TRUE STORIES OF GREAT AMERICAN MEN

FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

"The history of the Church confirms and illustrates the teachings of the Bible, that yielding little by little leads to yielding more and more, until all is in danger; and the tempter is never satisfied until all is lost. – Matthias Loy, *The Story of My Life*

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

"If a Victory is to be gained I'll gain it" OLIVER H. PERRY.

TRUE STORIES
OF
GREAT AMERICAN MEN

FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

TELLING IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE INSPIRING STORIES OF THE LIVES OF

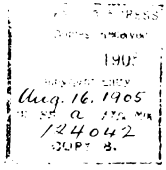
George Washington
John Paul Jones
Benjamin Franklin
Patrick Henry
George Peabody
Abraham Lincoln
Ulysses S. Grant
Robert E. Lee
James A. Garfield
Theodore Roosevelt

And Others.

By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS
AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED WRITERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES FOSTER PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



INTRODUCTION.

THERE is nothing which our boys and girls so much love to read, or have told to them, as true stories of the lives of great and noble people. This book gives such true stories. It deals especially with the early life of America's great men. It shows what were their natures and their habits when they were boys. It tells about their mothers and fathers and their homes; it tells of the circumstances which surrounded them and relates scores of incidents of their childhood days, and their daily doings, their jolly sports, their trials and difficulties and how they met and overcame them. It shows us what books they read, what schooling they had, how they came to be great and famous, and the wonderful things they did in the world.

Every boy and girl who reads this inspiring volume will want to get out and do something in the world. It is as charming and entertaining as a fairy tale, but every word of it is TRUE. It is written in easy language for the boys and girls of America.

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INAUGURAL PROCESSION

The Inspiring History

OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON

First President of the United States.

DO you know what the twenty-second of February is? It is the birthday of George Washington. Do you know who George Washington was? He was the greatest and best man that ever lived in this dear home-land of yours, which you call America.

He had no little boys or girls of his own, but he has always been called "The Father of His Country." Do you know

why people call him that? Let me tell you how he got this name.

Many years ago, on the twenty-second of February, in the year 1732, a little baby was born in a comfortable-looking old farm-house down in Virginia. This baby was named George Washington.

His father was a farmer, who planted and raised and sold large crops of tobacco in the fields about his house. These fields were called plantations, and George Washington's father was what is called a planter.

The name of George's father was Augustine Washington. His mother's name was Mary Washington. She was a very wise and good woman and George loved her dearly.

When George was a very small boy, his father died, and he was brought up by his mother in a nice, old farm-house on the banks of the Rappahannock River, just opposite the town of Fredericksburg. Ask some one to show you just where that is on the map.

George was a good boy. He was honest, truthful, obedient, bold and strong. He could jump the farthest, run the fastest, climb the highest, wrestle the best, ride the swiftest, swim the longest, and "stump" all the other boys he played with. They all liked him, for he was gentle, kind and brave; he never was mean, never got "mad," and never told a lie.

His mother had a sorrel colt that she thought very much of, because it came of splendid stock, and, if once trained, would be a fine and fast horse. But the colt was wild and vicious, and people said it could never be trained. One summer morning, young George, with three or four boys, were in the field looking at the colt, and, when the boys said again that it could never be tamed, George said: "You help me get on his back and I'll tame him."

After hard work they got a bridle-bit in the colt's mouth and put young George on its back. Then began a fight. The colt reared and kicked and plunged, and tried to throw George off. But George stuck on and finally conquered the colt so that he drove it about the field. But in a last mad

YOUNG WASHINGTON RIDING A COLT.

plunge to free itself from this determined boy on its back, the colt burst a blood-vessel and fell to the ground dead.

Then the boys felt worried, you may be sure. But while they were wondering what George's mother would say, the boy went straight to the house determined to tell the truth.

"Mother," he said, "your colt is dead."

"Dead!" said his mother. "Who killed it?"

"I did," said George, and then he told her the whole story.

His mother looked at him a moment, then she said: "It is well, my son. I am sorry to lose the colt; it would have been a fine horse, but I am proud to know that my son never tries to put the blame of his acts upon others, and always speaks the truth."

So you see, that early in his life, this boy was one to be depended upon. This story, too, shows you that besides his being so truthful and honest, young George Washington did not give up trying to do a thing until he had succeeded. He was bound to tame that fierce sorrel colt, and he stuck to it until he had conquered the animal, instead of letting it conquer him.

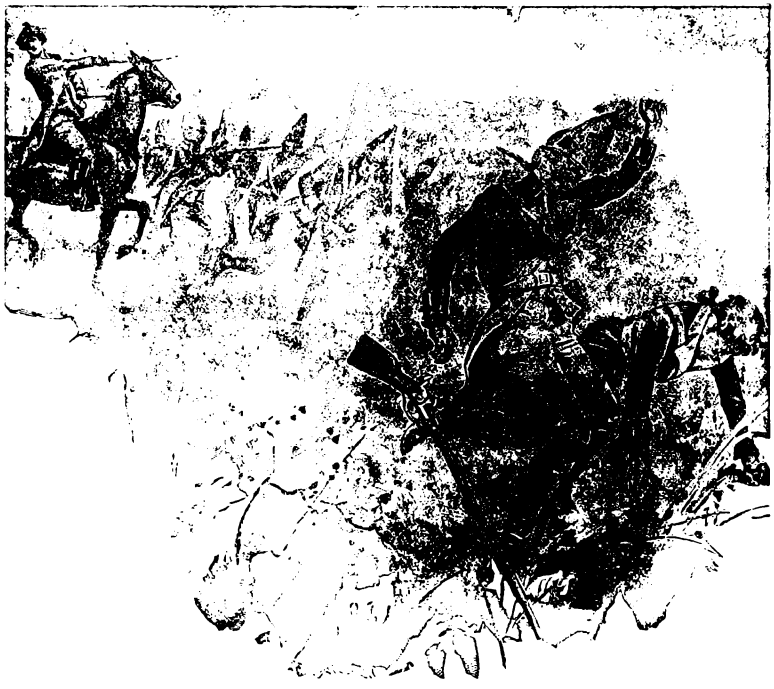
He loved the woods, and he loved the water. He wanted to be a sailor, but when he saw that his mother did not wish him to go away to sea, he said: "All right, mother," and he staid at home to help her on her farm.

When he was sixteen years old he gave up going to school and became a surveyor. A surveyor is one who goes around measuring land, so that men can know just how much they own and just where the lines run that divide it from other people's land.

This work kept George out of doors most of the time, and made him healthy and big and strong. He went off into the woods and over the mountains, surveying land for the owners. He lived among Indians and bears and hunters, and became a great hunter himself. He was a fine-looking young fellow then. He was almost six feet tall. He was strong and active, and could stand almost anything in the way of out-of-door dangers and experiences. He had light brown hair, blue

eyes and a frank face, and he had such a nice, firm way about him, although he was quiet and never talked much, that people always believed what he said, and those who worked with him were always ready and willing to do just as he told them.

When he was a boy it took a brave man to be a surveyor. He had to live in the forests, in all sorts of dangers and risks;



BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

he had to meet all kinds of people, and settle disputes about who owned the land, when those who were quarreling about it would be very angry with the surveyor. But young George Washington always won in the end, and his work was so well

done that some of his records and measurements have not been changed from that day to this.

He liked the work, because he liked the free life of the woods and mountains. He liked to hunt and swim and ride and row, and all these things and all these rough experiences helped him greatly to be a bold, healthy, active and courageous man, when the time came for him to be a leader and a soldier.

People liked him so much that when there was trouble between the two nations that owned almost all the land in America when he was a boy, he was sent with a party to try and settle a quarrel as to which nation owned the land west of Virginia, in what is now called Ohio.

These two nations were France and England. Their Kings were far over the Atlantic Ocean. Virginia and all the country between the mountains and the sea, from Maine to Georgia, belonged to the King of England. There was no President then; there were no United States.

George Washington went off to the Ohio country and tried to settle the quarrel, but the French soldiers would not settle it as the English wished them to. They built forts in the country, and said they meant to keep it all for the King of France.

So George Washington was sent out again. This time he had a lot of soldiers with him, to drive the French away from their forts. The French soldiers would not give in, and Washington and his soldiers had a fight with the French and whipped them.

Then the French King sent more soldiers and built more forts, and the English King sent more soldiers, and there was war in the land.

War is a terrible thing, but sometimes it has to be made.

The King of England was very angry with the French, and he sent over soldiers from England to fight the French. They were led by a British general whose name was Braddock. He was a brave man, but he thought he knew how to do everything, and he would not let anyone else tell him how he ought to act. But he had never fought in such a land as America, where there were great forests and Indians, and other things very different from what he was used to.

NOMINATION OF WASHINGTON AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.

George Washington knew that if General Braddock and the British soldiers wished to whip the French and the Indians, who were on the French side, they must be very careful when they were marching through the forest to battle. He tried to make General Braddock see this, too, but the British General thought he knew best, and he told Washington to mind his own business.

So the British soldiers marched through the forest just as if they were parading down Broadway. They looked very fine, but they were not careful of themselves, and one day, in the midst of the forest, the French and Indians, who were

hiding behind trees waiting for them, sprang out upon them and surprised them, and surrounded them and fired guns at them from the thick, dark woods.

The British were caught in a trap. They did not know what to do. General Braddock was killed; so were many of his soldiers, and they would all have been killed or taken prisoners if George Washington had not been there. He knew just what to do. He fought bravely, and when the British soldiers ran away, he and his Americans kept back the French and Indians and saved the British army.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

But it was a terrible defeat for the soldiers of the King of England. He had to send more soldiers to America and to

fight a long time. But at last his soldiers were successful, and, thanks to Colonel Washington, as he was now called, the English lands were saved and the French were driven away.

After the war was over, George Washington married a wife. All American boys and girls know her name. It was Martha Washington.

They went to live in a beautiful house on the banks of the Potomac River, in Virginia. It is called Mount Vernon. It was Washington's home all the rest of his life. The house is still standing, and people nowadays go to visit this beautiful place, just to see the spot that everyone thinks so much of because it was the home of Washington. Perhaps, some day, you will see it. You will think it a beautiful place, I am sure.

While Washington was looking after his great farm at Mount Vernon, things were becoming very bad in America.

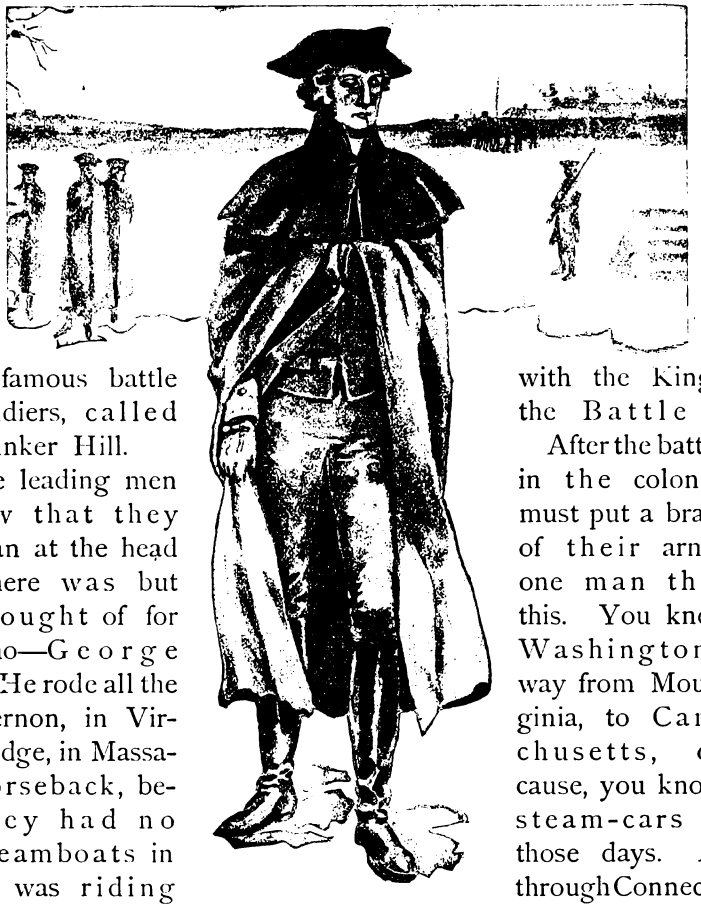
The King of England said the people in America must do as he told them, and not as they wished. But the Americans said that the King was acting very wrongly towards them, and that they would not stand it.

They did not. When the King's soldiers tried to make them do as the King ordered, they said they would die rather than yield, and in a place called Lexington, in Massachusetts, some of the Americans took their guns and tried to drive off the British soldiers.

This is what is called rebellion. It made the King of England very angry, and he sent over ships full of soldiers to make the Americans mind.

But the Americans would not. The men in the thirteen different parts of the country—called the thirteen colonies—got together and said they would fight the King's soldiers, if

the King tried to make them do as he wished. So they got up an army and sent it to Massachusetts, and there they had



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

a famous battle with the King's soldiers, called the Battle of Bunker Hill. After the battle, the leading men in the colonies saw that they must put a brave man at the head of their army. There was but one man they thought of for this. You know who—George Washington. He rode all the way from Mount Vernon, in Virginia, to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, on horseback, because, you know, they had no steam-cars or steamboats in those days. As he was riding through Connecticut, with a few soldiers as his guard, a man came galloping across the country, telling people how the Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. The

British soldiers had driven the Americans from the fort, and said they had won. But it had been hard work for the soldiers of the King.

Washington stopped the rider and asked him why the Americans had been driven out of the fort.

"Because they had no powder and shot left," replied the messenger.

"And did they stand the fire of the British guns as long as they could fire back?" asked Washington.

"That they did," replied the horseman. "They waited, too, until the British were close to the fort, before they fired.

That was what Washington wished to know. He felt certain that if the American farmer boys who stood out against the King's soldiers did not get frightened or timid in the face of the trained soldiers of the King, that they would be the kind of soldiers he needed to win with.

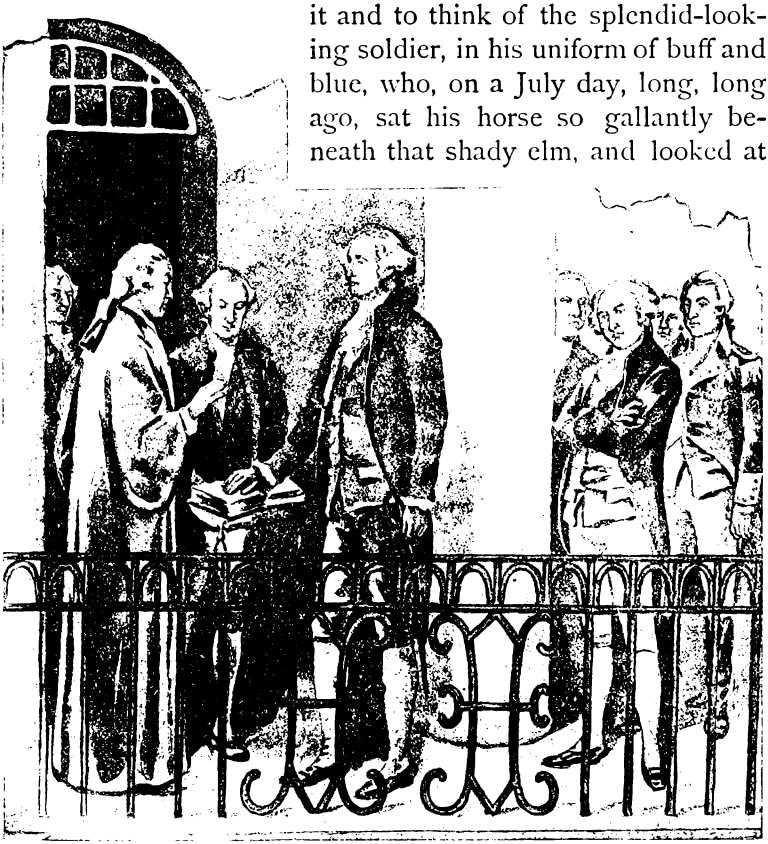
MEETING OF WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU
Who commanded the soldiers of France who came to help the Americans.

He turned to his companions, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," he said, and rode on to Cambridge to take command of the army.

If ever you go to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, you can see

the tree under which Washington sat on horseback, when he took command of the American army.

It is an old, old tree now, but everybody loves to look at it and to think of the splendid-looking soldier, in his uniform of buff and blue, who, on a July day, long, long ago, sat his horse so gallantly beneath that shady elm, and looked at



WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

the brave men who were to be his soldiers, and by whose help he hoped to make his native land a free and independent nation.

So, at his camp at Cambridge, he drilled his army of farmers and fishermen, and when he was ready he drove the British away from Boston without a battle, when all the American leaders met in the City of Philadelphia and said they would obey the King of England no longer, but would set up a nation of their own.

They called this new nation the United States of America, and they signed a paper that told all the world that the men of America would no longer obey the King of England, but would be free, even if they had to fight for their freedom. You know what this great paper they signed is called —the Declaration of Independence.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

The day that they decided to do this is now the greatest day in all America. You remember it every year, and celebrate it with fire-crackers and fire-works and flags, and no school. It is the fourth of July.

Well, the King of England was very angry at this. He sent more ships and soldiers over the sea to America, and there was a long and bloody war. It was called the American Revolution.

There was fighting for seven years, and, through it all, the chief man in America, the man who led the soldiers and

fought the British, and never gave up, nor ever let himself or his soldiers grow afraid, even when he was beaten, was General George Washington.

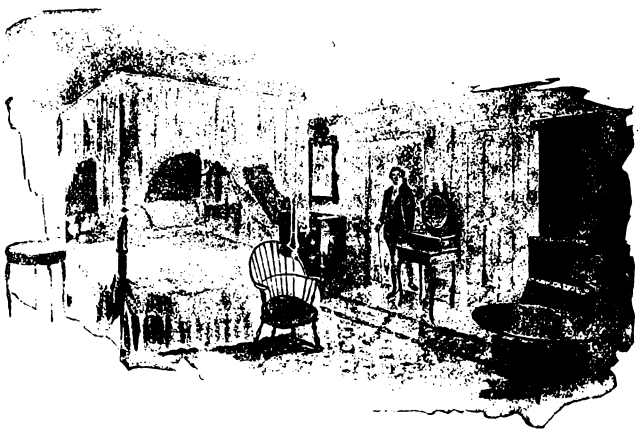
If the British drove him away from one place, he marched to another, and he fought and marched, and kept his army brave and determined, even when they were ragged and tired, and everything looked as if the British would be successful.

When the British whipped him in the Battle of Long Island, at Brooklyn, and thought they had caught all the American army, Washington, one stormy night, got all his soldiers safely across the river to New York, and the British had to follow and fight. And, again, when it looked as if the Americans must surely give in, Washington took his soldiers, one terrible winter's night, across the Deleware river and fell upon the British, when they were not expecting him, and won the battle of Trenton.

There were many hard and bitter days for George Washington through these years of fighting. One winter, especially, was very bad. The British soldiers seemed victorious everywhere. They held the chief cities of New York and Philadelphia, and the weak American army was half-starved, cold and shivering in a place in Pennsylvania, called Valley Forge. Washington was there, too, and it took all his strength and all his heart to keep his soldiers together and make them believe that, if they would only "stick to it," they would beat the British at last. But when their log huts were all covered with snow, and they had hardly clothes enough to keep them warm, or food to keep them from being hungry, it was not easy for the soldiers to see victory ahead, and, if it had not been for Washington, the American army would have melted away, owing to that dreadful winter at Valley Forge.

But he held it together, and when spring came, marched away from Valley Forge. Part of his army was attacked by the British at a place called Monmouth Court House, and was almost beaten and driven back, when General Washington came galloping up. He stopped the soldiers who were running away; he brought up other soldiers to help them, and he fought so boldly and bravely, and was so determined, that at last he drove off the British, and won the important battle of Monmouth.

You see, Washington simply would not give in when people told him he would have to, and that the British would get all the cities and towns. He said that the country was large, and, that sooner than give in, he would go with his soldiers into the mountains and keep up the war until the British were so sick of it that they would finally go away.



WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM, MOUNT VERNON, IN WHICH HE DIED.

So he kept on marching and fighting, and never giving in, even when things looked worst, and, at last, on the 19th of October, in the year 1781, he captured the whole British army, at a place called Yorktown, in Virginia, and the Revolution was ended.

So the United States won their freedom. They have been a great nation ever since, and every American, from that day to this, knows that they gained their freedom because they had such a great, brave, noble, patriotic, strong and glorious leader as General George Washington.

After the Revolution was over, and Washington had said good-bye to his soldiers and his generals, he went back to Mount Vernon and became a farmer again.

But the people of America would not let him stay a farmer. They got together again in Philadelphia, and, after much thought and talk, they drew up a paper that said just how the new nation should be governed. This is called the Constitution of the United States.

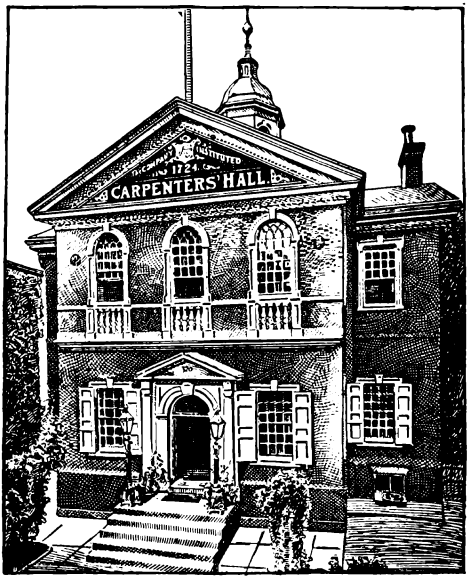
The Constitution said that, instead of a king, the people should pick out—elect is what they called it—one man, who should be head man of the nation for four years at a time. He was to preside over things, and so he was called the President.

When the time came to elect the first President, there was just one man in the United States that everybody said must be the President. Of course you know who this man was—George Washington.

It was a great day for the new nation when he was declared President. This is what we call being "inaugurated." All along the way, as he rode from Mount Vernon to New York, people came out to welcome him. They fired cannon and rang bells, and made bonfires and put up arches and decorations; little girls scattered flowers in his path and sang songs of greeting, and whenever he came to a town or city, every one turned out and marched in procession, escorting Washington through their town.

When he came to New York, after he had crossed the bay in a big row boat, he went in a fine procession to a building

called "Federal Hall," on Wall Street, and there he stood, on the front balcony of the building, in face of all the people, and, with his hand on an open Bible, he said he would be a wise and good and faithful President. Then the Judge, who had read to him the words he repeated, lifted his hand and cried out: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" A flag was run up to the cupola of the hall, cannon boomed, bells rang, and all the people cheered and cheered their hero and general, whom they had now made the head of the whole nation.



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
Where the Convention met which made the Constitution for the United States and over which George Washington presided.

So George Washington became President of the United States. He worked just as hard to make the new nation strong and great and peaceful as he did when he led the army in the Revolution.

People had all sorts of things to suggest. Some of those things were foolish, some were wrong and some would have been certain to have broken up the United States, and lost all the things for which the country fought in the Revolution.

But Washington was at the head. He knew just what to do, and he did it. From the day when, in the City of New York, he was made President—that is what we call his

inauguration—he gave all his thought and all his time and all his strength to making the United States united and prosperous and strong. And, when his four years as President were over, the people would not let him give up, but elected him for their President for another four years. When Washington was President, the Capital of the United States was first at New York and afterward at Philadelphia. Washington and his wife, whom we know of as Martha Washington, lived in fine style, and made a very noble-looking couple. They gave receptions every once in a while, to which the people would come to be introduced and to see the man of whom all the world was talking. Whasington must have been a splendid looking man then. He was tall and well built. He dressed in black velvet, with silver knee and shoe buckles; his hair was powdered and tied up in what was called a "queue." He wore yellow gloves, and held his three-cornered hat in his hand. A sword in a polished white leather sheath, hung at his side, and he would bow to each one who was introduced to him. He had so good a memory, that, if he heard a man's name and saw his face at one introduction, he could remember and call him by name when he met him again. But though he was so grand and noble, he was very simple in his tastes and his talk, and desired to have no title, but only this—the President of the United States.

His second term as President was just as successful as his first four years had been. He kept the people from getting into trouble with other countries; he kept them from war and danger, and quarrels and loss.

But it tired him all out, and made him an old man before his time. He had given almost all his life to America.

When his second term was ended, the people wished him to be President for the third time. But he would not. He wrote

a long letter to the people of America. It is called "Washington's Farewell Address." He told them they were growing stronger and better, but that he was worn out and must have rest. He told them that if they would be wise and peaceful and good, they would become a great nation; that all they had fought for and all they had gained would last, if they would only act right, and so they would become great and powerful.

So another man was made President, and Washington went back to his farm at Mount Vernon. He was the greatest, the wisest and the most famous man in all America. People said it was because of what he had done for them that their country was free and powerful and strong. They said that George Washington was "The Father of His Country." I think he was; don't you? He was very glad to get back to Mount Vernon. He loved the beautiful old place, and he had been away from it eight years. He liked to be a farmer, with such a great farm to look after as there are in Virginia. He found very much to do, and he mended, built and enlarged things, rode over his broad plantations, or received in his fine old house the visitors who came there to see the greatest man in all America.

There came a time when he thought he would have to give up this pleasant life and go to be a soldier once more. For there came very near being a war between France and the United States, and Congress begged Washington to take command of the army once more. He was made lieutenant general and commander in chief, and hurried to Philadelphia to gather his army together. Fortunately, the war did not occur, and the new nation was saved all that trouble and bloodshed.

So he went back again to his beloved Mount Vernon. But he did not live long to enjoy the peace and quiet that were his right. For, one December day, as he was riding over his farm, he caught cold and had the croup. He had not the strength that

most boys and girls have to carry him through such a sickness. He was worn out, and, though the doctors tried hard to save his life, they could not, and in two days he died. It was a sad day for America—the twelfth day of December, in the year 1799.

All the world was sorry, for all the world had come to look upon George Washington as the greatest man of his time. Kings and nations put on mourning for him, and, all over the world, bells tolled, drums beat and flags were dropped to half-mast, when the news came that Washington was dead.

When you grow up and go to Mount Vernon, as every American boy and girl should do some day, you will see his tomb. It is a plain and simple building, just as plain and simple as he was, and it stands close to his house, on the green banks of the beautiful Potomac River he loved so much. Then, sailing up the Potomac, or riding on the steam-cars, you will come to the beautiful city that is named for this great man—Washington, the capital of the United States. Then you will see the great white dome of the splendid Capitol, the building in which the American people make laws for the nation that Washington founded; there is the White House, where all the Presidents since his day have lived, there is the tall, white monument,—the highest in the world—that the American people have built to honor his memory and his name.

And in the cities and towns in America are statues and streets and parks and schools and buildings named after him, and built because all the world knows that this great American general and President was the best, the noblest and the bravest man that ever lived in all America—George Washington, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Love him, children. Never forget him. Try to be like him. Thus may you grow to be good men and women, and, therefore, good Americans.

THE ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF

JOHN PAUL JONES,

First Captain in the United States Navy.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Scotland a poor gardener, who had a little son. The gardener's name was John Paul; that was his son's name, too. The rich man's garden that big John took care of was close by the sea, and little John Paul loved blue water so much that he spent most of his time near it, and longed to be a sailor.

This blue water that little John Paul loved was the big bay that lies between Scotland and England. It is called Solway Firth.

When little John Paul was born, on the sixth day of July, in the year 1747, both far-away Scotland, in which he lived, and this land of America, in which you live, were ruled by the King of England.

The gardener's little son lived in his father's cottage near the sea until he was twelve years old. Then he was put to work in a big town, on the other side of the Solway Firth. This town was called Whitehaven. It was a very busy place, and ships and sailors were there so much and in such numbers that this small boy, who had been put into a store, much preferred to go down to the docks and talk with the seamen, who had been in so many different lands and seas, and who could tell him all about the wonderful and curious places they had seen, and about their adventures on the great oceans they had sailed over.

He determined to go to sea. He studied all about ships and how to sail them. He studied and read all the books he could get, and when other boys were asleep or in mischief, little John Paul was learning from the books he read many things that helped him when he grew older.

At last he had his wish. When he was but thirteen years old, he went as a sailor boy in a ship called the "Friendship."

The vessel was bound to Virginia, in America, for a cargo of tobacco, and the little sailor boy greatly enjoyed the voyage, and was especially delighted with the new country across the sea, to which he came. He wished he could live in America, and hoped some day to go there again.

But when this first voyage was over, he returned to Whitehaven, and to the store where he worked. But, soon after, the merchant who owned the store failed in business, and the boy was out of a place and had to take care of himself. So he became a real sailor, this time. For thirteen years he was a sailor. He was such a good one that before he was twenty years old he was a captain. This is how he became one. While the ship in which he was sailing was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrible fever broke out. The captain

died. The mate, who comes next to the captain, died; all of the sailors were sick, and some of them died There was no one who knew about sailing such a big vessel, except young John Paul. So he took command, and sailed the ship into port without an accident, and the owners were so glad that they made the young sailor a sea captain.

JOHN PAUL JONES AS A SAILOR BOY.

John Paul had a brother living in Virginia, on the banks of the Rappahannock River. This is the same river beside which George Washington lived when he was a boy. John Paul visited his brother several times while he was sailing on his voyages, and he liked the country so much that, when his brother died, John Paul gave up being a sailor for a while, and went to live on his brother's farm.

When he became a farmer he changed his name to Jones. And so little John Paul became known ever after, to all the world as John Paul Jones.

While he was a farmer in Virginia, the American Revolution broke out. I have told you about this in the story of General George Washington, who led the army of the United States to victory.

John Paul Jones was a sailor even more than he was a farmer. So, when war came, he wished to fight the British on the sea. This was a bold thing to do, for there was no nation so powerful on the sea as England. The King had a splendid lot of ships of war—almost a thousand. The United States had none. But John Paul Jones said we must have one.

Pretty soon the Americans got together five little ships, and sent them out as the beginning of the American navy, to fight the thousand ships of England.

John Paul Jones was made first lieutenant of a ship called the "Alfred." The first thing he did was to hoist for the first time on any ship, the first American flag. This flag had thirteen red and white stripes, but instead of the stars that are now on the flag, it had a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled around it, and underneath were the words: "Don't tread on me!"

The British sea captains who did try to tread on that rattlesnake flag was terribly bitten, for John Paul Jones was a brave man and a bold sailor. When he was given command of a little war sloop, called the Providence, he just kept those British captains so busy trying to catch him that they could not get any rest. He darted up and down Long Island Sound, carrying soldiers and guns and food to General Washington, and, although one great British war ship, the "Cerberus," tried for weeks to catch him, it had to give up the chase, for John

Paul Jones could not be caught. For all this good work, this bold sailor was made Captain Jones, of the United States Navy, and it is said that he was the first captain made by Congress.

He sailed up and down the coast, hunting for British vessels. He hunted so well that in one cruise of six weeks he captured sixteen vessels, or "prizes," as they were called, and destroyed many others. Among these was one large vessel,

PAUL JONES' MEN AT SEA.

loaded with new warm clothing for the British army. Captain Jones sent the vessel and its whole cargo safely into port, and the captured clothes were all sent to the American camp, and were worn by Washington's ragged soldiers.

The next year Captain Jones sailed away to France in a fine new ship called the "Ranger." Before he sailed out of Portsmouth Harbor, in New Hampshire, he "ran up" to the masthead of the "Ranger" the first "Stars and Stripes" ever

raised over a ship—Washington's real American flag with its thirteen stripes and its thirteen stars.

He went to France and had a talk with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the great American who got France to help the United States in the Revolution. Then, after he had sailed through the whole French fleet, and made them all fire a salute to the American flag—it was the first salute ever given it by a foreign nation—he steered away for the shores of England, and so worried the captains and sailors and storekeepers and people of England that they would have given anything to catch him. But they couldn't.

The English king and people had not supposed the Americans would fight. Especially, they did not believe they would dare to fight the English on the sea, for England was the strongest country in the world in ships and sailors. So they despised and made fun of "Yankee sailors," as they called the Americans. But when Captain John Paul Jones came sailing in his fine ship, the "Ranger," up and down the coasts of England, going right into English harbors, capturing English villages and burning English ships, the people began to think differently.

They called Captain Jones a "pirate," and all sorts of hard names. But they were very much afraid of him and his stout ship. He was not a pirate, either. For a pirate is a bold, bad sea robber, who burns ships and kills sailors just to get the money himself. But John Paul Jones attacked ships and captured sailors, not for selfish money-getting, but to show how much Americans could do, and to break the power of the English navy on the seas. So, this voyage of his, along the shores of England, taught the Englishmen to respect and fear the American sailors.

After he had captured many British vessels, called "prizes,"

almost in sight of their homes, he boldly sailed to the north and into the very port of Whitehaven, where he had "tended store," as a boy, and from which he had first gone to sea. He knew the place, of course. He knew how many vessels were there, and what a splendid victory he could win for the American navy, if he could sail into Whitehaven harbor and capture or destroy the two hundred vessels that were anchored within sight of the town he remembered so well from childhood.

JONES APPROACHING WHITEHAVEN, EARLY MORNING.

With two row-boats and thirty men he landed at Whitehaven, locked up the soldiers in the forts, fixed the cannon so that they could not be fired, set fire to the vessels that were in the harbor, and so frightened all the people that, though the gardener's son stood alone on the wharf, waiting for a boat to take him off, not a man dared to lay a hand on him.

Then he sailed across the bay to the house of the great lord for whom his father had worked as a gardener. He meant

to run away with this great man, and keep him prisoner until the British promised to treat better the Americans whom they had taken prisoners. But the great lord whom he went for found it best to be "not at home," so all that Captain Jones' men could do was to carry off from the big house some of the fine things that were in it. But Captain Jones did not like this; so he got the things back and returned them to the rich man's wife, with a nice letter, asking her to excuse his men.

But while he was carrying on so in Solway Firth, along came a great British warship, called the "Drake," determined to gobble up poor Captain Jones at a mouthful. But Captain Jones was not afraid. This was just what he was looking for. "Come on!" he cried; "I'm waiting for you."

The British ship dashed up to capture him, but the "Ranger" was all ready, and in just one hour Captain Jones had beaten and captured the English frigate, and then, with both vessels, sailed merrily away to the friendly French shores.

Soon after this, the French decided to help the Americans in their war for independence. So, after some time, Captain Jones was put in command of five ships, and back he sailed to England, to fight the British ships again.

The vessel in which Captain Jones sailed was the biggest of the five ships. It had forty guns and a crew of three hundred sailors. Captain Jones thought so much of the great Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who wrote a book of good advice, under the name of "Poor Richard," that he named his big ship for Dr. Franklin. He called it the "Bon Homme Richard," which is French for "good man Richard." The "Bon Homme Richard" was not a good boat, if it was a big one. It was old and rotten and cranky, but Captain Jones made the best of it.

The little fleet sailed up and down the English coasts, capturing a few prizes, and greatly frightening the people by

saying that they had come to burn some of the big English sea towns.

Then just as they were about sailing back to France, they came—near an English cape, called Flamborough Head—

JONES' MEN ASHORE—WHITEHAVEN.

upon a great English fleet of forty merchant vessels and two war ships.

One of the war ships was a great English frigate, called the "Serapis," finer and stronger every way than the "Bon Homme Richard." But Captain Jones would not run away.

"What ship is that?" called out the Englishman. "Come

a little nearer, and we'll tell you," answered plucky Captain Jones.

The British ships did come a little nearer. The forty merchant vessels sailed as fast as they could to the nearest harbor, and then the war ships had a terrible sea fight.

At seven o'clock in the evening the British frigate and the "Bon Homme Richard" began to fight. They banged and hammered away for hours, and then, when the British captain thought he must have beaten and broken the Americans, and it was so dark and smoky that they could only see each other by the fire flashes, the British captain, Pearson, called out to the American captain: "Are you beaten? Have you hauled down your flag?"

And back came the answer of Captain John Paul Jones: "I haven't begun to fight yet!"

So they went at it again. The two ships were now lashed together, and they tore each other like savage dogs in a terrible fight. O, it was dreadful!

At last, when the poor old "Richard" was shot through and through, and leaking, and on fire, and seemed ready to sink, Captain Jones made one last effort. It was successful. Down came the great mast of the "Serapis," crashing to the deck. Then her guns were quiet; her flag came tumbling down, as a sign that she gave in. At once, Captain Jones sent some of his sailors aboard the defeated "Serapis." The captured vessel was a splendid new frigate, quite a different ship from the poor, old, worm-eaten and worn-out "Richard."

One of the American sailors went up to Captain Pearson the British commander, and asked him if he surrendered. The Englishman replied that he had, and then he and his chief officer went aboard the battered "Richard," which was sinking even in its hour of victory.

But Captain Jones stood on the deck of his sinking vessel, proud and triumphant. He had shown what an American captain and American sailors could do, even when everything was against them. The English captain gave up his sword to the American, which is the way all sailors and soldiers do when they surrender their ships or their armies.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN "BON HOMME RICHARD" AND "SERAPIS."

The fight had been a brave one, and the English King knew that his captain had made a bold and desperate resistance, even if he had been whipped. So he rewarded Captain Pearson, when he at last returned to England, by giving him the title of "Sir," and when Captain Jones heard of it he laughed and said: "Well, if I can meet Captain Pearson again in a sea fight, I'll make a 'lord' of him." For a "lord" is a higher title than "sir."

The poor "Bon Homme Richard" was shot through and through, and soon sank beneath the waves. But even as she went down, the Stars and Stripes floated proudly from the masthead, in token of victory.

Captain Jones, after the surrender, put all his men aboard the captured "Serapis," and then off he sailed to the nearest friendly port, with his great prize and all his prisoners. This victory made him the greatest sailor in the whole American war.

The Dutch port into which he sailed was not friendly to America, but Captain Jones had made his name so famous as a sea fighter, that neither the thirteen Dutch frigates inside the harbor, nor the twelve British ships outside, dared to touch him, and, after a while—when he got good and ready—Captain Jones ran the Stars and Stripes to the masthead and, while the wind was blowing a gale, sailed out of the harbor, right through two big British fleets, and so sailed safely to France, with no one bold enough to attack him.

He had made a great record as a sailor and sea fighter. France was on America's side in the Revolution, you know, and when Captain Jones went to France after his great victory, he was received with great honor.

Everybody wished to see such a hero. He went to the King's court, and the King and Queen and French lords and ladies made much of him and gave him fine receptions, and said so many fine things about him that if he had been at all vain, it might have "turned his head," as people say. But John Paul Jones was not vain.

He was a brave sailor, and he was in France to get help and not compliments. He wished a new ship to take the place of the old "Richard," which had gone to the bottom after its great victory.

So, though the King of France honored him and received

him splendidly and made him presents, he kept on working to get another ship. At last he was made captain of a new ship, called the "Ariel," and sailed from France. He had a fierce battle with an English ship called the "Triumph," and defeated her. But she escaped before surrendering, and Captain Jones sailed across the sea to America.

THE BRITISH CAPTAIN SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO PAUL JONES.

He was received with great honor and applause. Congress gave him a vote of thanks "for the zeal, prudence and intrepidity with which he had supported the honor of the American flag"—that is what the vote said.

People everywhere crowded to see him, and called him hero and conqueror. Lafayette, the brave young Frenchman, you know, who came over to fight for America, called him "my

dear Paul Jones," and Washington and the other leaders in America said, "Well done, Captain Jones!"

The King of France sent him a splendid reward of merit called the "Cross of Honor," and Congress set about building a fine ship for him to command. But before it was finished, the war was over, and he was sent back to France on some important business for the United States. After he had done this, the Russians asked him to come and help them fight the Turks. This was often done in those days when soldiers and sailors of one country went to fight in the armies or navies of another.

Captain Jones said he would be willing to go if the United States said he could, "for," he said: "I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States." The United States said he could go to Russia, but the British officers who were fighting for Russia, refused to serve under Jones, because, as they said, he was a rebel, a pirate and a traitor. You see, they had not forgiven him for so beating and frightening the English ships and people in the Revolution. And they called him these names because he, born in Scotland, had fought for America.

They made it very unpleasant for Captain Jones, and he had so hard a time in Russia that, after many wonderful adventures and much hard fighting, at last he gave up, and went back to France.

He was taken sick soon after he returned to France, and, though he tried to fight against it, he could not recover. He had gone through so many hardships and adventures and changes that he was old before his time, and although his friends tried to help him and the Queen of France sent her own doctor to attend him, it was no use.

He died on the eighteenth day of July, in the year 1792,

when he was but forty-five years old. He was buried in Paris, with great honor. The French people gave him a great funeral, as their token of respect and honor, and the French clergyman who gave the funeral oration said: "May his example teach posterity the efforts which noble souls are capable of making when stimulated by hatred to oppression."

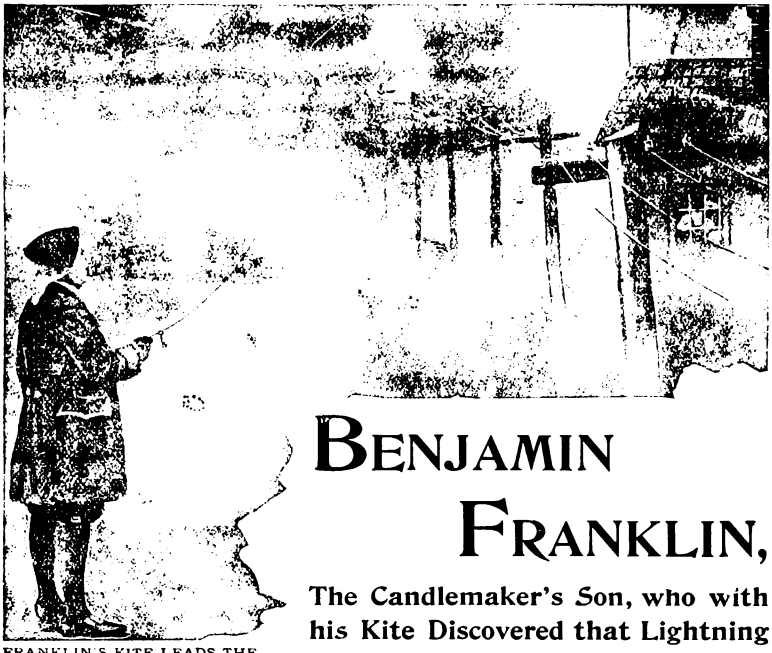
John Paul Jones was a brave and gallant man. He fought desperately, and war is a dreadful thing, you know. But as I have told you, sometimes it has to be, and then it must be bold and determined. Captain Jones did much by his dash and courage to make America free. He gave her strength and power on the seas.

He fought twenty-three naval battles, made seven attacks upon English ports and coasts, fought and captured four great war ships, larger than his own, and took many valuable prizes —to the loss of England and the glory of America.

American boys and girls know too little about him. If you are to learn about those who have fought for America on land and sea, you must surely hear of him who was the first captain in the United States Navy, and whose brave deeds and noble heroism is the heritage and example of American sailors for all time.

"I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag," he said, and Americans are just beginning to see how much this first of American sailors did for their liberty, their honor and their fame. Some day they will know him still more, and in one of the great cities of this land which he helped to save from destruction in those early days, a noble statue will be built to do honor to Captain John Paul Jones—the man who was one of the bravest and most successful sea fighters in the history of the world.

THE WHITE SETTLERS AND THE INDIANS HOLDING A CONFERENCE.



FRANKLIN'S KITE LEADS THE WAY TO THE MODERN USE OF ELECTRICITY.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

The Candlemaker's Son, who with his Kite Discovered that Lightning is an Electric Spark.

DID any of my little readers ever look at a lightning rod putting up from the roof of a house, and do you know what that lightning rod is for? I will tell you. When you hear the thunder in the heavens, there is a strong force which darts out in zigzag lines of fire, and if it strikes anything like a tree or house, it tears it to pieces, and perhaps sets it on fire; but if it strikes a person or an animal, it does not break even the skin, but passes through them in the twinkling of an eye and often kills them. This strange force most people call lightning, and the lightning rod is put on the house to catch it and to carry it down into the earth before it strikes the building.

Two hundred years ago nobody knew how to catch the lightning, and everybody stood in great dread of it. Now we know how to catch it and carry it away from our houses, and we also know how to make it run along wires and carry messages from one friend to another so fast that, if you were a thousand miles away, your friend, if he were at the end of the wire, would be receiving the message while you were at the other end sending it.

We have also learned how to make it carry the human voice for a thousand miles, so that if you were in New York you might step up to a little box, called the telephone, and talk into it, and your mother, father, or friend could hear your words plainly in Chicago, nearly a thousand miles away. It would pass so quickly that you and they could talk back and forth almost as easy and quickly as if you were in the same room. We also make this wonderful force pull our street-cars through our great cities, thus setting free the horses that used to have to do it. We also make it light our streets and houses, and we call it electricity

Is this not a very strange and a very wonderful power? And would you not like to hear the story of the great man who first caught from the skies this vivid, flashing lightning, and found out that he could harness it, almost as easily as we can harness a horse, and make the very thing which people had always dreaded as a terrible destroyer, the best friend and servant of man? Did you say you would like to hear his story? I will tell it to you. His name was Benjamin Franklin.

A very long time ago, perhaps about four hundred years, there lived in Northamptonshire, England, a poor blacksmith whose name was Franklin. In that country at that time, the oldest son always followed the same trade or work which his father followed. So the oldest son in the Franklin family

always became a blacksmith, and he always got the property which belonged to his father when the father died. The other children had to get out and shift for themselves. The youngest son in one of the large Franklin families was named Josiah. He couldn't be a blacksmith, as his older brother took up that business and inherited his father's shop. So Josiah went out and gave himself to a man who made soap and tallow candles, and agreed to serve him, without any pay except his board and clothes, until he was twenty-one years of age.

All this he did that he might learn the trade of a soap-boiler and candle-maker. When he was twenty-one his employer gave him, as was the custom, a new suit of clothes, a few dollars for his personal use, and a letter saying that he had learned his trade well. With that letter to show, young Josiah was able to go and hire himself to work where he could get pay for his labor. The hired man nearly always lived in his employer's family, and received his board and a few dollars per month.

After a little while, Josiah was married and continued to live in England and work at his trade until his wages were hardly sufficient to support himself, his wife and three children on the coarsest kind of food. He did, however, save up, in his earlier years, a little money, and the stories of the New World—America—kept coming to his ears. He heard that there were few candlemakers and soap-boilers in America, and that a young man who understood his trade would have a much better chance here than in England ; so in the year 1682, a little more than two hundred years ago, he took his wife and three children, and such clothing, bedding and household things as they could bring, on board a big sailing vessel and came to America. He landed in Boston, and soon set himself up as a soap and candlemaker. He found it much easier to support his family here than in the old country, and he

became very much in love with his new home. In the year 1706, twenty-four years after Josiah Franklin and his wife and three children came to America, a little baby boy was born. Like his father, he proved to be the last child in the family, and his father named him Benjamin. You remember Jacob's youngest son was named Benjamin. But Ben Franklin had sixteen brothers and sisters older than himself. Don't you think that was a big family? Seventeen boys and girls besides the mother and father! But you must remember they were not all then in the house. The oldest of his brothers was nearly thirty years of age when Ben was born, and they had gone into various kinds of business for themselves.

Benjamin was a good boy and his father loved him very much; you know how parents often love the youngest the best. The little fellow learned to read when he was very young, but he was sent to school only for two years, and then he was taken away, when he was only ten years of age to work in his father's candle-shop. His business was to cut wicks for the candles, fill the moulds with the melted tallow, tend the shop and run the errands. But "Ben," as he was called, did not like this business. He would very much rather look in picture books and read the easy stories. He always loved to go down to the water's edge, and he often did an errand very quickly, running all the way to save some time, that he might jump in a boat or go swimming with the boys.

Thus he learned to handle a boat and to be an expert swimmer. He had heard the sailors talk about far-away countries, and the strange people and wonderful sights, and he thought it would be a splendid thing to be a sailor, and he told his father how much he would like to be one and go to sea. But his father would not consent, and so Benjamin, like an obedient son, gave it up, though he often lay awake at nights and thought

how grand it would be to bound over the great billows and to visit all the countries of the world. Sometimes he would dream he was away on the ocean and would wake up to find himself in his own little bed.

Franklin was also a great lover of fishing. Every chance he got, he and his little boy companions would get out their lines, and, rolling up their pants, would wade into the marsh and fish in a mill-pond. Sometimes the water was too cold, and besides he had heard it was not healthy to stand in the water. So he said to the boys that it would be a good thing to build

BEN FRANKLIN MOULDING CANDLES IN HIS FATHER'S SHOP.

a wharf to stand on as the men did for their work about the water. They all thought so too.

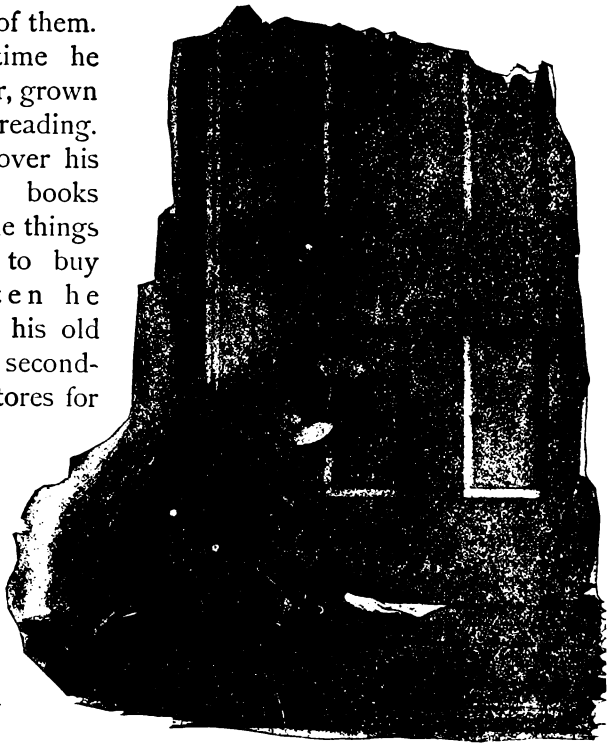
There was a pile of stones not far away which were to be used to build a new house. So they said the men could get more for themselves, or, perhaps, they had more than they wanted; and in the evening, when the men quit work the boys slipped out—for they knew it was not just right—and they carried enough of these stones away to make them a good pier far out into the water.

Next day when the workmen came they wondered where their rocks had gone. Upon searching around, they found what the mischievous boys had done, and, as they had seen them there often fishing, they knew just who had done it and went straight to their parents about it. Some of the mothers and fathers only laughed, but Mr. Franklin took Ben aside and began to lecture him. Ben tried to argue with his father that the pier was very necessary as it kept the boys' feet dry while they fished, and he pretended to think it was a good thing they had done. But Mr. Franklin told him that nothing was good or right that was not honest, and, to impress the lesson on his mind, he gave Benjamin a sound thrashing and forbade his fishing there any more. Ever after that, Ben was an honest boy and an upright man.

But Ben did not get over his desire to go to sea. He did not dare to ask permission, but he was always talking about what the sailors said, and using words which showed he had learned the different sails and much about ships. So his father grew afraid that his son would run away and go to sea as one of his other sons had already done. One day after Ben had been in the tallow-candle shop for two years—and was now ten years old—his father began to talk with him about other trades. He took him frequently to walk and they would stop

to look at different kinds of workmen, such as bricklayers, carpenters, iron-workers and many others. He hoped the boy would like some of these better than the life of a sailor, but Benjamin did not care for any of them.

By this time he had, however, grown very fond of reading. He poured over his father's dull books and sold little things of his own to buy more. Often he would trade his old books at the second-hand book-stores for others he had not read. So Mr. Franklin, seeing he was so fond of reading books, thought it was best to make a printer of him. His oldest son, James Franklin, already had a printing office and press. Benjamin said he would like this trade, so he was apprenticed to his brother to learn it.



THE BOY FRANKLIN SLIPPING HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE PAPER UNDER THE OFFICE DOOR.

When we say Ben was "apprenticed" we mean he was given to his brother to have as his own until he should be twenty-one

years old. He was to work for his brother without any pay, except his board and clothing. As Benjamin was then about eleven years old, he would have to serve his brother for ten years to learn his trade. Benjamin liked this trade very much. He got to see many new books and could always borrow all he wanted, and used to sit up sometimes all night to read a book so he could return it unsoiled, to the store in the morning.

The boy took a great fancy to poetry and at odd moments wrote some verses himself. When he had quite a lot, he showed it to his brother James. Certainly it was, as Franklin afterwards called it "wretched stuff," but James printed it and sent Ben around Boston to peddle it. He was doing this with much pride when his father laughed at him and made fun of his poetry, and told him he would always be a beggar if he wrote verses for a living. He stopped short his writing and peddling poetry. But he was bound to write, for he loved to do it, and I will tell you how he played a nice trick off on his brother:

James Franklin published a little newspaper. It was Ben's duty after the paper was printed to carry loads of them around and deliver them to the subscribers. The boy read this paper, and he thought he could write as well as many whose articles were published in it. But he would not dare to ask his brother James to let him write, nor would he let anyone know what he wrote. His father would be sure to make fun, as he did of his poetry, if he saw it. So he wrote almost every week and slipped his pieces under the office door after it was closed. James printed them, and his father read them, but they did not dream that Ben wrote them.

Now I will tell you of a way he saved money to buy books. Remember he got no wages for his work, but he always had money. A boy is not of much account if he does not have

money. When you see a boy always going around without a cent, it is a pretty good sign he will never save anything. Franklin had got the notion that it was wrong to eat meat. Now his brother paid his board, you know. So the boy told his brother that if he would give him half what his board cost he would board himself. As that would save James something, he agreed. Benjamin quit eating meat and lived on bread and other cheap foods. Thus he saved money to buy books, and by eating only a bit of bread and a tart for dinner he had half an hour every day to devote to reading, while the others were eating heavy dinners; and this is the way he educated himself. Would you think it strange if I told you that Benjamin did not like his brother James? It is a fact, he did not. They often quarreled, for James did not treat his little brother right and sometimes gave him beatings. I will tell you how he got free from him.

EARLY DAYS IN THE COLONIES.

One day James printed something in his paper which made

the Governor of the Colony mad. They arrested him and put him in jail for a whole month. Benjamin published the paper while his brother was in prison, and he said some very ugly things about the government, but was careful not to say anything for which they could get him in prison. This pleased James very much. But when they let him out of prison they forbade his publishing the paper any longer. Now what was James to do? He was a shrewd business man, so he said to Benjamin that he would set him free and run the paper in his name. So they destroyed the papers that bound the boy in law. Ben, however, said he would remain with his brother until he was twenty-one years old. This agreement was made and so it started, but soon James tried to impose on Ben as he had done before; but as Ben was no longer bound to him, he left him. Ben afterwards said that he did not do fairly in this, and he was sorry for it, though it was, perhaps, nothing more than James deserved.

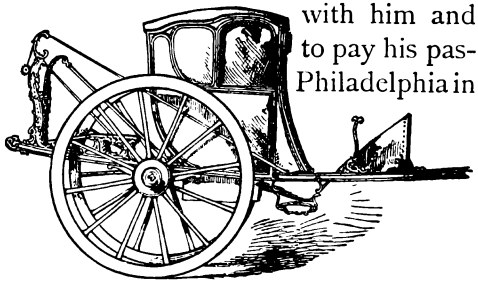
Benjamin now tried to hire himself to other printers; but none of them would take him because he had broken his contract with his brother. Besides, they had all agreed together that when one of their apprentices left, none of the others should hire him.

What was he to do? He was only seventeen years old, but he was not to be discouraged. Gathering a few of his books, he went aboard a sloop setting sail for New York. In that city he tried for days, but could get no work. Some one told him to try Philadelphia. It was a tedious and dangerous journey as it must be made by water. There were no railroads then. He took a sail-boat to Amboy, New Jersey. A storm came up and the boat was driven ashore, and the poor frightened boy lay all night in the little hold of the boat with the waves dashing over it, and the water, leaking through,

soaked him to the skin. It took him thirty-two hours to get to Amboy, and all that time he had neither a drink of water nor a bite to eat.

Having very little money he set out on foot and walked to Burlington. Here he was met by trouble he had not looked for. His ragged clothes, wet and soiled, made him look like what we now call a tramp; but there were no tramps in those days. They thought he was a runaway and came very near putting him in jail, and he says he was then sorry he had not remained in Boston with his brother James.

But it was now too late to go back, so he found a man with a row-boat at Burlington who was going to Philadelphia, and Franklin agreed to go with him and help him row the boat to pay his passage. They arrived at Philadelphia in the night, but as there were then no street lamps in the city, they passed by without knowing it. At length they went ashore and made a fire to dry themselves, and waited until morning and rowed to the city.



A FASHIONABLE CHAISE IN WHICH PEOPLE RODE IN THE DAYS OF FRANKLIN.

Poor Benjamin Franklin, all soiled, tired and very hungry, started up the street to find something to eat. He had no trunk or valise for his extra clothing, so he stuffed his extra stockings and shirt in his pockets. He soon found a baker shop and asked for biscuits as he used to buy in Boston. The baker did not know what they were. They did not make biscuits in Philadelphia. So Franklin asked him to give him threepenny worth of bread of any kind, as he was very hungry. The baker gave him three loaves, and putting one under

each arm, he chewed vigorously on the other as he walked along. Don't you suppose he looked very odd and funny walking along the streets in his soiled clothes with his pockets stuffed with socks and a shirt, a loaf of bread under each arm and eating another?

Well, so he did. And as he passed along a pretty girl named Deborah Read, looked out of the door, and he saw her laughing "fit to kill," and making all manner of fun of him. His pride was stung, but he was too hungry and helpless to do anything then. Many years afterwards, he married this very girl, and she was very fortunate and proud to get him.

Franklin soon found a place to work with a printer named Keimer, and he very quickly showed that he was quite different from other workmen and boys about the place. He knew all about printing, so he was a valuable workman, and he had read and knew so much in books that those who knew him liked to hear him talk, and they used to refer to him to settle disputes on all sorts of questions. Instead of spending his evenings at the tavern drinking or gossiping, as other young men did, he went to his room and read good books or went in the company of those of whom he could learn something. Such young men as these always attract the attention of others.

One day Mr. Keimer, the printer, looked out and saw two finely dressed gentlemen coming to his place. He went out to meet them and found it was no other than Sir William Keith, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and one of his friends. They had on silver knee-buckles and powdered wigs and ruffled shirts and gay-colored coats and silk stockings. Such fine people had never visited his shop before, and Keimer was much pleased, thinking what an honor it was to him, and, perhaps, he thought they might give him a big bill of printing to do. How great must have been his disappointment when the

Governor asked to see a young man by the name of Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin came out with his sleeves rolled up and wearing leather breeches—such as nearly all workmen wore in those days. He was quite surprised that the Governor should visit him, but was not ashamed to be an honest workman, and without ceremony he walked away between the two fine gentlemen to the tavern. Now what do you suppose the fine Governor wanted with this common young printer in his leather breeches? He told him that he wanted him to start a printing office of his own, as none of the other men of the city were first-class workmen. Franklin was very proud of the Governor's good opinion, but told him that he could not think of starting for himself as he was too poor to buy a press and types of his own and he did not think his father would help him. The Governor wrote a letter to Franklin's father urging him to help his son, and sent Franklin to Boston, dressed up nicely, wearing a watch, and with money in his pocket, to carry the letter. His parents were delighted to see him looking so large and strong and so much improved in every way. But when he showed the Governor's letter, asking his father's aid in buying a press, he was told by the old gentleman that he was too young to go into business for himself.

OLD-TIME PRINTING PRESS.

Franklin returned to Philadelphia with a heavy heart and reported to the Governor what had happened. The Governor seemed very much disappointed, and told Franklin that, if he would go to England to buy the presses and types, he would start him in business for himself. Benjamin agreed to do this, and at the appointed time called on the Governor to get the

letters of introduction and credit which the Governor said he would give him so he could buy whatever he wanted. They were not ready, but the Governor told him he would send them to the ship with other mail and he would get them before landing in England.

So Franklin went aboard the vessel and for many days had a delightful sail across the Atlantic Ocean. Just before they came to land, the mail-bags were opened, but what was his amazement to find that there was no letter from the Governor for him. They searched carefully all through the letters sent by the Governor to make sure, but there was not a word for or about Franklin or the printing press and types he was to buy.

Here he was, a poor young man with no money and no friends, several thousand miles from home. It would take about six weeks to write to the Governor and hear from him. He thought it over and wondered if the Governor had forgotten it or just treated him meanly. A man on the ship told him that the Governor did many strange things, that he had no credit abroad, and could not have bought a printing press for himself, and that was the reason he had sent no letter of credit. Then Franklin made one of his wise sayings, "Fine clothes do not make a fine gentleman," which we still often hear repeated.

But Franklin had learned to depend on himself and knew his printer's trade well, and he at once got a position to set type in London, where he learned many things that he did not know before. One was to engrave pictures and handsome letters on metal. Another was to make printer's ink, and yet another how to cast type or letters. This was all very useful to him in after years.

We have told you that Franklin would eat no meat. He also refused to drink wine or any intoxicating drink. Now,

all of the English printers and laborers drank a great deal of beer, and when lunch-time came, and Franklin sat down with his cup of milk or water, they laughed at him, and told him that water would make him weak, and he would be of no account if he did not drink beer or whisky, or something, and eat meat to make him strong.

Franklin told them that was a mistake, and, to prove it, he lifted heavy weights and showed himself stronger than any man in the shop. One holiday in the summer they went out for a swim in the River Thames, and Franklin could swim farther and faster than any of them. They also thought as he had come from the "wild new world," he did not know much, but after they had talked to him a bit they found out he had read more books than any of them, and instead of going out at nights he spent his time reading. There was a man near by who kept a second-hand book store, and Franklin used to pay him so much a week to let him take out books and read them.

By and by he found he had saved enough money to return to America, so he came back and got a position as a clerk in a store, but his employer died and he went back to work at the printer's trade. He hired himself to his old master, Keimer, and proved himself very useful in engraving plates to print a new paper money which was then being used in the Colony.

After a while Franklin bought a press and started a printing house of his own. He had to go greatly in debt for it, but by very hard work he believed he could pay the debt. He used to get up in the mornings when other men were asleep and go to work, and he was in his office at night after others were in bed. If he had not been a very strong and robust man, this would have made him sick. Perhaps he stood it better because he lived on nothing but milk and bread and drank no

intoxicating drinks. He did everything about his printing office. He made a wise saying: "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself." So when he wanted paper, he took a wheelbarrow and went over to the paper house, bought what he wanted, and wheeled it home himself.

He soon started a little newspaper, and he had read so much that he was able to write for himself, almost everything he printed in it. He also set a large portion of the type; and for a long time worked his printing press with his own hands, for there were no steam presses in those days. People saw how industrious he was, and, as he was the best printer in Philadelphia, he soon had more work than he could do, working early and late.

Now, I will tell you an interesting thing that happened. You remember I told you about the girl who laughed at him, when he, with his pockets stuffed full of socks and a shirt, walked up the streets several years before, eating a loaf of bread and carrying two others under his arms. Well, when Franklin was away in England, this pretty young lady, whom he always liked very much, got married, and when he came home he was sorry to hear it, for he had always hoped that he might become able to take a wife himself, and, if he should, she was the one he meant to ask to marry him. Some time after Franklin came home, the husband of his old-time sweetheart died.

Franklin waited until she took off her mourning, and he had gotten himself well started in his own shop, then he went over and told her what he had always intended to do, and said if she was willing to marry him now, he believed he could make a good living for the two in his own business, but, of course, they would have to live poor at first. He also told her that he was thinking of starting a little book store in front of his

printing office, and if she would marry him, she could be his clerk in the book store.

She readily consented, for she had always liked Franklin. So they were married and the young couple set to work to pay off the debts for the printing office. They had no servant and they lived on very plain food. Franklin still ate for his breakfast only plain bread and milk out of a plain earthen dish, with a pewter spoon. His wife attended the store, sold books and stationery, and, long before they expected to be so, they were out of debt and beginning to grow rich.

If you had gone into a house in those days you would have found very few books, but in every home you would have found something which people read very little now-a-days, namely, an almanac. It told the people about the weather, the days of the month and the weeks, put in a lot of recipes for cooking and all sorts of household remedies. In addition to this, it had wise sayings and choice bits of reading. So you see the almanac was a calendar, a cookbook, a doctor book and a reading book. Franklin concluded to print an almanac. He called it "Poor Richard's Almanac," and it is noted to-day for its wise sayings. Franklin signed the wise sayings, "*Richard Saunders*," and that is why it is called "Poor Richard's Almanac;" but everybody knew Benjamin Franklin wrote it.

By this time Franklin was one of the most learned men in the Colony, for, although he had never been to school since he was ten years old, he had, by studying at odd times, learned to speak and write several languages. One of the great needs of the people, he said, was an opportunity to read good books. There were very few books in the country and they were mostly in the libraries of rich people in their homes. So Franklin started a public library in Philadelphia. It was the first one

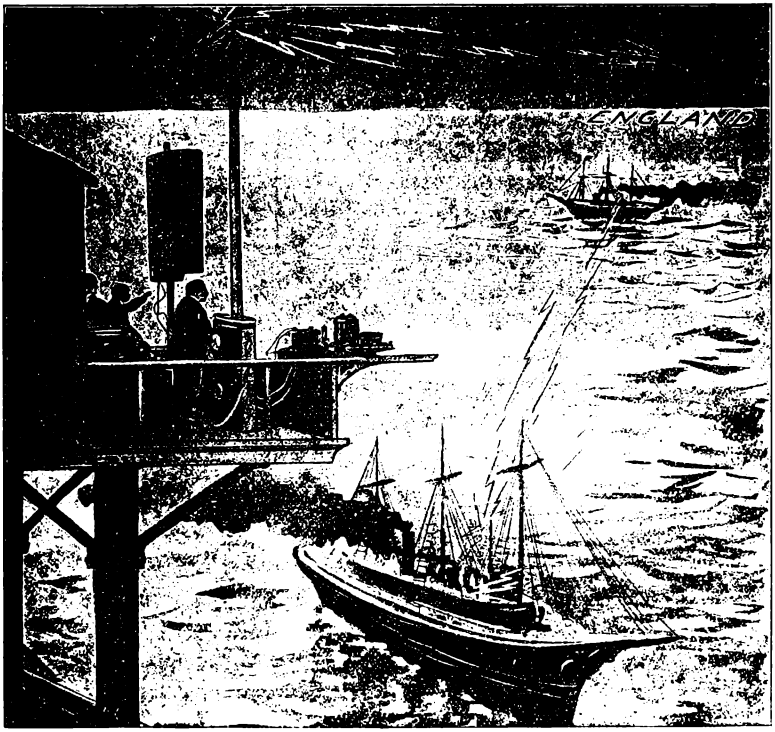
started in this country, and he encouraged all the working people to spend their evenings and holidays at the library reading.

About this time there was a great deal of talk about a strange influence called electricity, and wise men of Europe wrote much about it. Franklin read everything they wrote. Nobody knew what it was. Some of the wise men from the Old World came over to Philadelphia and lectured, and Franklin told them he believed that electricity was nothing more than the same power which caused the lightning and the thunder in the skies. They laughed at him, of course, so he determined to try and find out if it was not the same. How do you suppose he did it? I will tell you.

Franklin noticed that the electricity in the batteries of machines which these men used, if applied to a hemp string, would make the short ends of the hemp stand up straight like the hair on a cat's tail when the cat is mad or excited. He also noticed, when he touched the battery, he felt a shock from the electricity. "Now," he said, "if the lightning from the clouds is electricity, it will also make the ends of the hemp string stand up, and if I could only get it to come to me, through a piece of metal, I would feel the shock as I did from the electric battery."

The serious question was how he could get the hemp string up to the clouds. After a while he remembered that when he was a boy, he had often made a kite fly up as high as the clouds. So he took a silk handkerchief, made himself a kite and tied a long hemp string to it and put a steel point at the end of the kite, for he had found out that steel would attract electricity. On the other end of the hemp string, down close to his hand, he tied a metal key, and then from the key he tied a silk string which he held in his hand. They had found that electricity would not go through a silk string, and he

reasoned that, if there was electricity in the clouds, it would be caught on the metal point of the kite and pass down the hemp string to the metal key, but would not pass down the silk string to his hand, as silk does not conduct electricity.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY—ELECTRICITY AS APPLIED IN THE 20TH CENTURY.

He was afraid if he should fly his kite in the daytime a great crowd would gather around him, and, if his experiment should not prove successful, they would laugh at him; so one night when there was a wind and a thunderstorm, he went out all alone and sent his kite up. When it was way up among the

clouds, and the thunder was pealing and the lightning was flashing, he saw the hemp on his string stand up on ends. Then he reached his finger to the key and received a shock just as he felt it in an electric battery. *He had proved that lightning is due to electricity, and he had found how to catch it.*

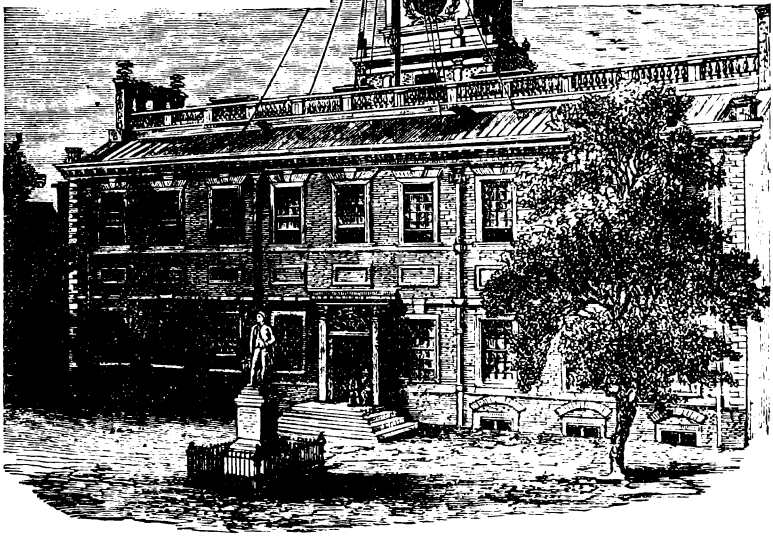
The learned men of the Old World were astonished that a man who had never been to school since he was ten years of age had beaten them all so far in this mysterious and strange discovery. They said he was a philosopher, and called him "Doctor Franklin." Many people, however, only laughed at the story. Some of Franklin's friends said to him: "Now that you have discovered it, of what use is it?" Franklin answered simply: "Of what use is a child? It may become a man." He meant to teach them that a discovery of any truth is a very important matter, and that all knowledge may be turned to good use.

Franklin then set to work and invented the lightning rod, which is, as we have said, a steel point placed on a house to catch the lightning and run it down a metal rod into the ground, just as the steel point on Franklins' kite caught the electricity from the clouds and ran it down the hemp string.

Franklin was now a great man, and the Americans were very proud of him. So they sent him on a journey to London in the interest of the people. Dr. Franklin was now reminded of a proverb of Solomon which his father used to repeat when he was a boy: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." He was now going to stand before the "Privy Council" of the King of England; and what do you suppose he was going for? I will tell you.

When Pennsylvania was settled, William Penn was made the Governor, and a large amount of land was given him by

the King for his father's faithful services. When William Penn died, his sons inherited this large amount of land, and they claimed that they should not pay any taxes on it and refused to do so. The people thought they ought to pay like others, and so did Franklin, hence he was sent to London to plead the cause of the people against the sons of William Penn. The result was the King made them pay taxes like everybody else, and Franklin came home more honored than ever. He had stood before the King and gained a great cause for the people. Seven



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

years after this the English people undertook a very great injustice to the American Colonies. Always before this, when

the King wanted money from the colonists, he had asked for it by his Privy Council and they had sent it freely. During the French and Indian War against England, the colonists had given so freely that the King said they had sent too much, and he made England pay back two hundred thousand dollars a year for several years. Now in 1763 there was a man by the name of George Grenville made Prime Minister of England, and he was Lord of the Treasury. Without asking the King he decided to tax the Colonies in America, and to do it he had stamps made which he said should be put on all legal documents of whatever kind, and the people who used them would have to pay for these stamps.

The people said they would give money when the King wanted it and asked for it, as they had always done; but as they had no representative in Parliament to plead for them, and as Parliament never had taxed them, they would not now submit to being taxed in this way.

So the colonists from all over the country sent Dr. Franklin to England again, and he showed them how unjust it would be to make his country buy these stamps. He told them that the people of America would give money when the King asked for it. He showed them how liberal they had always been in giving more than was required. He told them the stamps on the papers would look like compulsion, and, while they could persuade the American people to do anything, they were too liberty-loving to be forced to do an unjust thing.

But Mr. Grenville also persuaded Parliament to pass the law putting a special tax on tea and other articles as well as requiring stamps on legal papers. That meant the people of America had to pay England for the privilege of buying goods. This made the Americans very angry and they would not buy the goods. But a few people did buy them, and that made

the true patriots very angry. So one day when a ship loaded with tea came into Boston harbor, with the hated tax imposed on it, some people went aboard and threw it into the sea.

A few months later, the mean Mr. Grenville was removed from the office of Prime Minister and, through Dr. Franklin's influence, Parliament repealed the unjust taxes. Dr. Franklin was very popular in England. His learning and wisdom were so great that Oxford University gave him the degree LL. D., and other universities gave him degrees of honor.

But, in spite of Dr. Franklin's efforts and popularity, other unjust laws were made and kept in force, and the quarrel already started grew worse and worse. The people saw England had no love for them, and was only holding them to help support the English king and rich people. This made them hate the mother country. Patrick Henry, the fiery orator, had made a great speech in Virginia, and urged the colonists to go to war rather than submit. This speech had been printed and gone all over the country, and fired the people against their oppressors. Meantime, England sent warships to America to frighten the people into submission. So Dr. Franklin after ten years' hard work to keep peace left England in April, 1775. When he landed on May 6th, he found that the battle of Lexington had been fought, and the war was really begun.

As soon as he reached Philadelphia, he again tried to do what he could to bring about peace, for he feared our small nation of about three millions of people—not so many in all the country as there are now in the city of greater New York—would be almost destroyed if they tried to fight against the great kingdom of England with her many trained soldiers and great warships.

But finding that England would not do right, he determined, with Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and other

great men, that it was better to die as a free man than to live in such slavery as England wanted to put upon us. He was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, where the greatest men came from all the Colonies ; and he helped make, and signed the Declaration of Independence.

He next went to work to get up soldiers—but he was a statesman instead of a soldier, and General Washington asked him to go to Canada and see if the Colonies there would not join us in our war, and make England set them free also. Franklin went and tried hard to induce them, but finally had to give it up and come home. He was made Postmaster General of the United Colonies ; that is, he had general charge of all the mail.

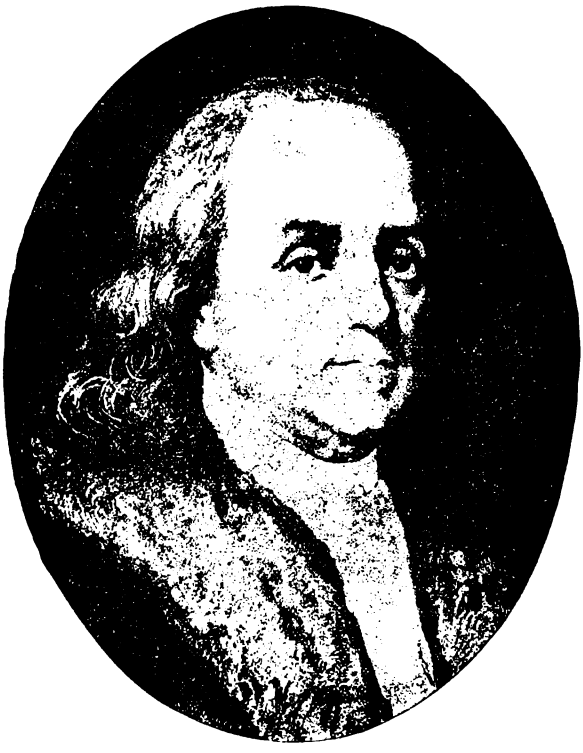
When the war had been going on two years, everybody saw we must have help, or we should be beaten, our country would be ruined, and all our great men would be hung or shot as traitors to the English Government. France had been secretly helping us for some time, for they hated the English, but they would not come out boldly, for they were afraid of getting into a great war with England themselves.

The colonists, knowing that Dr. Franklin could speak French, having learned it by studying at odd times while a young man, and also that he was the wisest and most popular man in the country, decided to send him to the Court of France to beg them to help us.

Thus Franklin again stood before a king. He was now a venerable man, seventy years of age, but full of vigor and full of life and one of the shrewdest men who ever went abroad for his country. The people of Paris—the gayest city and the proudest Court in the world—were charmed with his wise sayings, his simple ways and his quaint manners, for he pretended to be only a poor colonist, although he was famous all

over Europe for his wise statesmanship, his learning in books, his discoveries and inventions.

Franklin made himself very friendly, accommodating and pleasant; for while his heart was almost bleeding for his suffering countrymen, and he wanted France to send aid quickly, he knew he must go about it in a very shrewd way and make them like him so much they could not refuse him. This teaches us a lesson. If we want people to help us, we must make them like us. It also reminds us of another wise saying: "Vinegar never catches flies." So Franklin went into their society. He talked with their learned men about science and philosophy and everything they wanted to discuss. One day he found a lot of scientific men talking very excitedly. He listened, and found



DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS MINISTER TO FRANCE.

out they were trying to answer by science, why it was that a dead fish if dropped into a bucketful of water would cause it to run over, but if a live fish of the same size were put into the bucket it would not run over. Many reasons were given by the learned French doctors, differing so much that they got into quite a war of words. Presently, some one said, "Mr. Franklin, we have not heard your explanation yet."

With a smile Franklin asked them to bring in a bucket of water and two fish the same size. This was done. "Kill one of the fish," said Franklin. This was done, and Franklin put it in the water, and it ran over just as the wise men had said. "Now," said Franklin, "fill up the bucket level full again." This was done and he dropped in the live fish. It "scooted" around and more water ran over than the dead fish displaced. "There," said Franklin, "before wasting time in argument, be sure of your facts." This is another one of his wise sayings, and to this day it is a maxim in France, where Franklin is almost as popular as in his native land.

Franklin soon won over the French people to the American side. They wanted to help us very much, as our people wanted to help the Cubans in their recent successful struggle for freedom from Spain's tyranny. But then the Government did not want to do anything for their fear of England.

But after about a year of sleepless nights and thoughtful days, Franklin won the Government over too. It was a glorious day for him, when the treaty was made and sixteen big warships and four thousand French soldiers sailed out from France to help us fight.

Besides this, Franklin could now buy more vessels, and as you read in the life of Paul Jones in this book, he fitted him out with ships after the loss of his own vessel. Do you not

remember the fearful fight between the "Bonne Homme Richard" and the "Serapis?" The "Bon Homme Richard" was Paul Jones' ship, and it was gotten for him in France with Franklin's aid. "Bonne Homme Richard" is French, and it means *the good man Richard.* It was so named in honor of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," which Jones read and found full of good advice. It is believed that this treaty with France and the aid the French people gave us are what saved our country from defeat. If so, is not Franklin almost, or quite, as great as George Washington?

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE,
Corner Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

Dr. Franklin remained in France during the whole of the war and kept her sending us help, and when General Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington, he helped to make the treaty of peace with England, signing them both—for there was first a treaty and afterwards a final one—in Paris. He then made a treaty with Prussia which was of great benefit to our country.

After all these great deeds and many smaller ones, which it would fill a book to tell, he prepared to leave France, where he had been for more than ten years. He was over eighty years of age and beginning to suffer with gout. So the Queen of France had him carried to the sea in her private easy chair, hung with silk curtains and lined with fine cushions and borne by two mules, one walking in front and the other behind. When Doctor Franklin reached home, everybody, from the

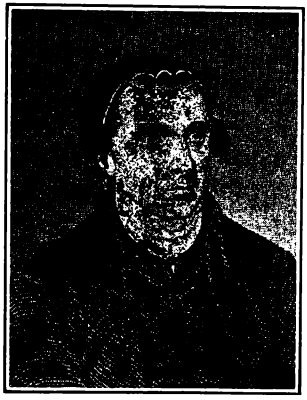
highest to the lowest, joined in his praises and all those near enough went to see him. He was, next to Washington, the most honored man in the country. But would you not think they would let the dear old man rest the balance of his life? Certainly, if he so desired, but they thought he ought to be the President of Pennsylvania for them, anyhow for a while, and he served them in that office three years.

Then all the free Colonies sent their great men together to name the new country and make a Constitution for it. Franklin was among them, and he told them that God had given the victory, and they must open the meeting every day with prayer, "because," he said, "if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, an empire cannot rise up without His aid." So they did as he advised. The new country was named the *United States of America*, and its Constitution, declaring all men to be born free and equal, was made and adopted. George Washington was made President in 1789, and Franklin said it was the proudest day of his life when he saw him in office and this great country free, united, and under its own ruler. He had now but a short time to live, and though eighty-three years of age, he said he thought he ought to advise our people to free the negro slaves. Our Constitution said all men were born free and equal, and if that were true we should not keep our fellow-man in slavery. So he became president of a society which undertook to persuade Congress to free the negroes, and signed a long letter called a memorial, begging Congress to buy the slaves from their owners, and set all the black people free.

On the seventeenth day of April, 1790, Benjamin Franklin died in Philadelphia, at the ripe old age of eighty-four years and three months. All the nation went into mourning for the good and great man.

PATRICK HENRY,

The Poor Boy Who Became a Lawyer and the Famous Orator of the Revolution.



EVERY boy and girl loves to hear a great speaker, and almost everyone has heard of the wonderful orator who stirred up the people and made them resist the tyrant King of England, who made our forefathers pay unjust taxes and kept them from being a free and independent people.

His name was Patrick Henry Like almost all other great men, he has an interesting life. He made himself what he was. After failing in several other undertakings, he finally entered the calling to which he was exactly suited and became famous.

His life will teach my girl and boy readers not to despair if they fail once or twice, but to keep on trying. There is some line of work or some profession in which every boy and girl can succeed, if they will only do as Patrick Henry did, find out just what they can do best; and, once they have undertaken it, stick to it and work with all their might. Like George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and

many of the great men in the early history of our country, Patrick Henry was born and raised in Virginia. His father was named John Henry, and came to this country, when a boy, from Scotland, about the year 1730, to seek his fortune in the New World. He got acquainted with the Governor's family, and the Governor introduced him to a Colonel Syme, who commanded the soldiers in Virginia. John Henry became a great friend of Colonel Syme and his wife. Mr. Henry also had a good education, and he was very useful to the Governor in the Colony. After a while he wrote back to his brother Patrick, in Scotland, who was a minister of the Church of England, and invited him to come to this country. Soon the Rev. Patrick Henry arrived. He was a smart man and quite an orator, and was made the preacher of St. Paul's Parish in Hanover, Virginia. It was for this good man that Patrick Henry, our great orator, was afterwards named.

Colonel Syme, who commanded the Virginia soldiers, died, and his good friend, John Henry, was made Colonel in his stead. After a little while he married Mrs. Syme, the widow of his former friend, and they had two sons; the older one they named William, after the brother of Mrs. Henry, and the younger boy was named Patrick, after his father's brother, whom we have just told you about.

The two boys, William and Patrick, grew up together, and until Patrick was ten years old, he and his brother William went to school in the neighborhood, where they learned to read and write and studied arithmetic. About this time their father opened a grammar school in his own house, and the boys attended this school, where they studied Latin and also a little Greek. Patrick was, however, more fond of arithmetic and algebra and geometry. In fact, he disliked to study anything else, and if we must tell you the plain truth—he was

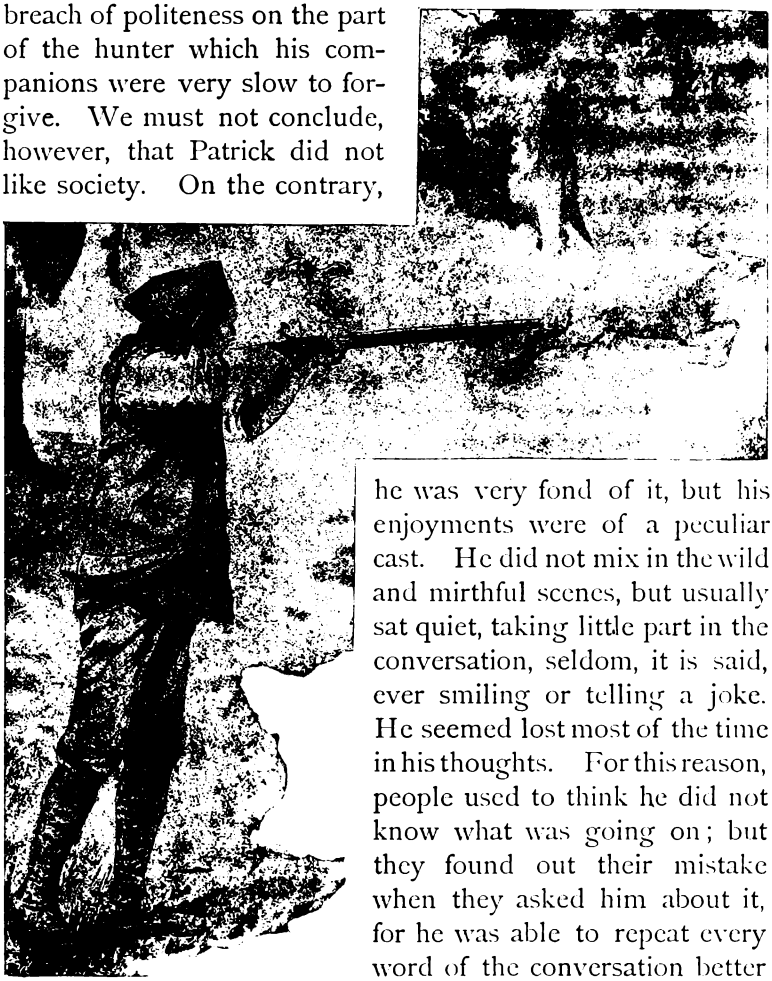
very lazy about studying anything, and got out of all the lessons he could without telling stories or being dishonorable. Like George Washington, he always told the truth, and is said never to have done a dishonorable thing in his life.

But when it came to play, Patrick was different. He loved to play ball, to go swimming and to go hunting. So fond was he of the woods that sometimes when the school hour arrived Patrick was far away in the forest with his gun and his dog, or along the banks of the brook with his angle rod, though it is said he seldom brought home any fish. When school was out, as soon as he got his breakfast in the morning, he was away to the woods, where he would spend whole days together, for weeks at a time, seeming to grow more fond of the deep and lonely stillness of the vast forest, which covered almost the entire country at that time. He preferred rather to go alone than with the other boys and join in the jolly fox-chase or rabbit hunt, as boys do now and as boys did then. It is true that he often started off with them, but after a little while they would find out that Patrick was not among them. Sometimes they would follow him, and they would nearly always find him lying alone by some rippling brook, where he seemed to be delighted with the music of the waters, or he would be flat on his back looking up into the blue sky. They naturally thought that he was too lazy to run about with them, but often when they slipped up on him, they would hear words in measured tones of oratory coming from his lips. He always seemed much ashamed when they caught him "talking to himself," as they called it, and he was too modest to tell them what he really was doing. It was found out in later life that he was thinking of the beauties of nature, studying about the strange things in the woods and the streams and the sky, and making to himself pretty speeches

about them or about people. Thus we see, in early life, how his mind was inclined, and how he was naturally training himself. There were at that time a great many deer in Virginia, and it was sport to hunt them with dogs. One part of the men and boys who went out to hunt would go on what they called the "drive;" that is, they would take the dogs and go into a part of the forest and march straight through. If the dogs "jumped" a deer, it would run off in the other direction. The hunters followed, the dogs barking and the men hallooing with all their might, and the poor frightened deer would speed away in the other direction, as fast as its nimble legs would carry it. The other part of the men were called the "standers." They would go a mile or two ahead of where they expected to start the deer, and stand in the little forest paths along which the animals passed to and fro in the forest. When the frightened deer came bounding along the pathway, the "standers" would shoot it down.

When the deer was killed, the lucky hunter would blow his horn with all his might, and all the hunters would come together, and they would have a great jubilee. They had a fashion, when a young man first killed a deer, to take the blood of the animal and literally smear him all over with it, and it is said that Patrick, although he was a constant hunter, was a good deal larger and older boy when he got his first smearing than a majority of his companions in the neighborhood. Patrick Henry was very fond of deer hunting, but he never went on the "drive." He always took one of the "stands," and was not at all choice about which stand they gave him, for it seems he would much rather remain alone with his thoughts than to be the heroic hunter who should bring down the deer. In fact, he frequently failed to answer the call of the lucky hunter who bagged the game, and was

absent at the jollification around the slain animal. This was a breach of politeness on the part of the hunter which his companions were very slow to forgive. We must not conclude, however, that Patrick did not like society. On the contrary, he was very fond of it, but his enjoyments were of a peculiar cast. He did not mix in the wild and mirthful scenes, but usually sat quiet, taking little part in the conversation, seldom, it is said, ever smiling or telling a joke. He seemed lost most of the time in his thoughts. For this reason, people used to think he did not know what was going on; but they found out their mistake when they asked him about it, for he was able to repeat every word of the conversation better than any of the others could do it. Patrick was very fond of music and he learned to play on



PATRICK HENRY SHOOTING A DEER.

the flute and violin, and often, at the country parties, he played the fiddle for many a jolly "old Virginia reel," which was the most popular dance in those days. He frequently joined in the dance, and, while he appeared to enjoy it immensely, it was said that he was very awkward and danced all over rather than with his feet. It was funny to see his long lanky arms and his big shoulders flying and shrugging about, while his feet seemed so heavy that he could scarcely get them off the floor.

Patrick's school-days ended when he was fifteen years of age. By that time there were so many brothers and sisters in the family that the father was scarcely able to support them; so he had to let the two older boys leave school. Patrick was placed behind the counter of a country store, where he stayed for one year as a clerk. His father then thought Patrick and William ought to be able to run a store for themselves, so he bought them a stock of goods, and in a country store "set them up in trade," as it was then called.

Patrick was the manager of the store, because he had a year's experience, and William, though older, must be his clerk, at least until he could learn all the mysteries of store-keeping from his younger brother. But the boys thought that keeping store wasn't work, but only play, and all they needed to do was merely to wait on the customers, and give them what they called for. Furthermore, they thought everybody was perfectly honest, and so they were generally, but often people who do not have the money buy more things than they can pay for. So Patrick and William trusted everybody and about one-half of the time forgot to charge the things they sold on credit, and, at the end of the year when their father came to see how much money they had made, lo! he was surprised to behold that they had sold almost everything in their store, and that they had very little money, and what

they had charged up to the neighbors, if all collected, would not leave one half so much as he had started the boys in business with at the beginning.

Thus Patrick Henry and his brother had proved great failures as merchants, and they had to hunt work with the farmers, or get to be clerks in

"OFTEN AT THE COUNTRY PARTIES HE PLAYED THE FIDDLE FOR MANY A JOLLY 'OLD VIRGINIA REEL.'"

other stores where they would have nothing to do with the management. But while the money had been wasted, Patrick's

time had not been wasted. His store was one of the most popular places in the neighborhood. People used to go there to talk and gossip with the "Henry boys," as they called them. No other place was so entertaining, or such a jolly good place to go. Every Saturday afternoon and almost every night found quite a throng of men and boys seated before the store-door in the summer time, or on goods boxes around the store in the winter, in animated conversation.

No matter where else they might go, they never talked like they did in the "Henry boys'" store; the reason of it was this: Patrick Henry, while he did little talking himself, every time he could get a crowd together began to ask somebody questions about some matter of history or something of common interest. He would carry his questions from one to another, around the company, until he would get them into a lively debate, which often ended in quarrels and sometimes in a fist-fight, for they were great fighters in those days.

But no matter what they were doing, whether engaged in heated discussions or pommeling each other with their fists, Patrick was watching them and *studying human nature*. You remember that he formerly studied the woods, the birds, the brooks and the things he found in the forest. He was now studying *men*, and how they might be moved to good or bad deeds by speech. Perhaps he had no thought of ever becoming a great orator. He studied human nature because he loved to be doing it, and he thus gained a knowledge of men which afterwards enabled him to control them so powerfully with his wonderful eloquence.

During this period at the store, Patrick also began to read books of history. He particularly loved to study the lives of the grand old Greek and Roman heroes. He read all the orations of that wonderful orator, Demosthenes, who lived in

the city of Athens more than three hundred years before Christ, and who used to make such fiery orations against King Philip of Macedonia, who was oppressing his countrymen, so that the people of Athens would rise up and shout in their frenzy, "Let us march against Philip." He read also the beautiful speeches of Cicero, the silver-tongued orator of the Romans, whose voice was so melodious, words so well chosen and sentences so beautifully put together that it was like listening to sweet enchanted music to hear him speak.

Frequently, when customers came into the store, they heard Patrick in the back room, repeating some of these master orations, and they used to pause in the doorway before asking for the goods they wanted, and listen for a few moments to the beautiful expression he gave them. Thus it will be seen how he prepared himself to speak as forcibly as Demosthenes, yet as musically and beautifully as Cicero. Let not any of my young readers think this time was wasted. Not so; it was very profitably spent. It is not what we learn in school so much as the private training we give ourselves which makes us great in any cause.

We have spoken above of Patrick Henry's playing the violin and flute at country parties. Like all true-hearted and manly boys, he liked the girls, and was fonder of being with them than in the society of the men, for he was always pure-minded and never given to telling vulgar stories, nor did he enjoy listening to them from others. At one of the parties he attended, when he was about seventeen years of age, he met and fell in love with a farmer's daughter, and when he was only eighteen years old did a very foolish thing which we would not advise any of our young readers to imitate. What did he do, did you ask? Why, at this early age he got married, without any money himself, and his wife's father was

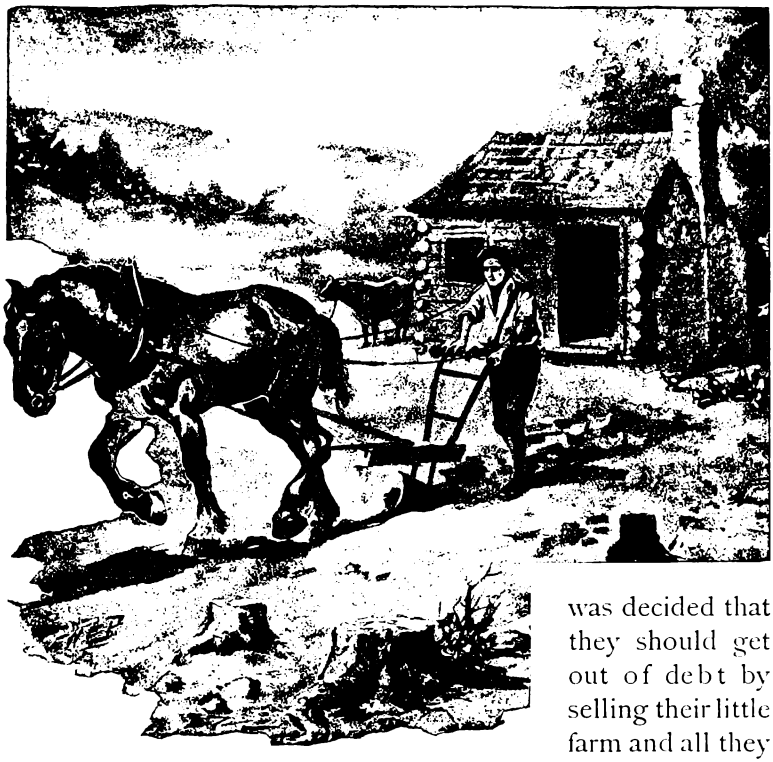
so poor he could not help her. What do you think of an eighteen-year-old boy with a wife?

But before we blame Patrick Henry too much, we must remember that in those days people got married earlier than they do now. In the South many of the young men marry at the age of eighteen or nineteen years, and the girls from fifteen to seventeen. If we go into some of the far south countries, like Mexico, we find them marrying even younger. So while Patrick Henry was, as we think, a very young groom, he was not in that day entirely out of fashion.

One day soon after the wedding, Mr. John Henry and Mr. Shelton—that was the name of Patrick's wife's father—met, and, between them, gave the young people enough land to make them a small farm. They built them a little house, and the young husband went to work with a will digging in the earth to support himself and his new wife. Their little cottage consisted of two rooms; one in which they cooked and ate, and the other was their sleeping-room, their sitting-room, their parlor and their spare-room, so that when any of their friends came to see them and stayed all night, as they frequently did, Patrick and his wife gave up the bed to the visitors and made for themselves a pallet in a corner. This, you must remember, was not as poor a home as Abraham Lincoln had when he was a boy; but a poorer one than he had when he started his married life.

Many a day you might have seen Patrick, then a young husband not yet nineteen years of age, plowing among the stumps in his "new ground," as he called it, cleared up in front of his cabin, with his happy girl-wife busy inside the house, or feeding the chickens about the door. It was too bad that the first year the crop on Patrick's farm was a failure. He did not make enough to keep them alive and in the poorest

kind of clothes. He proved himself to be as poor a farmer as he had been a merchant, for at the end of the year he came out in debt. He and his wife talked the matter over, and it



"MANY A DAY YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN PATRICK PLOWING AMONG THE STUMPS IN HIS 'NEW GROUND.'"

was decided that they should get out of debt by selling their little farm and all they had, and he should take the remainder of the money and go again into business as a merchant. He no doubt flattered himself that he would be able to profit by his past experience and make a success. The farm was sold, and the store was opened.

His old friends came again. He had no trouble to get customers, but he was too good-hearted to press anybody for money; and he occupied so much time in playing his violin and flute for the pleasure of those who came to his store to buy, and got up so many debates, and his customers had such a good time generally, that at the end of two years he was worse off than before and had to give up his store. Thus, before he was more than twenty-three years of age, he had failed twice as a merchant, once as a farmer, and altogether in everything else he had attempted to do except to make people like him and to learn more about human nature and the way to control and influence men. In this he was wiser than anyone else about him.

The little store being given up, he did such various jobs of work as he could get and thus earned a poor support for his family. He had by this time also become a great reader. During his idle hours he studied geography and history, learned all about the different countries, their rulers and their manners and customs. He was said by everybody to be the best-read man in the community.

Often he had to go hungry or eat the very poorest and coarsest of food, but he was always cheerful and never despondent. "No use of crossing the bridge before we get to it," he used to say to his wife. "There's a good time coming by and by" was another of his favorite expressions, though there was little prospect at this time for any good times for Patrick Henry or his family. But it did come, as we shall see, and one of the best lessons which young people can learn from his life is that of cheerfulness and hopefulness. He was, also, truthful and rigidly honest, as we have said before. He was, also, a man of very firm character. He could not be led into anything he thought was wrong, and he

was a believer in God and a true Christian. Thus he was able to be cheerful and hopeful under troubles which would cause many men to despair.

Up to this time he had never thought of becoming a lawyer, nor had any of his friends suggested it to him. He had not made a public speech, not even in a debating society, but he had read the history of the nations of the world; he had studied oratory for his own pleasure, and it suddenly dawned upon him that he *might* make a lawyer.

When Patrick Henry was twenty-four years old, he set to work to read law. For six weeks or two months he shut himself up with a few law books and then he went before the board of examiners and asked them to see if he did not know enough to practice law. He told them how much he had read, and they laughed at him; but in talking with him they found out that he knew so much about history and other things that a lawyer needed to know, that two of them gave him their consent to practice.

The other one of the examiners, Mr. Randolph, who was not present when the other two gave him their consent, was so shocked at Mr. Henry's personal appearance and poor clothes, when he came to see him, that he told him he was not fit to be a lawyer—that no man who looked like him could be a lawyer, and he would not examine him at all. This made Patrick angry, and he answered the learned man in such a manner and gave him such a lecture on his duty that Mr. Randolph was greatly surprised, and he tried to punish Mr. Henry for it by getting him into an argument in which he meant to show him how ignorant and unfit he was; but here Patrick Henry was at home, and he talked so smart and so well that the judge exclaimed: "Mr. Henry, I will never trust to appearances again. If your industry be only

half equal to your genius, you will become an honor to your profession;" and he signed Patrick Henry's license, though it is said young Henry was at this time so ignorant of the forms of practice that he could not make out a case or present it before the court.

Like most young lawyers, he had to wait a good while before he had anything to do, and when it came it was rather by accident; but it gave him an opportunity, and that opportunity made him famous

We will now tell you about his first law case and his first speech. There was at that time in Virginia an established church like they had in England. It was called the Episcopal Church, and the ministers were hired by the Governor. Virginia was a great tobacco-raising country, and they had a law that the farmers might pay their debts in tobacco. The sheriff and the judges of the court were paid so much a year in tobacco for their services, and the ministers also received a certain number of pounds of tobacco each year.

That seems very funny to us now; but you know there was once a time, in certain parts of the South, when they even used coon-skins for money. There are many cases where a man even paid for his license, when he wanted to get married, in coon-skins, and when the preacher "tied the knot," the young man, if he was generous and liberal, would always load the preacher up with coon-skins as pavment for his services. This was not generally so, but it was often done in new countries where coons were plentiful and money was scarce. So in Virginia the farmer could pay his debts in tobacco at sixteen shillings a pound. But one year tobacco went up to fifty shillings a pound, therefore the farmers, who were in control, had a law made that they might pay their debts in money, if they wanted to, instead of tobacco.

This law was made to hold good for only ten months, and after that time they again paid in tobacco, the price of which had gone down as low or lower than it had been before. But a few years later there came another short crop in tobacco, and the price went up to fifty shillings again, so the farmers had another law made permitting them to pay in money, but they very cautiously made this new law so that it would not run out; but the ministers seemed not to have noticed it was so made and after the first year wanted their pay in tobacco again, because it would bring them nearly double what they would get, if they were paid in money.

This brought on quite a war between the people and the ministers, and they had a big suit in court. The farmers were very mad with the clergymen, and the clergymen were very mad with the farmers, each party accusing the other of wanting to cheat. The clergymen sent word to the King of England, and the King took their side, and said that the farmer's law should be "*null and void*," which means that it should not be enforced, that the clergymen should be paid in tobacco. The King was very shrewd in this, and while it appeared that he only wanted to take the ministers' part, he was, in reality, planning to enrich himself; because, if the clergy could collect their dues from the people in tobacco, which was worth more than twice as much as the money they were entitled to, the King said he would also collect his taxes in tobacco.

So you see how wise and yet how mean the King was in his decision. The people had the law on their side, and the clergymen wanted to collect twice what the people owed them, and the King said that they should do it. The clergymen made a great noise that the people were swindling them out of their just rights. They wanted tobacco, they did not

want money. They argued that it was a shame and a disgrace to swindle the ministers in that way, and insisted that they were right, because the King himself said so. The people, on the other hand, said that the ministers and officers were employed for so much a year, and that they had no right to demand their tobacco, which they could sell for two or three times as many pounds of money as they had engaged to work for.

This looks entirely reasonable, and the people were right; but the clergymen and the officers and the King wanted the tobacco. You would think that it would have been better if the sheriff and the King and the judges had brought suit against the people to collect their claims in tobacco ; but you will see how cunning they were in having the ministers to do it instead of doing it themselves. All the people loved the ministers, and they would sympathize with their cause perhaps, when they would not sympathize with the officers. Therefore it was decided that the ministers should bring suit, and if they could make the people pay them in tobacco, then they would have to pay the officers and the King also in tobacco.

A lawyer by the name of Lewis was to plead the cause of the people, and a Mr. Lyons was to plead the cause of the clergymen ; but when the King decided that the clergymen were right and the people were wrong, and that the law should not be obeyed, Mr. Lewis, the people's lawyer, told them they could not gain their cause against the King, and so he gave it up.

There were very few lawyers then in the country; and they were nearly all in the employ of the King, so the people could find no one to plead their cause, and, as the last resort, they turned to Patrick Henry, a young lawyer of twenty-four years, who had never made a public speech in his life. The place where the case was to be tried was at Hanover Court-house,

and the judge who was to sit on the bench was Patrick Henry's own father, and among those who opposed the people was his own uncle for whom he was named, the Rev. Patrick Henry. Was this not an embarrassing situation for the young lawyer who had never made a speech, to find himself in?

A TYPICAL VIRGINIA COURTHOUSE IN THE DAYS OF PATRICK HENRY.

The day came. It was one of those beautiful Indian summer days which comes in November in the South. Patrick Henry was early at the courthouse and great throngs of people gathered in from all directions. Never before in Hanover had there been so many farmers present on any court day. The decision of the case amounted to thousands of dollars of loss or gain to them. The clergymen came from all over the State, which was then, you know, only a Colony—though

much larger than it is now. There were twenty or more of the most learned clergymen of the nation present. They had come to frown upon the young lawyer who was to plead against them and to scowl at the people, who, they pretended, were trying to rob them.

Patrick Henry was nervous. It was his first case. He had never spoken in court, and he walked restlessly about among the farmers, speaking a word here and there to this or that one, with many of them pulling at his elbows, offering him advice. He could plainly see that they were afraid they had a very poor lawyer, and he felt, himself, that they had. Presently, he saw his learned and eloquent uncle, Rev. Patrick Henry, drive up in his carriage, and, before any of the clergymen could get to him, the young lawyer dashed up, grasped his uncle by the hand and pleaded with him to go away. The young lawyer said: "Sir, I have never spoken in my life, and your presence here will add to my embarrassment. My own father must sit on the bench, and that will be bad enough. Besides, there will be twenty clergymen to criticise me. All of this I can stand; but I am sure I could not have my own uncle, whose name I bear, sitting among them frowning upon me. For my sake, I beg you to go away."

The uncle replied in kindly but regretful tones: "Patrick, I am surprised to find you arrayed against the ministry; you are doing yourself great injustice and ruining your future prospects for usefulness."

"That may be," said Patrick, "but I see no moral reason why I should not accept the case for the people, besides, in my own heart, I am firmly convinced that they are right, and, with all due respect, sir, that you and the clergy are wrong. For my sake and the respect that I bear you, will you not go away? I shall have to say some hard words against the

clergy this day, and I would not speak them in your ears." There was a respectfulness in his tones that his uncle could but appreciate and an earnestness in his manner which he could not resist, so re-entering his carriage, he simply said: "For your sake, Patrick, I will be absent; though your cause is wrong, I have too much respect for your feelings to allow my presence to embarrass you." So saying, he drove away.

AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION, COMMON IN THE TIME OF PATRICK HENRY.

The court was opened. The array before Patrick's eyes was almost fearful. The most learned men of the Colony, the severest critics in the New World were against him, and the courthouse was crowded. On the outside, the windows were thronged with anxious faces looking in.

Mr. Lyons made a short speech, simply explaining to the jury the fact that the King had decreed his side to be right. He pleaded that the clergy were the greatest benefactors of the Colony, that it was a shame to mistreat them, and that this law, if enforced, simply robbed them of their just allowance. His closing was eloquent and beautiful, and the ministers nodded their assent when he took his seat. He had presented their cause well.

Now came the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and every one was curious. Even his opponents seemed to feel sorry for him. He rose

and stood for a moment in an awkward manner, and, when he began, faltered much in his speech. The people hung their heads, and the ministers exchanged sly, smiling looks of derision at each other. His father, it is said, almost sunk behind the desk, he was so mortified and confused; but these circumstances lasted only for a few moments.

Patrick Henry's soul rose within him, his whole appearance changed, the fire of his eloquence was kindled, and he seemed to forget himself; his figure stood erect, his bearing was lofty, and his face shone with a grandeur that no one had ever seen upon it before. His awkward actions became graceful to behold; his voice, no longer faltering, was charming and beautiful. Words seemed to crowd for utterance: there was lightning in his eyes as he turned upon the clergymen that seemed to rive them like a thunderbolt. He literally made their blood run cold and their hair rise on ends. All eyes were now fastened upon him. Men looked at each other with surprise, and then, held by the spell in his eyes, the majesty of his attitude and the power of his words, they could look away no more. The old father stood erect behind the desk, with tears of delight streaming down his cheeks. The jury seemed bewildered.

No one can describe that speech, and it has never been printed. It was delivered under the impulse of the moment; but it was declared by the clergymen themselves, against whom it was spoken, that no such speech, as they believed, had ever fallen from the lips of man, and, to this day, in Hanover, Virginia, the highest compliment that can be paid to a speaker is to say: "He is almost equal to Patrick Henry when he plead against the parsons." The clergymen had sued for heavy damages, hut the jury, without scarcely leaving their seats, granted them only one penny. Mr. Lyons made a motion

for a new trial; that is, he tried to get his case tried over, but the court refused to give the parsons a new hearing.

PATRICK HENRY MAKING HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

Was ever such a victory won by a new lawyer? It was the first speech Patrick Henry ever made, and it was undoubtedly one of the greatest speeches ever delivered in the world before a court. At its close the people, who had hung their heads in shame at the beginning, rushed into the courthouse, seized the young lawyer in spite of the sheriff's cry for order, hoisted him on their shoulders, carried him out of the house and over the town, with a wild multitude following and screaming his praises at the top of their voices.

Patrick Henry had at last found the calling for which he was intended, and to which he was suited. From this time forward he was the greatest lawyer, not only in Hanover Courthouse, but of all Virginia. He had all the cases he could attend to, and made plenty of money to support his family, who had for many years been struggling with poverty.

He lived for nearly forty years after this memorable day at Hanover Courthouse. His life was full of honor and usefulness to his country, and he has made several other speeches, parts of which every schoolboy has at one time or another used as a declamation.

And now that we have told you of the hardships and troubles of Patrick Henry's early life, let us tell you of the great things he did in the service of his country.

In January, 1765, the famous "Stamp Act" (which we explained in the life of Benjamin Franklin) was passed by the British Parliament. The colonists were to be oppressed, and no one dared to openly rebel against it.

In May, Patrick Henry was elected to the House of Burgesses (that is what the Virginia Legislature was called in those days), and he pledged himself to his people to do all he could to oppose the enforcement of the Stamp Act. There were many learned and eloquent speakers in the House and he was not expected to take the lead.

The fine gentlemen in the assembly, who lived in fine old Virginia mansions, and wore fine clothes, made fun of Patrick's country way of talking, his "homespun" clothes and his awkward manners; but when he spoke they could not help admiring his wonderful command of language and his power over men. His first speech was against rich men who wanted to lend the Colony's money to themselves and their friends. This made them his great enemies, but the other

side—the common people—admired him more than ever. At last it came time to consider the hated "Stamp Act." None of the great men dared to speak against it openly. So Patrick Henry drew up some resolutions declaring that the English Parliament had no right to make this tax upon the people, and, furthermore, they had no right to make any laws against the interest of the Colonies. He said they were responsible to the King alone, and that the House of Burgesses and the Governor alone had the right to make the colonists pay taxes.

After the reading of his resolutions, Patrick Henry was assailed by a storm of words and much ridicule by those who favored or were afraid of England. There were hot speeches from several gentlemen, and a less heroic spirit than Henry's would have said not a word more. No one thought the resolutions would pass.

At length when the storm had subsided, Patrick Henry arose to speak. His face was deathly pale, his thin lips quivered, but his eyes had a look of awful determination in them. Stretching his long arms at full length toward the President (called the Speaker) he began and delivered the greatest speech perhaps ever heard in America. The walls rang with the mighty force of his words, and everyone was overpowered with his wonderful eloquence, as they had been in the famous "Parson Case." They shouted "treason" at him, but he could not be frightened, but all the time grew bolder and more eloquent. When he closed this great speech every member but two voted for his resolutions.

Patrick Henry had been the first one who dared oppose England. His wonderful speech was printed and sent all over the Colonies, north and south, and it was even sent to England; and in a few months Parliament repealed (that is, removed) the hated "Stamp Act."

But the spirit of liberty was now awake in the people, and they demanded relief from other unjust laws which England tried to impose, and in this effort Patrick Henry was one of the foremost men in the country. He was greater than all other men in Virginia, and he, with Thomas Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, kept telling the people they ought to be free. In 1773—eight years after his great speech—Mr. Henry, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Lee and many others got the House of Burgesses to elect men to write to the other Colonies about their grievances against England. This was a great benefit, for the different Colonies were thus brought together in their efforts and protests against cruel laws. Through this Committee of Correspondence, it was decided that the Colonies should hold a congress in Philadelphia in 1774. Every Colony sent representatives. Mr. Henry was one of those from Virginia.

Patrick Henry opened the Congress with a great speech, in which he said, "*I am not a Virginian, but an American.*" Everybody soon saw he was the most powerful orator in Congress, and many said he was the greatest man in the nation, for he was as wise and just as he was eloquent.

In March, 1775, Mr. Henry made another speech in the Virginia House of Burgesses, which is said to have been the grandest effort of his life up to this time. He wanted the Colony to raise soldiers and prepare for war. Almost every schoolboy knows part of this speech.

Patrick Henry then went to work and got up a company and made the Governor, who was but the servant of the King, give up the colonists' gunpowder, which he had taken away to the English ships. This was the first resistance by arms, to England in Virginia. He also made the Governor pay for the damage he did the people.

Patrick Henry now went back to the Continental Congress, as they made him commander of all the Virginia soldiers ; but he was too good a statesman to spend his time in the war, and so his friends begged him to stay in the Virginia Legislature and Continental Congress, which he did.

In May, 1776, he got the Virginia Legislature to pass a vote requesting the Continental Congress to declare our country free from England, and to go to war with her if she would not let us go. He then helped make a new Constitution for Virginia, and they elected him Governor of the Colony. Thus, in sixteen years after he began to study law, he was one of the most famous men in America and Governor of Virginia. How do you suppose those proud people who laughed at him felt now?

The Revolutionary War now began in earnest, and it would take a big book to tell how he and John Adams and others, by their wise counsel and eloquent speeches, inspired the soldiers and helped General Washington to win in the end. Through it all Patrick Henry was in his State Legislature, or the General Congress, or serving as Governor. After the war was over, they made him Governor twice, and tried again, in 1786, to get him to serve them, but he declined, as he had already been Governor so much. He told them he did not think they ought to get in the habit of letting one man hold office too long. In this he was like George Washington You know Washington would not let them make him President but twice. But the people loved Patrick Henry so much that they tried to make him Governor again ten years later, in 1796, but he told them no, he had been honored enough.

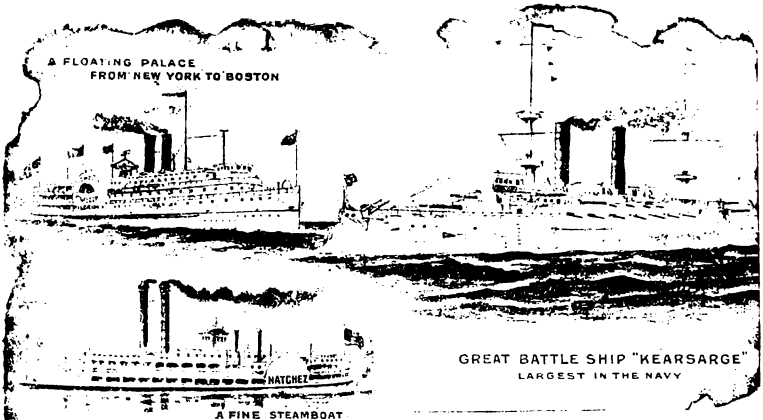
President George Washington offered to make Mr. Henry his Secretary of State in 1795. This is the very highest office in the nation, next to the President and Vice-President.

Patrick Henry said no, there were better men for it. Mr. Washington then wanted to appoint him Chief Justice of the United States, and President John Adams asked him to be our special minister to France, where, you remember, Benjamin Franklin was so long our representative, but he said *no* to both of these, because he preferred to remain a private citizen and live with his family—he now had many interesting children.

Finally, in 1799, the Virginia Legislature passed a very bad law, which George Washington—who was now a private citizen again—thought was very dangerous and might cause trouble to the whole United States. So he begged Patrick Henry to offer himself as a candidate for the Legislature, for he knew, with his powerful eloquence, Mr. Henry could overcome the bad law. Mr. Henry was elected, of course, but before he took his seat he died, at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia, June 6, 1799, when only sixty-three years and a few days old.

Patrick Henry was regarded by everyone as the greatest of American orators. Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph declared he was the greatest orator who ever lived, and he was often compared to Demosthenes and Cicero as the only speakers of ancient times worthy to be ranked with him.

Patrick Henry's wife, Sarah Shelton, died some years before her noted husband, and he afterward married the granddaughter of Governor Spottswood, of Virginia. Mr. Henry throughout his life was a devoted Christian, and left a spotless name for honesty and uprightness of character.



DEVELOPMENT OF STEAM NAVIGATION FOLLOWING FULTON'S DISCOVERY.

THE TRUE STORY OF ROBERT FULTON,

The Builder of the First Successful Steamboat.

DO any of my young readers think, when they go to take a boat-ride and are carried along, almost as fast as a bird would fly over the waters, in the great fast-moving steamboats, that it is not yet one hundred years since the first successful steamboat was floated on the water? Would you not like to know something

about the man who made it? I shall be very glad to tell you this story, for he was one of our own countrymen, and we feel proud of him as we do of Franklin, who invented the lightning rod, and Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, who made the telephone, and Edison, who invented the phonograph, and many other famous Americans who have discovered and made such wonderful things for the benefit of the world. We like to tell the great deeds they have done for the benefit of mankind.

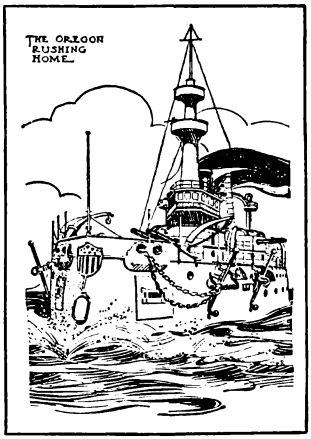
I shall have to commence by telling you again of a very poor boy. His name was Robert Fulton. He was born in the State of Pennsylvania in 1765. His father was an Irishman who had moved to the New World, and he was a tailor; that is, he made clothes for other people. I shall have to tell you the truth and say that Robert was not fond of books when he was a boy, but he liked to be always making things. He could make lead pencils, and he could also make skyrockets for his and his friends' Fourth of July celebration. Everything that the boy looked at in the way of a machine, he wondered if he could not make it better.

He was given but very little education, first because he did not like to study books, and second because his parents were so poor that he had to go to work very young. They put him with a jeweler to learn the trade of watchmaking; but he soon began to use his extra time in drawing pictures and painting. He also learned to make portraits of people which looked very much like them (you know they could not take photographs in those days), and he sold portraits and pictures of landscapes to get money, which he carefully put away.

This boy also loved various kinds of sports. He was particularly fond of fishing, and he used to go out with the boys on an old flatboat which they pushed along the river with a

pole. This was very laborious work, so Robert showed them how to make two paddlewheels, one on each side of the boat, which they hung by cranks over the sides, and by turning the cranks, as a boy would turn a grindstone, the paddles went around in the water and pushed the boat along. This was great fun, and it set Robert thinking and wondering why such wheels might not be put on big boats, to push them when there was not wind enough for the sails.

The one trouble about this was that such big wheels would be required they could not get men enough around the cranks to turn them in the water. Still Robert kept thinking about it, and after a while you will see how valuable this thought was to him. All this time Robert Fulton kept painting pictures and selling them. He wanted very much to be a great artist, like Benjamin West, who, he learned, had commenced in America; but had now grown to be such a great artist that he was living in London, getting lots of money for his pictures. In the meantime, his father died, and Robert was left to support his widowed mother. By the time he was twenty-one years of age he had earned enough money to buy a little farm for his mother so she could keep cows, have a garden, and raise chickens, turkey and other foul to sell. Then, with his mother's consent, he took the balance of his money and sailed away to Europe to study art. A large part of his time he spent with the famous artist, Benjamin West, in London, and became a good painter. But all this time his mind kept running on inventions, and he



made a number of new machines. Among other things was a little boat which he could make run under water. He intended it to blow up war vessels, but somehow the people did not think it of any use. About this time he began to be interested in the steam engine, which was invented by James Watt, a young Scotchman, a good many years before.

These engines had been used to work pumps and to do all sorts of things on the land, and one Englishman tried to make it run a boat. This Englishman's idea was to make the engine push a thing, like a duck's foot, through the water. Just like the inventor of the flying machine now tries to use something like a bird's wing to fly with, so this inventor thought he must use something like the duck's foot to swim the boat along with. The engine worked the foot all right, but it was not a success.

Fulton began to study how he could make a steam engine run a boat. He heard of an American who tried to run a boat by forcing a stream of water through it, pumping it in the bow and pushing it out the stern with a steam engine. This was a pump-boat, and though it made the boat go, something about it was wrong, and it failed. Another man by the name of John Fitch had made a steamboat with paddles on the sides of it like ordinary oars. The engine was made to run the oars back and forth as the men did when they held them in their hands. This man was also an American and ran his boat on the Delaware River in 1787. It made trips between Burlington, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, a distance of twenty miles, but it moved so awkwardly, though it went pretty fast, that people said it was no good, and poor John Fitch died broken-hearted. But before he died he told the people a steamboat would yet be built to please them, and then they would be ashamed for laughing at him.

"Now," said Robert Fulton, after he had studied all about these other boats, "why can I not take a steam engine and instead of making it work a duck's foot, or pump in and out a stream of water, or work oars like men, all of which have been a failure, why can I not," he said to a friend, "make it to run paddle wheels such as 'we boys' used to use on our old flatboats, when we went fishing?"

JAMES WATT
Came to think of the Power of Steam by observing the lid of his Mother's Tea Kettle bobbing up and down by the escaping Steam.

So Fulton thought it over many days, and at last he got up two plans. You know he was now a great artist. He had also studied engineering while in Europe, and he had also studied navigation and written a book on the subject of running boats on canals, which was then a matter of very great interest in Europe.

In 1797, when Fulton was thirty-two years old, he met Mr. Joel Barlow, the American Minister to the Court of France. Mr. Barlow found Fulton was a very sensible young man and in every way a fine fellow, so he invited him to go to Paris and live in his family as long as he wished. Fulton accepted this kind invitation and went to Paris, which he made his home for seven years. He continued to study and to make inventions of various kinds, all the while keeping his plans for the steamboat in mind. He also learned the French language, and, by reading good books, tried to make up for his lack of education.

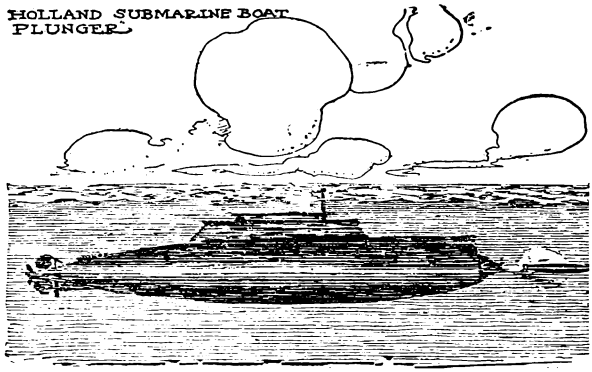
After a while his friend, Mr. Barlow, gave up the position of American Minister to France, and a Mr. Livingston was appointed in his place. Fulton soon made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of this excellent man, and showed him his plans for a steamboat. Mr. Livingston had already read much on the subject, and was greatly interested in Fulton and his plans. One of these plans was to use paddles in a new way, and the other, as we have said, was to use the paddle wheels. They concluded that wheels would be the best, so Fulton built a small steamboat, which was to be tried on the River Seine in Paris. But the machinery was too heavy, and the boat broke in two in the middle before the trial.

This, of course, was a very great disappointment to Fulton and Mr. Livingston, but it did not show their plan was a failure, but that they had not built their boat strong enough. So Fulton went to work and built another boat, and a great crowd of the gay people of Paris gathered on the banks of the river to see it move. This trip was a success, and all the people shouted as it moved off in the river; but it did not go as fast as they expected, and in this respect they were disappointed. But Fulton said he knew what the trouble was, and

the next time he would shape his boat differently, and he was sure it would run fast enough. Mr. Livingston was also satisfied that this could be done.

These men were both Americans; and now that they were satisfied their boat would be a success, they determined to leave Paris, come to America, and build another boat in order that the first successful trip of a steamboat in the world might be made in their own native land. This was great patriotism, and they are entitled to our honor and respect for their loyalty to our country.

So Fulton and his friend started for America. In the meantime Fulton had made designs for a new steam engine to be built differently from any others, so that it would exactly suit the purpose for which he desired it in running his steamboat. So he and Mr. Livingston sent their plans to James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, who was then in the business of making steam engines for all sorts of purposes, and he built them just the kind of a machine that Fulton wanted to furnish the power for his new steamboat.



While the engine was being built in England, Fulton and Mr. Livingston were in New York building the boat. In this work Fulton looked after every detail. He was particularly careful to see that the shape of the boat was just right. In

the first place, he wanted it strong in the middle, so it would not be broken in two by the weight of the machinery or the force of the waves. He built several little models, and, it is said, floated them in a bathtub. He put little sails on them and would blow his breath against the sails to see how the differently shaped boats would move. He found that those with the very thin, narrow bow and stern would get through the water much easier than those with a wide bow and stern.

He therefore made his new boat with a narrow, sloping bow, so that it would cut easily through the water. At last, when his boat was almost complete, the engine came and was placed in the boat where it could work the paddle wheels to the greatest advantage. He was also very careful in making the paddle wheels to see that they were perfectly true and correct. Then he placed a mast near the front and another near the stern of his boat, and to these he had sails attached, so that if the wind should blow in the direction his boat was running he could hoist those sails and have the help of the wind in addition to the steam power.

At last the boat was ready the engine was in place, and Fulton looked it over carefully and said it was all he could desire. He decided to make a bold start by running from New York up to Albany, a trip which the sail-boats had been making regularly every day or two. Albany, you know, is the Capital of the State, while New York is the great business city, where most of the large merchants live. Therefore, there was every day or two a large number of passengers going back and forth between New York and the beautiful city of Albany, which is about one hundred and fifty miles north of New York on the Hudson River.

Mr. Livingston and Robert Fulton were very anxious to have as many well-known people as they possibly could get

to go on their boat, as they advertised in the papers several days before that the "Clermont"—that was the name of Fulton's new boat—would make its trip from New York to Albany on a certain day, and all those who wanted to go might have a free ride.

The newspapers printed a great deal about the boat, but they did not believe it would be a success. Many people ridiculed it so much that the people talked about it, not as the steamer "Clermont," but as "Fulton's Folly." Some of the wiser men said that it was all right to run a steam engine on a solid place on the ground, but if any one should put it on a floating boat, which was continually swaying about, it would cause the steam engine to explode, and it would blow everything to pieces, and the people who were foolish enough to go on it would, most likely, all be drowned.

This was as unwise and poor an argument as was made by some of the philosophers in England when the first railroad train proposed to run twenty miles an hour. They said if the railroad train should go as fast as twenty miles an hour, the people could not get their breath, and they would all be dead when they came to the end of their journey. Even the doctors said this; so the people were very much afraid of the railroad trains, until after it had been found that those who traveled twenty miles an hour were not dead, nor even sick from passing through the air so fast.

The day for the boat to make its trial trip was Friday, August 11, 1807. Now, you know, some people are superstitious about Friday. They say that it is bad luck to move, or begin a new garment, or to start anything new on Friday; but Fulton did not belong to this ignorant, stupid class. He thought that Friday was just as good a day as any to make a trial. Even if it had been the thirteenth day of the month,

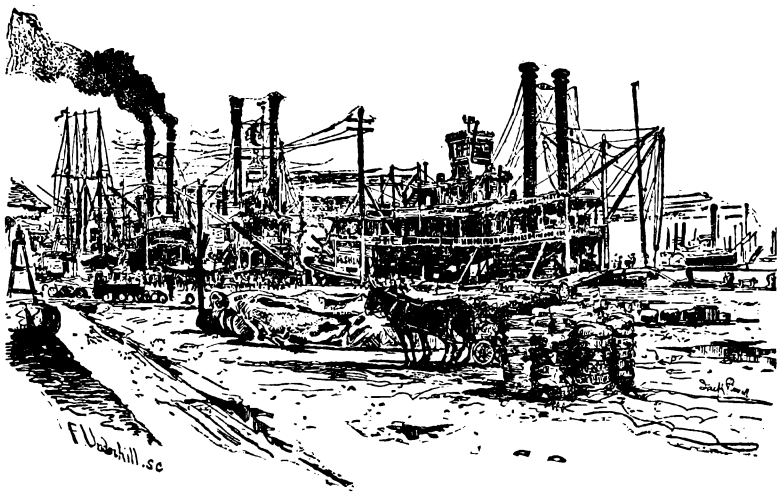
it would have made no difference to him. He was not one of those silly people who would not sit down to the table with thirteen present any more than he thought Friday an unlucky day. He thought such ideas foolish.

On the morning of August 11th, Fulton went down to his boat very early. His engineer had been there all night, and had built a fire in the engine, and, when morning came, from the foot of Cortland Street, New York, the black smoke was seen puffing up from the large iron stack-pipe of the "Clermont." The whistle blew loud, and Fulton and Mr. Livingston stood on the deck and smiled at the great crowd that gathered to look at "*the wonderful smoking monster*," as some of the people called it. All the house-tops were filled with people, as they are now when a great naval parade or something extraordinary happens on the river.

Mr. Fulton and Mr. Livingston hoped to see some of the distinguished men of New York come down and get on their boat, but they were disappointed. It was all they could do to induce twelve people to accept their invitation, for everybody agreed that one could scarcely do a more risky thing than trust his life on that great "new-fangled" boat, as they called it, with a fire machine inside of it. No doubt there were young men and boys who would have been willing to risk their lives for the novelty of the trip, but their friends and parents would not let them.

We think very strange of this now, but we must remember it was new then. Many people had never seen a steam engine of any kind and did not know anything about it; and those who had seen one, as we told you, believed it would explode if put on a floating craft and shaken up and down, as it would be by the waves. At last, about one o'clock, long after the hour appointed for starting, Fulton grew afraid the twelve

people whom he had gotten on board would become so frightened by the crowd on the bank that they would get off the boat; so without waiting for more, he started off. The boat moved beautifully, and all the people from the house-tops waved their handkerchiefs and shouted as it glided out like a great duck on the bosom of the North River. The tide was running slightly against them, and the wind was also in the



WHAT YOU WOULD SEE TO-DAY AT A STEAMBOAT LANDING ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

other direction; hence, as they could not use their sails, they rolled them up tightly, and the people saw that the boat was traveling entirely by steam. The crowd was struck with wonder as they looked at the black smoke rushing from the pipes and the great paddle wheels revolving, throwing the spray into the air, and the boat speeding along without spreading her sails.

If you look at a steamboat now, you will see that the paddle wheels on her sides are covered by what they call the wheel-house; but Fulton did not think of this, and he left his great paddle wheels out in the air where everybody could see them.

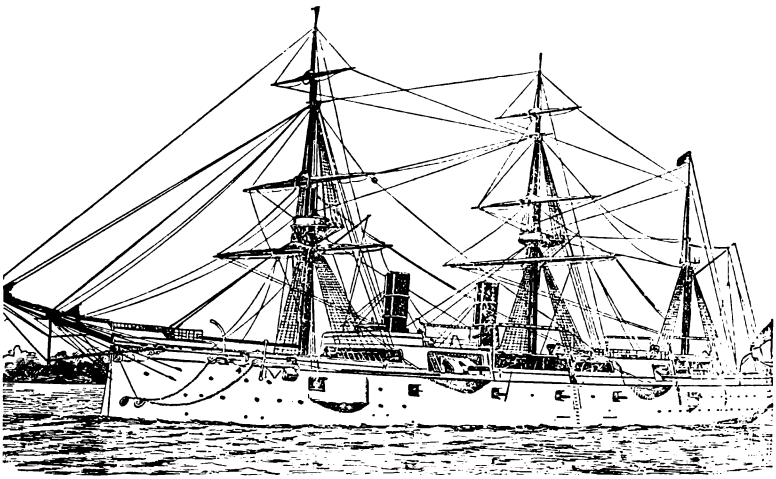
As the boat went up the river, all the wharves, piers and house-tops, and almost the whole water-front of the city, and the banks through the country, were thronged with the people. All along the route there was great excitement. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved and shouts and praises greeted the ears of the happy inventor, the captain, the crew and the passengers. The "Clermont" was successful. Navigation by steam was a reality. Robert Fulton became that day one of the greatest men of his country.

Now, how long do you suppose it took them to get to Albany? If you were to go to New York now, and take one of the magnificent steamers which are made entirely of steel, instead of wood, you would go to Albany in about ten hours. Of course, you don't expect that Fulton's boat ran as fast as one of these? He had no such powerful engines, and boat building was not then so perfect as it is now, and it took Fulton just three times as long as it takes one of our present steamers to make the trip. The "Clermont" reached Albany in thirty-two hours from the time she left New York, but, as we said, she traveled against the wind and tide. In coming back she made the trip in thirty hours. That was very much faster, however, than any other boat had ever traveled on the Hudson River.

After this, regular trips were made two or three times a week by the "Clermont" between Albany and New York, and Fulton had no lack of patronage. As soon as it was found out that there was no danger, nearly all the fine people who

traveled beween the two cities paid a higher price to go by the steamer "Clermont," so Fulton and Mr. Livingston made money very fast.

They got so much patronage that the "Clermont" could not carry one-fourth of the people who wanted to travel on her, and under Mr. Fulton's direction, in a short time, many other boats were built and plying, not only between New York and Albany, but on all the great American rivers. Mr. Fulton



"CHICAGO," ONE OF THE "WHITE SQUADRON" WARSHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

continued to labor to make more perfect machinery, and to have his boats built in a better shape for fast running.

I will tell you a story about the "Clermont's" first trip up the Hudson. It is said as she was plowing along in the night, she met some sail ships. The sailors had never heard of her or had not expected to meet her, and when they saw this creature of fire and smoke coming near them in the night, and heard her puffing and steaming, and her machinery planking

and her wheels splashing in the water, they were so frightened that they were almost crazy. Some of them fell on their knees and prayed; others took to small boats, and some even jumped overboard on the other side and swam ashore. Others ran with all their might down into the hold of their vessel and covered themselves up in the bunks in the forecastle to escape the monster. This true story was, perhaps, read by Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, our great American funny man, commonly called "Mark Twain," before he wrote the funny story of Uncle Dan'l, the old negro, who became so frightened when he saw a steamboat coming up the Mississippi River, that he fell on his knees and prayed for deliverance, thinking that the steamboat was either the Lord himself, or else it was "old Satan" coming to destroy him.

Now that Fulton built and successfully ran steamboats, what do you suppose happened to him? Why, the very same thing that happens to every man or boy who shows that he knows something more than other people, or can do things that are useful to mankind. He became famous and got more work to do building steamboats than he could possibly do. The United States Government employed him to act as engineer for them in the construction of steamboats, the building of canals, and helping along navigation, which, you know, means travel by water

He also made for the Government torpedoes, or war instruments, for blowing up vessels by exploding under the water. This, you know, he had invented and shown in Europe, but he did not then have any fame, and they did not think much of his invention. He was now able to improve them and get the Government to adopt them. Very many great war vessels in the world now carry torpedoes to use in this way, and for the suggestion we are, no doubt, indebted to Robert Fulton.

Our Government thought so much of Fulton and had so much confidence in his ability that Congress voted three hundred and twenty thousand (nearly one-half million) dollars to be used in building a steam warship under Fulton's direction. This act of the Government, showing how much they esteemed the great inventor, gave Fulton more pleasure, he said, than anything else that happened in his life. It took more than one year to build this great warship, and it was successfully launched in the sight of a multitude of people, and what do you suppose the Government named it? I have no doubt that you will guess aright, for the great ship bore on its bow the name *Fulton the First.* It is believed by some that this ship furnished the model for the great Swede, John Ericsson, who afterwards

ROBERT FULTON.

came to America and improved on Fulton's models, until we have the wonderful floating forts and terrible cruisers which now make up the war vessels of the great nations of the world.

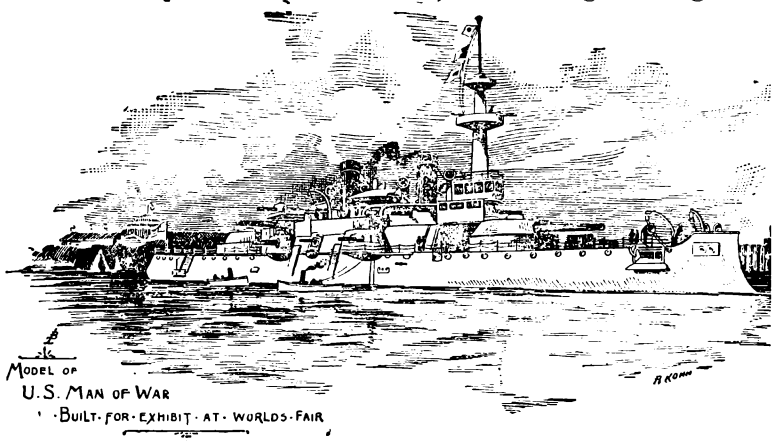
But Fulton not only knew about steamboats and steamboat machinery; he was a thorough mechanic and understood the most difficult inventions of all kinds of machinery, and this knowledge helped him to expose a rascally fellow who was once imposing a fraud upon the people. This is how it was.

You have heard about perpetual motion, have you not? Well, that means something which, when once set in motion, will move on forever without any new supply of power from without to keep it going. Many men have spent the greater part of their lives trying to discover or invent some new way of producing perpetual motion. Some have grown so much interested in the subject that they have lost their minds. Others have been so disappointed, after spending years in trying to discover it, that they have killed themselves over their disappointment.

Well, in Fulton's time, there came a man to New York by the name of Redheffer, who said he had invented a perpetual motion machine. Many people paid a dollar a piece to see the wonder; and even learned men visited it and could not account for its continual motion. They told Fulton about it. He said, it must be a "humbug," because he knew that no machine could be made that would run of itself. However, his friends kept coaxing him until he went with them to see it. After looking at it in a careless way, as others had done, Fulton sat down and began to study its motion. He noticed that its running was not regular. Sometimes it would go faster and sometimes slower. Then he became more convinced that it was a "humbug," and he put his ear closer up to the machine to listen.

Presently he said: "This motion is made by some one turning a crank," for he had noticed, when he was a boy, in turning a grindstone, that the stone, in pushing the crank down and in pulling it up, moved with a different rapidity. Hence, he concluded there must be someone turning a crank somewhere, and he said: "If you people will help me, I will prove to you that what I say is true."

The people agreed, and at once they set to work to pull off some strips of wood, when they saw a string running from



MODEL OF A MODERN U. S. MAN OF WAR.

the machine back through the wall and passing up through the floor above. They quickly ran upstairs and found an old man turning a crank, which was connected with the machine by the string. This old fellow had been there all the time turning this crank, while Redheffer pretended his machine was running of itself. Fulton and his friends ran back to the machine-room, but somebody had told the impostor, Redheffer, and he had run away and was never heard of after that.

One of Fulton's greatest friends was the wise and good Dr.

Franklin, of whom we have told you in a previous chapter in this book, and many are the pleasant evenings he may have spent with Dr. Franklin in explaining his new ideas and experiments. Besides the steamboat and torpedoes, which were his great inventions, Robert Fulton still found time for planning out flat-docks and many other improvements and inventions for the good of trade and convenience in his native country. With it all, he was so modest and quiet that, while he lived, very few people knew or thought of what a great man he was, until he was taken away by sudden death, in the year 1815, when he was only fifty years of age. After his death great steamers were built to cross the ocean, and locomotives were made to pull railroad trains over the world. We cannot honor Robert Fulton's memory too much. If he had not lived, perhaps to-day we would travel by sailing vessels, taking weeks of time instead of only a few days to cross the ocean. And but for him, perhaps, even the railroads would not be in use; for, while he did not invent the railway locomotive, he built the first successful steamboat and made all the world recognize that steam could be used to give us faster modes of travel. Not only America, but every country in the world is indebted to Robert Fulton for teaching them this important truth.

His life furnishes an interesting lesson to every ambitious and honest boy, however poor. There are other things more wonderful than the steamboat yet to be invented; and as simple little things, as Robert Fulton's paddles on the old flat-boat when he went fishing as a boy, will teach the boys of to-day how to invent. Then keep your eyes open and study the whys and wherefores of little things. Be studious as Robert Fulton was, and you may also become great and useful to your couutry and to mankind.

THE NOTABLE HISTORY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Sixteenth President of the United States.

DID you ever read the fairy stories about the poor boy who became a prince? Do you wish to hear a true story about just such a boy? Let me tell it to you. It is the story of Abraham Lincoln, the hero who saved his country. He was as poor a boy as ever lived in America; he rose to be greater and grander and more royal than any prince, or king, or emperor who ever wore a crown. Listen to his story:

There was once a poor carpenter, who lived in a miserable little log cabin out West. It was on a stony, weedy little hillside, at a place called Nolin's Creek, in Kentucky.

In that log cabin, on the twelfth day of February, in the year 1809, a little baby was born. He was named Abraham Lincoln.

I don't believe you ever saw a much poorer or meaner place in which to be born and brought up than that little log cabin. Abraham Lincoln's father was poor and lazy. He could not read and he hated to work. Abraham Lincoln's mother was a hard-working young woman, who dreamed about having nice things, but never did have them. Their house had no windows, it had no floor, it had none of the things you have in your pleasant homes. In all America no baby was ever born with fewer comforts, and poorer surroundings than little Abraham Lincoln. He grew from a baby to a homely little boy, and to a homelier-looking young man. He was tall and thin and gawky. His clothes never fitted him; he never, in all his life, went to school but a year; he had to work hard, he could play but little, and many a day, he knew what it was to be cold and hungry and almost homeless.

His father kept moving about from place to place, living almost always in the woods, in Kentucky and Indiana and Illinois. Sometimes their home would be a log cabin, sometimes it was just a hut with only three sides boarded up, and little Abraham Lincoln was a neglected and forlorn little fellow.

His mother died when he was only eight years old. Then Abraham and his sister, Sarah, were worse off than ever. But pretty soon his father married a second wife, and Abraham's new mother was a good and wise woman.

She washed him and gave him new clothes; she taught him how to make the most and do the best with the few things he had and the chances that came to him; she made him wish

for better things; she helped him fix himself up, and encouraged him to read and study.

This last was what Abraham liked most of all, and he was reading and studying all the time. There were not many books where he lived, but he borrowed all he could lay his hands on, and read them over and over.

THE BOY LINCOLN STUDYING.

He studied all the hard things he could find books on, from arithmetic and grammar to surveying and law. He wrote on a shingle, when he could not get paper, and by the light of a log fire, when he could not get candles. He read and studied in the fields, when he was not working; on wood-piles, where he was chopping wood, or in the kitchen, rocking the cradle

of any baby whose father or mother had a book to lend him. His favorite position for studying was to lay stretched out like the long boy he was, flat on the floor, in front of an open fire. Here he would read and write and cipher, after the day's work was over, until, at last, he grew to be as good a scholar as any boy round.

Once he borrowed a book of an old farmer. It was a "Life of Washington." He read it and read it again, and when he was not reading it he put it safely away between the logs that made the wall of his log cabin home. But one day, there came a hard storm; it beat against the cabin and soaked in between the logs and spoiled the book. Young Abraham did not try to hide the book nor get out of the trouble. He never did a mean thing of that sort. He took the soaked and ruined book to the old farmer, told him how it happened, and asked how he could pay for it.

"Wall," said the old farmer, "'t'aint much account to me now. You pull fodder for three days and the book is yours."

So the boy set to work, and for three days "pulled fodder" to feed the farmer's cattle. He dried and smoothed and pressed out the "Life of Washington," for it was his now. And that is the way he bought his first book.

He was the strongest boy in all the country 'round. He could mow the most, plough the deepest, split wood the best, toss the farthest, run the swiftest, jump the highest and wrestle the best of any boy or man in the neighborhood. But though he was so strong, he was always so kind, so gentle, so obliging, so just and so helpful that everybody liked him, few dared to stand up against him, and all came to him to get work done, settle disputes, or find help in quarrels or trouble.

When he was fifteen years old he was over six feet tall and very strong. No man or boy could throw him down in a

wrestle. He was like Washington in this, for both men were remarkable wrestlers when they were boys. And both always wrestled fair. Once, when he had gone to a new place to live, the big boys got him to wrestle with their champion, and when the champion found he was getting the worst of it he began to try unfair ways to win. This was one thing that Lincoln never would stand—unfairness or meanness. He caught the big fellow, lifted him in the air, shook him as a dog shakes a rat, and then threw him down on the ground. The big bully was conquered. He was a friend and follower of Lincoln as long as he lived, and you may be sure the "boys" all about never tried any more mean tricks on Abraham Lincoln.

So he grew, amid the woods and farms, to be a bright, willing, obliging, active, good-natured, fun-loving boy. He had to work early and late, and when he was a big boy he went to work among the farmers, where he hired as a "hired man." He could do anything, from splitting rails for fences to rocking the baby's cradle; or from hoeing corn in the field to telling stories in the kitchen.

And how he did like to tell funny stories! Not always funny, either. For, you see, he had read so much and remembered things so well that he could tell stories to make people laugh and stories to make people think. He liked to recite poetry and "speak pieces," and do all the things that make a person good company for every one. He would sit in front of the country store or on the counter inside and tell of all the funny things he had seen, or heard, or knew. He would make up poetry about the men and women of the neighborhood, or "reel off" a speech upon things that the people were interested in, until all the boys and girls, and the men and women, too, said "Abe Lincoln," as they called him, knew about everything, and was an "awful smart chap." Sometimes they thought he knew

too much; for once, when he tried to explain to one of the girls that the earth turned around and the sun did not move, she would not believe him, and said he was fooling her. But she lived to learn that "Abe," as she called him, was not a fool, but a bright, thoughtful, studious boy, who understood what he read and did not forget it.

He worked on farms, ran a ferry-boat across the river, split rails for farm fences, worked an oar on a "flat-boat," got up a machine for lifting boats out of the mud, kept store, did all sorts of "odd jobs" for the farmers and their wives, and was, in fact, what we call a regular "Jack of all trades."

LINCOLN, THE WRESTLER.

And all the time, though he was jolly and liked a good time, he kept studying, studying, studying until, as I have told you, the people where he lived said he knew more than anybody else. Some of them even said that they knew he would be President of the United States some day, he was so smart.

The work he did most of all out-of-doors, was splitting great logs into rails for fences. He could do as much as three men

at this work, he was so strong. With one blow he could just bury the axe in the wood. Once he split enough rails for a woman to pay for a suit of clothes she made for him, and all the farmers round liked to have "Abe Lincoln," as they called him, split their rails.

He could take the heavy axe by the end of the handle and

LINCOLN, AS HIRED MAN, TELLING A STORY.

hold it out straight from his shoulder. That is something that only a very strong-armed person can do. In fact, as I have told you, he was the champion strong-boy of his neighborhood, and, though he was never quarrelsome or a fighter, he did enjoy a friendly wrestle, and, we are told, that he could strike the hardest blow with axe or maul, jump higher and farther

than any of his comrades, and there was no one, far or near, who could put him on his back. He made two trips down the long Ohio and the broad Mississippi rivers to the big city of New Orleans, in Louisiana. He sailed on a clumsy, square, flat-bottomed scow, called a flatboat. Lincoln worked the forward oar on the flatboat, to guide the big craft through the river currents and over snags.

On these trips he first saw negro men and women bought and sold the same as horses, pigs and cattle, and from that day, all through his life, he hated slavery. When he became a young man, a war broke out in the Western country with the Indians. They were led by the famous Indian chief called Black Hawk. Lincoln went with the soldiers to fight Black Hawk. He was thought so much of by his companions that they made him captain of their company.

Captain Lincoln's soldiers all liked him, and they were just like boys together. Sometimes they were pretty wild boys and gave him a good deal of trouble, but he never got real angry at them but once. That was when a poor, broken-down, old Indian came into camp for food,and shelter, and Lincoln's "boys" were going to kill him just because he was an Indian. But Lincoln said, "For shame!" He protected the old Indian, and standing up in front of him, said he would knock down the first man that dared to touch him. The soldiers knew that Lincoln meant what he said, and thought even more of him after that. And the old Indian's life was saved.

When the soldiers' time was up, and most of them went back home, Lincoln would not go with them. He joined another regiment as a private soldier and staid in the army until the Indians were beaten and driven away, and Black Hawk was taken prisoner. Then Lincoln started for home with another soldier boy. They had great adventures. Their

horse was stolen, and they had to walk; then they found an old canoe and paddled down the rivers until the canoe was upset and they were nearly drowned; then they walked again until they "got a lift" on a row-boat, and so, at last, walking and paddling, they got back to their homes, poor and tired out, but strong and healthy young men.

Then Lincoln tried store-keeping again. He had already been a clerk in a country store; now he set up a store of his own. He was not very successful. He loved to read and study better than to wait on customers, and he was so obliging and goodnatured that he could not make much money. Then he had a partner who was lazy and good for nothing, and who got him into trouble. But, through it all, Lincoln never did a mean or dishonest thing. He paid all his debts, though it took him years to do this, and he could be so completely trusted to do the right thing for everyone that all the people round about learned to call him "Honest Abe Lincoln." That's a good nickname, isn't it?

LINCOLN KEEPING STORE.

After Lincoln got through keeping store he was so much liked by the people that they chose him to go to the capital of the State, as one of the men who made laws for the State

of Illinois, in what is called the State Legislature. He was sent to the Legislature again and again, and one of the first things he did was to draw up a paper, saying what a wicked thing slavery was.

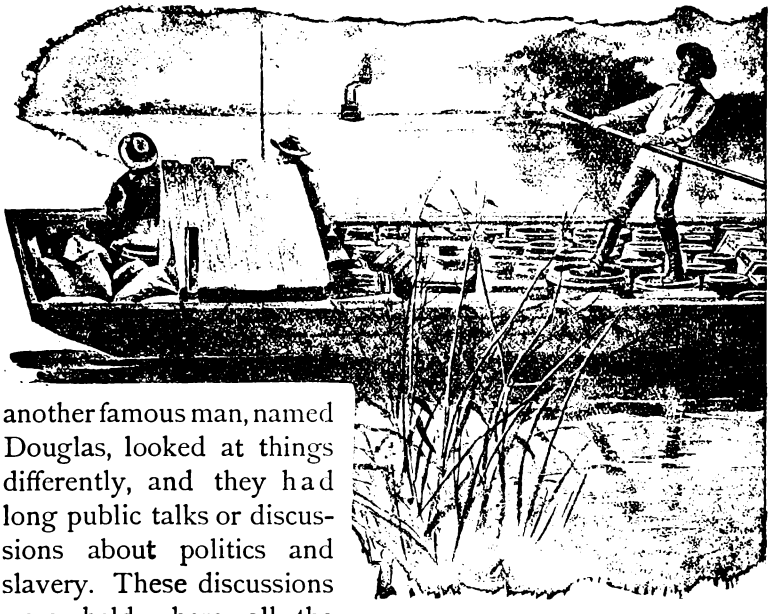
At that time, you know, almost everybody in the southern half of the United States owned negro men and women and children, just as they owned horses and dogs and cows. Lincoln did not believe in this. Once, when he was in New Orleans, on one of his flatboat trips, he went into a dreadful place where they sold men and women at auction. It made young Lincoln sick and angry, and he said if ever he got the chance he would hit slavery a blow that would hurt it—though, of course, he did not think he was ever to have the real chance to "hit it hard" that did come to him.

But when he was a young man no one said much against slavery, and the people thought Lincoln was foolish to act and talk as he did. But, you see, one of the strongest things about Abraham Lincoln was that he was sympathetic—that is, he felt sorry for any one in trouble. He was tender, even with animals—pigs and horses, cats and dogs, and birds. If he found a little bird on the ground, he would take it up tenderly and hunt around until he found its nest, and leave it there. He would get down from his horse to pull a pig out of the mud, and, when he was a boy, he went back across an icy and rushing river to help over a poor little dog that was afraid to cross. So you will not wonder that, when he grew to be a man, he hated slavery, for slavery was unkindness to men and women.

After he came back from the Legislature, he became a lawyer—he had always been studying law, you know. He was a bright, smart and successful lawyer. What is better still, he was a good and honest one. He never would take a case he did not believe in, and once when a man came to

engage him to help get some money from a poor widow, Lincoln refused, and gave the man such a scolding that the man did not try it again. So Mr. Lincoln grew to be one of the best lawyers in all that Western country.

Because he was so wise and brave in speech and action, Lincoln rose to be what is called a great politician. He and another famous man, named Douglas, looked at things differently, and they had long public talks or discussions about politics and slavery. These discussions were held where all the people could hear them, in big halls or out of doors, and crowds of people went to listen to these talks, so that very soon everybody "out West" and people all over the country had heard of Lincoln and Douglas.



LINCOLN ON THE FLAT BOAT.

At last came a time when the people of the United States were to choose a new President. And what do you think? These two men were picked out by the opposite parties to be

voted for by the people—Lincoln by the Republicans, and Douglas by the Democrats.

And on election day the Republicans won. The poor little backwoods boy, the rail-splitter, the flat-boatman, the farm-hand, was raised to the highest place over all the people. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

Is not that as good as your fairy story of the poor boy who became a prince? It is even better, for it is true.

It was a great honor, but it meant hard work and lots of worry for Abraham Lincoln. Bad times were coming for America.

The men of the South, who believed in slavery and said that their States had everything to say, stood up against the men of the North, who did not believe in slavery, and said that the Government of the United States had more to say than any one of the separate States.

Thus the men of the South said, "You do as we say, or we will break up the Union."

And the men of the North said, "You cannot break it up. The union of all the States shall be kept, and you must stay in it."

The South said, "We won't; we will secede"—that is, draw out of the Union.

The North said, "You shall not secede. We will fight to keep you in and preserve the Union."

The South said, "We dare you!"

The North said, "We'll take that dare!"

And then there was war.

Abraham Lincoln, when he was made President, spoke beautifully to the people, and begged them not to quarrel. But, at the same time he told them that whatever happened, he was there to save the Union, and he should do so.

But his words then had little effect. War had to come, and it came. For four dreadful years the men of the North and the men of the South fought each other for the mastery on Southern battle-fields. Many desperate and terrible battles were fought, for each side was bound to win. Neither side would give in, and brave soldiers, under brave leaders, did many gallant deeds under that terrible necessity that men call war. This war was especially dreadful, because it was just like two brothers fighting with each other, and you know how dreadful that must be.

LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND.

During all those four years of war Abraham Lincoln lived in the President's house at Washington—the White House, as it

is called. He had but one wish—to save the Union. He did not mean to let war, nor trouble, nor wicked men destroy the nation that Washington had founded. He was always ready to say, "We forgive you," if the men of the South would only stop fighting and say, "We are sorry." But they would not do this, much as the great, kind, patient, loving President wished them to.

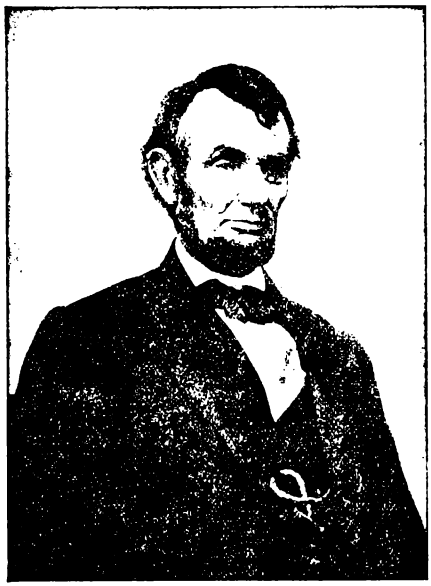
That he was kind and loving all through that terrible war we know very well. War is a dreadful thing, and when it is going on some hard and cruel things have to be done. The soldiers who are sick or wounded often must first suffer to become well. As they lay in their hospitals, after some dreadful battle had torn and maimed them, the good President would walk through the long lines of cot-beds, talking kindly with the wounded soldiers, sending them nice things, doing everything he could to relieve their sufferings and make them patient and comfortable.

In war, too, you know, even brave soldiers often get tired of the fighting and the privations and the delay, and wish to go home to see their wives and children. But they cannot, until it is time for them. So, sometimes they get impatient and run away. This is called desertion, and when a deserter is caught and brought back to the army, he is shot.

Now President Lincoln was so loving and tender-hearted that he could not bear to have any of his soldiers shot because they had tried to go home. So, whenever he had a chance, he would write a paper saying the soldier must not be shot. This is called a pardon, and whenever a weak or timid soldier was arrested and sentenced to be shot as a deserter, his friends would hurry to the good President and beg him to give the man a pardon. He almost always did it. "I don't see how it will do the man any good to shoot him," he would say.

"Give me the paper, I'll sign it," and so the deserter would go free, and perhaps make a better soldier than ever, because the good President had saved him.

The question of slavery was always coming up in this war time. But when some of the men at the North asked Lincoln to set all the slaves in the land free, he said: "The first thing to do is to save the Union; after that we'll see about slavery."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Some people did not like that. They said the President was too slow But he was not. He was the wisest man in all the world; the only one who could do just the right thing, and he did it.

He waited patiently until just the right time came. He saw that the South was not willing to give in, and that something must be done to show them that the North was just as determined as they were. So, after a great victory had been won by the soldiers of the Union, Abraham Lincoln wrote a paper and sent it out to the world, saying that on the first day of January, in the year 1863, all the slaves in America should be free men and women—what we call emancipated—and that, forever after, there should be no such thing as slavery in free America.

It was a great thing to do. It was a greater thing to do it just as Lincoln did it, and, while the world lasts, no one will ever forget the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. Still, the war went on. But, little by little, the South was growing weaker, and, at last, in the month of April, 1865, the end came. The Southern soldiers gave up the fight. The North was victorious. The Union was saved.

You may be sure that the great and good President was glad. He did not think that he had done so very much. It was the people who had done it all, he said. But the people knew that Lincoln had been the leader and captain who had led them safely through all their troubles, and they cheered and blessed him accordingly.

But do you think the poor black people whom he had set free blessed him? They did, indeed.

When President Lincoln at last stood in the streets of Richmond, which had been the Capital of the Southern States, he was almost worshipped by the colored people. They danced, they sang, they cried, they prayed, they called down blessings on the head of their emancipator—the man who had set them free. They knelt at his feet, while the good President, greatly moved by what he saw, bowed pleasantly to the shouting throng, while tears of joy and pity rolled down his care-wrinkled face. Don't you think it must have been a great and blessed moment for this good and great and noble man? But it was the same all over the land. There was cheering and shouting and thanksgiving everywhere for a reunited nation, and even the South, weary with four years of unsuccessful war, welcomed peace and quiet once more.

Then, who in all the world was greater than Abraham Lincoln? He had done it all, people said, by his wisdom, his patience and his determination, and the splendid way in which

he had directed everything from his home in the White House. The year before, in the midst of the war, he had been elected President for the second time. "It is not safe to swap horses when you are crossing a stream," he said. So the people voted not to "swap horses."

Lincoln made a beautiful speech to the people when he was again made President. He spoke only of love and kindness for the men of the South, and, while he said the North must fight on to the end and save the Union, they must do it not hating the South, but loving it.

And this is the way he ended that famous speech. Remember his words, boys and girls; they are glorious: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in * * * and achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

But just when the war was ended, when peace came to the land again; when all men saw what a grand and noble and loving and strong man the great President was; when it looked as if, after four years of worry, weariness and work, he could at last rest from his labors and be happy, a wicked, foolish and miserable man shot the President, behind his back. And, on the morning of the fifteenth of April, in the year 1865, Abraham Lincoln died. Then how all the land mourned! South, as well as North, wept for the dead President. All the world sorrowed, and men and women began to see what a great and noble man had been taken away from them.

The world has not got over it yet. Every year and every day only makes Abraham Lincoln greater, nobler, mightier. No boy ever, in all the world, rose higher from poorer beginnings. No man who ever lived did more for the world than Abraham Lincoln, the American.

He saw what was right, and he did it; he knew what was true, and he said it; he felt what was just, and he stuck to it. So he stands to-day, for justice, truth and right.

You do not understand all this now, as you listen to these words and look at these pictures. But some day you will, and you will then know that it was because Abraham Lincoln lived and did these things that you have to-day a happy home in a great, free, rich and beautiful country—"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

So remember this, now, boys and girls: You are free and happy in America to-day, because Abraham Lincoln saved for you to live in the land that George Washington made free.

LINCOLN'S GRAVE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

General of the Armies of the United States.

"I propose to move immediately upon your works."—*Gen. U.S. Grant.*

THIS is the story of a great soldier and a good man. Everybody likes to see soldiers marching with their drums and guns and flags and uniforms. They make a fine sight, and the boys and girls all hurrah and clap their hands as the regiments march by. But when these soldiers go marching to battle, it is quite another thing. For war is terrible, and some of the best and bravest soldiers hate it the most. Sometimes, however, great questions and bitter quarrels can be settled only by war and fighting, and then it is well

for the people to have their armies led to battle by such a great and gallant soldier as this story tells about.

His name was Ulysses Simpson Grant. He was born in a little town, out in Ohio, called Point Pleasant, on the twenty-seventh of April, in the year 1822. The house in which he was born is still standing. It is on the banks of the Ohio River, and you can look across to Kentucky, on the other side of the river.

When Ulysses was only a year old his father moved to a place called Georgetown, not far away, and there he spent his boyhood.

He was a strong, healthy, go-ahead little fellow, who did not like to go to school very well. But, if he had anything to do, either in work or play, he stuck to it, until it was done.

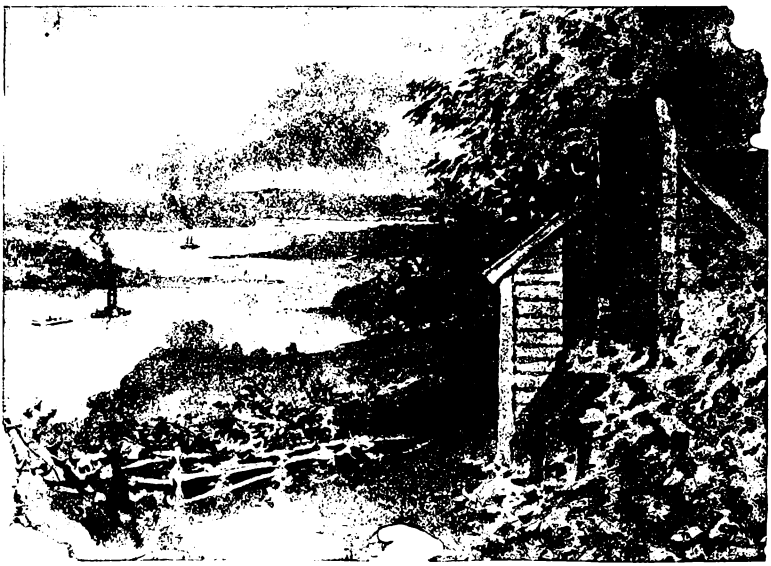
When he was seventeen years old, Ulysses was sent to the splendid school among the beautiful highlands of the Hudson River, in New York, where boys are taught to become soldiers of the United States Army. This is called the United States Military Academy, at West Point.

He stayed four years at this famous school. He did not like the school part of it any more at West Point than he did at his Ohio school-house, but he loved horses, and became a fine horseback rider.

When he left West Point, he was made second lieutenant in the United States Army. He went home, but in a year or two there was a war between the United States and the country that joins us on the south. It is called Mexico, and this war is called the Mexican War.

Young Ulysses Grant went to this war as first lieutenant and fought the Mexicans in many bloody battles. He was a daring young officer, and his men followed willingly wherever he led. In one of the hardest battles in this war with Mexico

—the battle of Monterey—the American soldiers charged into the town and then got out of ammunition—that is, powder and shot. To get any more, some one would have to ride straight through the fire of the Mexicans, who were in the houses of the town; so the general did not think he could order any soldier to do this. But he asked who would do it. This is what is meant by calling for volunteers.



GRANT'S CHILDHOOD HOME.

Lieutenant Grant said at once he would go. He mounted his horse, but slipped over on the side furthest from the houses in which the Mexicans were hiding. Then he set his horse on a gallop, and so dashed through the town and past all the hostile houses, and brought back the ammunition in safety. He did many other brave and soldierly things when he was a young officer in this war with Mexico, but he was always

such a modest man that he never liked to tell of his courageous deeds. When he did, he would generally say: "O, well; the battle would have been won, just as it was, if I had not been there." The brave men and the bravest boys, you know, never boast.

In another of these battles in the Mexican war—it has a long, hard name—Chepultepec, young Grant was so bold and brave that his name was picked out as that of one of the bravest soldiers in the fight.

At another time, when a strong fort was in the path of the Americans, Lieutenant Grant dragged a small cannon away up in a church steeple, and pointing it at the fort, fired his cannon balls so swift and straight and sure that the Mexican soldiers had to run out of the fort, and the Americans marched into it and soon after took the city it had defended. And when the news of this fight had been sent home to the United States, young Grant's brave act was made a part of it, and he was promoted to be a captain. The Mexicans were defeated in many battles, and, at last the cruel war was ended. The Americans were victorious and marched back north to their homes.

Then Captain Grant married his wife; but, soon after, he had to go without her to California and Oregon, where his regiment was sent. He had a hard time getting there, for the dreadful cholera broke out while the soldiers were on the way, and if it had not been for Captain Grant's bravery and devotion most of the soldiers and their wives and children would have died. You see, a man can be just as brave taking care of sick people as when fighting in battle.

After he had been in Oregon for a while he got tired of doing nothing, so he gave up being a soldier, and went back to his little farm near St. Louis, in Missouri. He lived in a log-house on this farm with his wife and children, and at times

was quite poor. He tried farming, and buying and selling horses and collecting bills, and, at last, moved from St. Louis to the town of Galena, in Illinois, where he became a tanner and made leather with his father and his brothers.

GRANT AFTER THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

While Grant was an unknown tanner in Illinois a fearful thing occurred in America. The Northern and Southern States which, joined together, made these United States of America, became angry with each other over things that, some day, you will learn all about in school.

The South said: "We won't stay in the Union any longer." The North said: "You've got to stay. We won't let you go."

But the South determined to go, and, in the year 1861, they had gone and had made a new nation of themselves. Then the North said the South could not go and should not go, and tried to keep them in the Union by force.

They began to fight with each other, and there was a terrible war in the land. We call it now the War of the Rebellion, or the Civil War. Captain Grant joined the army at once and marched away to the war with some soldiers from his own town, and, after a while, he was given command of a regiment and made a colonel. Soon after that he was promoted to be a brigadier-general.

After the war had been going on for several months the men who were at the head of things found out what a good soldier General Grant was, and he was given command of a large number of men and marched with them against the Confederates, as the Southern soldiers were called.

There were some hard battles fought, among them that of Belmont, on the Mississippi, at which village a severe engagement took place. But Grant was victorious, and at last he got the Confederate soldiers cooped up in a place called Fort Donelson.

When the general of the Confederate soldiers asked General Grant how he could save his soldiers and get out of the fort alive, the General said: "Unconditional surrender." That means, give me your fort and all your soldiers and guns and flags and swords. Then I will not fight you. If you will not do this, I shall make you do it.

There was no other way, so the Confederates surrendered Fort Donelson. It was a great victory for the Northern soldiers, and everybody praised General Grant. Then he marched to another place. It was called Shiloh. There was a terrible battle here. At first it was almost a defeat for the Union

soldiers, but General Grant stuck to it and fought so bravely, that at last the Confederates were beaten and driven back. It was the first great battle of the war. It continued through

GRANT AT SHILOH.

two April days—Saturday and Sunday. The Confederates were led by their best and bravest general, Albert Sidney Johnston. Had it not been for General Grant's bravery, determination, persistence and good leadership, the Northern

troops would surely have been beaten, and the Union cause would have been sadly put back.

But he stuck to it. He must win, that was all. And he did win. He rode up and down the line all that terrible Saturday and Sunday, giving orders, directing and encouraging his men. For he knew that they were mostly soldiers who had never seen a battle, and he knew that unless they were made braver by the courage and bravery of their leaders, they would not make good soldiers.

So all through this dreadful battle of Shiloh, in which the dash and bravery of the South first met the courage and endurance of the North, General Grant was in the thick of it, inspiring his soldiers, bringing victory out of defeat, and showing the world what a great general he really was.

So he kept driving the Confederate soldiers off whenever he fought them. They were brave, too, for they also were Americans. But they had not so great a general to lead them in battle. At last Grant got the Southern army cooped up in a town called Vicksburg. He marched his soldiers against it and built forts around it and banged away at it with his great cannons until at last, when the Confederates in the town could get no help and could not get away, they gave up the town and all its forts and soldiers and guns to General Grant. That was the surrender of Vicksburg. It was another splendid victory.

Then General Grant was promoted to be a major-general, and marched off to fight more of the bold Southern soldiers. He fought them again at a place called Chattanooga, among the mountains. This was so hard a battle and so great a victory for General Grant that the United States gave him a gold medal to commemorate it. Then he was given command of all the armies of the United States. So far he had fought in the

West. Now he came East and took the lead of all the Northern soldiers in Virginia, which was called the Army of the Potomac. He fought the Confederates and their brave leader, General Lee, for a whole year in Virginia. There were some dreadful battles. There never were harder ones in all the world. But General Grant knew that if he wished to win, he must fight hard and terribly. The hardest fighting of all that cruel war was now to come, you see. It was in the region that separated the two capitals—Washington, the capital of the United States, and Richmond, the Southern capital. Much of the fighting was in a section covered with thick woods and underbrush, and called "The Wilderness." For sixteen days the two armies faced each other in this wilderness, so close together that they could talk across, and so, watching by night

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

and fighting by day, the two generals, Lee, the Confederate, and Grant, the Union leader, fought each other in the most tremendous and desperate battles of modern times.

They ended at last, not by really defeating Lee, but by forcing him back, inch by inch, until Grant and his soldiers got nearer to Richmond. You see, the men of the North and the men of the South had now grown to be trained and courageous soldiers, and they were so equally matched in numbers, bravery and determination, and were so ably led by their commanding generals that the conflict was a stubborn and desperate one.

But General Grant would not be defeated. He never gave up; and when, in the hot weather, things seemed going badly and he was asked what he meant to do, he said, "Fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

It did take all summer, and all the winter, too; but, at last, this great soldier was successful. The Southerners were beaten, and their gallant leader, General Lee, at a place called Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865, surrendered all his soldiers and flags and guns to General Grant. It was the end to a long and bitter war. Probably no other soldier in America could have defeated General Lee and his soldiers except General Grant. The Southern soldiers were brave and determined; they were desperate; for they knew if they did not beat Grant and capture Washington the cause of the South must be given up.

So they fought on, even after they began to get hungry and ragged, and the South was poor and empty. Gradually, however, they grew weaker; and still General Grant kept at it, forcing them back, back, until at last they fled from Richmond. The Southern soldiers were beaten or captured, and, as I have told you, General Lee surrendered at last to General Grant at

Appomattox Court House. The war was over. The North had won the great fight that had lasted through four terrible years, and General U. S. Grant was hailed as "the Conqueror."

It is hard for the boys and girls who have quarreled and got the best of it, not to clasp their hands and talk big. It is even harder for men and women. But General Grant, when he had won the victory, would not "crow" over the defeated Southerners. "They are Americans," he said. He gave them back their horses so that they could plough their farms for planting; he gave them food and clothes, and sent them away friends; he said to North and South alike: "The war is over. Let us have peace." Of course his great success made him a hero. He was one. But he hated to be so talked about; he never made a show of himself, nor said, as a good many boys and men do when they have done something fine: "Look at me!" General Grant was quiet, modest and silent. Of course, the world thought all the more of him because he did not try to put himself forward. His own land thought so much of him that they twice made him President of the United States, just as they did

GRANT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Washington. It was a pretty good rise for a little Western farmer boy and tanner, wasn't it? After he was through being President he left his country and traveled around the world, and the world did him honor.

Kings and queens and princes invited him to their palaces and were glad to see him. He visited the Queen of England in her palace of Windsor Castle; he talked with the soldiers and statesmen of the world, while emperors honored him as one of the world's famous men, and cities welcomed him as the foremost general of the day, and the man who had been President of the world's mightiest Republic.

Amid all these festivities, in all lands and in all scenes set to do him honor, General Grant was still the same modest, quiet, silent man he had been all his life. The brilliant carnival at Havana, which he saw and which honored him; the curious and strange surroundings in far-off Japan, where they were beginning to think and act for themselves; the court of China, which few Americans had ever seen; the storied places of the East—Jerusalem, Damascus, Constantinople, Alexandria—all these he visited, and in all he was welcomed and pointed out to the boys and girls of every nation, tribe and land as the great American—the visitor from the land beyond the sea. Great men, wherever he went, called upon him and made friends with him, and, as I have said, the people everywhere, in Japan and China, and Egypt and Turkey, and Russia and Germany, and Italy and France, and England ran after him just as their kings and princes had done. They hurrahed for him and made much of him. Never before had any man been so honored and entertained the world over as had General Grant.

For, you see, people everywhere knew that General Grant was a great man, who, by his patience, his perseverance,

and his wisdom had carried a mighty nation through a terrible war, and won it; had been made the chief man of that nation, and shown all the world how a man can be a great

GRANT IN JAPAN.

soldier and yet a quiet, simple, modest man. But they were to see him fight one other battle—the hardest that any boy or girl, any man or woman can fight—the battle against wrong

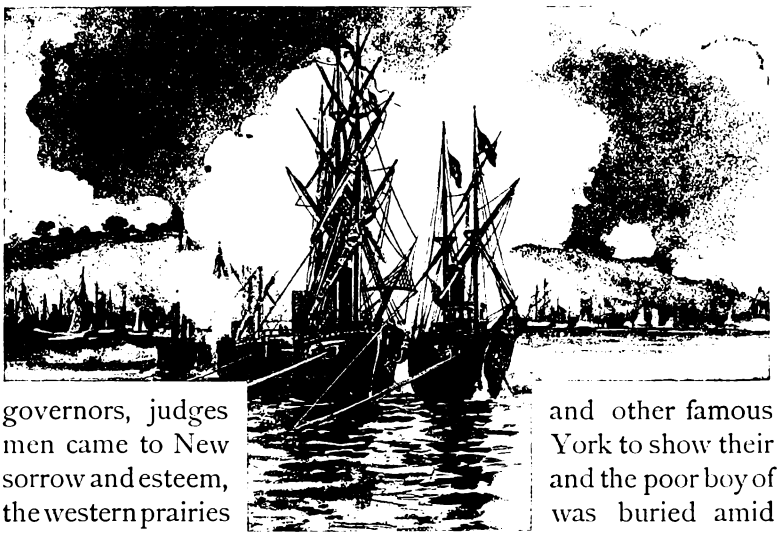
and death. He came back from his travels round the world, and as he did not like to be idle, he put what money he had into business and began—so he thought—to grow rich. He made his home in New York City, in a fine house which the people who honored him had given him as a token of their respect and affection and their pride in the man who had done so much for them in four years of war, and who had governed his native land as President through eight years of peace.

But his business ventures turned out badly. A wretched man worked against him, using the General's honorable name to mislead the people, and taking for himself both their money and that of General Grant.

All of a sudden the end came. The bad man ran away and General Grant found himself without a cent. All his money was gone, and worse than that, others who had trusted in him had lost their money, too. It broke the great general down. It almost defeated the soldier who had never known defeat. It made him weak and sick.

But, just as he had marched to war courageously, so, now, he faced disaster just as bravely. He set to work to make his losses good, and, because all the the world wished to hear about him, he began to write the story of his life and his battles. By his power of will he succeeded in keeping himself alive to do this. For over a year he fought ruin and a terrible pain as stoutly as he had ever battled with real soldiers, while all the world looked on in love and pity, and kings and beggars sent him words of sympathy. He won the fight, for he did not give up until his book was finished. Then he died. On the twenty-first of July, in the year 1885, on the mountain-top to which he had been carried, near Saratoga, in New York, General Grant died, and all the world mourned a great man gone.

The world mourned; men and women everywhere had learned to honor the great general as much for his victories over disaster, disgrace and pain as for his conquests in war and his governing in peace. His funeral, on August 8, 1885, was one of the grandest public ceremonials ever seen in America. The President of the United States, senators, governors, judges and other famous men came to New York to show their sorrow and esteem, and the poor boy of the western prairies was buried amid the solemn tolling of bells and firing of cannon, while all people and all lands sent words of sorrow and sympathy to the Republic which so honored him in death as it had honored him in life. Upon a beautiful knoll in a beautiful park in New York rises a stately monument above his tomb. In the City of Chicago, in the State from which he came from poverty to fame, another splendid monument towers in his honor.

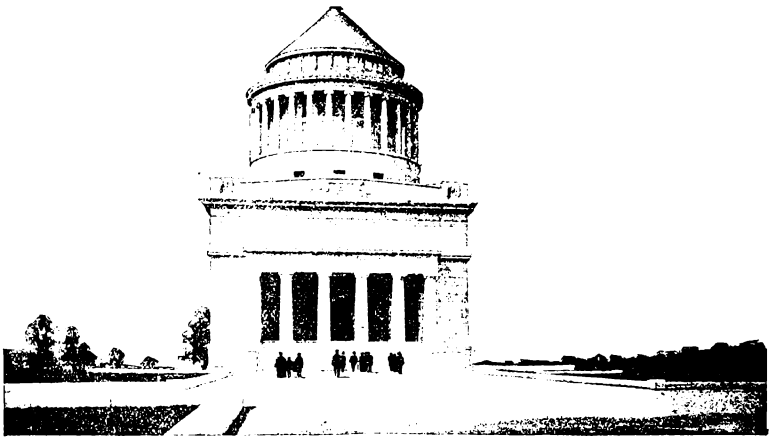


GRANT'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

His is not an uncommon name, and yet in all America, in all the world, there is but one Grant!

His story is one from which even the smallest boy and the tiniest girl can learn something. For it teaches them to be persistent, yet modest; strong, yet simple; magnanimous in victory; patient in distress and defeat. He was a great soldier, but he hated war; yet, when he had to fight, he did fight, and nothing could put him aside from the end he had in view.

Though he became the foremost man of the world, he was always a quiet, modest and simple American gentleman, and, when he had to face both pain and loss, he did so patiently, uncomplainingly and heroically, never giving in until he had done what he had determined to do. To be a great soldier is a fine thing; to be a noble, truthful, simple man is still finer. General Grant was both; and while the boys and girls of America will never forget the battles and victories won for their sake, let them also never forget that it was his simplicity, his loyalty, his devotion, his persistence and his honor that made all the world respect and love Ulysses Simpson Grant as a great American.



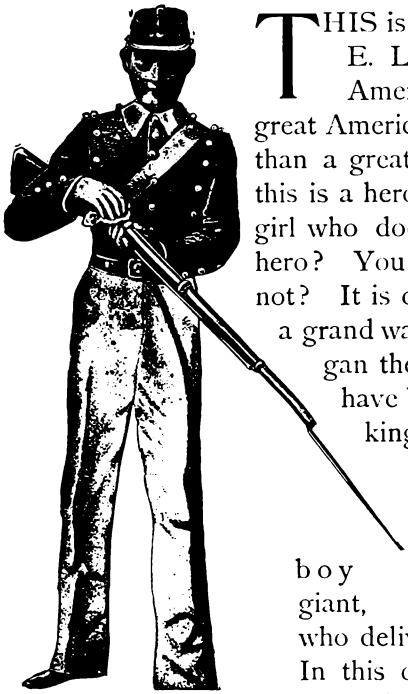
TOMB OF U. S. GRANT, NEW YORK.

ON THE EVE OF GETTYSBURG.—General Lee Directing the Battle.

THE STIRRING STORY OF

ROBERT E. LEE,

General of the Confederate Armies.



CADET LEE.

THIS is to tell you the story of Robert E. Lee. Every boy and girl in America knows who he was—a great American soldier. But he was more than a great soldier, he was a hero, and this is a hero story. Is there any boy or girl who does not like to hear about a hero? You know what a hero is, do you not? It is one who does great deeds in a grand way. Ever since the world began there have been heroes. Some have been soldiers, some have been kings, some have been just plain, poor men or boys. But the world has liked to hear their stories—from David, the boy who killed Goliath the giant, to George Washington, who delivered his land from tyranny. In this dear America, which is our native land, we have had many heroes.

They have defended us in danger, fought for us in war, cared for us in peace, and every boy and girl in America is told the story of their lives and taught to love and respect and honor them.

It is the story of one of these brave and heroic men that I wish now to tell you—the story of Robert E. Lee, who fought long and bravely for what he believed to be the rights and the liberty of his fellow-men in the southern half of the United States of America. Listen to his story.

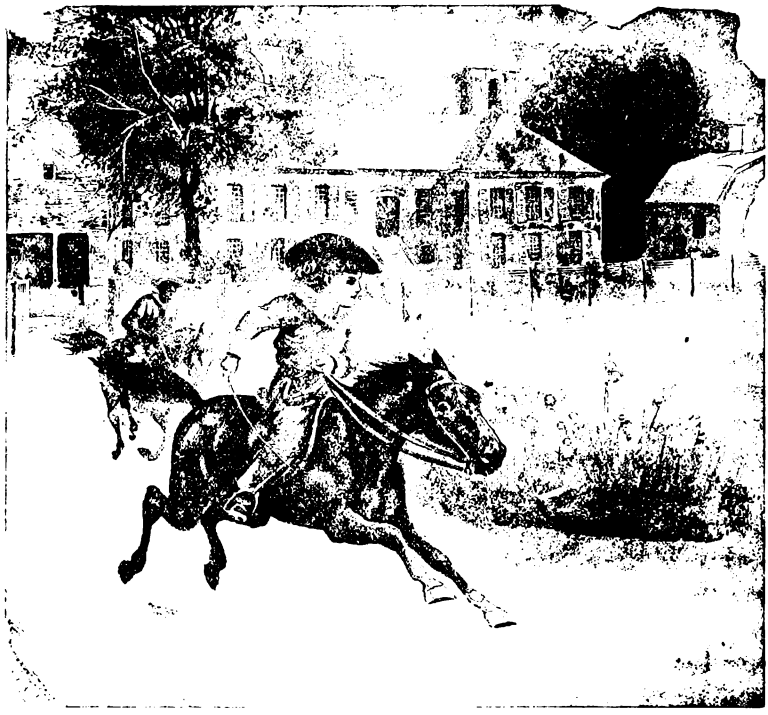
Many years ago, when your grandfather's grandfather was helping to make the Fourth of July, a certain brave and gallant soldier fought in almost all the battles of the American Revolution. People called him "Light-horse" Harry Lee. This was because he was the leader of a number of dashing, fast-riding soldiers or cavalry called "light-horse," because the riders were dressed and armed as lightly as possible. In this dress they could ride swiftly and act quickly.

"Light-horse" Harry Lee was a splendid horseback rider, and his swift and daring dashes with his light-horse legion did a great deal toward whipping the British and making the American Revolution a success. General Washington thought very much of this brave Virginian horseman, and, when the war was over, wrote him a letter in which he sent him his "love and thanks" for what he had done in the American Revolution. And when the great and good Washington died, at his beautiful home at Mount Vernon, it was his friend the dashing cavalry soldier who spoke those splendid words about the greatest American—words which, I hope, you all know by heart: "Washington! first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Nearly twenty-five years after the American Revolution ended in success, when "Light-horse" Harry Lee had been Governor Lee of Virginia, and was writing a book about the

American Revolution, a little baby boy was born into his pleasant Virginia home. This baby was named Robert Edward Lee, and he was to grow up to become an even greater and nobler man than his famous father.

Robert E. Lee was born on the nineteenth of January, 1807



YOUNG LEE RIDING IN FRONT OF "STAFFORD," VIRGINIA, THE MANSION OF "LIGHT-HORSE" HARRY LEE.

—the very year in which our great American poets, Longfellow and Whittier, were born. His father's house was at a beautiful country place in Virginia, called Stafford. It was in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac River, the very

county in Virginia in which George Washington was born, and on the banks of the same Potomac River.

He was a good boy in everything, good in his home, good in his school, good in his books, and good in his ways. His father was not very well when Robert was a little boy and had to be away from home a great deal hunting for good health; so Robert's mother brought her boy up.

She brought him up well and made a man of him, because she made him true and manly from the start. He was never what boys call a "sissy" just because he was mild and good, but he was a manly, brave, true-hearted little fellow, kind to all about him, always in love with his mother, always obeying her, attentive to his studies, doing his duty in every way as a real boy should.

When Robert was four years old his father moved from his country home at Stafford to the little city of Alexandria, quite near to Washington, the capital of the nation. There Robert went to School in a queer, old-fashioned, yellow house that is still standing in Alexandria, and is still used for a boy's school. Its right name was Hallowell's School, from the master who kept it; but the boys who went there called it, because of its yellow walls, "Brimstone Castle."

When Robert was eleven years old his father, the famous "Light-horse" Harry Lee of the American Revolution, died in Georgia, where he had gone for his health. The fatherless boy clung closer to his mother than ever, and determined to do everything he could to help her; but he had such a great respect for his father's memory, and felt so much pride in the deeds his famous father had done in the cause of liberty and his native land, that when the time came for him to decide what he would do when he became a man, he declared he would be a soldier just as his father had been.

So he went to West Point, the famous Military Academy on the banks of the Hudson River, where the United States trains boys to lead its armies and fight its battles.

Robert E. Lee stayed four years at West Point. He entered

"ALWAYS TO BE FOUND WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS THE FIERCEST."

there as a "pleb," or new boy, in 1825, when he was eighteen years old, and leaving it, or "graduating" as it is called, as Lieutenant Lee in 1829. He did finely at the famous school. He was what they called a model cadet—always spick and

span in his gray and white soldier suit, always at the head in his studies, always ready in his duties, in his drill, and in all he had to do. He never received a demerit, or bad mark, in all the four years that he was a cadet at West Point. Think of that! They said, there, that cadet Lee kept his gun so bright and clean that the inspecting officer could fairly see his face in its gleaming barrel and its polished stock. He was such a fine scholar at West Point that when he got through and graduated he stood second in his class—that is, next to head, you know.

This gave him a chance to choose just where he would like to be in the army when he came out of West Point. He joined what is called the Engineer Corps, the pick of the whole army.

The Engineer Corps is made up of men who look after building the forts and defences of our harbors, set our river channels straight, and protect the land from the sea as well as from the enemy. It is a fine position for a young officer, and generally gives him pleasant places to live in and agreeable things to do. Soldiers like it better than being sent off to lonely posts or to watching Indians, and it gives them a fine training in how to do things about forts and fighting.

Lieutenant Lee was stationed at different places along the Atlantic coast. He helped plan and build Fortress Monroe, on beautiful Hampton Roads, in Virginia; he was stationed in Washington in one of the offices of the big War Department; he helped lay out the boundary line between the States of Ohio and Michigan; he looked after the improvement of the harbor of St. Louis, and the changes that were made in the shifting channel of the mighty Mississippi River; he superintended the building of the forts in New York harbor, and, when he got back from a war, which I will tell you about, he

was made Superintendent of the very place where he had gone to school—the Military Academy at West Point; after that he had command of all the United States troops in Texas. He

CAPTAIN LEE AT CERRO GORDO.

was Second Lieutenant in 1829, then First Lieutenant, then, in 1838, Captain in the regular army—so, you see, he kept going right on in the world, and was a great deal thought of in the army. The United States did not have a very big army

in those days, but whenever there was a war it grew quickly. In the year 1846 there came about a war between the United States and its next-door neighbor, the republic of Mexico.

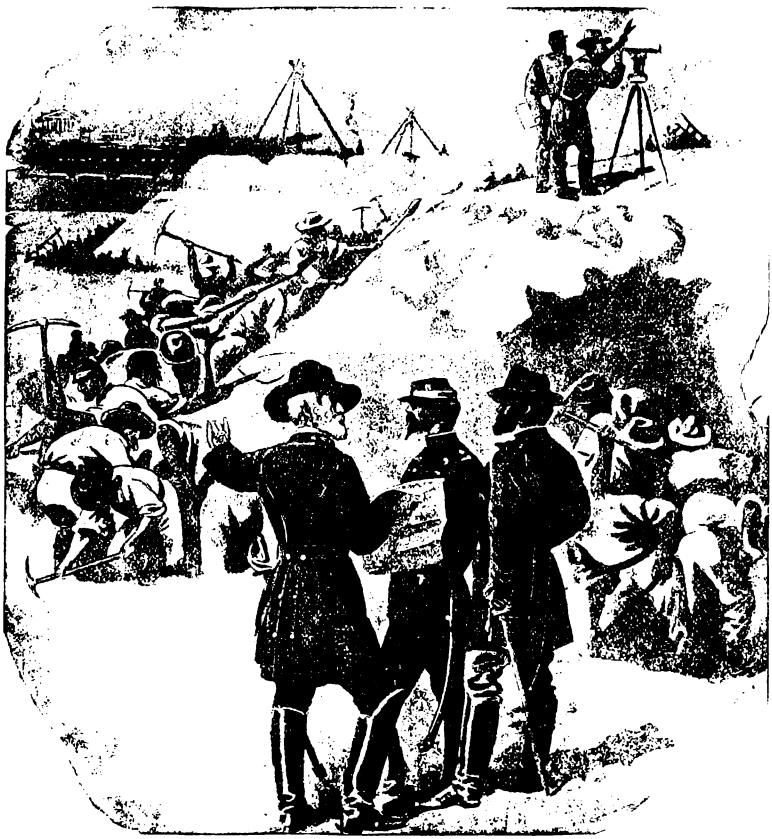
Never mind, what it was all about, you will learn that when you study the history of the United States. It was a cruel war, as all war is cruel; but it was a great chance for Americans who wished to be real soldiers to show what they were good for and what they could do.

They did well. They marched into Mexico, which is just the other side of Texas, you know, and they fought so bravely that in less than two years they had conquered Mexico and added to the United States all the land from Texas to California and the Pacific Ocean.

In this war Robert E. Lee made a splendid soldier. He was so brave and gallant, so ready and reliable, that he was always to be found where the fighting was fiercest. And yet he was so gentle and kind that he always struck at the point in the enemy's line where they could be beaten the quickest, so as to finish the fight with the smallest loss of men in killed and wounded.

There was one battle in Mexico in which the young engineer was almost the leader and conqueror. This was the time when he got the best of the Mexicans at a place called Cerro Gordo, high up in the mountains. The Mexican soldiers held the zig-zag road up the mountains. It ran between great cliffs and chasms, and had cannon all along so as to keep the Americans from coming up. But Captain Lee, the engineer, said: "If we can't march against them, we must get behind them. I'll try." He hunted all about for a good place, and at last saw a way by which a sort of path could be cut through the mountains and come out behind the Mexicans. He did this so carefully, so swiftly and so silently that before the

Mexicans knew what they were about he was right upon them. Captain Lee led the way, and showed the men just what to do. They lowered the cannon by ropes down the steep cliff and



FORTIFYING RICHMOND.

hauled them up on the opposite hill-side; they cut, and climbed and jumped, and dug until they got all the men, all the horses and all the cannon up behind the Mexican line. Then they

turned their guns upon the enemy, and so surprised and terrified them that almost without a blow all that part of the Mexican army surrendered to the American commander, General Scott.

This was one of Captain Lee's victories in Mexico. It was one of the kind he liked, because he had to think it out. It was the best kind of victory, too, for he won it without having to shoot down and kill many men.

For his courage and his soldiership he was again and again promoted—Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel. He was on the staff of the commander, Winfield Scott, the General of the American Army; and, after the Mexican War was over, General Scott declared that his success in Mexico was largely due "to the skill, valor and undaunted courage of Robert E. Lee." This is a good deal to say about one man, is it not, and fine, too?

After the Mexican war was over and all the soldiers had come home again, Colonel Lee was made Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, as I have already told you. For three years he was in charge there, directing the soldier boys in their studies and their drilling at that splendid military school on the banks of the Hudson. Then he was sent to join the army stationed in Texas. He was Colonel of a cavalry regiment, the same position that his famous father, "Light-horse Harry," had held in the Army of the Republic. Later on he was placed in command of all the soldiers in what was called the Department of Texas.

While he was away on a long vacation at his beautiful home in Virginia, called Arlington, just opposite Washington, the Civil War broke out. You know what that was, of course—the dreadful and terrible trouble between two parts of our dear native land—the North and the South.

It could not be settled peaceably. Men thought so differently about things that one side would not give in to the other, so they just had to fight it out.

It was a long and bitter war. Many good and brave men

"HE WAVED HIS SWORD ABOVE HIS HEAD AND DASHED TO THE FRONT."

were killed on both sides, and there was sorrow and distress all over the land. But when the war was over, the people of the United States became better friends than they had ever been before, and there will never be such a war again.

When the war broke out Colonel Robert E. Lee did not know just what to do. But he thought the matter over long and deeply, and then he said: "I cannot fight against my relatives, my children, my home. I have been a soldier of the United States, but I am a son of Virginia, and I must do as my State does."

He resigned from the United States Army, giving up his position as Colonel, and was made Major-General of the forces of the State of Virginia.

When Virginia went out of the Union—that is, when her people said, "We will not belong to the United States any longer, we will join the Confederate States," Colonel Lee said, "Then I must go with you."

He was appointed military adviser to Jefferson Davis, the President of the newly-formed Confederate States—for so the States that went out of the Union called themselves.

A year later he was made Commanding General of the Army of Northern Virginia, and for three years he led the brave Southern soldiers who fought for the Confederacy against the brave Northern soldiers who fought for the Union.

What a splendid leader of those gallant Southern soldiers General Lee was! He knew just where to have them march, just when to have them fight, just what to have them do.

Richmond, in Virginia, was the capital of the Confederate States, just as Washington is the capital of the United States. General Lee surrounded it with forts and defended it so skilfully that the Northern soldiers could not get into it, though they tried again and again, and whenever they tried to get through any of the approaches to the city, General Lee would march his soldiers against them and fight long and desperately.

Boys, when they play at any good game, like a boy to be their leader. You can do so much better if you have some one

to follow, some one who shows you what to do. It is just so with men—especially with soldiers—and General Lee was just such a leader. His soldiers learned to love him and look up to him almost as you do to your own father. They called him "Marse Bob" and "Uncle Bobby"—not to his face, of course, but when they talked together about him. He was so kind, and patient, and gentle; he was always trying to help them, and cared for them so much that they knew he was their friend, even when he made them march the longest,

GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR.

and even when he made them fight the hardest. But a soldier has to fight, you know. That is why he is a soldier, and, although General Lee was always calm, and quiet, and gentle in speech and manner, he was a great soldier and sometimes a fierce fighter.

One day, when there was a terrible battle raging, he saw his soldiers beaten back by the Union troops from a place he wished them to keep. "They must not lose it," he said, and he waved his sword above his head and dashed to the front to lead his soldiers into battle again. But his men knew that General Lee's life was precious; that if he were killed there would be no one to lead them to victory.

"No, no, General!" they cried; "Go back! Go back, Lee, to the rear! We'll take it!"

And when he dropped back, he saluted his soldiers for their love and care for him, and pointed at the Union line with his sword.

"Forward," he said, and his men charging forward, thinking of their brave and gallant leader, won back the place from which they had been driven.

Once when his own son, who was also the commander of a large Confederate force of cavalry (his father and grandfather also were generals, you know), was in danger of being surrounded by a great force of the enemy, the General, cried out cheerfully, "Keep your men together, General, I'll get you out of this," and he did.

"General," a young officer shouted, dashing up to him, just as a great battle was to begin, "The Federals are advancing." General Lee looked at him with a funny smile, enjoying the young officer's excitement. "Well," he said, just as cool and calm as you please, "I did hear firing, and I was just beginning to think it was time some of you lazy young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about."

And I suppose that made the young officer laugh right on the edge of that battle, and to get from his calm and cool General all the more courage to do his best. So, you see, while he was brave and serious, he could see the funny side

of things, too, and did all he could to make his soldiers bright as well as brave, hopeful when things went wrong, calm in the midst of danger. This is what makes a real soldier, you know.

The North had more men and more money than the South; they kept on fighting, too, for neither side was willing to give in. But the North for a long time could get no soldier who was as great a general as Lee.

On the third day of June, 1862, he was made General of the Army of Northern Virginia. That post he held through the war, under that name he led the Southern soldiers to battle and often to victory, while, by his wise way of directing his men, he kept the Northern troops away from Richmond for nearly three years. He won the battle of Malvern Hill, he won the Second Battle of Bull Run, he won the Battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsvill. Twice he marched his soldiers into the Northern lines, and at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, in 1863, he fought a terrible three-days' battle which called for all the strength and all the skill of General Meade, the Northern leader, to turn it into a victory for the Union.

Four generals of the Union led the armies against him in four great attempts to defeat and conquer him. But each time Lee was more than a match, and they fell back from Richmond, defeated.

At last, in the beginning of the year 1864, General U. S. Grant, who had been a successful leader of the Union soldiers in the West, was called to the East to take command of the armies of the United States. Then there came a change.

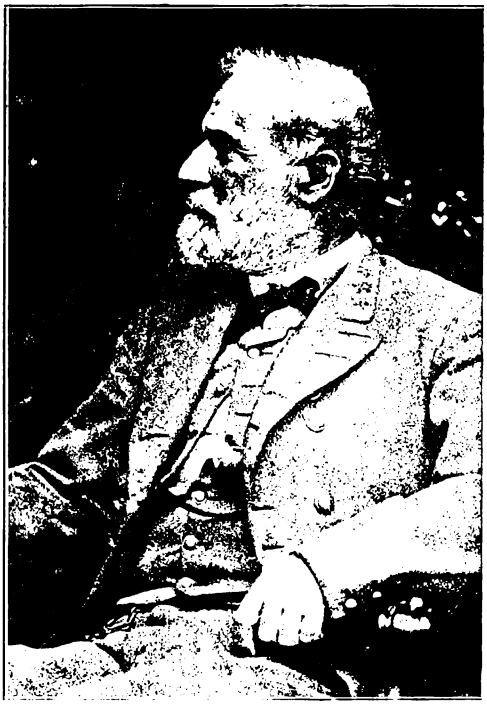
General Grant knew all about General Lee. They had both been in the Mexican War. He knew that to win he must do his very best. When some one asked him how long it would take him to get to Richmond, General Grant said, "Well, about four days, if General Lee is willing; if he isn't, well,

it's going to take a good deal longer." And it did. General Lee did object; he objected with guns and swords and men, and the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South fought many terrible battles. The fighting grew fiercer and hotter. Grant would never give up, but kept pressing on. Bit by bit the Union soldiers drew about Richmond; bit by bit the Confederate soldiers gave way, as their money, their strength and their numbers began to fail. But they fought gallantly still. General Lee was watchful and determined. His eyes saw every weak spot in the Union line; he could spread out his brave but tired and hungry soldiers so as to make the best show, and his men loved him so well and followed him so willingly that he was able to keep up the fight longer than any other general could have done. Never before in all the world had so many men been brought face to face in battle, and dreadful battles they were, there in the swamps and woods and fields of Virginia, in the year 1864. It was because both sides were brave men, and because brave and great generals led them, that these battles were so fierce, for Grant was bound to win, and Lee was bound not to let him.

But when, at last, all hope of successfully defending Richmond was gone, when the brave chieftain had tried to break his way through the lines of Union soldiers, who now surrounded his army, and had failed, when he saw that to keep up the fight any longer was only a useless killing of men, a thing he always hated and tried to stop, then General Lee laid down his sword and surrendered himself and his army to his great foeman, General Grant, a man as gentle, as honorable and as kindly hearted as was he.

It was a sad day for General Lee, when he at last determined to give up the battle.

At first, when one of his soldiers saw how useless it would be to fight any longer, and told the General that he ought to surrender, the grand old soldier straightened himself up and said: "Surrender? No, sir! I have too many good fighting men for that."



ROBERT E. LEE.

But General Grant had more, and so, as I told you, General Lee saw this at last, and to stop the killing of any more brave men, he gave it up—that is, he surrendered. It all came to an end at last at a place called Appomattox Court House, in Virginia. It was on the ninth day of April, 1865. The two Generals met between the lines at a farm-house near an apple orchard, and talked it all over. Both were glad to stop fighting; both were proud of the heroism of their own men, and proud, also, of the courage of the other side, for all were Americans.

General Grant said to General Lee, "If you will only promise for yourself and your soldiers not to fight any more against the United States, that is all I ask."

General Lee promised, and so the greatest civil war that ever was fought was ended in the kindest way just because both the leaders were great as well as good, and when they made a promise would keep it.

Then General Lee rode back to his army and told his men what he had done. "The war is over," he said.

But when his soldiers heard it, although they were hungry and sick and tired out and weary with so much fighting, they crowded about their good General when he came back from arranging things with General Grant, and cried like children.

"General, take back that word," cried one. "We'll die, but we won't surrender'

General Lee looked on the brave men lovingly

"No, no," he said. "We have done all brave men can do. If I let another brave man be killed I should be a murderer. Go home to your wives and children; whatever may be my fate, you will be safe. God bless you all. Good-by!"

And then he turned and went into his tent.

After President Lincoln was killed, there was some fear that the new President would do some harm to General Lee, because he had been the leader of the Confederate soldiers. But General Grant stood up boldly and said:

"You must not touch him. I gave him my solemn promise that he should not be touched, and you must not let me break my word."

So the great and terrible Civil War in the United States came to an end. Peace was in the land, and as men looked back and thought it all over, the one man who stood out before all the world as the greatest soldier in the South in all that long and bloody war was Robert E. Lee, the General of its Army, the son of brave "Light-horse" Harry Lee. When peace came and the soldiers had nothing to do in the way of

war, General Lee went home a poor man. He had lost almost all he owned in those four dreadful years of war.

But the people of his own State loved and honored him so much that they made him the head of one of the best schools in Virginia—Washington College. And as soon as it was known that General Lee was to be the President of the College, young men flocked to it so that they might say they had General Lee for a teacher. He was as good a lesson himself as anything they could learn from books. Do you know how? He was so fine a man that they looked up to him and tried to be as good and true and noble as he was.

For five years he lived as President of Washington College. Then, on the twelfth day of October, 1870, he died, there among his students and his books, a noble old man of sixty-three.

He was a great soldier and a great man. He was such a good man, too. He loved little children dearly and always saluted every boy or girl who bowed or courtesied to him as he rode through the streets on his splendid big horse, "Traveler."

Once he came upon some boys he knew who were quarreling. Indeed, they called each other names, and began to fight.

"Oh, General!" cried a little girl, running up to him, "please don't let them fight."

The General took the boys by the shoulder.

"Come, boys, boys!" he said, gently. "That isn't nice. There is some better way to settle your quarrels than with your fists."

And how he did love little girls!

"Where is my little Miss Mildred?" he would ask when he got home from a ride or a walk, as the night was coming on. "She is my light-bearer. The house is never dark if she is in it."

Was not that a sweet and pretty way to speak about his little daughter? Do you wonder that the children all loved him?

What made General Lee a great soldier was that he knew how to lead a smaller number of soldiers against a larger number and defeat the enemy by not letting them know what he was doing until he had done it.

This is what is called strategy. It was by this that General Washington won many battles in the Revolution, and in the same way General Lee was victorious over and over again in the Civil War.

But he won quite as much by his great, gentle heart as by his flashing sword. After the war was over people loved him dearly, and since his death they have loved him even more, because, as they look back and see how good and grand a man he was, they forget that he failed; they only remember how hard he tried and how well he did. All through the South he loved so well and which loved him so much, statues, to-day, are being built to keep alive the memory of his life.

To-day, North as well as South, all America honors him, and as the years go by the boys and girls, who, as they grow up, will hear his name and know his story, will think of him not as Lee the Confederate General, but as Robert E. Lee, the soldier, the gentleman, the American.

STORY OF THE BENEVOLENT LIFE OF

GEORGE PEABODY,

Our First Great Philanthropist

GEORGE PEABODY.

DO my little friends understand what a philanthropist is? He is a man who so loves his fellow man that he desires to help better the condition of the poor and give them a chance to live happier and more useful lives.

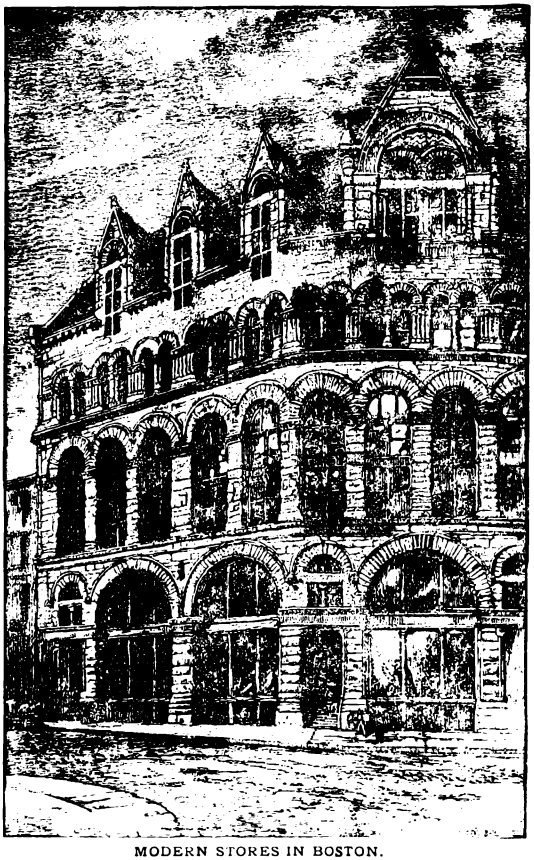
Would you like to know about the first man who became a great philanthropist in America, and to know how he did so much for the benefit of

mankind? I will tell you, for his story is a very interesting one, and the reading of it may be the means of inducing other boys to do likewise. Perhaps you think that this great philanthropist, who gave away millions of dollars, was rich when he was born, and that he was raised by kind and indulgent parents, who gave him everything he wanted and sent him to school until he was a grown man, that he might train his mind and heart for the great work which he did in life. This is, no doubt, what George Peabody deserved to have had done for him; but, perhaps, if it had been done, it would have made him selfish and spoiled him for usefulness to his fellow-men. However this may be, we will tell you the story just as it happened, and leave you to draw the lessons from his life.

In the year 1795, when George Washington was serving his second term as President of the United States, and Robert Fulton, about whom you have read in a previous chapter, was living in France, thinking about making the first steamboat, a little baby boy was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, on the eighteenth day of February. They called his name George. His father, Mr. Peabody, was a very poor man. George was sent to school in Danvers, where he learned to read and write, and began to study arithmetic. But when he was eleven years of age his father became so poor that he had to tell George he could not go to school any longer. So he was apprenticed to Mr. Sylvester Proctor, who kept a country store at Danvers, and who agreed to teach George how to be a merchant. In this way George earned his board and clothes, and Mr. Proctor paid his father a few dollars a year for his services.

George stayed in Mr. Proctor's store for five years, and by the end of that time, though he was only about sixteen years old, he had learned all that Mr. Proctor could teach him about the business. He knew very much about goods, was so

correct in keeping accounts, and so polite to those who came to buy, that he was considered a real good merchant, and everybody who came to the store was his friend. They all said, whenever they bought any article from George Peabody, they were sure it was just exactly what he represented it to be. He was never known to cheat or tell a falsehood about anything that he sold.



MODERN STORES IN BOSTON.

When George Peabody was sixteen years of age, his older brother, David, invited him to come to Newburyport to be clerk in his store. David was considerably older than George, and, by hard work, saved money enough to start for himself a nice dry goods store in Newburyport; so George went to clerk for his brother. Newburyport was a much larger town than

Danvers, and the new clerk thought he was quite fortunate in getting the position.

Besides, he now knew so much about selling goods that his brother could afford to pay him better wages, and his father permitted him to keep it all for himself. All these things made George more attentive to his duties than ever.

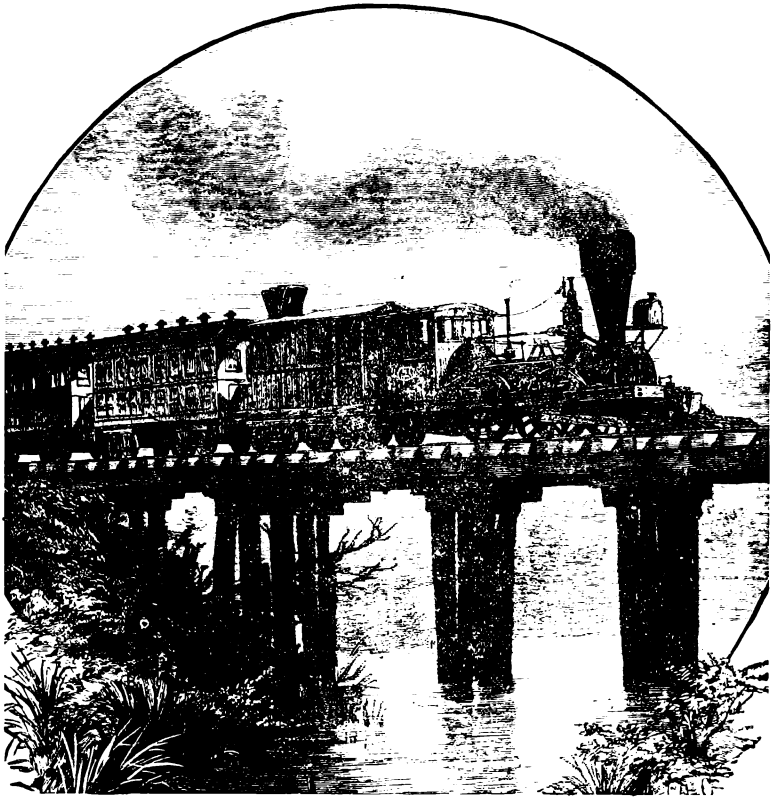
The other merchants soon noticed how smart he was, and they also noticed that he did not spend his time around the taverns and had none of the ugly habits common to other young men. In a little while he was one of the best-known and best-liked young men in the neighborhood.

George was beginning to think this was the place for him to settle down and grow up as a merchant, and he was quite pleased with the prospect before him. But there was a sad experience awaiting him, which came very suddenly, as such things generally do. One morning the people were awakened very early by the ringing of fire-bells. George jumped out of bed and looked out of his window and saw the smoke rising black and dense in the direction of his brother's store.

He and his brother quickly hurried down to the place, where a great crowd of people had already gathered before them, and they found, indeed, that it was his brother's store wrapped in flames. It was but a little while until everything was burned up, and his poor brother was almost heartbroken at the loss of his many years' savings, for you know there were very few people in those days, indeed, if there were any in this country, who insured their goods and stores as they do now against loss by fire.

Several of the merchants in the town offered George employment in their stores, for they knew him to be one of the best clerks in the town. But, while he was waiting to decide the matter, he received a letter from his uncle, John Peabody,

who lived in Georgetown, District of Columbia, which is now a suburb of our great capital city, Washington. This uncle had a dry goods store, and, when he heard of the fire, he at once wrote George to come down and clerk for him.



"JOHNNY BULL," OR No. 1, THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE USED.

The thought of a trip to Washington City was quite an attraction to the young man of seventeen years, who had never been in the far South, as they then considered Washington;

in fact, he had never traveled out of the State of Massachusetts. So after thanking the merchants for their kind offers to give him employment, and bidding his many friends good-by, he took a ship and sailed down the Atlantic Ocean to the mouth of the Potomac River, and then up the Potomac River to the city of Washington.

This was a great trip, lasting several days, and George thought the world was a great deal larger than he had ever imagined it to be; but you must not suppose he was as ignorant at this time as when he left school, a little boy of eleven years, for, besides learning so much about business, he had also been reading good books and improving his mind in every way he could.

George was gladly welcomed at his uncle's house, and his uncle was so pleased with him, after a short trial, that he turned over his business entirely to him, and, furthermore, had it run in George's name instead of his own. Of course, the young man felt flattered at this, but he afterward had much cause to regret it; for he learned that his uncle was not only a very poor business man, but that he was far in debt.

George remained with him two years, when he saw that he could never do any good in managing his uncle's store. Try as hard as he might, and no matter how well he managed, his uncle was always doing something which would use up all the money they made and kept them always in debt. He therefore determined to resign, that is, give up his employment with his uncle, which he did.

Soon after George left his uncle's store, a man by the name of Elisha Riggs sent for him. Mr. Riggs had just opened a wholesale dry goods house in Georgetown. He brought over silks and very fine goods from England, and also bought goods from Philadelphia and New York, which he sold to

merchants in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Indiana and other States, some of which were very little settled.

Mr. Riggs told George that he wanted an active, energetic young man who knew about goods and would be able to buy and sell them, and, furthermore, that he should perhaps want to send him occasionally into the other States to dispose of his goods. George liked this idea very much, for it would give him an opportunity to learn about other sections of the country and other people, so he accepted Mr. Riggs' offer and entered, as he always did before, with all his heart and soul into the work.

There were many things about the wholesale business which he had never learned in a retail store; but it was only a little while until he had mastered everything, and Mr. Riggs found him so bright and attentive to his duties that he made him his manager, when he was a little over nineteen years of age.

George succeeded so well that Mr. Riggs was not only satisfied, but, after a few month's trial, invited George to his home one day, and, after they had eaten dinner together, astonished the young man by saying he wanted to make him his partner in business.

George told him how much he was pleased at being thought worthy of becoming a partner in the firm, but he said there were two things to prevent his doing so: First, he had no money with which to buy an interest, and, second, he was not yet twenty years of age, so he could not become legally responsible with Mr. Riggs for the acts of the firm.

Mr. Riggs smilingly patted the young man on the shoulder and said in a kind, fatherly way, "I know all that, George, but you see I am taking the risk, so you need have no fears as to the money. Besides," continued Mr. Riggs, "if you manage the business well, your part of the profits will soon pay for

your interest, and by that time you will be old enough to become a lawful partner."

It is no wonder, that after such kind and generous treatment, George Peabody worked both night and day to make the business a great success. He said, in after-life, that he wasn't half so anxious to make money for himself as to keep Mr. Riggs from feeling he had made a mistake in placing so much confidence in him and giving him so great an opportunity.

Thus, before he was twenty years of age, George Peabody was going to New York and Philadelphia, to buy the goods for the new firm. He also traveled on horseback, going into the wild regions of other States to look after the interests of the firm, which was now called by the name of "Riggs & Peabody," and was spreading its trade that was growing very rapidly in the States where it had never gone before.

All of this, Mr. Riggs freely admitted, was due to the wise management and watchful care of his young partner. In 1815 the business was found to be so extensive that it was thought necessary to remove it to Baltimore, where they would have better and quicker means of shipping their goods.

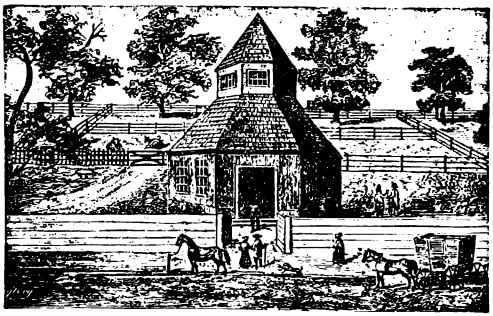
By this time George had also noticed that very many of the country merchants were in the habit of letting the firm keep all of the ready money which they had and did not need in their business, and, in this way, they had always on hand a large amount of money belonging to the merchants who bought from them.

This was because the merchants felt that it was not safe to keep it in their country stores, and there were no banks convenient for them to put it in. Hence they let Riggs & Peabody keep their money. George, whose eyes were always open for opportunities for making money, called Mr. Riggs'

attention to this, and said they might just as well start a banking business in connection with their business as merchants.

Mr. Riggs agreed, and that is how George Peabody commenced as a banker, just before he was twenty-one years of age. He had never had any experience in banking, but, as everybody now knows, he became one of the greatest bankers in the world.

It was not long after Mr. Peabody went to Baltimore before he was, as he had been everywhere else, noted for his good judgment, his politeness and his kindness to everybody. His character was so good that the Legislature of Maryland made his bank the financial agent of the State; that is, Riggs & Peabody had charge of all of the State's money, and when the State wanted to borrow or lend money, it was done through Mr. Peabody's bank. The firm of Riggs & Peabody grew so fast that, in 1822, they had to establish branches in Philadelphia and New York, so that Mr. Peabody divided his time between their headquarters in Baltimore and the branch stores in the two other cities.



THE FIRST FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, BURLINGTON, N. J.

In a few years their business with England became so great that he had to make trips across the ocean. He went for the first time in 1827, and for the next ten years he crossed back and forth two or three times almost every year

In 1829, Mr. Riggs, being rather an old man, concluded to withdraw from the firm and relieve himself from the business

cares. He therefore took out a very large sum of money, several times as great as the sum he put in, and still left a considerable sum belonging to him in the business. The name of the firm was then changed from "Riggs & Peabody" to "Peabody, Riggs & Co."

In 1836, Mr. Peabody found it necessary for him to have a branch house in London, as he was kept so much of his time on the ocean, going back and forth, and he had to buy almost all the fine goods used in this country in London, because we were not then, you know, a manufacturing people. The London house was opened in 1836, and the next year, Mr. Peabody, who was then forty-two years old, removed to London, and remained there most of the time for the balance of his life, though he was in America many times, and always claimed America as his home.

It was lucky for the American people that Mr. Peabody did go to London to live, because this same year, 1837, there came a great financial panic. That means the merchants were broken up, the banks were failing, and the people were unable to pay their debts; and the English people who had sold to the merchants in this country became very much alarmed, and got their money out of the country anyway they could, no matter how many people it caused to fail.

Mr. Peabody by this time had made many acquaintances among the leading business men and bankers in London, and they invited him into the great London bank, known as the Bank of England, which is still the largest banking house in the world, and asked him a great many questions about America. He explained everything to them in such a manner that they had more confidence in our people, and hundreds of merchants were saved from failure by Mr. Peabody's influence. In the meantime the business of Peabody, Riggs & Co. grew