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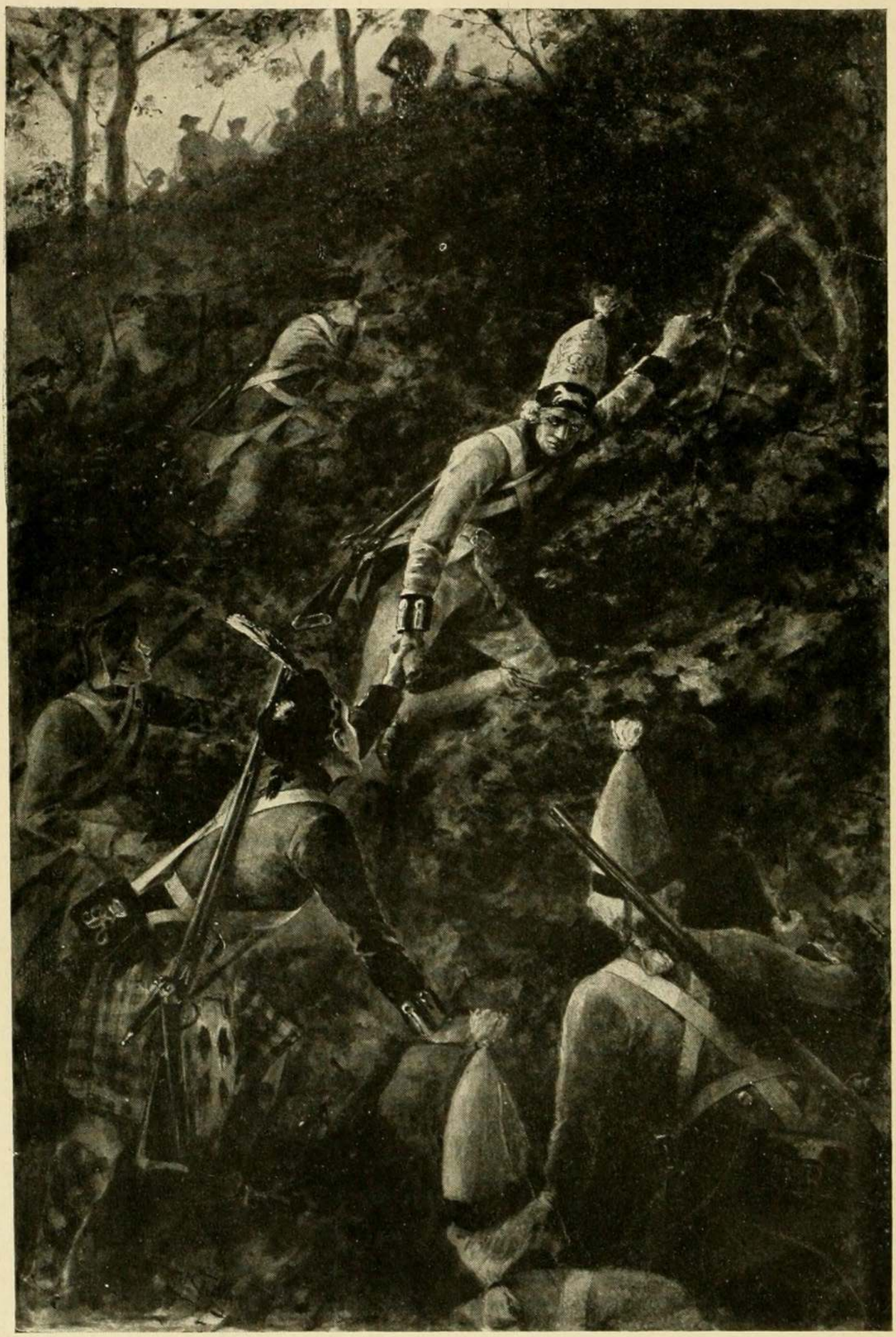
PIONEERS OF AMERICA



One by one, taking hold of the bushes, they pulled themselves up the steep bank.

Frontispiece. *See page* 13.

Pioneers of America

By
ALBERT F. BLAISDELL
AND
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK T. MERRILL

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PREFACE

THIS book is intended to be a supplementary reader on American history, for use in the fourth and fifth grades of our public schools, and for boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age. It is also intended for collateral reading in connection with one or more of the elementary textbooks on American history, and may be used with the three other books of similar grade in this series, namely, "The American History Story-book," "The Childs' Book of American History," and "Heroic Deeds of American Sailors."

It is a good thing for American boys and girls, and for all Americans, to keep in mind the daring deeds, acts of heroism, and thrilling adventures of the pioneers of America. To this intent the authors have rewritten or adapted from trustworthy sources a few of the more dramatic and picturesque events in the

winning of the West. As in other books of this series, they have used freely such personal anecdotes and incidents as thrill the reader because of their human interest and their portrayal of the dramatic and picturesque life of our forefathers.

It is the hope and expectation of the authors that this book may serve as one of the smaller foundation stones on which young people may build in due time a more extended and formal course in American history.

Albert F. Blaisdell.
Francis K. Ball.

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PIONEERS OF AMERICA

I

THE BACKWOODSMEN

THE stories in this book are about the pioneers and backwoodsmen of America. Do you know where the backwoodsmen lived? Do you know who they were? Do you know what they did for our country?

Take your geography and look at the map of the United States. Do you see the mountains in the eastern part? They run from Pennsylvania through Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas into Georgia.

In the early days of our country all this land was covered with dense forests. These mountains were like a great wall, which made it difficult to go from the east to the west

except by following the valleys. Daniel Boone's father took his large family and went from Pennsylvania five hundred miles down one of the great valleys, and settled in the western part of North Carolina.

At the foot of these mountains, on the hillsides and along the valleys, lived those early settlers who were called the backwoodsmen. They differed from the people who lived in the lowlands along the Atlantic Ocean. Some of the backwoodsmen were English, but most of them were Scotch and Irish.

About the time that George Washington was born, these Scotch-Irish people came to America in great numbers. They landed in the north at Philadelphia, and in the south at Charleston, in South Carolina. They were strong and brave men. Armed with rifle and ax, they crossed the lowlands and pushed their way into the wilderness, to make homes for themselves along the mountains.

Life in the wilderness was full of hardship and danger, on account of the wild beasts and

the Indians. But these sturdy settlers were not afraid. They built log cabins to live in. They cut down the trees and cleared the land for the planting of corn. They built log churches and log schoolhouses. Before many years had passed away, they had become Americans in their dress and ways of living. They were stanch patriots.

After a while hunters and fur traders began to go deeper and deeper into the wilderness. Sometimes they came back with stories about the rich land and the wonderful scenery far to the west.

It was not long before a terrible war broke out between the settlers in Virginia and the Shawnee Indians. The hunters and fur traders were driven out of the western country. The Shawnees were led by the fierce and cruel chief Cornstalk, and by the famous chief Logan. But after a time they were defeated in one of the hardest battles ever fought with the redskins.

After the defeat of the Indians the back-

woodsmen went still farther into the west. James Robertson settled in the middle of what is now Tennessee. George Rogers Clark took from the English the great region north of the Ohio River. Daniel Boone began the first real settlement in Kentucky.

II

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

MORE than seventy years before Captain John Smith came to Virginia, a French explorer crossed the ocean and sailed up a river to which he gave the name Saint Lawrence. He took possession of the land in the name of France.

After many years another French explorer, named Champlain, sailed up the Saint Lawrence River to the spot where Quebec now stands. He made a settlement and became the founder of the French empire in Canada.

Champlain was a noble and brave man, and one of the most famous Frenchmen of his time. He explored the northeastern part of our country, and gave names to many places. He discovered Lake Champlain, which was named after him. He discovered Lake On-

tario and Lake Huron also. He was governor of the colony of Canada many years. He was called the Father of New France.

At this time French missionaries came to teach the Indians. These missionaries were noble men too. They and the fur traders went farther and farther to the west, into the dense wilderness.

The most famous of all the French explorers was La Salle. His life was filled with adventures and hardships. He built forts, traded with the Indians, and went into the wilderness where no white man had ever been before.

He sailed down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. He claimed for France the land drained by the Mississippi River and by the rivers flowing into the Mississippi. This meant all the land between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains.

To this vast region he gave the name of Louisiana, in honor of his king, Louis the Fourteenth. The narrow strip of land held by the English along the Atlantic coast was a

small settlement compared with the great territory of Louisiana.

Now began a long and hard struggle between France and England for the possession of America. If the French won, the land would belong to France. The people and language and customs would be French. If the English won, all these things would be English.

The struggle went on for seventy-five years. There were many fierce and bloody fights, in which the Indians took part. The English lost their battles at first, and then they began to win. But the French still held the great fort of Quebec.

Quebec was perched on a cliff two hundred feet high. It was one of the strongest fortresses in the world. For nine miles above the city, and for eight miles below, there were lines of batteries on the steep banks of the Saint Lawrence. Thus Quebec, rising above the mighty river, stood like a giant sentinel at the gateway to Canada and the lands of the far west.

"If the French hold Quebec, we can never conquer Canada," said a great English statesman to the king. "We must capture Quebec. I know of one man who can do it, if anybody can. That man is General James Wolfe."

"That young general is crazy," exclaimed one of the noblemen.

"Mad, is he?" answered the old king; "then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

Wolfe was chosen to lead the expedition to America. He knew what he was expected to do. He was to end the rule of France over America, and to raise the flag of Great Britain over Canada.

With his fleet and army he sailed up the Saint Lawrence River and landed on an island nearly opposite Quebec. He gazed at the city perched on the bluff. In full view below he saw the far-extended camps of the French. The steep banks of the river were covered with earthworks.

Above the city the river was walled in by a range of steep hills. A few men on the top of

those heights could easily defend the great fortress. General Montcalm, who was in command of Quebec, was one of the best soldiers of his time. He had an army of sixteen thousand men.

General Montcalm believed that the fortress was safe. "The English cannot land within ten miles of the city," he said. "Their provisions will soon be gone, and then they will have to go home. In a few weeks winter will be here, and their warships will be frozen up in the river."

The French general, however, was not idle. He filled old ships with tar and all kinds of things that would burn easily, and one dark night set them afire and floated them down the river among the English fleet.

The vessels sent up sheets of flame, which lighted the city and the long red line of the English army. English sailors sprang into their boats, threw their grappling irons on the burning ships, and towed them to the shore, where they burned till sunrise.

Meanwhile Wolfe had been making his plans. A few miles up the Saint Lawrence was a broad, level field, called the Plains of Abraham. On this plain there was room enough to draw up an army. At this place the bank of the river was high and steep, but the brave English general planned to climb to the field above and storm the fortress.

"I have found a zigzag trail that leads to the Plains of Abraham," he said to the English admiral. "I will take one hundred and fifty picked men who can climb the steep bank. If they do it, other men can follow."

Most of the time Wolfe was sick in bed. His only fear was that he might not be well enough to lead his troops.

"You cannot cure me," he said to his doctor, "but patch me up so that I may be without pain for a few days and able to do my duty. That is all I ask."

He first tried to mislead the French. He sent his troops here and there along the shore

as if to attack the city. He sent his warships up the river with the flood tide, and had them come back with the ebb.

The French followed the ships to and fro until they were tired out.

"They mean to land somewhere," wrote the French general. "Surely no army would try to climb the steep banks near the city. I swear to you that one thousand men posted there would stop a whole army. We must not suppose the enemy have wings. I have not taken off my clothes since the twenty-third of June."

At last Wolfe was ready for action. It was two o'clock on the night of the twelfth of September. Lanterns were raised on board a warship. Boats loaded with picked troops started down the Saint Lawrence with the current. Other troops were soon to follow.

General Wolfe, with some of his officers, was in one of the first boats. As they drifted in the silence of the night down the river, he re-

peated in a low voice some lines from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he added, "I had rather be the author of that poem than have the glory of taking Quebec."

The boats drifted in near the shore.

The stillness was broken by the cry of a French sentinel. "Who goes there?"

"France," replied a Scotch officer who could speak French.

"What is your regiment?"

"The Queen's."

The sentinel, who was expecting some boats with supplies, did not ask for the password.

"Who goes there?" called another sentinel.

"Provision boats," answered the same officer. "Don't make a noise; the English will hear you."

The sentry let them pass.

The boats reached a little bay, now known as Wolfe's Cove. Twenty-four men, with their guns slung on their backs, led the way. One by one, taking hold of the bushes, they pulled themselves up the steep bank. Feeble as he was, Wolfe dragged himself up with the rest.

At daybreak the French were astonished to see the long lines of redcoats on the Plains of Abraham. It was a critical hour for France.

Wolfe put himself at the head of his grenadiers and gave the order to charge. A bullet hit him in the arm, but he pressed forward. Another bullet struck him. He still kept on. A third bullet pierced his breast. He would have fallen, but was caught in the arms of an officer.

"Support me," he cried; "do not let my brave fellows see me fall."

They carried him to the rear.

"Will you have a surgeon?" asked an officer.

"There is no need; it is all over with me."

A moment later another officer cried, "They run, they run; see how they run."

"Who run?" asked the dying general.

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

"Now, God be praised, I die in peace."

Montcalm also was borne from the field mortally wounded.

"How long have I to live?" asked the gallant general.

"Twelve hours, or less."

"Thank God, I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered."

The fight at Quebec took place in the year 1759. It was not a great battle, but it was of great importance. By the fall of this stronghold France lost all her lands in the New World. "With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham," says the historian John Fiske, "began the history of the United States."

To-day, in the city of Quebec, stands a

single monument to the memory of the two noble generals who fought for the possession of the great fortress. The monument bears a beautiful inscription in Latin, which may be translated as follows:

VALOR GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH
HISTORY A COMMON FAME
POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT
WOLFE MONTCALM

III

JOE MILLER SAVES THE FORT

SEVERAL years before the battle of Quebec a number of settlers built their log cabins and made their homes in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. They were looking forward to a time of peace between the English and the French, when they heard that General Braddock and his English troops were defeated. The Indians could now attack all the frontier settlements.

The settlers in western Pennsylvania went to work in great haste and built a log fort. The women and children stayed in the fort for safety. Among the settlers were a Mrs. Miller and her son Joseph, a lad of sixteen. Mr. Miller had started on horseback for Philadelphia to get help.

It was a hard time for the people crowded

into the fort. They did not know at what minute the Indians might make an attack. They did not dare to go back to their cabins or to gather their crops. They must keep a sharp watch night and day.

At last they became tired out. They had seen no signs of Indians, and they did not keep such a strict watch. It was now early fall, but the weather was still warm and sometimes hot. On hot days they left the big oak gate of the fort open. Sometimes they ventured to go outside into the woods, to get a breath of fresh air.

One morning in October Joe Miller looked out of one of the windows, and saw that the leaves of the trees had bright colors.

"This is getting too dull for me," he said to his mother. "The frost must have opened the chestnut burrs. I want to go after some chestnuts this very day. I am just crazy to have some."

"Be careful, Joseph, my boy; the Indians may be hiding in the woods."

"I will be careful, mother. I won't go far away. I shall get back before dark."

He took an empty powder bag, stuffed it into his pocket, and slipped out of the gate of the stockade. He went up through the deep valley behind the fort, climbed the hill, and went into the woods.

He found plenty of chestnuts and soon had the bag filled. He then sat down under one of the big trees and ate some of the nuts.

"I must be four or five miles from the fort. I had better go back. Mother will worry if I am late."

Never did the woods seem so full of game as on that bright day in October. The quail fluttered out of the underbrush, and the deer came down to the brooks to drink.

"Oh, I wish I could get just one shot at a deer. But it will never do. Some Indian might get a shot at me."

He started back home.

Quick as a flash, and with a fierce yell, an Indian leaped out of the underbrush.

The boy broke his gun over the head of the savage and started to run. The Indian fell to the ground. The lad ran like a deer, with half a dozen other Indians after him. Several musket shots rang out. One bullet grazed the boy's ear, another whizzed through his fur cap. Of course he was scared. But he did not lose his wits.

"These Indians belong to a larger party," he said to himself. "They are on their way to surprise the fort. I must get there first and let the people know."

He ran faster than before. The yells of the redskins slowly grew fainter.

"They will never give up the chase. They'll follow my trail to the fort."

All this time he was running away from the fort. The Miller cabin was about a mile up the river.

"I hope I can hold out long enough to reach our cabin. Father left my canoe hid in the bushes near the river. It is so much easier and shorter to paddle down the river than to tramp

through the underbrush. If the Indians have not stolen my canoe, I am all right."

Over rocks and fallen trees, across the brooks, he ran until he was out of breath. At last he saw the glimmer of the river. Safe under the bushes he found his canoe just as he had left it several weeks before.

"I'm all right now," he thought. He dragged the canoe down the bank and pushed it out into the water. He leaped in and paddled for the middle of the river. There was not a moment to spare. The frail boat was just getting into the current, when a number of savages came running to the bank.

Bing! bing! blazed their guns. The bullets whizzed near the canoe. One bullet struck the side of the boat. Another hit a paddle.

"Well, well," said Joe, "this is getting rather too warm. Let me see if I can't fool them."

With a cry of pain he fell back into the bottom of the canoe as if he were hit. The Indians thought they had killed him and

stopped shooting. He did not dare to get up. He lay on his back, glad to get a rest.

After a time he slowly raised himself and looked toward the shore. The Indians were not in sight. Up he got and began to paddle with all his might down the river. In a short time he reached the fort and ran in to tell the story.

Just before sunset a band of Indians came out of the woods to attack the fort. The big oak gate was shut. Every man and boy was at his place ready to defend the stockade. The Indians fired a few shots, yelling like fiends. Then they turned and ran into the deep woods.

"Too bad, Joseph, that you lost your gun and your chestnuts," said his mother; "but your quick wit and grit have saved the fort. Your father will be proud of you when he hears the story."

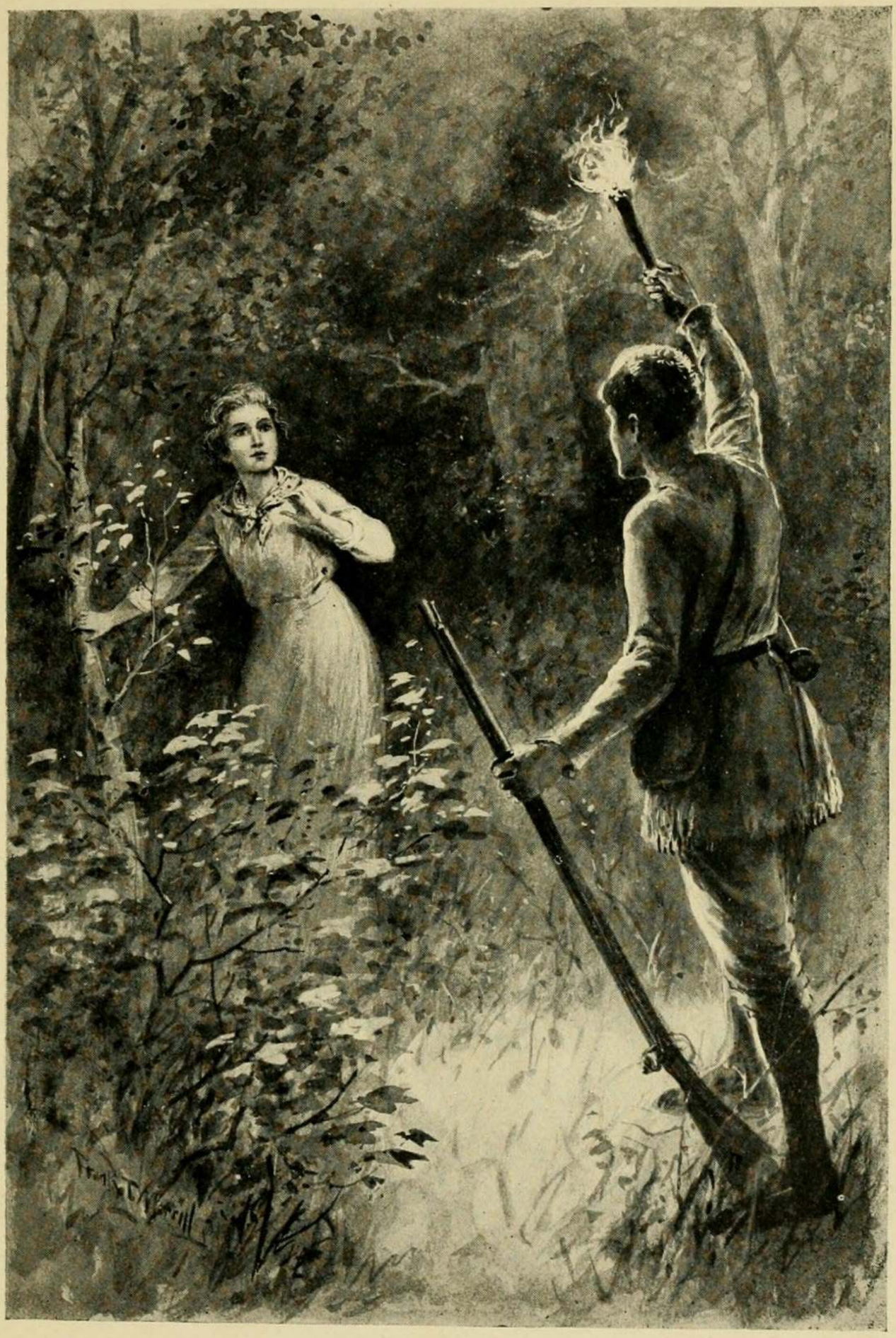
IV

DANIEL BOONE

DANIEL BOONE was the most famous of the backwoodsmen. He was a hunter from the time he was old enough to hold a gun. One day he went into the woods and did not return. Friends and neighbors turned out to look for him. After several days they found the youngster far away in a rude camp, roasting a piece of meat. His father thought he was too young to live in the woods by himself and made him go home.

Many books have been written about the life and adventures of this famous man. Boone himself wrote his own life in the quaint and crude style of his time. There are many good stories told about him. Most of them are true.

Daniel Boone was born in a frontier settle-



Rebecca Bryan stepped out from her hiding place.

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ment in Pennsylvania. When he was seventeen years old, the family moved to a farm five hundred miles away, in the backwoods of North Carolina. Daniel did not like to work on the farm, but soon became known as the best hunter in that wild country.

One night, while hunting by torchlight, he spied a pair of eyes gazing at him from the bushes. They seemed to be the shining eyes of a deer. He raised his gun to shoot.

"Don't shoot," screamed a voice, and pretty Rebecca Bryan, a daughter of a neighbor, stepped out from her hiding place.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Watching for you."

Daniel fell in love with this rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl and married her.

Daniel Boone tramped across the mountains and hunted in what is now the eastern part of Tennessee. This region was a great wilderness, full of wild animals and savage Indians. On one of his trips the young hunter killed a

bear and cut the following words in the bark of a big beech tree:

D. BOONE CILLED A BAR ON TREE IN THE YEAR 1760.

Until a few years ago this tree was still standing, on the bank of Boone's Creek, in eastern Tennessee. The writing shows that the young hunter could not spell very well. He says in his book that he could write only a sensible but badly spelled letter.

Boone always liked to outwit the Indians. One day he was up in a shed where he had tobacco drying. He looked down and saw four Indians with their rifles aimed at him.

"Now, Boone," cried one of the Indians, "we have you this time. Come with us."

"All right," answered Boone; "but wait a moment until I get you some of this tobacco."

He gathered an armful of the dry tobacco, and leaping down among the Indians, shook the dusty leaves in their faces. While the half-blinded and half-choked savages were

dancing about in their distress, he escaped to his house.

After a time Daniel Boone blazed a trail into the wilderness of Kentucky, and began to settle that country. He built a fort on the Kentucky River and named it Boonesborough.

Late one Sunday afternoon three girls carelessly paddled across the river in a canoe. These girls were Betsey Callaway, about seventeen years old, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, the daughter of Daniel Boone.

The trees and underbrush on the opposite bank were thick and came down to the edge of the water.

The girls were playing and splashing with their paddles and let the canoe drift near the shore.

Five Indians lay hid in the underbrush. One of them took hold of the rope hanging from the bow of the canoe and pulled the boat close to the bank, so that it could not be seen from the stockade.

The savages took the girls and carried them

screaming into the woods. The screams were heard at the fort, but it was too late to rescue the girls. There was no other boat to cross the river. Besides, there might be a large band of redskins in the woods.

The fathers of the girls, Boone and Callaway, were not at the fort, but came home in the evening. It was dark before any plan could be made to follow the trail of the Indians. There was little sleep in the fort that night.

At sunrise Boone called for help to go in pursuit of the redskins. Every man in the fort was ready. But Boone picked out only seven men, including the lovers of the three girls.

The Indians had already started for their village. The two younger girls, Frances and Jemima, were downhearted.

"These Shawnees will surely kill us," cried Frances Callaway.

"Keep up your grit, Frances," replied her older sister; "father and Daniel Boone will surely rescue us."

The savages knew well enough that the two old Indian fighters would soon be after them. So they took great pains to hide their trail. They made their captives walk apart and wade up and down the little brooks.

Betsey Callaway was a true pioneer girl. She broke off twigs from the bushes and even dropped tiny strips of her dress. She did not stop doing so even when one of the savages threatened to kill her.

All the first day and the greater part of two nights Boone and his riflemen followed the trail like bloodhounds. Early on the third day they found the Indians cooking their breakfast.

If the savages had known that the white men were close on their trail, they would have tomahawked their captives.

Boone now showed his skill as a backwoodsman. With young Henderson, the son of his old friend, he crawled up as near the camp as he dared. Four of the riflemen then began to fire at the savages. Boone and his friend

ran between the girls and the camp. Each of them shot an Indian as he ran. The three remaining savages dashed into the woods, leaving their tomahawks, guns, and scalping knives. The girls were not harmed.

The woods were dense, and the men were so glad to get the girls back again that they let the Indians go.

Of course there was great rejoicing at Boonesborough when the rescuers and the girls reached the stockade.

Three weeks later there was a wedding in that distant settlement. Young Mr. Henderson married Betsey Callaway. Squire Boone, Daniel Boone's brother, performed the ceremony. This is said to have been the first wedding that ever took place in Kentucky.

A few years later Frances Callaway and Jemima Boone got married too. Jemima married young Flanders Callaway, the son of her father's old friend.

Afterwards the great pioneer of Kentucky went to live in the wilderness of Missouri,

which at that time belonged to Spain. The last years of his life he spent there with his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway. His long life had been one of constant danger and hardship in the service of his country.

V

PONTIAC IS OUTWITTED

THE long war between England and France was at last over. The English had taken Quebec and thus got possession of Canada and the other French lands in America. One of the distant and important outposts in Canada was Detroit, on the Detroit River. A high palisade inclosed about a hundred log cabins. The garrison was made up of a hundred and twenty English soldiers and forty or more fur traders.

Within sight of the fort, just across the river, were the wigwams of three tribes of Indians. Pontiac, the great Indian chief, ruled these three tribes. This famous Ottawa chief, a cruel and crafty savage, was known far and wide for his bravery as a warrior and his skill as an orator.

During the long war the Indians had fought on the side of the French. They now had nobody to help them, and they thought the English would drive them from their hunting grounds.

The crafty chief, Pontiac, wished to take revenge on the English. He began a plot to destroy all the settlements on the Western frontier. For many months he had been sending messengers through the deep woods to all the Indian tribes, from Canada and the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The words of the wily chief had stirred the savages as never before, and they made ready to obey him. The sullen boom of the Indian drums and the wild chorus of their war songs were heard in a hundred villages, where the warriors danced their war dances round their camp fires. The war was to begin on the sixth day of May, 1763. Pontiac himself was to strike the first blow by destroying the fort at Detroit.

On the morning of the fifth of May the wife

of a Canadian settler called at the fort to see Major Gladwyn, who was in command.

"I rowed across the river early this morning to buy some maple sugar," she said. "I saw some of the Indians cutting off the ends of their gun barrels. My husband says the redskins are up to some mischief. The blacksmith thinks so too, for they tried all last week to borrow his files and saws."

Major Gladwyn did not seem to be alarmed. He had often fought against the savages and had faith in his soldiers.

The settler's wife had hardly left the fort, when an old fur trader came in and begged Gladwyn to be on his guard.

In one of the Indian villages across the river lived a beautiful Ojibway girl who loved Major Gladwyn. On the afternoon of this same day she came to the fort to bring him a pair of moccasins.

The girl was sad and downcast. She soon left the room, but waited at the door.

"Why are you so sad, Catherine? What

is the matter, my good girl?" asked the guard.

She would make no reply, but still did not go away.

"You must go home, Catherine," said a young officer. "It is almost time to shut the gate for the night."

Still the girl would not go.

The officer reported to his commander that something was wrong.

"Send the girl to me at once," said Major Gladwyn.

She returned to his room.

"Catherine, will you not tell me why you are sad? You have a secret. Tell it to me."

She only shook her head.

"Tell me the truth, Catherine," said the major. "Are the Indians getting ready to do us harm? Tell me. I will never betray your secret."

The Indian girl could no longer resist his coaxing.

"To-morrow morning," she said, "Pontiac

and sixty of his chiefs are coming to the fort to ask for a council. Each will be armed with a gun cut short and hid under his blanket. Pontiac will make a speech. He will then offer you a peace belt of wampum. As he gives it to you, he will reverse it. This will be the signal. The chiefs will spring up and kill you and the officers. The Indians outside will kill and scalp the fur traders and soldiers. Every Englishman is to be put to death."

Without a moment's delay Major Gladwyn began his preparations. There was little sleep for anybody.

Through the night came the wild chorus of Indian yells and the boom of Indian drums as Pontiac and his chiefs stirred the warriors to carry out his fiendish plans.

Early the next morning the open space behind the fort was filled with hundreds of warriors, squaws, and children, making ready to play ball. Tall warriors wrapped in their blankets stalked slowly to the big gate of the fort and were allowed to enter.

Every British regular in the garrison was under arms. The fur traders stood armed in the narrow streets.

In the middle of the forenoon Pontiac and his sixty chiefs were seen crossing the river in a fleet of canoes. They were wrapped to their chins in bright-colored blankets. Some had shaved their heads, leaving only the scalp locks on top. Others let their long black hair hang over their foreheads like a lion's mane. Their faces were daubed with paint.

When Pontiac stalked through the gate of the fort, he uttered a low cry of surprise. Within the gateway, on each side, two rows of British regulars were drawn up to receive him. At the corners of the streets stood the fur traders armed to the teeth. The tap of the drum was heard as Pontiac and his chiefs strode silently to the council house.

Major Gladwyn and his officers were waiting for them. Every man was in full uniform, with a pair of pistols at his belt and a sword at his side. With uneasy glances the crafty

chiefs eyed each other. After some delay they sat down on the mats made ready for them.

It was a thrilling sight. The sullen Pontiac stood proudly erect, holding in his hand a belt of wampum. The silence was so deep that the breathing of the British officers could be heard.

Major Gladwyn kept his eyes fixed on the wampum. The signal for the death struggle might be given at any moment.

Pontiac began his speech. With smooth and flattering words he told Major Gladwyn how much he and his people loved the English. He had come now to smoke the pipe of peace, and show his love for his English brothers.

When he came to the end of his speech, he glanced uneasily at his chiefs. In another moment he began to raise the belt.

Gladwyn made a slight motion with his hand.

The next moment the click of muskets and the long roll of drums filled the council room and echoed through the narrow streets.

The baffled chieftain stood as if stunned.

He was now sure that his plot had been discovered. After a moment he sat down.

Major Gladwyn was too prudent a soldier to run into danger. Within gunshot were a thousand painted savages eager to fight for their chief. With soft words he told Pontiac that he would be a friend to the Indians as long as they deserved it.

The council now broke up. The gates of the fort were opened. Pontiac and his chiefs sullenly stalked out and returned to their wigwams across the river.

Early the next day Pontiac came again to the fort, with three of his chiefs. He held in his hands the sacred pipe of peace.

"Evil birds," he said to Major Gladwyn, "have sung lies in your ears. We love the English as our brothers. We have come to smoke the pipe of peace."

Again the crafty chieftain was allowed to return to his people.

Within the next two days Pontiac's War, as it is called, broke out, and spread in all its

fury along the Western frontier. Many cruel and bloody deeds were done. For more than a year Pontiac used every means to capture the fort at Detroit, but only met with failure.

VI

THE MASSACRE AT MACKINAW

FAR away in the wilderness north of Detroit were three frontier forts. The largest of these was Fort Mackinaw. There were thirty families inside the stockade and as many more outside.

Fort Mackinaw was the chief center of the fur trade. Here the fur traders hired their men and sent them out in canoes to the distant northwest. Near the fort lived two great Indian tribes, the Ojibways and the Ottawas. They had fought on the side of the French and were hostile to the English.

At the time of Pontiac's conspiracy Fort Mackinaw belonged to the English. The French garrison had gone away. But the British soldiers had not yet arrived. The Canadian settlers held the fort.

Alexander Henry, an English fur trader, had just come to Mackinaw with his canoe loaded with furs. Sixty Ojibway warriors with their chief came to the fort to meet the great fur trader. They came with tomahawk in one hand and scalping knife in the other.

The Ojibway chief made a long speech and promised Henry that he might sleep safe without help from the Ottawas. As usual, they smoked the pipe of peace. After exchanging presents with the fur trader, the savages left for their homes.

In a few days two hundred Ottawa warriors came to the fort to see Henry and the other traders. These Indians were bolder than the Ojibways.

"You must give us all your furs," said the Ottawa chief, "or we shall make you do it."

"No, we will never give them to you," replied Henry.

Thirty fur traders kept watch all that night in Henry's house. The Indians did not dare to make an attack. During the night scouts

brought word that British soldiers were coming to their help.

At sunrise the Ottawas did not stop to say good-by, but launched their canoes and paddled away in haste. The British soldiers had arrived. For a time the fur traders were safe.

Pontiac was now stirring up the Indian tribes against the English. His attack on Fort Detroit greatly excited the Ojibways. They planned to capture Fort Mackinaw and kill the garrison. Then they would kill all the English on the Great Lakes.

Some Canadian settlers sent a word of warning to the fort.

A certain Ojibway warrior, who was friendly to Henry, paddled across the river to warn his friend of the coming attack.

"Do not stay here," he begged; "your life is in danger."

The fur trader would not heed the kindly warning.

It was in June. The day was sultry. Early in the morning some Indian chiefs came to the

fort and invited the officers and men to come out and see a game of ball.

The redskins had set up two posts a long distance apart. They laid a ball on the ground midway between the posts. They divided themselves into two sides, and each side tried to bat the ball toward the opposite post.

The officers and men watched the ball driven back and forth, chased by the shouting players. More than three hundred brawny warriors were in the sport, running to and fro.

During the game somebody struck the ball a harder blow than usual. It rose high in the air, and circling over dropped inside the pickets of the fort. Of course the players dashed headlong after it. The officers and soldiers thought nothing wrong, and the panting horde swarmed through the gateway.

The knocking of the ball over the pickets was not an accident. It had been agreed on beforehand. It was the Indians' trick to get inside the stockade without rousing suspicion.

In a twinkling the savages drew their hidden

tomahawks and scalping knives, and attacked the garrison. The English were so taken by surprise that they could not defend themselves. It was a cruel massacre.

Henry was not among those who were watching the game. He was in a room in one of the log cabins, writing letters. Hearing the strange noise outside, he rose from his chair and looked out of the window. A horrible sight met his gaze. He saw his countrymen falling on every side. The Indians were slaying and scalping them without mercy.

Henry saw his own peril. The thought came to him that the only place of safety was in one of the cabins of the Canadians. It would not do to stay where he was, for the Indians had already begun searching the cabins of the English for more victims. He ran downstairs, dashed out of the rear door, and climbed over the fence into the yard of his nextdoor neighbor, who was a Canadian. Plunging into the rear of the house, he saw the Canadian and

members of his family watching the fearful deeds from the windows.

In this moment of despair a Pawnee squaw, a servant of the family, beckoned to Henry to follow her, and passed softly through the door. She opened another door, whispering that it led to the garret. As soon as she let him into the garret, she locked the door and went downstairs, taking the key with her.

The cabin was so loosely built that Henry could look through the cracks and watch the massacre. Several of the savages, seeing that no more victims were left, now ran to the house where the trader was hiding. They asked the Canadian if there were any Englishmen inside.

"I do not know of any," replied the Canadian. He spoke the truth, for he had not seen what his servant did. "If you have any doubts, search for yourselves."

The warriors went up the stairs. Finding the door locked, they returned for the key. The delay gave Henry time to conceal himself.

In the corner of the room he saw a heap of wooden tubs used in making maple sugar. He crawled under them and covered himself as well as he could.

He had barely hidden himself when four Indians, covered with blood, entered the room. In the dim light they walked about the garret, looking here and there. They came so close that the fur trader could have touched them. They went downstairs without finding him.

Henry's life was saved. But he had many thrilling adventures and weeks of suffering before he reached his home in Montreal.

He lived for nearly fifty years after the massacre at Mackinaw. He often told of his adventures in the wilderness and his fights with the Indians.

VII

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES

DURING the first year of the American Revolution there were many different American flags. Our first warships carried a white flag with a green pine tree, called the Pine-tree Flag. The people in South Carolina had a blue flag with a white crescent.

Some flags had patriotic mottoes, such as "Liberty," "Liberty and Union," "Liberty or Death." One flag had the picture of a rattlesnake with the motto "Don't tread on me."

In 1775, when General Washington took command of the patriot army at Cambridge, he had a flag called the Great Union, or the Cambridge flag. The king's colors on this flag meant that the colonies were still loyal to

King George. They wanted justice and their rights as subjects of the king.

"We hoisted the union flag at Cambridge," said General Washington, "in compliment to the United Colonies, and saluted it with thirteen guns."

On the fourth of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence said to all the world that there was a new nation, the United States of America. Of course the new nation must have a flag, and only one.

Do you remember the story of how General Washington called on Betsy Ross, in Philadelphia, and planned the first national flag, with the stars and stripes? This was in the early summer of 1777.

It was in this same summer that the national flag was raised for the first time. This happened at Fort Stanwix, in the State of New York, on the spot where the city of Rome now stands.

The English called New England the head of the rebellion. They wished to cut off this

head from the rest of the colonies and end the war. They planned to do this by using three armies. Their main army, under General Burgoyne, was to start in Canada and march south to Albany, on the Hudson River. Sir William Howe was to march up the Hudson River and meet General Burgoyne at Albany. The third army was to sail up the Saint Lawrence River, land in the State of New York, and march to Albany by way of the Mohawk River.

This third army was commanded by Colonel Saint Leger. Besides his English soldiers he had a large number of Mohawk Indians. It was his duty to capture Fort Stanwix, which commanded the main line of trade between New York and upper Canada.

Early in August Colonel Saint Leger reached the fort and ordered it to surrender. Colonel Gansevoort, who was in command, refused to do so.

When the pioneers of this region heard that Saint Leger was near Fort Stanwix, they

hurried to the rescue. General Herkimer, a sturdy soldier more than sixty years old, marched at the head of eight hundred men.

On the evening of the fifth of August Herkimer reached Oriskany, about eight miles from the fort. The old soldier was cautious. He sent three men ahead to tell Colonel Gansevoort that he was coming. The men in the fort were to fire three shots when it was time for him to march to their relief.

The messengers got lost in the woods.

Meanwhile Herkimer's young officers began to get angry at the delay. They even called the old soldier a Tory and a traitor.

This was too much for the old patriot. "You want to fight, do you?" he said in his wrath. "You'll be the first to run when you smell burnt gunpowder."

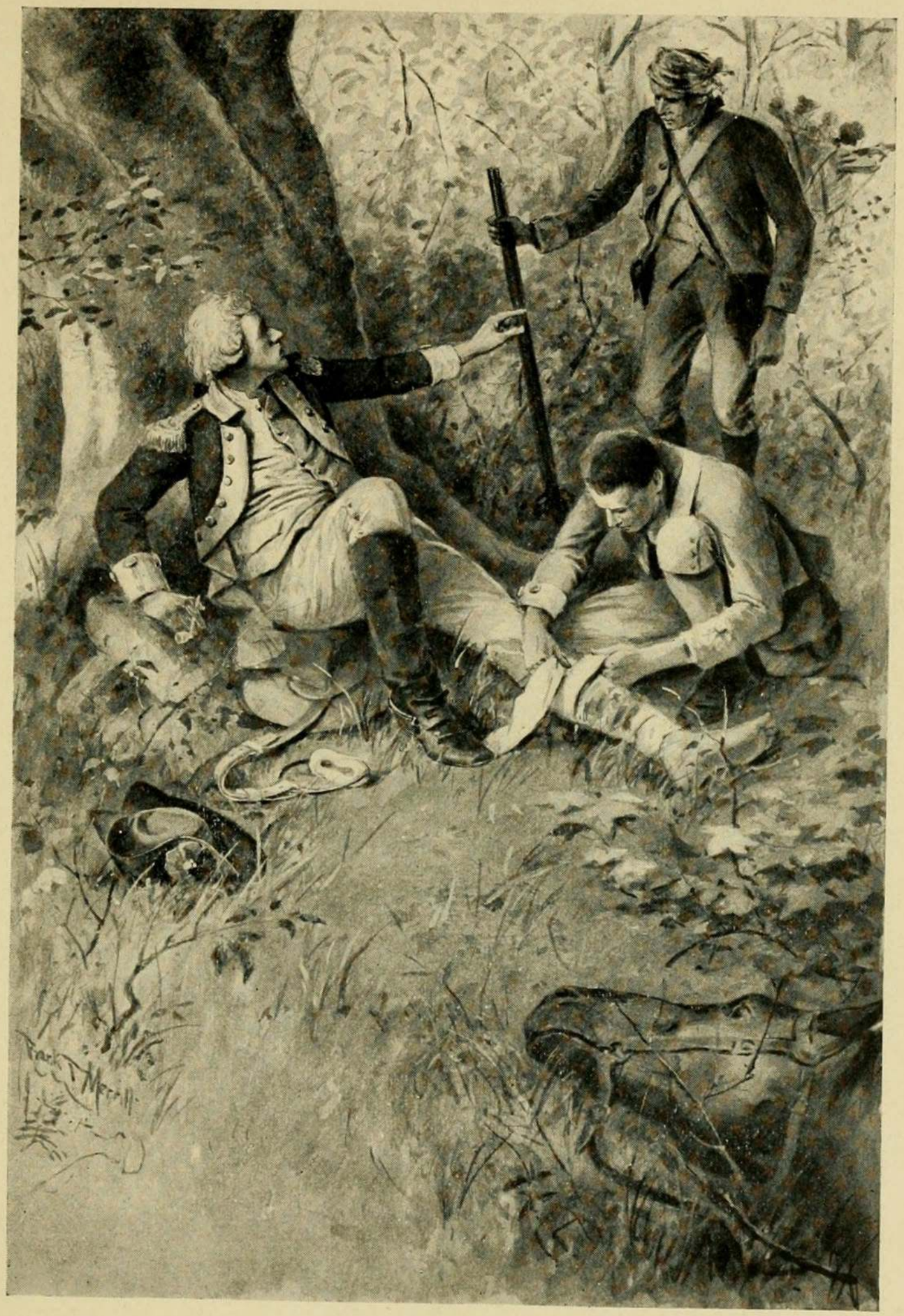
Stung by the insults, the old soldier decided not to wait any longer. On the next morning he advanced until he came within two miles of the fort. Indian scouts had told Saint

Leger that Herkimer was coming. A strong force of Tories and Indians were sent out to check the advance of the patriots.

Two miles from Oriskany the road crossed a deep ravine, at the bottom of which was a swamp. The steep banks of the ravine were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. In this place the Indians, under their great chief Joseph Brant, made an ambush.

The patriot army fell into the trap. They soon rallied from their surprise. They formed themselves in a circle and fought in frontier style. Early in the battle a musket ball shattered Herkimer's leg. The old soldier had himself propped up against a big tree. The bullets flew thick and fast about him, but he gave his orders as calmly as if he were on parade.

The day was hot. Suddenly black clouds burst over the ravine. The rain fell in torrents. The wet rifles were now of no use, and the deadly fight went on with hatchets, knives, and bayonets.



The old soldier had himself propped against a big tree.

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This kind of fighting was too much for the savages. They raised a cry of retreat and in a moment were gone into the woods. The Tories made haste to retreat to the main army.

The patriots returned to Oriskany. Of the eight hundred men who fought under Herkimer on that day, only one third ever saw their homes again. Oriskany was the fiercest battle of the Revolution. Like the battles of olden times, it was mostly a hand-to-hand fight. No quarter was asked or given.

Colonel Gansevoort, at Fort Stanwix, had heard the crack of the rifles in the forest. He knew what it meant. He sent out Colonel Willett to make a flank attack on the enemy. Colonel Willett sacked a part of the enemy's camp and returned with five British flags.

There was great rejoicing in the fort.

"Raise these flags first, and then hoist our new flag over them," said Colonel Gansevoort. The men ran here and there about the fort in their search for an American flag.

There was no flag of the right kind to be found anywhere.

"Don't give it up, boys," shouted the gallant commander; "let us make a flag with the stars and stripes."

One of the officers gave a white shirt. Another brought a blue jacket.

"But what shall we do for red cloth to make the stripes?" somebody asked.

There was not a red shirt in the fort.

"How will this do, boys?" asked a soldier's wife, and she came with a red petticoat.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! now we have it," laughed the riflemen.

It did not take long for these frontier people to make the flag and hoist it over the fort. It was a rude kind of flag, but it answered the purpose as well as if it had been made of the finest silk.

Let us remember the date, the sixth of August, 1777; for on this day the Stars and Stripes was unfurled to the breeze for the first time.

Let us remember, too, that our flag is a solemn national symbol. Even its colors have a language of their own. Red is for valor, white for purity, and blue for justice.

"Hail to the flag,
The dear bonny flag,
The flag that is red, white, and blue:
Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing."

VIII

ON THE FRONTIER IN VERMONT

OUR story begins near Bennington, a little town on the frontier in Vermont, in the summer of 1777. General John Stark, an old soldier of the French and Indian War, was making ready to attack the British.

The British were in great need. Every pound of food had to be brought from Canada. Nobody except the Tories would sell them meat or corn. They did not have horses enough to drag their cannon.

Bennington, a little village at the foot of the Green Mountains, was the center of supplies for the patriots. Here hundreds of horses and a large supply of food and gunpowder had been collected. Some British troops and Indians set out to capture the supplies.

"Hundreds of farmers in that region are

loyal subjects of King George," one of the British officers had said; "they will flock to us the moment they meet our men." The British came, expecting to enlist many of the Vermont farmers, but found that they had been deceived.

The patriots began to rally from far and near.

"I have three thousand dollars in hard money," said John Langdon, a sturdy old New Hampshire patriot. "I will pledge my plate for as much more. I have seventy hogsheads of rum, which shall be sold. Our old friend, John Stark, who fought at Bunker Hill, will work like a beaver to stop the British."

Messengers rode hard and fast over the hills to tell the men to come at once. Old men of seventy, and even boys of fifteen, turned out to join the fight. They seized their muskets, left the women and children to look after the crops, and hurried to Stark's camp. They even mounted an old rusty cannon on cart wheels and dragged it across the mountains.

Some of the farmers brought their spoons, porringers, and clock weights, to melt into bullets.

One boy who wished to go along had no coat. His mother took a meal bag and made a hole for his head and two more for his arms. Then cutting off the feet of a pair of her stockings, she sewed them on for sleeves, and hurried him away to the army.

In a few days eight hundred patriots were ready to march with General Stark. Some of the men had tramped all night in a drenching rain and reached Bennington wet to the skin. They were allowed to rest and get dry. Stark hurried on until he came within a few miles of the enemy.

The next day the rain fell in torrents.

During the night a company of militia arrived from Massachusetts. With them came the Reverend Mr. Allen, a minister who could fight as well as preach.

"General Stark," he said, "our men from the Berkshire Hills have never had a chance

to fight. If you do not let us fight now, they'll never turn out again."

"My good man," replied Stark, "do you want to fight while it is pitch dark and raining buckets?"

"No," said the minister, "not just this minute."

"Well, then," said Stark, "if the Lord sends us sunshine to-morrow, and I don't give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to turn out again."

The next morning the sun rose bright and clear. The patriots spent the forenoon in planning the attack. The British, with some Hessians and Indians, waited in a strong position on a hill.

Stark called his men together in a large field and leaped to the topmost rail of a fence. He steadied himself by a tall post and spoke to his troops. His words have become famous: "Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians. They are bought for seven pounds tenpence a man. Are you worth more? Prove it. To-

night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Stark was ready to begin the battle.

"Forward, forward, my men," he shouted, as he led his raw recruits boldly up the hill against the British front.

Early in the fight the Indians took to their heels and ran screeching into the woods. The Hessians stood their ground and fought like heroes. The patriots opened a deadly fire in the rear and on both flanks. The British commander fell, seriously wounded. There was a hard fight for two hours. It was one continuous roar, as Stark afterwards called it. At last the Hessians broke in disorder.

There was not a moment to lose. Fresh British troops came upon the scene and put up a lively fight. It would have fared ill with the patriots if reënforcements had not arrived and driven the British back. Under cover of the darkness the British slowly retreated,

and at last reached their main army with only sixty men.

Bennington was not a great battle, but it meant much to the patriot cause in the early days of the Revolution. It was a brilliant victory. It spread hope and joy throughout the land. Stark with his rural soldiers had beaten two of Burgoyne's best officers in a pitched battle. It was a hard blow to the proud Burgoyne and his campaign. His main army of invasion was crippled, and it never fully recovered.

IX

ELIZABETH ZANE

FORT HENRY was built on the bank of the Ohio River, where afterwards grew up the city of Wheeling, in West Virginia. This fort received its name from Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia, who stirred the men of the Revolution to heroic deeds.

It was near sunset of a lovely day in September, during the first year of the Revolution. A scout had run into the little settlement to warn the pioneers.

Before dark every man, woman, and child near the settlement was safe within the stockade. On the same night, down the valley of the Ohio River, could be seen the flames of burning log cabins.

At sunrise Captain Mason led out a few men

to look for Indians. The savages were hiding in the corn and underbrush. They fell suddenly on the little scouting party and killed more than half of them.

Captain Ogle and twelve riflemen hurried to the help of Captain Mason. Only four men got back to the fort. The big gate was hardly shut and bolted when a hundred Indians with fierce war whoops made a dash for the stockade.

Inside the log fence fifty women and children were huddled together, with fewer than twenty men and boys to defend them. But three of the men were fearless Indian fighters, Colonel Sheppard and Captains Ebenezer and Silas Zane.

Suddenly the war whoops stopped. A man named Simon Girty came toward the fort, waving a white flag.

"Surrender," he cried with an oath. "I have four hundred savages here in the woods. A word from me, and they will kill every one of you before sunset."

"Surrender to a white-faced traitor! No, indeed," shouted Captain Sheppard. "There may be forty of you to one of us. We will fight while there is one of us left."

Girty swore another oath, shook his fist at the fort, and went back to his Indian friends.

The settlers of Fort Henry had good reason to hate Simon Girty. When but a small boy, he had been captured by the Indians and adopted. He turned traitor to his own people and often led the Indians against the remote settlements. His name was a terror to the pioneers along the Ohio.

When the men in Fort Henry refused to surrender, he began an attack. The fight went on for several hours, but the little garrison did not lose heart. Even the boys used their rifles with deadly effect. Some of the women molded the bullets; others cooled the guns and loaded them.

During the day the Indians tried several times to storm the fort or set it on fire. At

sunset they went into the woods, but after a time came back and made the night hideous with their yells. All those dreadful hours, without food or sleep, the men and women stood at their posts.

At sunrise the battle began again. At one time the Indians used logs as battering rams and tried to break down the big gate.

About noon the deadly fire of the pioneers drove the Indians into the woods; but soon the men began to whisper to each other.

What could be the matter?

A boy ran to his mother and cried, "Oh, mother, the powder is almost gone."

A rifleman at one of the loopholes turned round and said, "There are not half a dozen rounds left."

"Keep up your courage, men," shouted Captain Ebenezer Zane. "There is a keg of powder in my cabin."

But his cabin was outside the stockade, three hundred feet away.

"If we give up the fort," added Captain

Silas Zane, "every man of us will be burnt at the stake, and our women and children will be carried away to Canada or put to a cruel death."

"This is no time to talk," said Captain Sheppard; "there is a keg of powder in Captain Zane's cabin. Who will go for it?"

"I will go for it. Let me go," shouted every man and boy in that little band of pioneers.

At this moment a young girl named Elizabeth Zane, or Betty, as she was usually called, ran up to the men and cried out, "No, no, we cannot spare a man. I will go myself. I shall not be missed. I'm not afraid. God will protect me."

"Betty, you are only a girl," said a boy; "you can't run fast enough. The redskins will catch you."

"Never mind," replied Betty; "I'm going for the powder. Let somebody pin up my hair so that the Indians can't catch hold of it."

There was no time to lose. Even now the Indians were seen creeping out of the underbrush.

Kneeling for a moment in prayer, the young girl rose with a smile on her sweet face and said quietly, "I am ready."

The big gate of the fort was opened just wide enough for her to slip out. Slowly, as if going to pick flowers in the woods, she walked across the open space between the stockade and her brother's cabin.

For once the Indians were off their guard. They were surprised to see a young bareheaded girl come quietly out of the fort as if for a walk.

"Squaw, squaw," the savages shouted, but did not fire a shot.

She reached the cabin and found the powder. She stood for a moment in the doorway with the keg clasped in her arms. She gave a quick look at the big gate. It seemed a long way off.

The people in the fort watched every movement and saw her dart away toward the gate.

The Indians were not caught napping this time. Now they knew what the girl was doing. They set up a fearful yell.

Bang! bang! cracked the rifles of the savages. The bullets whizzed past her, but not one did her any harm. Almost at the gate she tripped and fell.

Crack! crack! went the bullets.

"My poor sister!" cried Silas Zane; "a bullet has hit her."

But Betty, unhurt, picked herself up and hurried on. A moment later the big gate swung open, and the brave girl with her prize fell into the arms of her brother Silas.

Wild cheers filled Fort Henry when the defenders knew that the girl was safe.

That night a famous pioneer arrived with fourteen men and fought his way into the stockade. At daybreak, McCulloch, another frontier hero, came with forty riflemen from neighboring settlements.

Girty now gave up the siege. After killing several hundred head of cattle and burning a

few log cabins, the hated outlaw and his savages hurried across the Ohio.

The defense of Fort Henry was one of the most remarkable in the history of the frontier. Not a man of the garrison was lost during the siege. Nearly one hundred of the Indians were killed.

Twenty years later Captain Ebenezer Zane founded the town of Zanesville, in Ohio.

As for Betty Zane, she lived to a good old age, loved and respected by all who knew her. She spent all her long life near Wheeling, not far from the scene of her daring exploit.

She was often asked to tell how she got the keg of powder; but, as one young girl said, who heard her tell the story, "Never did Elizabeth Zane speak of her deed boastfully or as a wonderful matter."

X

THE HERO OF THE NORTHWEST

YOU will remember that the capture of Quebec gave England all the land east of the Mississippi River. You will remember, too, that the great Indian chief Pontiac made war on the English, because he thought the Indians would be driven from their hunting grounds.

In the year 1769, ten years after the fall of Quebec, Daniel Boone went from North Carolina to settle in Kentucky. When the American Revolution broke out, there were several hundred heroic men and women in Kentucky and Tennessee. They had savages all about them. Their life was one long dismal story of desperate fighting to defend their homes against their cruel foes.

Among the settlers in Kentucky there was

a famous hunter and Indian fighter named George Rogers Clark.

The colonies were now at war with England, and Clark wished to seize the lands north of the Ohio River. In 1777 he traveled back over the Wilderness Road to lay his plans before Patrick Henry, the governor of Virginia.

"The way to defend Kentucky," he said, "is to carry the war across the Ohio and capture the outposts from the English. If we could only capture Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and perhaps Detroit, Kentucky would be safe, and the whole region north of the Ohio would be won for our country."

Patrick Henry answered, "We have heard of your heroic work against the Indians in Kentucky. You now plan a patriotic deed. It must be kept secret."

"How much aid can you give me?" asked Clark. "I have come six hundred miles through the wilderness to get your advice and your help."

"I can let you have a little money and

perhaps five hundred pounds of gunpowder. I will also give you the right to enlist men to defend our people south of the Ohio."

Clark was made a colonel, with permission to raise three hundred and fifty men. Orders were given the state officers at Fort Pitt to furnish him with boats, supplies, and gunpowder. He spent the winter in making preparations.

In the spring he and his little army of about two hundred men drifted down the Ohio River in flatboats, until they reached the place where now stands the city of Louisville. Here Clark enlisted a few more men, and weeded out those who seemed to be unable to endure fatigue and hardship. Four little companies of less than fifty men each, with four trusty captains, composed his entire army.

He now continued his voyage down the Ohio. His plan was to land near the mouth of the Tennessee River, march across the country, and attack Kaskaskia, the nearest British stronghold in the Illinois region.

At the landing place he was met by some friendly hunters who had been in the French settlements. "Let us join you," they said to Clark; "we will guide you by the shortest route."

With these hunters as guides, Clark began the march of a hundred miles through the pathless wilderness.

Once the chief guide lost his way.

"If you don't find the trail in less than two hours," said the stern leader, "I'll shoot you."

The man was faithful, soon found the trail, and led the party straight to the Kaskaskia River, within three miles of the town of Kaskaskia. Under the cover of darkness Clark ferried his men across the river and marched up to the fort.

Inside the stockade the lights were in full blaze. Through the windows came the sound of music and dancing. The British officers were giving a party to the light-hearted Creole women. They feared nothing. Even the sentinels had left their posts.

Placing his men about the main entrance of the fort, Clark walked boldly into the dance hall. He leaned against the doorpost and with folded arms stood watching the gay dancers.

An Indian lying on the floor suddenly spied the tall stranger. He sprang to his feet and gave a war whoop. The dancing stopped as if by magic. The Creole women screamed. The men ran toward the door.

"Go on with your dance," shouted the grim rifleman, "but remember you now dance under the American flag, not under that of Great Britain."

At the same time Clark's men rushed in and took the town and the fort.

Clark now made friends with the Creoles. He formed them into companies and drilled them every day. A French priest proved to be a good friend to the Americans. He persuaded his people in the neighboring villages, and even at Vincennes, a hundred and forty miles away, to raise the American flag.

Angry enough was Hamilton, the lieutenant governor of Detroit, when he heard what the bold young Virginian had done. He hurried away with a strong force of regulars and Indians and easily took Vincennes.

"Clark has only a hundred men, and I have five hundred. One hundred men can hold Vincennes," said Hamilton. "It will be a midwinter march of one hundred miles or more to Kaskaskia. I can easily take it in the spring. So I will send back most of my troops to Detroit."

If Hamilton had cared to go on, he could have retaken Kaskaskia.

Clark now decided to recapture Vincennes. In the first week of February, with about two hundred riflemen and Creoles, he began his march of more than two hundred miles.

For the first week the little army advanced rapidly. Their rifles supplied them with food. As an old journal says, "At nightfall they broiled their buffalo steak over huge camp fires and feasted like Indian dancers."

During the next week fatigue and hardship began in real earnest. The ice on the rivers melted, and the lowlands were flooded. The little branches of the Wabash River became one great stream, five miles wide.

It took Clark three days to get his little army across the flooded plain. The game had been driven away, and the men soon began to suffer from lack of food. Chilled and foot-sore, they made slow progress, traveling all day through mud and water.

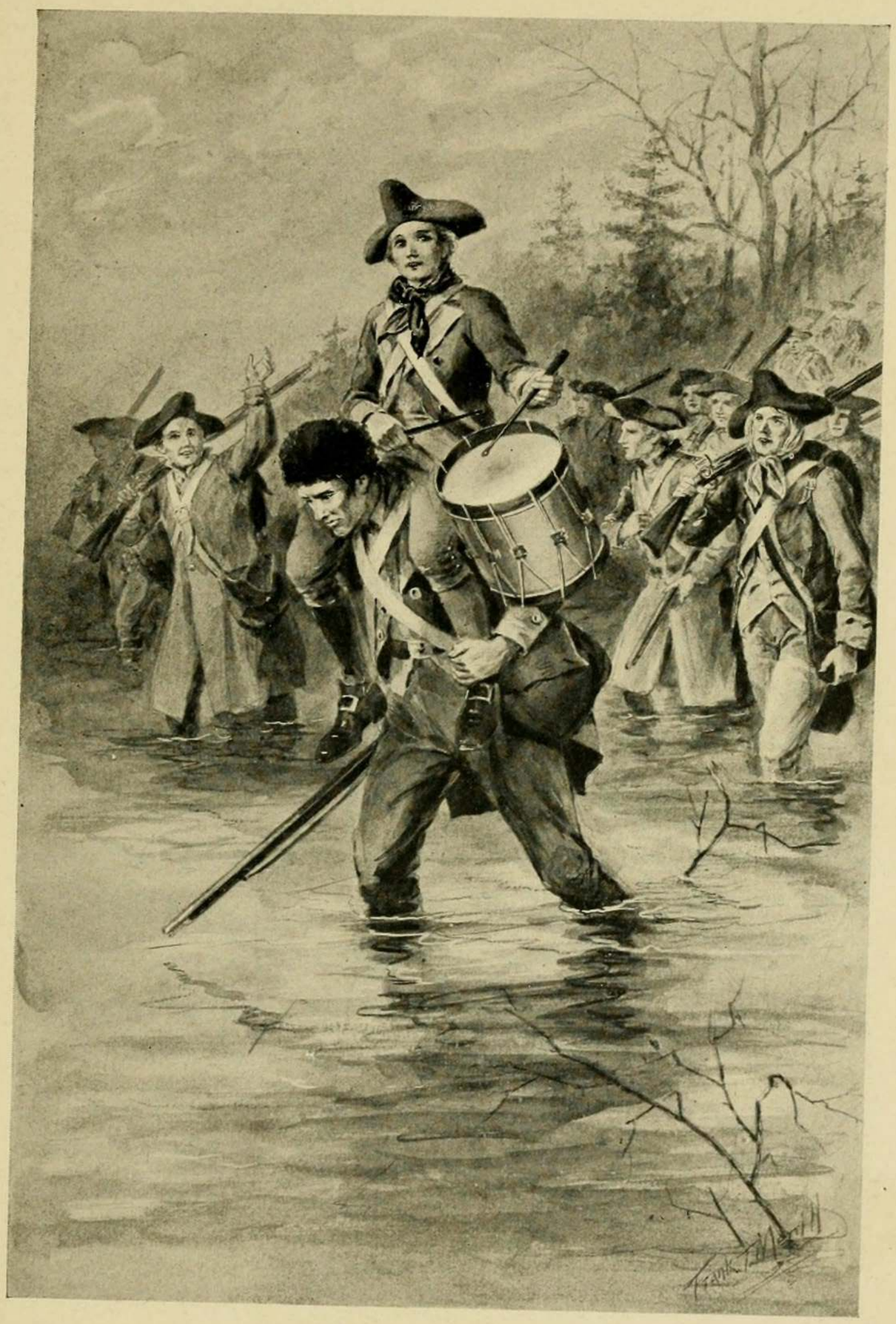
Clark showed himself a man of iron will and grim wit. He was the first to test every danger. He made a joke of every hardship.

"Come on, boys," he shouted, as he plunged into the icy water.

"Take my blanket; I have no use for it," he cried to a half-frozen fellow.

"I'm not hungry; help yourself to that frozen buffalo meat," he said to some half-starved rifleman.

On the tenth day the tired and hungry army heard the sunrise gun at Vincennes, nine



"Take up that little fellow on your shoulder," shouted Clark.

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miles away. In rude canoes they ferried across the Wabash River. For three miles they waded through deep water, and then camped for the night on a bank of mud, which rose like an island above the flood.

The next day they were slow to plunge into the river. Clark was full of fun and good cheer. As the story goes, there was with them a little drummer boy fourteen years old.

"Take up that little fellow on your shoulder," shouted Clark to the tallest rifleman, "and make him pound his drum."

The stirring music began.

"Now, men, go ahead."

They went forward with a shout.

Soon they came to a place so deep that nobody dared to wade across. Clark blacked his face with gunpowder, as the Indians did when ready to die, gave a war whoop, and jumped into the water. With a wild shout the men followed. Singing merry songs, they continued their march, and again camped on an island of mud.

The next day was cold, but clear.

"We shall reach Vincennes before night," said Clark; "so keep up your courage."

The greatest peril of all was before them. The Horseshoe Plain had become a lake four miles wide. Clark led the way through the icy waters. The tall and the strong helped the short and the weak.

One of the riflemen captured an Indian canoe paddled by some squaws. It was a rich prize, for in it were some buffalo meat and a kettle. Broth was soon made. With merry jokes and songs the little army now continued its march.

A Creole duck hunter was captured.

Clark boldly sent him back to Vincennes with a message to Hamilton. "Tell him that I have arrived. Tell the Creoles to keep in their houses."

The Creoles did not dare to disobey. The Indians took to the woods. Nobody told Hamilton what was going on.

At dusk Clark marched into the village.

Crack! crack! sounded the rifles just outside the fort.

"Clark is here," somebody cried to Hamilton; "make the most of a bad job, for this fort will be down on our heads before morning."

During the night Clark dug some trenches, within rifle shot of the fort. At daybreak he opened a sharp fire. Into the portholes the bullets hummed like mad hornets. The English fought bravely, but the deadly fire of the long rifles won the day. Hamilton surrendered, as he said, "to a set of uncivilized Virginian backwoodsmen armed with rifles."

From this time the backwoodsmen in Kentucky had less fear of the Indians. Settlers from the east began to pour into the Ohio country.

A few years later, when the Revolution was at an end, the boundary lines of the United States were the Great Lakes on the north, and on the west the Mississippi River. This great

region became the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Let us not forget George Rogers Clark, the hero of the northwest, who by a brilliant and daring exploit gave three states to the Union.

XI

SIMON KENTON

THE famous Simon Kenton was born in Virginia, twenty years before the battle of Lexington. As a boy, he lived on a farm, with almost no chance to go to school. At the age of sixteen he had a quarrel with a rival in a love affair and ran away to Kentucky, where he joined Daniel Boone and the other pioneers there. Within a few years he was one of the most daring pioneers and Indian fighters in the history of our country.

One day several men at work in the fields near the stockade at Boonesborough were attacked by Indians. Boone heard their shouts and rushed out of the fort with thirteen riflemen. The savages in ambush killed six of the party and badly wounded their leader.

While Boone lay on the ground helpless, an Indian made ready to scalp him. Kenton ran to the help of the great pioneer. Taking him in his arms, he carried him into the stockade.

Boone was generally silent and quiet, but on this occasion he made a speech. In thanking young Kenton for saving his life he said, "Well, Simon, you have behaved like a man to-day; indeed, you are a fine fellow."

Like other Indian fighters of that time, Kenton was fond of making raids into the Indian country.

He and two companions once entered an Indian village. They stole a hundred and sixty good horses, which they drove to the bank of the Ohio River. There was a stiff breeze, and the water was so rough that the horses would not swim across.

It seemed too bad to lose all these fine horses, for they were needed in the settlements. While the reckless pioneers were waiting for the wind to die down, the angry

savages found them. Their rifles and powder were wet and useless. One of the three was killed; another ran off; Kenton was captured.

Blackfist, the Indian chief, looked sternly at Kenton and said in English, "Have you been stealing our horses?"

"Yes."

"Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?"

"No, I did it myself. Daniel Boone had nothing to do with it."

Blackfist beat Kenton with a club and hickory switches until the blood ran.

The Indians now started for home. At night they tied the young pioneer so tight with buffalo thongs that he could not move hand or foot. During the day they made him ride through bushes and brambles on the back of a wild young colt. They had tied his hands behind him, so that he could not shield his face. They treated him in this way for three days, until they reached their village.

Stiff, sore, and bleeding, Kenton was led out the next day to run the gantlet. The Indian warriors, squaws, and boys were formed into two long lines. They were armed with clubs, sticks, and tomahawks. At the end of the lines was the council house. If the victim was able to reach it after running between the lines, he was free from any more punishment for that day.

The signal was given.

Quick as a flash, Kenton darted off, dodging the blows as well as he could. Suddenly he spied a break in the line and sprang for it. His wonderful power as a runner served him well. He reached the council house with the angry savages at his heels. He had saved his life for one more day.

The next morning the Indians held a grand council. Should the prisoner be burnt at the stake or be led from one village to another to be punished?

The question was put to a vote. A war club was passed from warrior to warrior as

they sat in a ring. A hard blow on the ground meant a quick death. A slight blow, or none at all, meant that the prisoner should be spared for a few days. The council voted that their prisoner should be led from town to town. This meant that at each village Kenton was to run the gantlet or be tortured in horrible ways.

At one Indian village, when he ran the gantlet, he broke through the line and dashed away into the woods. He easily outran his pursuers, but was captured by another party of savages.

At two other villages he was condemned to be burnt alive at the stake. His face was daubed with burnt gunpowder, as a sign that he was to die. At the first of these villages Kenton's old friend, the wicked renegade Simon Girty, rescued him. At the second village, when he was bound at the stake and the fire was going to be lighted, the great Mingo chief Logan saved him from death.

After running the gantlet eight times and

being tied to the stake three times to be burnt alive, Kenton was bought by some traders. They took him to Detroit and kept him a prisoner all winter.

The dull life at the frontier fort did not suit the restless pioneer. He longed to shoot the big game once more, or lead his men in some fierce fight with the savages.

He made friends with two of Boone's men who were prisoners with him. In some way they got rifles and powder, and made their escape. They traveled only by night. After enduring many perils and hardships, they reached the Ohio River.

While Kenton was a prisoner at Detroit, an English officer gave him a sunglass to light his pipe. Kenton always carried it with him.

Shortly after his return home he was again captured by the Indians. Again he was bound to the stake. It seemed that he must surely die.

As a last request, be begged that he might smoke a few minutes. The request was

granted. An Indian brought him fire to light his pipe.

Kenton waved him off, saying, "No, I will call on the sun."

He then held the glass to the sun and lit his pipe. The Indians were astonished. When their prisoner made motions to the sun and set fire to the leaves, they were afraid of him.

"Unbind my ankles at once," he said to the chief.

The Indian did not dare to disobey such a man, and loosed the thongs. While he was doing so, Kenton burned a blister on the warrior's wrist. Kenton now declared to the Indians that he would call on the sun to destroy them if they did not run into the woods. A few minutes later he was alone, a free man.

Simon Kenton lived to fight in the War of 1812. He died at the age of eighty-one. He had served his country long and faithfully.

XII

THE WOMEN SAVE BRYAN'S STATION

BRYAN'S STATION was about five miles north of Lexington, in Kentucky. This fort was built by the Bryan brothers. Betty Bryan, whom the famous Daniel Boone married, was a sister of these men. Daniel Boone's sister was the wife of one of Betty's brothers.

During the summer of 1782 there was terrible fighting along the Ohio River. Several forts had been captured by the Indians, and their defenders were killed or burned at the stake. In August two renegades named McKee and Campbell, with the white traitor Simon Girty, led a party of four hundred Indians into the lovely blue-grass region of Kentucky.

Their first blow was aimed at Bryan's

Station. They moved with the greatest speed, to take the fort by surprise. Before daybreak on the sixteenth of August, scouts came in and said that a large party of Indians were on their way to the fort. Shortly after, a number of savages were seen skulking on the edge of the woods, out of rifle range.

"It is only a trick of the redskins," said Captain Craig, who was in command of the fort. "There is a big party in the woods ready to make an attack from another direction."

The old Indian fighter was right in his guess. The Indians had planned to hide in the woods behind the fort until they heard firing from the front. Then they were to rush out and scale the palisade.

Some of the women in the fort seemed to be anxious about something. They whispered to the men. The smaller boys began to cry and cling to their mothers. Even some of the old gray-headed riflemen looked troubled.

What could be the matter?

It was a very simple, but a very serious thing. There was hardly a drop of water in the stockade. They had not had time to bring in the usual supply. The air in the log cabins and blockhouses was stifling.

"We must have water to drink," said Captain Craig.

"Yes," answered a rifleman, "but how shall we get it? It is death to go to the spring. There are a hundred redskins hiding in the underbrush."

"Well, boys," replied Captain Craig, "I have been fighting Indians ever since I was a child. I have a plan. Let us outwit the redskins if we can. Those savages over there fancy we have not seen them. If any of us men go to the spring, they will fire on us and kill us. We cannot spare a single man."

"You are right, Captain. But tell us your plan. We will do anything you say."

"My plan," replied Captain Craig, "is that the women and children must go for water, just as they usually do. I don't believe the

Indians will fire on them. It is a risky thing, but it is our only chance. Call the women together, and I will tell them what to do."

Into a corner of the stockade came the women. Captain Craig turned to them and said, "We cannot defend this fort without water to drink. We need your help. Will you go to the spring with your tubs and bring water for us?"

These sturdy pioneer women had not lived all their lives on the frontier in vain. They were not afraid to face danger. It was no time now to shrink from their plain duty.

"I will lead the way," said Mrs. Johnson, "with Betsy, my oldest girl. Sally, my youngest, will take care of the two little boys and Dick in his cradle."

The big gate swung slowly open. Twelve women and sixteen children quietly walked out. The youngest boys and girls tramped ahead with their wooden dippers. Behind

them slowly marched the women with their tubs.

It was pathetic to see those fifty sturdy riflemen as they stood at the loopholes and watched their helpless dear ones. Captain Craig was a fearless man, but he grew pale as his wife and children walked slowly down the hill in full view of the savages. Nobody knew what would happen.

The youngest children did not realize their danger. The women showed no sign of fear. The savages, hid in the underbrush, watched the little procession walk quietly to the spring and fill their tubs and buckets with the cool water.

The children were eager to run off and pick flowers, but Mrs. Johnson called them back. Nobody was allowed to leave the spring until all were ready.

Slowly and calmly the little procession started back up the hill. The Indians remained hidden.

Captain Craig and his men opened the big

gate. We can imagine what joy and relief these pioneers felt when their wives and children were safe within the stockade.

Soon the attack on Bryan's Station began. Captain Craig played a trick on the Indians. He sent a small squad of his men to the front of the fort to open a brisk fire on the enemy. He then stationed the main body of his riflemen at the rear, with orders not to fire until he gave the word.

The Indians, misled by the firing in front, rushed up to the rear of the stockade. They were met with the fire of the riflemen and were quickly driven back into the forest.

The fight was kept up all day. If an Indian showed himself anywhere in the open, he was sure to be killed. At one time the roofs of some of the cabins were set on fire by burning arrows. Some of the boys, and even the girls, climbed up on the roofs and put out the fire.

The siege of Bryan's Station was kept up for two days and two nights. On the third day, after killing most of the cattle and pigs,

stealing some horses, and burning the fields of grain, the Indians gave up and went away.

And now just a word about that little pioneer baby in his dugout cradle. His name, as you may remember, was Richard Johnson. He grew up and became a brave soldier of high rank. Thirty years afterwards he led the Kentucky riflemen in the battle of the Thames. In that battle he is said to have killed the famous Indian chief Tecumseh. More than fifty years after the siege of Bryan's Station he became vice president of the United States, under President Martin Van Buren.

XIII

MOVING TO THE FRONTIER

RUFUS PUTNAM was born in a little country village amid the hills of Massachusetts. He was only seven years old when his father died. His mother married the village tavern keeper. This stepfather was an ignorant man and would not allow the boy to go to school.

Sometimes the guests at the tavern gave the lad a few pennies for running errands. After a while he saved enough money to buy a spelling book, a geography, and an arithmetic.

How he ever found time to study these books we do not know. He had to work hard all day, and was not allowed to use a candle at night. After he was nine years old, he went to school only three weeks.

In spite of the hardships of his boyhood he grew up to be a large, strong man. When he was eighteen years old, he was six feet tall and a young giant in strength. Before he was twenty-five, he enlisted in the army and served in the French and Indian War.

When Washington took command of the patriot army in Cambridge, he heard that there was a young officer who had made a name for himself as a land surveyor. This officer was Rufus Putnam. Washington sent for him and set him to work laying out camps and throwing up earthworks about Boston. Putnam did so well that he soon became chief engineer; later he was promoted to the rank of general.

When the Revolution was over, the soldiers found their affairs in a bad way. They had been paid off in paper money. They had little or no real money to start again in business or to buy stock for their farms.

Many of the old soldiers were paid off in land instead of money. People in the hill

towns of New England were eager at this time to find new homes on the frontier.

General Putnam now planned to lead a band of settlers to the vast region beyond the mountains and north of the Ohio River. Through the good will of Washington he bought a grant of land for his fellow soldiers in what is now the southeastern part of Ohio.

In a famous tavern in Boston, called the Bunch of Grapes, these men formed the Ohio Company.

During the next year General Putnam got together a band of blacksmiths, carpenters, boat builders, and others who were eager to seek their fortunes in the West. He had them bring horses and wagons, and get ready for the long journey.

It was midwinter when this band of sturdy men and women set out for the distant land beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

Why did they start in winter? Because they wished to reach their new home in time to plant their fields in the early spring.

It was a journey full of hardship and exposure, especially for the women and children. Most of the men had been in the war and did not mind the dangers along the way. Of course, this was a good many years before there were railroads and steamboats.

It took eight weeks for these people to reach a little branch of the Muskingum River, in northeastern Ohio. At this place they went into camp for the rest of the winter.

Without delay the carpenters began to build a flatboat to go down the river. This boat was forty feet long and twelve feet wide. It was strongly built, and its timbers were bullet-proof against the attacks of the Indians.

"What shall we call our boat?" asked General Putnam.

"Let us call it the Mayflower," answered one of the women.

In the first week of April the little company went on board their clumsy craft. They were going to float down the branch of the Mus-

kingum River and then down the Muskingum River itself till they reached the Ohio.

The first part of their trip was delightful. The weather was warm and springlike. The grass was green, and the trees were putting out their leaves. The country looked beautiful. The hearts of the pioneers became lighter. They sang their old songs and talked about their new home on the frontier.

"In such a beautiful country as this we shall be happy indeed," they said. Then like the Pilgrims of old they gave thanks for their blessings.

It took the Mayflower about a week to reach the mouth of the Muskingum River. The pioneers chose the eastern bank for their settlement. Here they would be protected by Fort Harmar, just across the river.

The guns of the fort fired a salute. The officers and soldiers gave a hearty welcome to the strangers from the East.

The new settlers cut down trees and built a blockhouse fort on the top of a large Indian

mound. The stockade was large enough to hold all the people and protect them from the Indians. Here the women and children lived until the log cabins were ready.

By the first of June, so we are told, one hundred and fifty acres of corn were planted. The corn grew rapidly in the rich, black soil.

During the first summer eighty-four other settlers came from the East. They floated down the Ohio in a flatboat and anchored their boat beside the Mayflower.

In the meantime the early settlers had planned a town, with a square and streets, to be built on the bank of the Ohio River. They named it Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette, queen of France; for she had been a good friend to the colonies during the Revolution.

Marietta was the first town in Ohio. In a few years it grew to be a prosperous village of several hundred people.

The success of the new settlements along

the upper Ohio was soon told through the East. The people were now eager to go to this new land of promise. Hundreds of them floated down the Ohio in flatboats and in all sorts of river craft.

General Putnam lived a long and useful life, loved and respected by all. In times of famine and Indian wars he was a safe and wise leader. He had the people build churches and schoolhouses. Indeed, Marietta had not only the first school in Ohio, but the first Sunday school. In eight years the town had a public library.

During Putnam's lifetime frontier settlements grew into villages, and villages into prosperous cities. Well-built houses took the place of rude log cabins, and Ohio became a rich and prosperous state in the Union.

General Putnam's settlement at Marietta was not wonderful in itself; but it marked the beginning of a new era in the conquest of the country. These new settlers were nearly all old soldiers of the Revolution. They were

men of education and refinement. They were well fitted to become thrifty, hard-working, law-abiding citizens in a new country. It is not strange that they left their mark on the people of the Ohio Valley.

XIV

BRADY'S LEAP FOR LIFE

IN the pioneer days Captain Sam Brady was well known to the frontier settlers of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia. The women and children loved him, and the men swore by him. The stories of his brave deeds, thrilling adventures, and hairbreadth escapes would fill a book much larger than this.

His brother and his father had been killed by the Indians. In return he fought the redskins with a stern hatred. At the head of his scouts he would make raids on the Indian war parties, or would go and attack their villages.

Unlike some of the famous Indian fighters of his time, he was not cruel. He never killed peaceful Indians, or those who came to him under a flag of truce.

Captain Brady came from a family of fighters. His father, Captain John Brady, of a fine old Irish family, fought as an officer under General Washington. During the terrible war with the savages Washington sent him and his regiment to Pennsylvania to protect the frontier.

In the Brady family there were thirteen children, eight boys and five girls. Of these eight boys five fought in every war in America during their lifetime. Captain Sam was the oldest and most famous of this large family. When only nineteen, he enlisted in the patriot army. He was sent to join Washington's forces at Boston. For his dashing bravery in several battles he was made a captain, although only twenty-one years old.

While Brady was serving as a spy for General Brodhead, he led a party in pursuit of some Sandusky Indians. One day he struck a fresh trail, which he followed with all speed until dark. The next morning he overtook a band of thirty savages at their breakfast.

"Boys," he said, "there are only five of us, but we can take care of thirty Indians."

He posted his men and gave the signal for attack. They killed three Indians at the first volley.

Just as they were reloading their guns, they were fired on from the rear. They had fallen into a trap set by the redskins.

After a desperate fight Brady was made prisoner.

"We got you now, Brady," said one of the Indians. "You come with us this time."

The savages howled with joy over the capture of the famous scout. They marched him through the Sandusky villages. They invited Indians from neighboring tribes to see their great enemy put to torture.

The day for the torture came. Brady's clothes were stripped off, and he was bound to a stake. A slow fire was kindled round him.

He did not intend to be burned alive if he could help it. He was a powerful man, and in a moment he had broken loose. Quick as

a flash, he seized an Indian boy and threw him into the fire. In the confusion he dashed through the ring of howling savages.

The redskins now turned to pursue him.

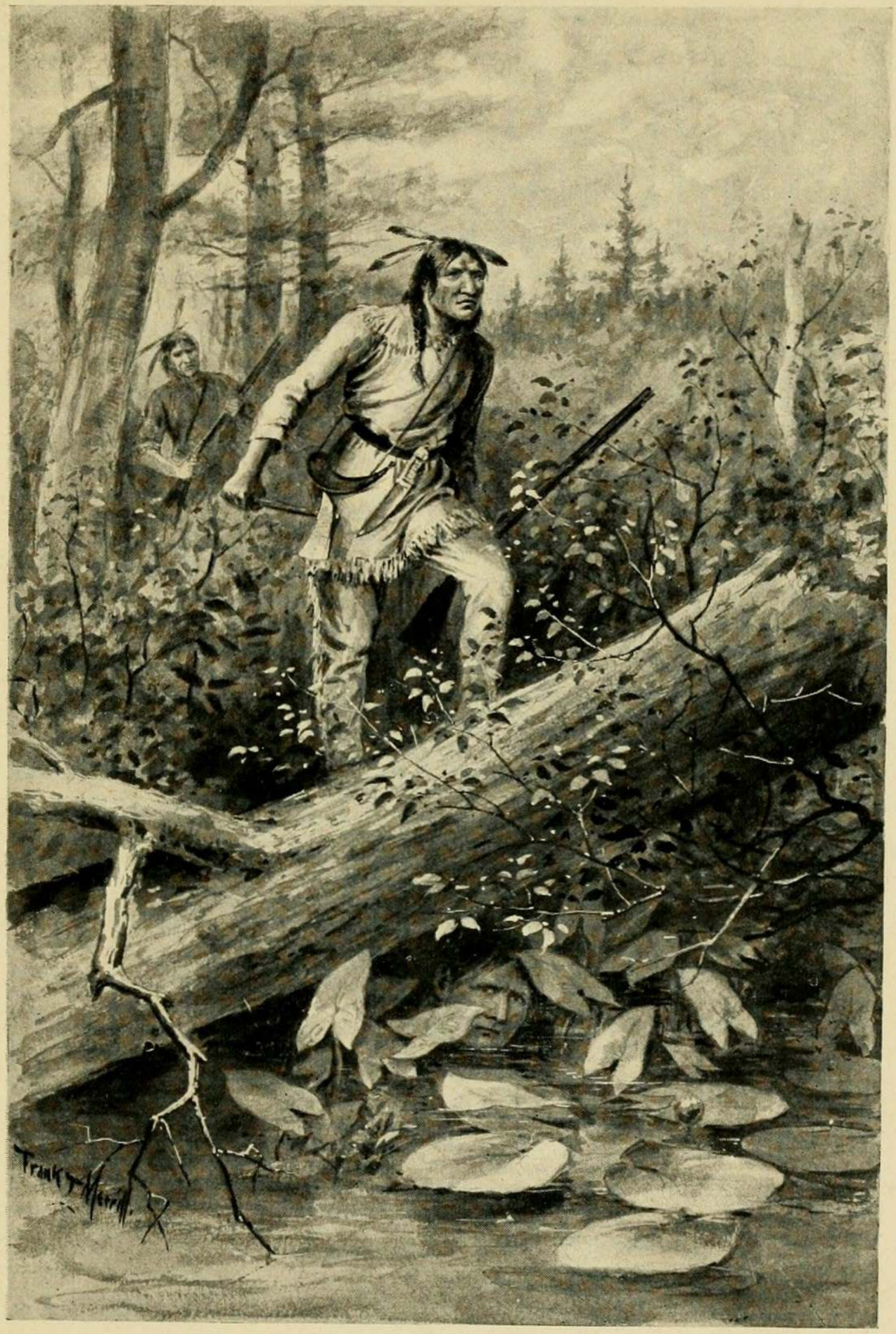
Brady was in a sad plight. Without clothing or food he ran miles through the thick woods. At last he reached a river and hurried to the ford. But the Indians were ahead of him.

At this place the river flowed through a ravine twenty feet wide. Its steep banks rose some twenty-five feet above the rapid stream.

Brady could hear the howling savages not far behind him. Throwing down their rifles and raising their tomahawks, they rushed ahead as if sure of their hated enemy.

"No redskin shall ever get my scalp, or burn me at the stake, if I can help it," he said, as he stood for a moment on the edge of the ravine.

Running back a little way to get a good start, he leaped from the high bank. He



He jumped into the deep water and hid behind the trunk of a big chestnut tree.

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cleared the river and caught hold of some overhanging bushes. He pulled himself up just as the Indians flocked to the edge of the ravine.

The redskins looked at him in wonder. "Brady make one mighty good jump," grunted one of them; "Indian no try."

A warrior fired at Brady and slightly wounded him in the hip.

A few miles down the river there was another ford. The Indians now hurried away to head off their enemy. There was not a moment to lose.

Wounded as he was, Brady plunged into the woods and succeeded in reaching a little pond, which has ever since been known as Brady's Lake. He jumped into the deep water and hid behind the trunk of a big chestnut tree which had fallen into the pond. Some lilies and flags helped to conceal him.

The Indians followed the trail to the pond. They tramped over the trunk of the chestnut tree and talked about their old enemy. They searched every nook and corner round the

pond. They could find no trace of him. At last they made up their minds that like a good warrior he had plunged into the water to save his scalp and was drowned.

After other thrilling adventures Brady got safe home. He lived to do many brave deeds in the war with the Indians along the Ohio frontier.

Like most of his famous family, Brady was a devout Christian and an eager student of the Bible. He was kind and gentle, and dearly beloved and respected. When at home, he liked nothing better than to lie at full length before the big fireplace and tell stories to children. Nothing pleased them more than to sit and listen to the old Indian fighter.

XV

OVER THE WILDERNESS ROAD

RICHARD HENDERSON, who lived in North Carolina, heard about the rich lands where Boone had hunted in the wilderness beyond the mountains. He made up his mind to found a colony there, as Penn had done in Pennsylvania.

The first thing for him to do was to make a treaty with the Cherokee Indians. He and his friends met twelve hundred Cherokee warriors at a place called Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga River. They gave the Indians clothing, red cloth, trinkets, and a small sum of money for all the land between the Cumberland River and the Kentucky River.

One old Indian chief, Dragging Canoe, did not like this.

"There is a black cloud hanging over the

land," he said to Henderson. "It is in the path of the Indians of the Northwest, who will show little mercy to the white man."

"We have given you a fine land," the same old chief said to Boone, "but you will have much trouble to settle it."

These words of Dragging Canoe proved true. For many years Kentucky was a dark and bloody ground.

Henderson and his friends must now get the right man to cut a path to the distant land.

At this time the fame of Daniel Boone had spread far and wide. He was a famous Indian fighter. He knew the woods. He was trusted by everybody.

He was the man who could cut this path two hundred miles long through the trackless wilderness. He was the man to find a place for a settlement in Kentucky.

Boone picked out thirty trained Indian fighters. They met at a little settlement on the Holston River. They were mounted on

swift, wiry horses and carried rifles, axes, and hatchets.

Boone had seen forty years of active life on the frontier. "At last," he said to his friends, "I am bound for the land of my heart's desire."

He little dreamed of the great service he was going to do for his country in winning this Western land.

He planned to hew out a bridle path from the Holston region to the Kentucky River. When he and his men went through the wilderness, they marked their trail by chipping off pieces of the bark from some of the tall trees. With their axes and hatchets they cut their way through the thick underbrush. It was slow and weary work.

For twenty miles the way was through a country covered with dead brush. After this came thirty miles of thick reeds and canebrakes. Mountains had to be climbed, and rivers had to be crossed.

After several weeks Boone and his men

reached the open and fertile lands of Kentucky.

Felix Walker was one of the men who made the Wilderness Road. He afterwards wrote about it. His first view of the open lands of Kentucky he describes as follows:

"As the cane ceased, we began to discover the pleasing and rapturous appearance of the plains. A new sky and earth seemed to be presented to our view. So rich a soil we had never seen before, covered with clover in full bloom. The woods were abounding with wild game. Turkeys were so numerous that it might be said they appeared to be but one flock, universally scattered in the woods. It seemed that nature, in the profusion of her bounty, had spread a feast for all that lives, both for the animal and rational world. A sight so delightful to our view, and grateful to our feelings, almost inclined us, in imitation of Columbus, in transport to kiss the soil of Kentucky, even as Columbus hailed and saluted the sand when he first set foot on the shores of America."

One night the pioneers camped within fifteen miles of the spot that Boone had chosen for a settlement. They were on the bank of a

little river called Silver Creek. They posted no guards, for they thought there was no danger.

Just at daybreak they were roused from their sleep by rifle shots and fierce war cries. Several of the party were killed, and more were wounded. The others seized their rifles, got behind trees, and drove the savages away.

On the same day they began the last part of their long journey to Big Lick, on the Kentucky River. They now found the road easy to make, for they were following a buffalo trail.

On the first day of April, 1775, they began to build a huge fort. They named it Boonesborough, after their gallant leader.

Three weeks later Henderson and his band of riflemen arrived at the little settlement. Their journey had been long and tiresome. It took them more than a month to travel over Boone's trail, which Henderson said was "either hilly, stony, slippery, miry, or bushy."

In good earnest these pioneers went to work.

They built thirty log cabins, protected by a log stockade. Early in September they turned out to greet Boone's wife and his daughter Jemima, "the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River."

The Wilderness Road of Boone's time was not what we mean now by a road. It was not even a cart path. It was simply a trail for horses, or a path in which men, women, and children might go on foot.

Families often banded together for safety in their journey through the deep woods. The older boys drove the cattle. The little children were packed in cradles of hickory twigs, hung across the backs of steady horses; often they rode on great rolls of bedding. As for the mothers, they tramped with their babies in their arms. When tired, they traveled on horseback.

Some of the men, with their rifles on their shoulders, drove the pack horses; others went in front, or at the side, or in the rear, and watched for Indians.

At night a rude camp gave shelter to the women and children. The men rolled themselves in their blankets and slept on the open ground.

In cold weather the rivers and mountains were impassable. Sometimes the settlers were delayed for many days. Sometimes they found no game for food and were forced to kill their cattle.

When Boone and his men were cutting their path through the wilderness, they stopped to rest at a place in the mountains which is now called Cumberland Gap. A few years ago hundreds of people gathered at this picturesque spot to dedicate a monument to the great leader of the pioneers. The monument was presented to the State of Kentucky. It was dedicated to the bravery, wisdom, and sturdy manhood of Daniel Boone, to whom our country is indebted for one of the great historic highways of the world.

The Daughters of the American Revolution traced and marked the Wilderness Road for

its entire length of more than two hundred miles. The monument they erected is made of stone. It has four bronze tablets, representing North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, the four states through which the trail ran.

Thus tribute has been paid to Daniel Boone, the greatest pioneer of the great West, who believed, as he said, that he was "an instrument ordained of God to settle the wilderness."

XVI

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

WHEN a group of families moved from their homes in the East into the wilderness, they built first of all a fort, or station. It was a huge log fence, twelve feet or more in height. It was usually built in the form of a square and often covered an acre of ground. At the four corners were blockhouses. Sometimes a larger blockhouse was in the middle. Inside the square a number of log cabins were built. In front there was a large, strong gate, which could be fastened with a heavy wooden crossbar.

The stockade was well fitted for defense against the Indians. It served as a shelter to all who lived near. At the first sign of danger the settlers fled to it for safety.

The cabins of the pioneers were built of

logs. The cracks between the logs were filled with clay and coarse dry grass. At one end of the living room there was a wide, deep fireplace, in which logs six feet long could be burned. The floor was made of great slabs of wood hewn smooth on one side. This was called a puncheon floor.

As a popular song of that time says,

"Oh, Jennie, my toes are sore
Dancing on the puncheon floor."

A window was made by cutting or sawing out a hole in the wall. The window panes were nothing but greased paper. The cabin door was strong and heavy, with a large cross-bar to hold it shut. Wooden pegs driven into the walls served to hang things on. Over the fireplace were the antlers of a deer, on which rested the faithful rifle.

The beds were made of boards covered with bearskins and deerskins. The dining table was a great log smoothed on one side and set on four legs. Three-legged stools were used for chairs. For the table and the kitchen

there were pewter spoons, pewter basins, hand-made wooden platters, bowls and pails, and trenchers, wooden dippers, and tubs. Some of the cabins could boast of a rocking chair.

A famous man, in speaking of his boyhood days in the wilderness, once said, "The only chair found in our house for many years was my grandmother's old splint-bottom chair that she brought with her to the wilderness. It was too dearly prized to be left behind, for in it she had sung sweet lullabies to all her children, and rocked them to sleep."

The land was covered with one great forest, up to the very doors of the lonely cabins. The first thing the pioneers did after building their log cabins was to cut down the trees and prepare the ground to plant corn. To raise corn was their first duty, for corn bread was the only kind they had. They burned a hole in the top of a block of wood, and in this hole the corn was pounded into meal with a heavy wooden pestle.

When on their long hunting trips, or following the war trail, the backwoodsmen always carried some parched corn.

After a time they cleared more land and then had horses, sheep, and cows. Besides corn they planted beans, potatoes, pumpkins, and other vegetables. In the woods they found berries, wild grapes, and nuts. From the sugar maples they got sap to make sugar. Often they found stores of wild honey in the trunks of hollow trees. For salt they were obliged to go through the deep woods to the distant licks, or salt springs.

Many of the early settlers were poor. The men, women, and children worked hard. For a long time they were content with coarse food, coarse clothing, and rude log cabins.

In the hard winters they often suffered from cold and even from hunger. In summer they had much sickness, especially from ague. Their life was usually one long, hard struggle. They were always in danger from the Indians and from wild animals.

An old pioneer said, "I never had to go far to get a deer. One morning I shot a large buck from the doorstep. There were many wild turkeys. We often caught flocks of them in pens or traps. Bears, panthers, and wolves were numerous. Sometimes they were troublesome and dangerous. In the winter nights they would roam through the settlement, and we had to keep live stock housed. Bears became so hungry that they would come into the clearing after a stray pig or calf."

There were so many crows that the early corn had to be watched. Squirrels and rabbits often ate up the green stuff in the gardens. The settlers in their wrath used to unite in squirrel hunts and kill these pests by the thousands. In some places rattlesnakes, moccasins, and copperheads were a common source of danger and death.

The dress of the early settlers was almost like that of the Indians. The backwoodsmen sometimes mistook an Indian for a white man. The Indians in turn mistook the white man

for an Indian. For coats the pioneers wore hunting shirts of homespun cloth or buckskin, held in place by a belt at the waist, and fringed where it fell to the knees. From the belt hung a hunting knife and a hatchet or tomahawk. On their heads they wore felt hats, or caps made of squirrel skin, with the bushy tail hanging down behind. The rifle was a part of the backwoodsmen's dress. They never left their cabins without it. They could shoot with wonderful skill.

Besides doing the usual work on the clearing about the log cabins, the pioneer boys led a busy and useful life. They learned to imitate the calls and notes of birds and wild animals. Hidden in a thicket, or behind a log, they would call like a turkey, drawing whole flocks of these birds within reach of the rifle. When they barked like a squirrel, the tree tops would become alive with these little animals. In answer to their call packs of wolves, far away in the forest, would set up a howl.

The boys on the frontier knew how to set

traps for wild animals; for in those days bullets and gunpowder must not be wasted. They were also trained in throwing the tomahawk and in shooting with bow and arrow.

In those days the schoolhouse was a log cabin with a big fireplace. The boys and girls sat on rough slabs of wood with wooden legs. Pens were made of goose quills, which were cut into shape by the schoolmaster. The pupils often went to school barefoot, even when the weather was chilly. If they had shoes, they used to carry them in their hands and put them on at the schoolhouse door. Pupils paid for their tuition. If the father had no money, he paid the schoolmaster in poultry, corn, raccoon skins, and other useful things.

In the pioneer days money was scarce. Trading was done by barter and exchange. The skin of a fox or raccoon was considered to be worth one shilling. The skin of a beaver, otter, or deer was worth six shillings at the

village store. Men in public office were often paid in furs.

When a bundle of furs was brought to the store for exchange, the trader did not always undo the bundle, but would count the tails. This practice gave the dishonest hunter an opportunity to cheat. He would fill the bundle with raccoon skins with the tails of otters fastened to them.

The early settlers did not spend all their time in fighting Indians, hunting wild animals, and working hard on their farms. Both the old and the young spent many hours in harmless frolics. They would have parties for making sugar, gathering apples, or husking corn. At other times they had house raisings, house-warmings, and quilting parties. The young, and even the old, gathered from far and near to do the work, after which they had a hearty supper. On all such occasions there was much merrymaking, playing games, and dancing by young and old.

The most popular frolic of all was a wedding.

The guests gathered for many miles round. If there was a church near, the bride rode to the church on horseback, seated behind her father. After the ceremony she rode back seated behind her husband. Then came the wedding feast, with all the hospitality of the frontier people. This was followed by merrymaking and dancing, which was kept up till far into the night.

In those early times there was need of self-help and self-denial. Few pioneers were well-to-do; most of them were poor. They learned the great lesson of uniting to help one another. Kind neighbors gathered together and cheerfully did what a single family could not do alone.

XVII

BRAVE POLLY HOPKINS

THERE is a little river in Kentucky called Dreaming Creek. We are told that it was so named because the famous Daniel Boone fell asleep one day on its bank and dreamed that he was stung by hornets. However this may be, many years ago a fort was built near the river. In a log cabin about two miles from the fort lived Amos Hopkins and his family. He had been a frontier soldier with the daring George Rogers Clark.

The Hopkins family consisted of father, mother, and three children. The oldest child, Joseph, was a sturdy boy of fourteen. He could use a rifle nearly as well as his father. Polly, a lively girl of twelve, was nicknamed long-legged Polly, because she could run so

fast. Peter, the youngest child, was about six years old.

It was a lovely day in June, a few years after the close of the Revolution. Mr. Hopkins was away fighting the Indians. Mrs. Hopkins was busy about the house. The children were playing in the open space in front of the cabin.

It was Polly's birthday.

"Now, Joe," said Mrs. Hopkins, "you children may have your birthday party down by the river in your beech-tree house. Look sharp after little Peter, and see that he doesn't get hurt."

"All right, mother. I won't let him get lost or fall into the river."

The big beech tree down by the river was well known to the children of the settlement. They often spent the afternoon there, playing in its shade.

One day Polly Hopkins crept under a vine on the trunk of the old tree, and suddenly disappeared.

"Oh, Polly, where are you?" cried Joe.

"Come quick, Joe, and see what I have found."

So Joe crawled after his sister. He found himself inside the tree.

"Oh, my," cried Polly, "what a splendid place to play in on rainy days or to hide from the Indians!"

They made a clean floor of oak leaves and pine needles, and used dry moss for seats.

The old beech tree was just the place for Polly's birthday party.

The three children hurried down the trail to the river. In the shade of the tree they ate their luncheon and played their games. After a time they crept into the hollow in the tree and told stories until about sunset. Little Peter grew tired and was put to sleep on a pile of dry moss.

"Why, Polly," said Joe, "I forgot to bring my rifle. I will run back to the cabin and get it. There may be Indians prowling about after dark. Don't stir till I come back."

Polly climbed up on a shelf that Joe had built and looked out of a hole in the tree. She watched Joe until he went through the open gate of the stockade. In a few minutes he and his mother ran out of the cabin and shut the big gate.

Polly sat down beside Peter and waited. Still no Joe came back.

"What can be the matter with him?" asked Polly. "Why did they shut the gate in such a hurry? Can there be Indians about? Dear me, I wish he would come. I'll take one more look."

Before long she saw the bushes across the way gently moving. In another moment a tall Indian in war paint and feathers rose silently and came walking toward the old beech tree. After looking round the tree and peeping into the branches, he quietly glided into the underbrush.

Polly knew her danger. She stood on the shelf, still as a mouse. She hardly dared to draw a deep breath.

She looked out once more. She now saw half a dozen savages creeping along the trail toward the cabin.

Crack! sounded Joe's rifle, and a savage fell dead.

The other Indians ran out with dry moss and made ready to throw lighted bundles of it on the roof of the cabin.

Polly's heart began to beat faster.

"There is just one thing to do. I must run to the fort and get Captain Zane and his men."

With one little sob, she looked at her brother quietly sleeping on the moss. Then she crept through the opening and into the underbrush until she found the trail to the fort.

How many times she had outrun Joe in their games! She was frightened, but she darted away in the direction of the fort.

It was dark now, and the trail was narrow. At any moment a lurking redskin might jump out of the underbrush. On, on she ran, as never before. It seemed hours, but it was only minutes. Once she was out of breath

and fell panting to the ground. It was only for a moment. She picked herself up and started on again.

Just as she seemed ready to fall in a faint, she reached the fort, high up on the bank of the river. She was seen by the riflemen on guard when she ran toward the big oak gate.

"Indians! Indians! The Hopkins cabin! Quick! quick!" she cried.

The riflemen crowded round her to hear her story.

"There is no time to spare," said Captain Zane to his men; "look well to your horses and rifles. We are in for a lively scrap with the redskins before sunrise."

In a few minutes twenty sturdy Indian fighters were galloping down the trail as fast as their hardy little horses could carry them. Captain Zane had taken Polly up behind him.

Mr. Hopkins had come back home while the children were at play in the old beech tree. Now he and Joe were making it lively for the

redskins, firing their rifles from the loopholes in the stockade.

With shouts the riflemen fell on the savages. The Indians, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, fled into the woods.

A few tubs of water put out the fire on the roof of the cabin.

"Where is Peter?" asked Mrs. Hopkins.

"Why, mother, I had almost forgotten him," answered Polly. "Come, Joe, let us run down to the old beech tree."

They found the boy still asleep on the pile of moss.

"I had a bad dream," said Peter. "I thought the Indians were chasing me and had grabbed me just as Joe and Polly found me."

Captain Zane took the Hopkins family back to the fort. The Indians might come before sunrise with a larger band. There was a merry time the next day when Polly told the riflemen how fast she ran in the dark.

Polly lived to be more than ninety years old. On a rainy day her great-grandchildren

would tease her to tell them how she ran on that birthday night to save her family from the savages.

Like most frontier women, she would not talk much about the danger of backwoods life in her girlhood. She would smile faintly and would gently tell them to be thankful that there were no longer cruel savages to kill and scalp people and set fire to their homes.

XVIII

FIGHTING THE INDIANS

FOR long years life on the frontier was full of danger. There are many stories of the heroic deeds, thrilling escapes, and terrible sufferings of the pioneers.

Just after the close of the Revolution two or three families were living together on a branch of the Kentucky River. It was a hot day in early summer. Two men and a woman were sitting at the door of a log cabin.

Children playing on the bank of the river came rushing home, screaming, "Oh, mother, mother! Indians! Indians! The Indians are in the woods."

One of the men jumped up and tried to shut the cabin door. It was too late. He was shot and fell dead in the doorway. An-

other Indian rushed up and seized the other man before he could fire his rifle.

"Hand me my knife, quick, Mrs. Wetzell," cried the man.

This frontier mother was a fearless and strong woman. She snatched up an ax and killed the savage on the spot.

A third Indian now ran to the doorway and killed the other pioneer. Quick as a flash, Mrs. Wetzell turned on him and killed him with one blow of her ax.

Other Indians now came to help their comrade. With her ever ready ax the frontier woman killed the foremost savage. The other Indians stepped back, and she shut the cabin door.

This was too lively fighting even for savages. They fled to the woods, but not until they had killed the children.

Another story is about a family named Merrill, who lived on the Ohio frontier. One night the Indians attacked their log cabin. Mr. Merrill stood in the doorway and fired at

the savages. He was shot several times, and fell, after calling on his wife to shut the cabin door.

An Indian broke a hole in the door with his tomahawk and began to crawl through. Mrs. Merrill sized an ax and killed three savages one after the other, as they tried to make their way in.

The Indians did not like this kind of fighting. So two of them climbed up on the roof of the cabin and got ready to drop down the wide chimney.

Mrs. Merrill seized her feather bed, cut it open, and threw it on the coals. The two Indians came tumbling down through the stifling smoke. The fearless woman killed both of them before they could catch their breath. The rest of the savages now gave up the attack and took to the woods.

Once there were two little frontier sisters, Maggie and Jennie Campbell, who went to drive the cows home for their father.

"Now, Jennie," said Maggie, the older girl,

"you sit down beside this big tree while I go after Old Whiteface."

Jennie did as she was told.

Maggie searched for the cow, but could not find her. She ran back to her sister, but her sister was gone.

Jennie had heard the cow bell. Following the sound, she made her way back to the cabin.

Poor Maggie started for home, missed the trail, and was soon lost in the woods.

Night came on. The half-crazed father ran to the little log-house village for help. A dozen sturdy backwoodsmen turned out with guns, bells, and torches to look for the lost girl.

All that night and all the next day they kept up the search. They had help from a neighboring settlement. As the story goes, several hundred men and boys scoured the woods. At the end of two weeks, they came across a little hut built of limbs, such as children make in their play. There was a bed of leaves

inside the rude shelter. A tiny path led from the hut to a blackberry patch.

A boy in the searching party found the girl's bonnet a mile or so from the hut. Not far away were signs of a recent Indian camp. The poor girl was never found. Whether she was carried off by the Indians, or died from hunger and exposure, was never known. The father never gave up searching among the Indians for his lost daughter.

Did you ever hear the story of the two Johnson boys, and of their escape from the Indians?

One afternoon late in the autumn the boys went into the woods in search of a hat they had lost the day before. They found the hat about a mile from home. Then they sat down at the foot of a hickory tree and cracked nuts.

Suddenly two Delaware Indians ran out of the underbrush, seized the boys, and carried them farther into the woods. The Indians could speak a little English. They promised

the boys not to hurt them if they would not try to run away.

Little Henry was afraid. John whispered to him not to cry, and to say nothing.

The older brother now began to make friends with the Indians. He told them how glad he was to be captured, because his father had ill-treated him at home. He said that he had always wanted to live with the Indians.

The savages believed that he was telling the truth.

When it grew dark, the Indians made a camp, built a fire, and prepared a supper of parched corn and deer meat. They shared their supper with the two hungry lads. They put their rifles and tomahawks against a tree and then lay down to sleep, with the boys between them. After a time one of the Indians went and lay down on the other side of the camp fire. He was soon snoring.

There was not a wink of sleep for the two young prisoners. John quietly got up, putting his finger on his lips as a signal for Henry to

keep still. He cocked one of the rifles and pointed it at one of the Indians.

"Hold this gun, Henry," he whispered to his brother, "and pull the trigger when I raise my hand."

Henry was only ten years old, but, like other pioneer boys, he was not afraid to fire a gun.

John gave the signal.

Bang! went the rifle, and the sleeping savage was dead. John struck the other Indian with a tomahawk.

Guided by the stars, the two boys hurried through the darkness toward their home. After a time they struck a trail which they knew. John hung his hat on a tree beside the trail to mark the spot. Early the next forenoon the two boys reached home in safety.

They were the heroes of the little settlement. Even their father and mother could hardly believe their story. The idea that two young boys could kill two Indian warriors

seemed untrue. But the next day some of the riflemen followed the trail and found the bodies of the two dead Indians.

There is a story of a brave boy who saved four children from capture.

A man by the name of Silas Miller lived in a settlement on the frontier in Ohio.

Late one autumn Mr. Miller's three little girls, Eliza, Nancy, and Martha, with their brother Samuel, went into the woods after nuts. About a mile from home they found a grove of hickory trees. The ground was almost covered with the white nuts.

Sam ran back home to get a bag.

While the girls were busy picking up nuts, an Indian stepped from behind a tree and seized the two youngest of them. In broken English he told them to sit down and sit still. He then hurried after their sister.

Eliza, only twelve years old, was running like a deer toward home, screaming at the top of her voice.

Meanwhile Sam had reached the fort.

"Come with me, Joe," he said to his friend, "and help me to bring home a bag of nuts."

"All right; I'll go. I will take my rifle along, for we might meet a redskin."

The two boys took a short cut through the woods. Suddenly they heard Eliza screaming.

"Hurry up, Sam. They have captured Martha and Nancy."

In another moment Eliza came running toward them, chased by an Indian with uplifted tomahawk.

She tripped and fell. The redskin stood for a moment over the girl as if to strike her.

Joe kept cool. He must be sure. If he missed the Indian, he would be killed before he could load his rifle again. He took careful aim and fired. The Indian fell dead.

Joe reloaded his rifle. Other Indians might be near. Then the two boys pulled the body of the big warrior from the fallen girl, who was nearly dead with fright.

"Now, Joe," said Sam, "we must find Nancy and Martha. Let us shout, for they

An older brother raised his rifle and shot the Indian.

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will know our voices. They are probably hiding in the underbrush."

"All right, Sam."

The young fellows shouted again and again. After a time a faint reply came from the woods. In a few minutes Nancy and Martha came running to them.

With glad hearts they started for home.

Some of the men from the fort came out when they heard the report of the rifle. They all went to see the dead Indian. Joe took the Indian's scalping knife, and Sam his tomahawk, as souvenirs of their adventure.

XIX

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD ON THE FRONTIER

TOWARD the end of the Revolution a family by the name of Lincoln settled in Kentucky. One morning some Indians attacked the men in the field. The father was killed, and a child six years old was about to be carried away by one of the savages. An older brother raised his rifle and shot the Indian. The other savages ran into the woods. The child's name was Thomas. He grew up and became the father of Abraham Lincoln.

In a poor log cabin, of only one room, Abraham Lincoln was born on the twelfth day of February, 1809. A granite rock now marks the spot of his birthplace. He was named Abraham after his grandfather, who was killed by the Indians, and who had been a friend of Daniel Boone.

Thomas Lincoln was poor. He was one of the restless pioneers who was always wishing to pack up and move to another place. The little backwoods boy was only seven years old when with his father, mother, and sister Sarah he left Kentucky for a new home in southern Indiana.

It was only a matter of forty miles, but it took them a week to make the trip. They did not carry much with them; for they had little worth taking. They borrowed two horses and strapped on their backs a few cooking utensils and some bedding. For most of the journey they had no road of any kind. Often they cut their way through the thick woods.

There was plenty of game. The father with his rifle supplied the family with food. At night he made a rude camp and heaped up the fallen leaves for a bed.

One cold day in November the pioneer family reached the new home. It took only a few days to make a clearing in the woods and

build what the Western settlers called a half-faced camp. This was a rude sort of shelter made of logs and limbs of trees. The cracks between the logs were filled with clay and dry leaves.

The camp had only three sides. The fourth side was left open to the weather. There was no chimney, and the fire had to be built before the open side of the camp. A bearskin was hung from the pole of the roof. This served as a kind of door to keep out the snow and rain. The family bed was a pile of dry leaves at one end of the rude camp.

In this poor shelter the Lincoln family managed to keep alive all that first winter. Mr. Lincoln kept busy cutting down trees and clearing the ground to plant corn. Wild turkeys and squirrels supplied food. The winter was hard, with biting cold winds and snowstorms. It must have been a cheerless time for that pioneer mother with her two young children. Not one of the family had a pair of shoes. Home-made moccasins were

the only protection from the sleet and snow.

Before the next winter Mr. Lincoln built a rough cabin eighteen feet square, of unhewn logs. This time there was a real chimney, so that a fire might be built inside. For a year or two there was no window or door. Above the one room of the cabin was a sort of loft. This was the young boy's bedroom. In one corner he had a bag of dry leaves for a bed. To get to his bedroom he had to climb up on wooden pegs driven into the logs.

The family lived in this crude cabin until they moved to Illinois, when Abe was twenty-one years old.

In the late autumn of the second year in Indiana the young lad met with the first great sorrow of his life. His good mother, worn out with the hardships and exposure of frontier life, became sick and died.

Just before her death she said to her son, "My boy, I am going away, and you will never see me again. Be good. I know you will.

Help your father. Take good care of your sister. Live as I have taught you, and love God always."

Many years after, Lincoln said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

A year or more after this sad event the father married again. He brought home to the log cabin his second wife, a widow with three children. She became a devoted mother to the motherless lad.

She had been used to better things than she found in her new home. She now did what she could to make things more comfortable. She coaxed her husband to make a door, with wooden hinges, in place of the bearskin. He hewed slabs for a floor and cut out a window.

To do her part, she brought from her Kentucky home a few chairs, a feather bed, a bureau, and a wooden chest filled with clothing. She now had Abe and his sister put off their ragged clothes, and dressed them in such

warm homespun garments that they hardly knew themselves.

There were no idle hands in that frontier cabin when the new mother took charge. Each had his share of work. The children cut brushwood for the fire, and brought water from a spring a mile away. These were indeed "pinching times," as Lincoln said many years afterward.

When Abe was only ten years old, he could chop wood for the big fireplace. He could thresh wheat with a flail. He could clear a field for planting corn.

With all his hard work the boy did not have much of a chance to study. He went to school for a short time in the winter, when there was little or no work at home. School began at sunrise and was dismissed at sunset. Reading, spelling, and ciphering were the only branches taught. Young Abe's entire schooling amounted to about four months. He went to school "by littles," as he once said. The last school that he went to was five miles

from home. He got to it by following a deer trail.

As Abraham Lincoln grew older, he became more and more determined to improve himself. The first books that he had were the Bible, Æsop's Fables, and The Pilgrim's Progress. These books he read and reread until they became a part of himself. Robinson Crusoe was also one of his favorite books. His eagerness for study and the reading of good books burned like a fire in his breast. Whenever he heard of a book anywhere, he would go miles to borrow it. He tramped barefooted twelve miles for a book containing the laws of Indiana.

He once said to a friend, "I have read all the books I have ever heard of in the country for a circuit of fifty miles."

His stepmother once said of him, "Abe read everything he could lay his hands on, and when he came across a passage that impressed him, he would write it down on a board, if he had no paper, and keep it till he

could get paper. Then he would copy it, commit it to memory, and repeat it."

"When Abe and I returned to the house from work," his stepbrother said, "he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, take a book, sit down, put his feet up as high as his head, and read. When night came, he would find a seat in the corner by the fireside, or stretch out at length on the floor. He would write or work sums in arithmetic in the sand on the floor, or on a wooden shovel, using a charred stick for a pencil. When he had covered the shovel, he would scrape off the surface and begin again."

A settler named Crawford lent him Weems's Life of Washington. Abe read the book by the blazing fire until midnight. For safe-keeping he carried the book to his bedroom in the loft and laid it in a crack between the logs. Rain fell in the night and ruined it.

After breakfast the boy carried the book back to Mr. Crawford and told him what had happened.

"I am sorry," he said, "and am willing to do anything that I can to make it right with you."

"The book is worth about seventy-five cents," said Mr. Crawford. "If you will work for me for three days, you may have the book for your own."

"Do you mean that the three days' work will pay you for the book," asked the boy, "or will it only pay for the harm done to it?"

"I mean that you may have the book," said Mr. Crawford.

And so, for three days, the boy husked corn and stripped fodder, and then he proudly carried the book home again. It was his own, the first thing he had ever bought directly with his own labor. He read the book over and over again.

When Lincoln was sixteen years old, he was tall, slim, and awkward, with long arms and long legs. He had grown rapidly, but his work had made his muscles firm and hard. Although he read and studied late at night,

he easily surpassed his friends in the rough sports of the time.

In winter he wore a cap of coonskin, with the tail hanging down behind. His hunting shirt, trousers, and moccasins were made of deer-skin. In summer he wore a shirt made of linsey-woolsey, a mixture of wool and linen. As for stockings, he said that he went bare-foot about half the year until he was a young man.

At the age of nineteen Lincoln had reached his full height. He stood six feet four inches in his bare feet. Few men of his time could equal him in strength. But the young giant was good-natured and tender-hearted.

"I can say," said his stepmother, "what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, that he never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him."

Just before the Civil War "Honest Abe, the rail splitter of Illinois," was chosen the sixteenth president of the United States. He

was a wise and patient leader during the long years of the terrible war. In 1865 he was killed by the bullet of an assassin and was mourned by all the nation.

When you are older, you will find it interesting to read how Abraham Lincoln rose to fame and honor and became perhaps the greatest man of his century.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

A

Abe, *āb*
Abraham, *a′bra-ham*
Æsop, *e′sop*
Albany, *ol′ba-ny*
Alexander, *ăl-eg-zan′der*
Allegheny, *ăl′e-ga-ny*

B

Bennington, *ben′ing-tun*
Berkshire, *burk′shĭr*
Boone, *boon*
Boonesborough, *boons′bur-o*
Braddock, *brad′uk*
Britain, *brit′′n*
Brodhead, *brŏd′hed*
Burgoyne, *bur-goin′*

C

Callaway, *kăl′a-way*
Cambridge, *kām′brij*
Campbell, *kam′bel*
Canada, *kan′a-da*
Canadian, *ka-na′di-an*
Carolina, *kar-o-li′na*
Champlain, *sham-plān′*
Charleston, *charlz′tun*
Cherokee, *chĕr-o-kee′*
Craig, *krāg*
Creole, *kre′ōl*
Crusoe, *kroo′so*
Cumberland, *kum′ber-land*

D

Delaware, *del′a-wār*
Detroit, *de-troit′*

E

Ebenezer, *eb-en-e′zer*
Eliza, *e-li′za*
England, *ing′gland*

G

Gansevoort, *gans′vōōrt*
Georgia, *jor′jĭ-a*
Girty, *gur′ty*
Gladwyn, *glad′win*

H

Hampshire, *hamp′shĭr*
Harmar, *har′mar*
Herkimer, *hur′kĭ-mer*
Hessian, *hesh′an*
Holston, *hōl′stun*
Howe, *how*

I

Illinois, *il-ĭ-noi′*
Indian, *in′dĭ-an*
Indiana, *in-dĭ-an′a*

J

Jemima, *je-mi′ma*
Joseph, *jo′sef*

K

Kaskaskia, *kas-kas′kĭ-a*
Kentucky, *kĕn-tuk′y*

L

Langdon, *lang′dun*
La Salle, *là sàl′* (*a* as in *ask*)
Leger, *lej′er*
Lincoln, *ling′kun*
Louis, *loo′is*
Louisiana, *loo-e-ze-an′a*
Luisville, *loo′is-vil*

M

Mackinaw, *mak′ĭ-naw*
Marie Antoinette, *ma′ry an-toi-net′*
Marietta, *ma-rĭ-et′a*
Maryland, *mĕr′ĭ-land*
Massachusetts, *mas-a-chu′sets*
McKee, *ma-kee′*
McCulloch, *ma-kul′uk*
Mississippi, *mis-ĭ-sip′ĭ*
Missouri, *mĭ-soo′rĭ*
Mohawk, *mo′hok*
Montcalm, *mont-käm′* (*a* as in *arm*)
Montreal, *mont-re-ol′*
Muskingum, *mus-king′gum*

O

Ogle, *o′gl*
Ojibway, *o-jib′way*
Ontario, *on-ta′rĭ-o*
Oriskany, *o-ris′ka-ny*
Ottawa, *ot′a-wah*

P

Pawnee, *paw-nee′*
Pennsylvania, *pen-sil-va′nĭ-a*
Philadelphia, *fil-a-del′fĭ-a*
Pontiac, *pon′tĭ-ak*

Q

Quebec, *kwe-bek′*

S

Samuel, *sam′u-el*
Sandusky, *san-dus′ky*
Shawnee, *shaw-nee′*
Stanwix, *stan′wiks*
Sycamore, *sik′a-mōr*

T

Tecumseh, *te-kum′sĕ*
Tennessee, *ten-e-see′*
Thames, *tĕmz*

V

Van Buren. *van bu′ren*
Vermont, *vur-mont′*
Vincennes, *vin-senz′*
Virginia, *vur-jin′ĭ-a*

W

Watauga, *wa-tah′ga*
Wetzell, *wet′zel*
Willett, *wil′et*
Wolfe, *wolf*

Z

Zane, *zān*
Zanesville, *zānz′vil*

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