse, to attend to

him. This old woman had nursed all the children of the family, and all the sick people, and was greatly beloved. When "Light Horse Harry" saw her come into his room, he picked up his boot and threw it at her, missing her narrowly. She stopped, as-ton-ished at such treatment; then she stooped down, picked up the boot and threw it at him, missing him narrowly. A smile passed over the sufferer's face, and he was so pleased with her pluck that he never allowed any one to nurse him except herself. He died soon after.

General Robert E. Lee is mentioned by his father, in one of his letters, when Robert was a small boy. He says: "Robert is always good. Does he ride and shoot well and tell the truth?" That was a part of a boy's education in those days.

Robert was only eleven years old when his father died. For years, during his father's absence, he had been left to the care of his mother, who is described as a very lovely woman. To her, more than any one, the praise should be

given for the rare virtues of General Lee's life. I should have told you before that he was born in Westmoreland County, near to the birthplaces of Washington, Madison, and Monroe.

The name of the home of the Lees in Westmoreland was Stratford. It was built by the first Lee who came to this country, and when it was accidently burned the Queen of England sent a large sum of money to Mr. Lee to have it rebuilt. With so much to be proud of in his family, General Lee never showed any of that foolish "family pride" which often makes people ri-dic-u-lous.

Once, when some one wrote to him of a desire to write a history of his family, he answered: "I am much obliged to you, but I have no desire to have my family record published. It will be of no interest to any one outside, and the money that would be needed to publish it had much better be given to the poor."

He chose the army as his profession, and went to West Point to study. As you may guess, he

was a good student, and every one praised him. He was fond of society and enjoyed the company of ladies. He married Mary Custis when he was twenty-four years old. They had known each other from childhood, and when he came back

LEE AND HIS SWEETHEART

from West Point, at twenty years of age, in his cadet uniform, looking handsomer than she had ever seen him before, Mary Custis, the great-great-grand-daughter of Martha Washington, returned the love he offered her. And so the marriage, which proved so happy, took place four years afterwards.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXI

What did an ancestor of General Lee do?
Who was General Lee's father?
Tell the story of "Light Horse Harry" and the old mammy.
What did his father say of Robert?
What can you tell of his mother?
Where was General Lee born?
What of Stratford?
Did General Lee have great family pride?
What kind of a young man was he?
Whom did he marry?
Tell of their love story.

CHAPTER XXXII

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE (CONTINUED)

In 1846 General Lee fought and distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and when, in 1861, Virginia decided to join the Southern States by se-ce-ding from the Union, although General Lee—who was then Colonel Lee—did not think that it was a good thing for her to do, yet, as he was a Virginian, he could not raise his sword against his native State.

He believed in States Rights; that he must fight for Virginia rather than for the United States against her, not-with-stand-ing the United States offered to make him their commander-in-chief. This was a noble course for him to take, and the world honors him for it now, although he was on the defeated side.

He lived at Arlington, a few miles from Washington, and one of the loveliest places in the whole country. It had been built by Mrs. Lee's father, and had been her home before her marriage, and was left to her by her father, Mr. Custis, at his death; and when Colonel Lee resigned and went to offer his services to Virginia, he left his family at Arlington.

On reaching Richmond, he was at once made major-general of the armies of Virginia by the convention meeting there. He was ordered the next day to appear before the convention. This troubled him greatly. He was a very modest man, and hated to be gazed at; but he felt obliged to go. As he entered, leaning on

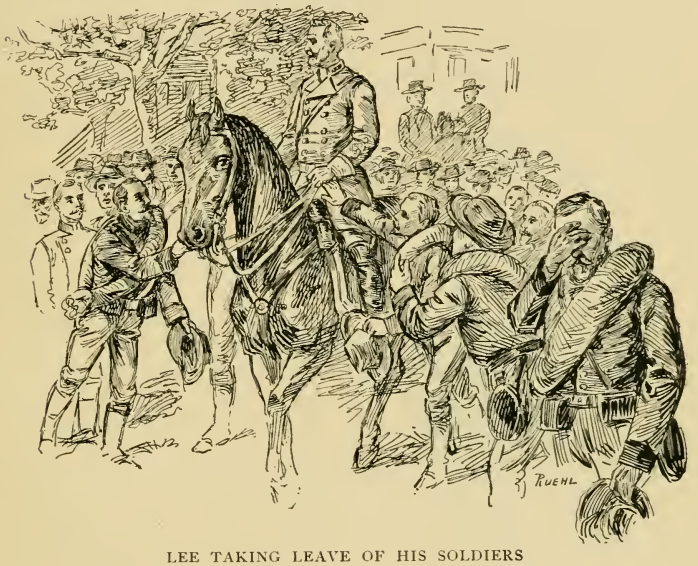
the arm of Mr. Johnson, the chairman of the committee, all the convention rose as a mark of respect, and all admired the dignified, splendidly handsome man. Let me describe him to you in the words of another: "He was in the full flush of ripe years and vigorous health; his form was tall and well knit; his head, well shaped, gave in-di-ca-tion of a powerful in-tel-lect; his face, not yet lined by age, was remarkable for its personal beauty, lighted by eyes black in the shade, but brown in the full light; his manners were grave and kindly, with no affectation of dignity. Such is the man whose stately figure in the capitol at Richmond brought to mind the old race of Virginians, and who was to win a rep-u-ta-tion, not only as a first commander, but as a perfect and beautiful model of manhood. When about half way up the main aisle Mr. Johnson stopped, and introduced General Lee. He was welcomed warmly by the Convention, and so began his duties in the service of his native State."

You will study later the story of his wonderful career as the Commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies, his many successes against the greatest odds. This went on for four years, the Confederate army growing smaller and smaller, the Federal drawing its numbers from the whole world, until at last General Lee was obliged to surrender at Appomattox a mere handful of men to an army many times its size.

ROBERT E. LEE

It is easy for a man to be great in victory, but few men have been so great in defeat as General Lee. He said to General Grant: "I have some thousands of your men prisoners. I send them to you, as I have no provisions for them. My own men have been living principally upon parched corn for the last few days." He then mounted his horse and rode out among his men.

They crowded about him, anxious to touch him and to speak to him. He turned slowly to them, and with voice quivering with emotion said: "Men, we have fought through the war together.



LEE TAKING LEAVE OF HIS SOLDIERS

I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more. Farewell." He went to Richmond, where a house was provided for him, and where he lived for some time in quiet dignity.

I could tell you much more of him, but time

and space fail me. After the war he was offered a professorship at Washington College, Lexington, which was afterwards called Washington and Lee, out of compliment to him. Here he died and was buried. The simple inscription on the marble capping over the brick vault where his body lies, is :

ROBERT EDWARD LEE,
BORN JANUARY 19TH, 1807,
DIED OCTOBER 12TH, 1870.

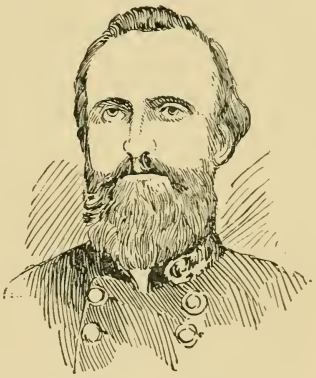
QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXII

In what war did Lee first fight ?
Why did he decide to join the South in the Civil War ?
What did the North offer him ?
Where did Lee live ?
What of Arlington ?
What happened when Lee reached Richmond ?
Tell of his introduction to the convention.
Describe his appearance.
How long did the war last ?
Tell of General Lee's difficulties.
How did the war end ?
How did General Lee behave in defeat ?
What did he say to General Grant ?
Tell of his farewell to his men.
What did he do after the war ?
Where did he die ?

CHAPTER XXXIII

STONEWALL JACKSON

Thomas J. Jackson was born in Harrison County, Virginia, in 1824. He had only such advantages of education as could be given in a plain country school, and you must not forget that such schools then were very different from the public schools now-a-days; they were not nearly so good. Little more was taught than reading, writing, and arithmetic. When Thomas Jackson went to West Point, at the age of eighteen, it is not strange that he felt mortified that he knew so much less than other boys of his age. But he was not made of the stuff that gives up before difficulties, so he went to



STONEWALL JACKSON

work from the very beginning, and studied until he had thorough knowledge of what it was nec-es-sa-ry for him to know, and at last he graduated at the head of his class.

He fought in the Mexican War, and was promoted for brave conduct on the battle-field. He was second lieu-ten-ant when he left West Point, then captain, and last major. The officers above him all knew that when he was told to do a thing he was going to do it if it was possible.

In his whole life it was never known of him to fail in anything for want of effort, and there is no better rule for young people than just this: put your whole strength in what you have to do, and nine times out of ten you will do it.

When he came back from Mexico the whole country was at peace, and no chance of any more fighting, so Major Jackson, rather than lead the idle life of a soldier, resigned his commission in the army and accepted a position as professor at Lexington Military Institute, Virginia. It was here that he became a Christian; and as he was

thoroughly in earnest in this, as well as everything else he did in life, he was celebrated as a great Christian hero. He was so simple in his manners that the boys used to laugh at him sometimes, but they respected him for all that.

Major Jackson never talked politics use-less-ly, but he was devoted to his own State, and believed in States Rights, and that Virginia had a right to secede if she thought it best for her own people; and when, in 1860, the Southern States left the Union he ap-proved of their course, and offered himself to fight for Virginia.

Of course the young men of Virginia knew nothing about war, and so a camp was established at Richmond, and Major Jackson was ordered to bring some cadets down to drill the young vol-unteers.

There was the greatest excitement everywhere. Crowds of young men were begging to be drilled, all business was deserted, and even the boys at school thought that time spent in study was lost when the South needed defence.

Before he had been long in Richmond, the governor made Major Jackson colonel. Everybody was surprised, and some one asked the governor, "Who is this Jackson of whom you are making a colonel?" The answer was: "He is one who, if told to hold a post, will never leave it so long as he has life to defend it."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXIII

Where was Jackson born?
What of his childhood?
How did he meet his difficulties at West Point?
What was the result?
In what war did he fight?
What promotions did he have?
What character did he have?
What example did he set *you?*
What did he do when he returned from Mexico?
For what was he celebrated?
How did the "boys" regard him?
Did he talk politics?
What did he believe on the subject?
What course did he take when Virginia seceded?
Tell of the camp of instruction.
What was the state of feeling in Virginia?
What promotion did the governor give him?
What did the governor say of him?

CHAPTER XXXIV

STONEWALL JACKSON (CONTINUED)

To give you a full account of General Jackson's splendid career in the army would take too much time; but I want you to know the man he was, that you may hereafter study to know what he did. His medical director, Dr. McGuire, said, "While I was dressing his wounded hand at the field hospital after the battle of Manassas, I saw President Davis ride up from Manassas; some one had told him that our army had been defeated. He stood up in his stirrups, his face pale and stern, and cried to the men who were standing around, 'I am President Davis! Follow me back to the field!' I told General Jackson what he had said. He stood up, and, taking off his cap, called out, 'We have whipped them; they ran like sheep. Give me ten thousand men, and I will capture Washington City to-morrow!' It was at this battle of Manassas that he earned the name of 'Stonewall.' General Bee, who was afterwards

killed at Manassas, rode up to General Jackson and said, 'General, the enemy are beating us back.' General Jackson, without looking at all troubled, said, 'Well, give them the bayonet.'"

General Bee rode back to his men, who were just ready to retreat, and said, "There is Jackson like a stone wall; rally behind the Virginians!" After this he was called "Stonewall" Jackson, and his brigade the Stonewall Brigade.

The love which existed between himself and the Stonewall Brigade was very great. He was so proud of them and they of him, that they would follow him anywhere, sure he would lead them to victory. They always spoke of him as "Old Jack!"

After the battle of Manassas he was promoted and ordered to another command. This meant leaving his beloved brigade; but he was a true soldier and obeyed orders, so he mounted his horse and rode out to take leave of them. He did not often make speeches, and what he now said was more like a father taking leave of his

children. He told them he had been proud of them, and how well they had done, and how, after each battle in the future, he would watch to see what the Stonewall Brigade had done; and then, his lips quivering, his eyes full of tears, he rose in his stirrups, extended his arms to them and cried,

JACKSON PARTING FROM HIS MEN

"In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the first brigade; in the Army of the Potomac you were the first brigade; and in the Second Corps you are the first brigade; and now you are the first brigade in the affection of your general; and I hope by your future deeds you will be handed to pos-

ter-i-ty, as the first brigade in this our second war of independence." You will be glad to hear that within a few months General Jackson was returned to his dear brigade, and there was great rejoicing.

No one ever saw Jackson afraid in battle. One of his soldiers once told me that he saw him on horseback, beneath a tree, when the bullets were flying all about him, and the branches that were cut down by them were falling around him, but he was perfectly cool.

At another time, one of his staff rode up to him and shouted through the din of battle, "General, the Yankees are shooting at you." He answered very coolly, "Yes, sir. Thank you. They have been doing so all day."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXIV

What is the object of this sketch ?
Tell of his meeting with President Davis.
How did Jackson answer him ?
Tell how he earned the name of "Stonewall."
Tell of Jackson and the Stonewall Brigade.
Tell of his parting from them.
Did he return to them ?
Tell of his fearlessness.

CHAPTER XXXV

STONEWALL JACKSON (CONCLUDED)

One more picture of General Jackson from Dr. McGuire's pen. It was the battle of Chancellorsville, the last battle in which Jackson fought. Hooker, the Federal general, had crossed the Rap-pa-han-nock River, with a hundred and twenty-three thousand soldiers. General Lee had less than half that number, but Lee and Jackson were at their head. "Lee and Jackson! How well I remember their meeting before this battle. Said Jackson, 'Lee is a wonder. I would follow him blindfold!' And when Lee heard that General Hooker had crossed the river, he called a messenger and said, 'Go back and tell General Jackson that he knows as well as I what to do.' Never shall I forget the eagerness and intensity of Jackson on that march. His face was pale, his eyes flashing, and he said every moment or two, 'Press forward! Press forward!'

Every soldier knew that we were engaged in some great movement, and pressed on at a rapid gait."

I only wanted to give you this picture of Jackson going to battle, that you might see the man. It was during this fight that General Jackson was accidentally shot by his own men, and word was sent to General Lee, who wrote to General Jackson, "I have just received news that you are wounded. I cannot express my sorrow. I would have chosen to have been wounded in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy."

General Jackson had ridden off in the dusk of evening with his staff to find out the exact position of the enemy, and had placed a part of his men on a road on which the enemy might advance, with orders that they should fire on any body of cavalry that appeared from that direction. After finishing the work he had set for himself, he and his staff returned on this very

road, never thinking of the chance of their not being re-cog-nized. But, terrible to relate, his own soldiers that he had placed there mistook them for an advance of the enemy and fired on them, and the great hero fell, pierced by the bullets of his own men.

The Federal forces advanced at that moment, and the fighting over the wounded soldier's body was so hot that for a time it was not possible to take him off the field. He was struck twice as he lay on the ground. At last they took him to a place of safety, where he died after a week of suffering. Almost his last words in his de-lir-i-um were: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXV

What was Jackson's last battle?
Who was the Federal general?
Tell of how Lee and Jackson loved each other.
Describe Jackson's going to battle.
Tell of Lee's letter to Jackson.
How was Jackson shot?
Tell of his last hours.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GENERAL TURNER ASHBY

Did you ever see any one who was not afraid of anything, who was always polite and gentle to those who were weaker than himself, and generous and noble in his dealings with every one; whose strongest desire was to do what was right because it was right, and scorned everything that was low and mean, and would not tell a lie for anything in the world, because a lie is wrong and cowardly? There is a word that is used to describe all this; and I want you to learn it: it is chiv-al-ry, and the word was first used in very olden times.

The great soldiers, called knights, used to make vows, when they went to war, that they would protect the weak, particularly women; that they would be noble and brave; that they would rather die than turn their backs on an enemy;

and that they would fear God and honor their country and be generous to their enemies.

There were a good many soldiers in the Confederate army who had all the spirit of these knights of old, but one es-pe-cial-ly I want to tell you about, because I think he was one of the most interesting men I ever knew. This was General Turner Ashby. He was a Virginian, of course—because only Virginians are in this book—and, like many of you, a regular country boy, devoted to riding and hunting and all country amusements. The "Ashby boys" were considered the finest riders in Virginia.

After he became a man, I saw him many a time riding tournament, which I have described before to you in these pages, and Turner Ashby almost always won the prize for carrying off the ring, which prize was to crown the lady of his choice the queen of love and beauty, and they would dance together at the ball that was given. Oh, how beautiful it all was! I remember it as if it had been yesterday. That was before the

people of Virginia knew anything about the horrors of war.

Turner Ashby was rather small and slender, with lovely soft black eyes and a long black beard. He was never known to do an ungenerous act or to be afraid of anything in his life. Although he was so brave, he was as gentle as a girl, and everybody loved him and respected him. He was a devoted Christian, and before the war he used to teach a Sunday-school class in Fauquier County, and the children thought he was the greatest and handsomest man that ever lived.

The first time Turner Ashby ever saw anything like war was when John Brown invaded Virginia, and he was so indignant at the idea of such a thing that he gathered all his young com-pan-ions together and led them to Harper's Ferry. After John Brown was hung, Ashby returned to his home, but he felt very sure that it would not be long before Virginia would have to fight, and he kept the company, of whom he had been elected captain, together, and they studied the art of

war; and when the war really was declared, and Virginia seceded, and the news came that the United States government had set fire to the armory at Harper's Ferry, Turner Ashby, who was in Richmond, started for home, where he found his cavalry company waiting and eager to join him to fight for Virginia.

An old friend, a neighbor of his, learning what he was about to do, sent for him and said, "Turner, you know how I prize my white horse, and that I would never sell him to any one. Now I give him to you as your battle horse; you will make your mark in the coming war; ride the horse for my sake." Ashby did so, and the general and his white horse were known everywhere.

How often I have seen him charging at the head of his company on that beautiful white horse!

Turner Ashby's brother Richard was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was younger than Turner, and a very much larger man, with

the same raven-black hair and dark complexion. He was living in Texas when the war opened, but came home to join in the defence of Virginia as soon as she seceded. Just as he arrived Turner had been made lieutenant-colonel, and Richard was made captain in Turner's place. But his fighting days were soon over, poor gallant young fellow. He was betrayed by a man who promised to guide him where he could capture some of the enemy, instead of which, he led him into an ambush where he and his little company were surrounded by a much larger force, and he was literally cut to pieces.

It is said that, when he lay wounded on the ground, one of the enemy, standing over him, asked him, "Are you a Union man?" The dying soldier answered, "No, a Secessionist," and instantly a bayonet was thrust through his breast.

This death of his brother had a terrible effect on Turner. He never recovered from it, but was always a sad man afterwards.

Once when Turner Ashby was commanding on

one side, while a large army of the Federal forces was on the other side of the Potomac River, near Shepherdstown, Ashby, whose company consisted of soldiers who had never been under fire before, and were very nervous and timid, said to them, "Why, boys, there's no danger, as I will show you." He rode on his white horse down to the river bank, where the shots were falling as thick as hail, and with the greatest coolness rode up and down in full view of the enemy and within range of their guns; where the hail was heaviest he would rein in his horse and stand perfectly still, but not a shot struck him. His men looked on in astonishment, and he never had any difficulty in leading them afterwards.

I will tell you of an adventure, part of which I saw myself. Jackson had occupied Winchester for some time, and the Federal army had never been seen by the people of the town; so, when we heard that a large force of Federals were nearing Winchester, we were scared, but it was reported that General Jackson had said he had no idea

of retreating. That night, however, news was brought that the Federal army had nearly surrounded the town. Jackson and Ashby went out together to see if this was so, and found that there was only one road by which the little Confederate army could retreat. There was but one thing to do. General Jackson sent for the Reverend Mr. Graham, a great friend, and said, "I had hoped to stay with you, but I must go. God bless you all and protect you."

That night the Confederates marched quietly out by the valley road. The next morning we heard the dreadful news, and you may know that there was great weeping and wailing. We felt entirely forsaken. We gathered in the streets and at the windows, and looked fearfully up the road. At first we saw nothing, and then there came a little sparkle like dew upon the grass, and objects seemed to be moving in the sunlight, and next they took the form of men, and we knew the enemy were upon us. Oh, how we cried! But our attention was suddenly drawn to

the sound of horses' hoofs, and, turning, we saw about eight Confederates, with white bands on their sleeves, riding up the street of the town towards us, and, wonderful to tell, General Ashby was at their head. He stopped to speak to us, and said how sorry he was to leave us ; but now the Federal army were about a hundred yards away, and, raising their hats to us, General Ashby and his men turned down the street up which they had come.

As we retreated towards the house, we saw them stop, turn their faces in the direction of the enemy, and heard them give three cheers for the Southern Confederacy.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXVI

What is chivalry ?
When was the word first used ?
What was the vow which knights of old took ?
Who is described here as a chivalrous man ?
Tell of Turner Ashby's early life.
Tell of his character and appearance as a man.
What was the first fighting Turner Ashby ever saw ?
How did he get his war horse ?

What was his brother's name?
Tell the story of Richard Ashby.
Tell how Turner Ashby gave courage to his men.
Tell the story of Jackson's retreat from Winchester.
Tell about the last interview with Ashby.
What did Ashby's men do as the enemy advanced?

CHAPTER XXXVII

GENERAL TURNER ASHBY (CONTINUED)

This adventure had a very surprising end. The Federal soldiers knew well that this was the Ashby they so feared in battle who seemed to be daring them to capture him, and as the rest of the little company had left him, and he was alone in the town with the enemy, two of them dashed around the side streets, determined to capture him; so when Ashby came to the end of the town, he found himself face to face with the two Federals, who, with drawn swords, ordered him to surrender. He dashed upon them, and sending a pistol ball through the head of one, grasped the other, dragged him from his horse, seized him

by the throat, and bore him bodily out of the town. Of course he could not have done this unless he had been a wonderful rider and a very strong man. At another time he was left behind by Jackson to destroy a bridge over the Shenandoah, but the timbers were so wet that they would not burn, and he was obliged to fly to avoid capture. Two of his pursuers were in advance of the rest. He could easily have escaped from them with his swift white horse and fine riding, but he did not like the feeling of running away, and although both his pistols were empty, he deliberately turned in the road and waited for them. Just then a shot from one of Ashby's men brought one of his pursuers to the ground; the other, not prepared for Ashby's turning around, was going so rapidly that he could not stop himself, and rode right upon him, and a blow from Ashby's sword brought him to the ground. But alas! his beautiful white horse was shot. He had saved the life of his master, but lost his own. "He was white as snow, except where his side and legs were stained

ASHBY'S ENCOUNTER WITH HIS PURSUERS

by his own blood. His mane and tail were long and flowing; his eye and action showed the rage with which he regarded the wound he had received. He trod the earth as grandly as a wounded lion." This wonderful soldier once rode twice through a Vermont regiment, cutting his way forward, then, wheeling in riding, cut his way back.

All this sounds too strange to be true; but it is true, and only shows that when a man is brave and daring he can do many times more than one who is timid and cowardly. But this could not be always. He fell at last at the battle of Port Republic in the Valley of Virginia.

It is said of him, that the night before his last battle it seemed as if he could not rest. His men, worn out with marching and fighting, were stretched on the ground asleep, but he paced up and down before the camp fire, and seemed to be thinking deeply. Perhaps he was praying to God, for he was a noble Christian. The next day came the battle. He was leading the Vir-

ginians and Marylanders when his horse was shot under him. He jumped up from the ground and led them on foot, crying, "Virginians, charge! Men, cease firing! For God's sake, charge!" Just then a bullet struck him full in the breast, and without a struggle he fell dead. No braver man ever went to heaven from home or battle-field than Turner Ashby. He died the sixth of June, 1862.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXVII

What adventure did Turner Ashby have leaving Winchester?

How did it end?

What order did Jackson give him in regard to Shenandoah bridge?

Why was he obliged to fly?

Tell how he escaped his pursuers.

Describe the death of his horse.

Where did Ashby fall?

What happened the night before his death?

Describe his death.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

Of all the Virginia generals of the Southern Confederacy, you young people would probably have enjoyed most, General J. E. B. Stuart, whose initials, as you see, spell *Jeb*, but whose real name was James. The reason why you would have enjoyed him was that he was so full of fun, always ready with a joke and a frolic. He made everybody laugh, even General Stonewall Jackson, who very seldom did laugh; but when General Stuart got hold of him and got him to understand the joke, which was sometimes a little hard, they say he would shake his sides laughing. General Stuart was born in Patrick County, Virginia. He graduated at West Point in 1854, which was in time for him to take part in the political war in Kansas.

Then he was in the John Brown affair, and it is said that his was the sword that brought John

Brown down. Of course he joined the Army of Virginia at the opening of the War of the Confederacy. He was a gallant figure that could not easily be forgotten. Here is a word picture of him : "Beneath a lofty forehead were brilliant blue eyes, which, when lighted up, were full of a pleasant expression ; a heavy beard covered the lower part of his face, and a huge mustache would have looked fierce, if it had not been so often moved by laughter. He wore a drooping hat with a black plume, caught up at the side with a silver star ; tall cavalry boots, decked with golden spurs," adorned his lower limbs. Everybody knew the fighting jacket, and the magnificent horse splashed with mud from head to hoof ; the ruddy com-plex-ion and dancing eyes. He was ready for a dance or a fight, whichever came first, and enjoyed both ; a warm-hearted Christian gentleman, whose cheerful temper lightened the burdens to many in those hard times.

I will tell you an amusing story which he used to tell on himself. He had a class-mate at West

Point named Perkins, who used to be called "Perk" for short. One day, when Stuart was riding around near the Federal army under Patterson, whom should he see but his old friend "Perk." He called out, "Why, Perk! How d'ye do! What are you doing here?"

Captain Perkins turned, and was delighted to see his old friend Jeb Stuart, and greeting him heartily, said, "Why, Beauty, I didn't know you were with us."

"I never guessed we were on the same side," said General Stuart. "What command have you?"

"That's my command over the hill," replied Perkins, pointing to a battery that was coming toward them with a United States flag before them.

"Oh! that yours!" exclaimed Stuart, and as he stuck spurs into his horse, he called back, "Good-by, Perk."

He might have made "Perk" prisoner, but he could not take that advantage of an old friend.

In 1862 General Pope was appointed to command the Federal Army of Virginia, while McClellan was still commander of the Army of the Potomac. Pope was a general who thought a great deal of himself, and that he was going to conquer the Southern Confederacy very easily. He boasted a great deal, and made a speech to his army to the effect that he did not approve of this protecting the property of the rebels, and that he intended that his army should subsist, that is, live on, the country through which they passed; that they needn't talk about lines of retreat, he was never going to retreat; that he would never see anything but the backs of his enemies. This produced a great deal of fun afterwards. I will tell you how in the next chapter.

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXVIII

Who is our present story about?
What sort of a man was he?
Describe his appearance.

Tell the story of his friend "Perk."
Who was the Federal general of the Army of Virginia in 1862 ?
What kind of a man was he ?
What did he say in his speech to his men ?

CHAPTER XXXIX

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART (CONTINUED)

General Stuart, like General Ashby, was not so careful as he should have been of himself. He ran so many risks and made so many narrow escapes, that he did not believe he would ever be overcome. One night he came to a small settlement near Orange Court House, where he expected to meet General Fitzhugh Lee. General Stuart went to sleep on the porch of a house, and when he waked in the morning, he saw a body of cavalry coming up the road. He called to an officer to see if it was Fitz Lee's cavalry; the officer rode to the fence, and was met by a volley of shot, from which he understood they were not friends. It did not take Stuart a

minute to leap to his feet, catch his favorite mare "Skylark," who was grazing in the yard without bridle or saddle, leap upon her, dash over the inclosure amid a shower of bullets, and ride into the forest unhurt.

When the enemy came, they found on the porch where he had slept the cape of his overcoat and a brown slouch hat looped up on one side with a star, and ornamented with a black plume, and they knew that once more their game had escaped them.

Just one week after this adventure General Pope was retiring before Lee's army. Stuart made an expedition to the rear of Pope, and struck the railroad at Catletts Station on the Orange and Alexandria road. It was a dark and stormy night, and the men could scarcely see their hands before them; but they plunged forward at full speed and completely surprised the enemy. They burned their wagons and baggage-train, and when Stuart reached Pope's headquarters, he found that the general had fled in

such haste and disorder, that he had left all his papers and his uniform overcoat behind him, which latter Stuart seized to pay him for the cape and hat he had lost a few days before. The papers were sent to General Lee, and the coat was exhibited in Richmond, with a label attached to it on which Stuart wrote, "Taken from the man who never expected to see anything but the backs of his enemies." I was in Richmond at the time, and I remember how merry everybody was over the two adventures.

From this time Stuart became very fond of raids, which means that he would go with his cavalry to the most unexpected places to find out the situation of the enemy and to make captures. Once, moving very rapidly to Frederick, in Maryland, and pushing on in the direction of the railroad, he found a body of five thousand Federal troops just ready to board the railroad train. Going around through the woods, Stuart determined to reach the ford of the river before the Yankees could get there. He succeeded,

without the loss of a single man killed. They had travelled thirty-six hours without halting, over a distance of ninety miles. Stuart, in making his report, says, "We seized and brought over a large number of horses and obtained most valuable information in regard to the enemy's numbers; took captive a number of United States officers, whom we brought over as hostages for our own citizens, who had been torn from their homes and confined in dungeons in the North, feeling sure that the hand of God was seen in the deliverance of my command from danger. For the success attending it I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory."

While Turner Ashby lived, he was more General Jackson's lieutenant than any other officer; that is, he acted with his cavalry under Jackson's immediate orders; but after Ashby's death Stuart worked more with Jackson. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when Jackson was shot down and Hill was wounded, Stuart was appointed to take the command. When Jackson was told this

he said, "Tell him to act upon his own judgment and do what he thinks best; I have perfect confidence in him."

We now come to the last days of the brave officer, when it will be proved that he held no charmed life, although he almost seemed to believe that he did. His clothing was often pierced by the bullets, and once his mustache was taken off as clean as a razor could have cut it. He used to say that he was afraid of no bullet that was aimed at him; but it came at last.

It was in the early days of May, 1864, when Richmond was thrown into terrible consternation by the news that General Sheridan had come very near the city.

This raiding of the cavalry which the Confederates had brought to such perfection the Federals were now practising with almost equal success, and General Sheridan's raid was a very alarming one; but just as the people of Richmond were expecting to hear the firing of the Federal guns, a despatch from General Stuart came which

reassured them. It was dated from Ashton, May 11th, and this is what he said to General Bragg:

"GENERAL—The enemy reached this point, but was promptly whipped out by Fitz Lee's advance, quite a number being killed and wounded. The enemy is marching on Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond. My men and horses are hungry and jaded, but all right.

"J. E. B. STUART."

This was his last despatch; the next day his prostrate, bleeding form was brought into Richmond. He had fought the enemy for six hours, and completely defeated Sheridan at Yellow Tavern. He was pursuing the flying army with great ardor, and had just fired a shot, when one of the fugitives turned around and, steadying his gun on the top of an iron fence, sent a ball right into Stuart's stomach. He did not fall from his horse, but turned and rode to the rear, feeling sure that his wound was mortal. He was taken in an ambulance to Richmond, where he died the following day.

STUART'S DEATH

His last moments were worthy of his Christian life, for General Stuart, with all his gay temper, was an humble, devoted Christian. He frequently asked that familiar hymns might be sung to him, and when told that death was rapidly approaching, he nodded his head and said, "I should like to have seen my wife, but God's will be done." He then left his last messages and calmly took leave of those around him.

He left his golden spurs, which had been given him by the ladies of Baltimore, to Mrs. Robert E. Lee as a memento of his affection for her. He gave his horses to his staff officers, and left his sword to his baby boy. He then prayed with the minister, and with the words, "I am going fast now; I am perfectly resigned," he yielded up his spirit to Him who gave it.

He was laid in Hollywood Cemetery, on the side of a hill, close by the grave of a little daughter who had been a great darling with him.

One says in writing of him, "He was the model of an excellent soldier; he was splendid in action;

he had a magnificent presence. It may be said of him, he was hardly serious enough, often carried away by his high spirits; but when death came, the bright blue eye that could beam with laughter met it without the quiver of a lid. No braver spirit, no truer heart ever expired in Liberty's cause."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XXXIX

In what was Stuart like Ashby?
Tell of his escape from the Federal cavalry.
What did the enemy find on the porch where he slept?
What happened one week after?
How did Stuart pay himself for the loss of his coat and hat?
What label did he put on Pope's coat?
Tell of his raid to Frederick in Maryland.
What report did he make of this raid?
What appointment did Stuart receive when Jackson was wounded?
What did Jackson say when he heard of it?
Tell of Stuart's raid to the neighborhood of Richmond.
Repeat his last despatch.
How was he wounded?
Describe his death.
What is said of him?

CHAPTER XL

THE BEVERLY RAID

Have you never observed that a person who sees a thing and acts in it can tell about it much better than one who only hears of it from others? I have; and I think that the interest of this story I am going to tell you lies a great deal in the fact that it is told by one who took part in it, and who, as he talks, can see all that happened thirty-five years ago just as if it were to-day. He was a mere boy then, and now he is getting to be an old man; but things like these one never forgets.

It was late in the month of December, 1864, that the brigade of cavalry under the command of General Rosser went into camp near Staunton, Virginia. They had been fighting and marching constantly. The fortunes of the Confederacy were in the last gasp, though the soldiers did not think so, but were as full of fight and as sure of success as ever. Their clothes were in rags. Their shoes

were worn out. They had very few blankets. Their horses were broken down, as well as the men, so all were glad to go into winter quarters. They could, at least, keep the camp-fires burning, and rest beside them. A few days only, however, after going into camp the order came that a detail of all the best mounted and equipped soldiers should be made for a raid into West Virginia. There was, of course, a great deal of grumbling over the order, but they knew that would do no good. So few horses could be found which were fit for use that the army was a very small one; but some of the officers volunteered to go, so that that made the number somewhat larger.

The start was made on Saturday morning in sleet, hail, and snow, and the first night they rested at McDowell, on the battle-ground where General Jackson won the first battle in his wonderful valley campaign two years before.

Orders were issued to remain at McDowell over Sunday for the purpose of organizing the little army, as they had been picked from different

regiments and companies, and were chosen more for their horses than for themselves. By this time it had become known that it was the intention of General Rosser to march them across the Alleghany Mountains, and the men were almost in open rebellion. They were far more afraid for their horses than for themselves, as there was hardly a horse in Virginia fit for such a journey. "Without horses," they said, "good-by, cavalry," as there was not a chance of replacing them, almost every horse in Virginia being in the army. Rosser found that camp was no place for such dissatisfied soldiers, so he ordered them to fall in, and made this speech to them :

"Men of the Laurel Brigade," said General Rosser, "your line is a short but a for-mi-da-ble one. You are cream of the richest skimmings. I have made req-ui-si-tion after requisition to our government for overcoats, blankets, and shoes. I have received nothing ; our country is too poor. We have turned our backs now on worthless quartermasters, and will go to the enemy and take

what we need from him, and with God's help we will get it too! Break! Face to the right! March to the left!"

"I do not suppose," says our narrator, "that there was ever a more ef-fect-ive speech made. The men started with a yell, and that was the last that was heard of disobedience in that command.

"The road from McDowell to Beverly, from start to finish, was over the mountain. We saw but one house on the march, a distance of about thirty miles from base to base, and that was on the summit. We started in rain and snow and ended it in the same. I do not suppose that a man in the command had a dry stitch on him. When we reached the top and began to go down, it was bitterly cold, and our clothes froze as hard as boards. The roads were very much cut up, the ruts were full of ice and snow, the horses constantly stumbled and fell, and their riders were thrown over their heads. I got off of my horse and led him, and I stepped into one of the ruts and got my boots full of water, which froze my feet

so that I had to pull my boots and stockings off, and a considerable amount of flesh came off with them.

"At last we reached Beverly and were happy to find that the enemy were entirely unprepared for us. After capturing the pickets, a squad of mounted men dashed into the town. It was now about four o'clock in the morning. All of the Federal officers were attending a ball at the hotel. We surrounded the house and made them all prisoners. The private soldiers were asleep in their huts, and the first they knew was the order to come out; this order was given by our men in language which they understood, and out they came in only the clothing they were sleeping in, or that they could grab as they left their huts. The poor fellows were so unfortunate as to get their shoes mixed, which caused great trouble in the march back, as those who had shoes too small for them had to cut them so as to give their feet room; and in a march such as I have described, of over a hundred miles back to Staunton, it

caused untold sufferings. It was certainly the hardest march made by any soldiers during the war. There has a great deal been written about Bonaparte's soldiers crossing the Alps, but that could not have been worse than this.

"After the first few days, the shoes of the prisoners were all worn out, and the snow over which they walked was reddened with their blood. I have never seen any of the Confederates who were on that trip who were not frozen in some way; and if we who were mounted and had every advantage to protect ourselves suffered so much, what must it not have been with the poor prisoners without shoes in such terrible weather? So cold was it that water tossed in the air froze before it reached the ground. Everything that could be done was done to give comfort to the prisoners, but that was not much.

"There was one interesting thing which I must not forget to tell about. When our cavalry was drawn up ready to start from Beverly, the prisoners also were ready for the march; and when

they saw that our line, though we were on horseback, was so much shorter than theirs, they were generous enough to acknowledge the bravery of the little army which had captured them, and they broke out into a tremendous yell which made the woods ring.

"We reached Staunton in about ten days, and turned over about five hundred prisoners; at least two for each man in our army when we reached Beverly. In looking back to this campaign, now more than thirty-two years ago, the whole affair appears like a wonderful dream; it seems equal to some of Sir Walter Scott's romances. That three hundred men, worn out in the war, with their horses, most of them, looking more like the skeletons of horses than animals fit for any kind of duty, should cross the Alleghany Mountains in the middle of winter, with at least eighteen inches of snow on the ground, for the purpose of attacking two regiments of Federal troops, infantry and cavalry, in winter quarters, in a fortified camp, with a division of cavalry at Clarksburg, only a

short day's march away, was, in my opinion, one of the most daring deeds in the history of the world.

"And we succeeded, too!

"H. B."

QUESTIONS TO CHAPTER XL

Can a person tell a story of what he has witnessed better than one who just hears of it?

What was the condition of Rosser's cavalry brigade in December, 1864?

What order came to them?

How did they receive it?

When did they start to Beverly?

Where did they stop first?

What made General Rosser decide not to remain at McDowell?

Repeat his speech to the men.

What effect did it have on them?

Tell of the sufferings of the march.

What condition of things did they find at Beverly?

Tell of the capture of the army there.

What increased the sufferings of the prisoners?

Tell of the interesting scene which took place when they were drawn up for the march over the mountain.

What happened when they reached Staunton?

What made this a wonderful march?

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