

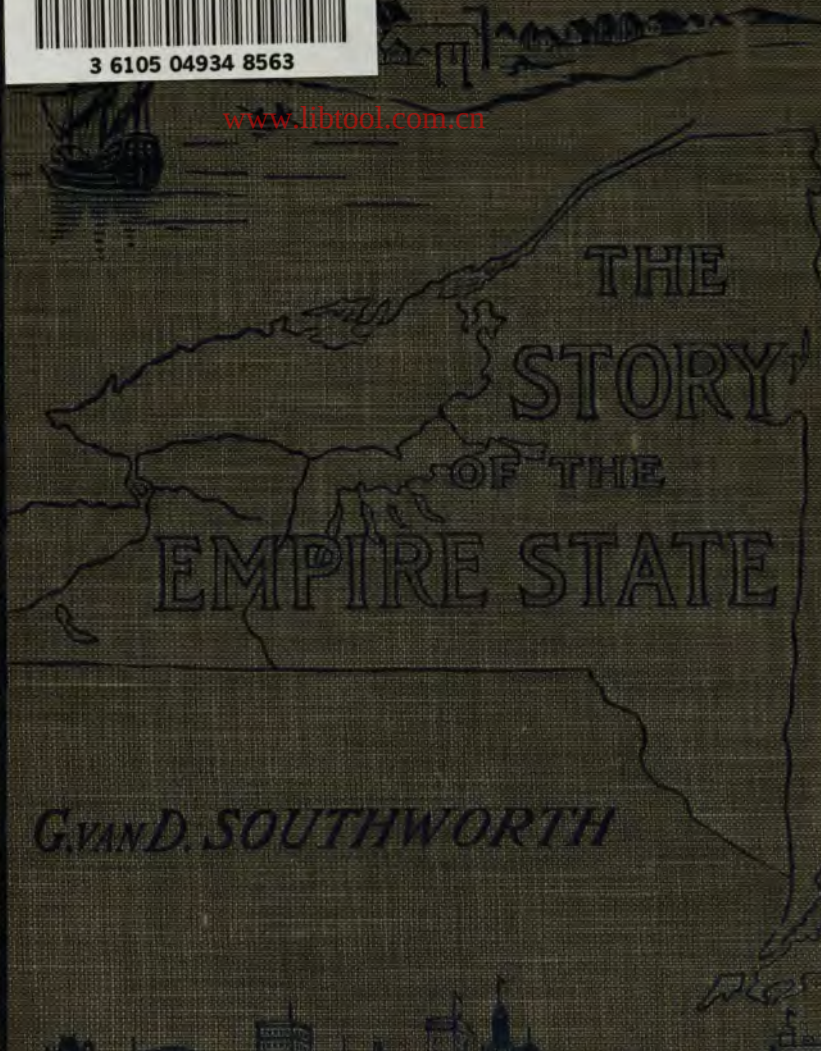
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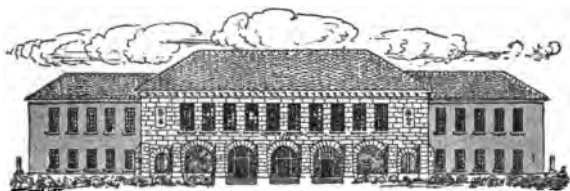
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A faint, stylized map of New York State serves as the background for the title. The map shows the state's outline, major water bodies like Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and a network of rivers. In the top left corner, there is a small illustration of a sailing ship on the water. In the bottom left corner, there is a detailed illustration of a city skyline, likely New York City, with various skyscrapers and buildings.

THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE STATE

G. VAN D. SOUTHWORTH

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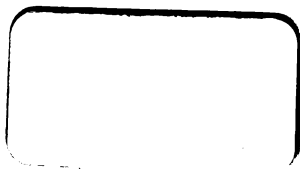


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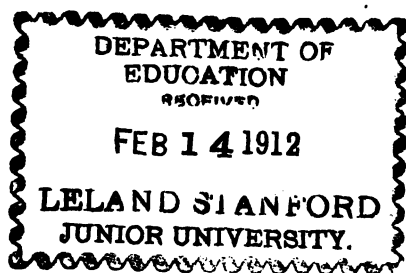
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THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE STATE

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Peter Stuyvesant tore the letter to pieces and stamped upon it.

(See page 43.)

THE STORY OF
THE EMPIRE STATE

*HISTORY OF NEW YORK
TOLD IN STORY FORM*

A SUPPLEMENTARY READING-BOOK FOR
GRAMMAR GRADES

BY
GERTRUDE VAN DUYN SOUTHWORTH

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NEW YORK
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P R E F A C E

THE following pages have been written for the boys and girls of the Empire State, and for all others who are interested in the fascinating story of New York from its early history to the beginning of the twentieth century.

Only important points have been dealt with, and only those events have been chosen which are historically correct.

Innumerable incidents have been introduced in an effort to make the narrative of facts more pleasant reading.

The whole has been woven into a connected story, and surely no more interesting material for a narrative can be found than in the history in which New York is so rich.

GERTRUDE SOUTHWORTH.

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THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE STATE

CHAPTER I

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE

IN the year 1600 no white men were living in the central part of what is now the Empire State. At that time this land was occupied by five tribes of Indians—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. For many, many years these tribes had been at war with one another, and had been constantly battling with other Indian nations. As a result, the five tribes became so weakened that each began to realize that greater strength and fewer enemies were necessary for its preservation. But how was this to be accomplished? About one hundred and fifty years before the beginning of the seventeenth century, according to an Indian legend, Hiawatha, an Onondaga Indian, invited the members of these five tribes to meet at a great council and hear a plan he had to propose.

He is supposed to have addressed them somewhat as follows: "Friends and Brothers: Each of the tribes represented here has been trying to defend itself, not only against the other four nations invited to this council, but also against a great and strong tribe which surrounds us on every side. The Algonquins are



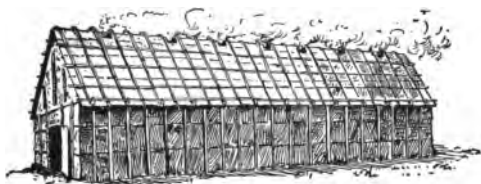
Calumet
or peace-pipe.

our common enemy. Alone, no one of the nations of which you are the honored members can hope to succeed long with such a foe. If we continue as we are now doing, five noble Indian tribes will be wiped out of existence. But suppose the five tribes here assembled should smoke the pipe of peace; should swear to protect one another; to become, in fact, one nation. Would that nation not be stronger than the hated Algonquins? Would not safety lie in that union? Brothers, this is my plan: Let the tribes here represented become one family and be known as the 'Five Nations.'"

History does not tell whether Hiawatha's words of council brought about a union of these nations, but soon after his legendary ad-

dress the five tribes formed themselves into the Iroquois Confederacy.

In their wild life the Indians had roved over many miles of land outside of what is

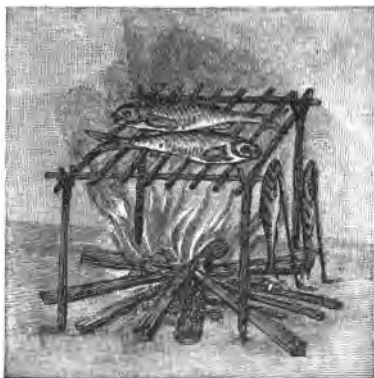


Long house of the Iroquois.

now New York State, and they still continued to do so. They did, however, choose the Mohawk Valley as the headquarters of the Five Nations. Here they built their houses out of logs and bark. Each house was about one hundred feet long and fifteen or twenty feet wide. There was a door at either end, and the space along the sides was divided into a number of stall-like rooms. In each of these rooms lived a family. Sometimes there were twenty or more families in one house. Down the middle of the passage between the two rows of rooms were several fire-pits where the cooking was done, the smoke escaping through holes in the roof. The food, and in fact everything the families had, with the exception of weapons and ornaments, was common property and

could be used by any one living in the house. The Indians called their crude buildings "Long Houses," to distinguish them from the mere huts and wigwams of other tribes.

While the Five Nations were establishing themselves along the Mohawk it dawned upon



Indian manner of broiling in 1585.

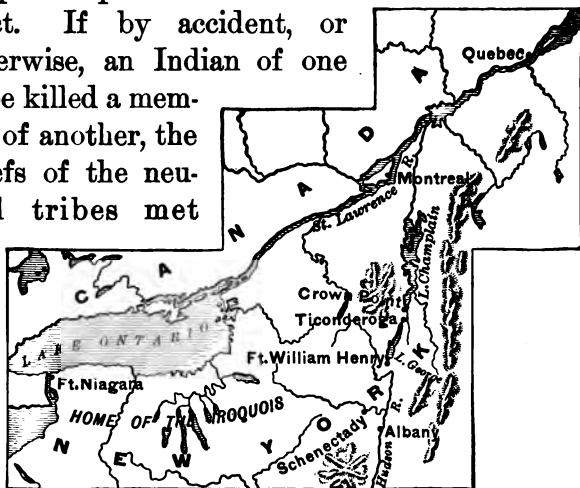
them that their headquarters were laid out somewhat after the plan of their Long Houses. Consequently they began speaking of the land they occupied in the terms they used for their houses.

The Mohawk tribe, settling farthest east, was called the "Keepers of the Eastern Door"; the Senecas, at the west end of their tract of land, were the "Keepers of the Western Door"; the Onondagas, half-way between, were the "Tenders of the Central Fire"; and the Five Nations became the People of the Long House.

The first great chief of the Confederacy was chosen from the Onondagas. His name was

Atotarho. The story goes that at the time he was chosen chief he was living alone in a swamp, where his cups and dishes were made of the skulls of his slain enemies.

Having agreed to live in peace with one another, the Five Nations did all they could to keep this part of their contract. If by accident, or otherwise, an Indian of one tribe killed a member of another, the chiefs of the neutral tribes met

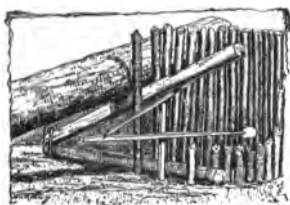


Map of Iroquois land.

promptly and tried to prevent the injured nation from sending out an avenger. If they were successful, the slayer confessed to the friends of his victim, asked their pardon, and gave them one hundred yards of white wampum as a peace offering providing the person

killed were a man. If a woman were slain, two hundred yards were given.

When the Indians of those days were not on the war-path they spent their time hunt-



Indian's trap.

ing, fishing, and in building their homes. They made moccasins of deerskin, armor of twigs and hides, and baskets and canoes of bark. Having no fish-hooks, such as are used

to-day, their fish were caught by shooting them with an arrow or on hooks of bone. They made simple traps for catching bear and other game. During the summer fish and game were plentiful, but in the winter it was more work than play to keep a large family supplied with these necessities.



Caught in an Indian trap.

The women worked in the fields, besides busying themselves with the pleasanter occupations of making fur garments for winter and caring for their children. They were

honored and respected and had a voice in the council.

Every ~~able-bodied man~~ was a warrior. If any showed fear in battle he was forever disgraced. A warrior cut his hair short except on the very top of his head where he allowed it to grow long. This long hair was called



An Indian canoe.

a "scalp-lock." The "handle of hair" thus remaining was a challenge to the enemy to kill if possible, as it was always cut off with the surrounding scalp to show the victor's comrades the number of the enemy he had slain. The warrior who returned to camp with the greatest number of these trophies hanging from his belt was considered the "bravest of the braves."

Oftentimes the Indians built huge bonfires, and calling all the tribe together, had very noisy and merry dances. The young Indians had contests to test their endurance, and occasionally one of their number would keep dancing round and round the fire until he dropped from exhaustion.

These early inhabitants of our State were very superstitious and believed many strange things. They had great fear of witches, and believed a witch had the power to turn into a fox and run swiftly away from her pursuer, or into an owl so as to fly out of harm's way. They even thought a witch could turn at will into a log or stone which an enemy could not tell from other logs or stones, and thus the witch would escape injury. Then, too, the People of the Long House believed in the Pygmies, who were supposed to be little people from the far north where it was so cold that they could not grow. These Pygmies were very good to human beings, and warned them against the Great Buffaloes. The Great Buffaloes were huge monsters living under the ground, but appearing suddenly and devouring all the people of a settlement unless the Pygmies found out their intentions in time to send warning.

Heaven, to the Indian, meant a happy hunting-ground where he could find all the game he liked best, where the sun shone and clear streams flowed, and where he would always be warm and have plenty to eat. An Indian was buried with his weapons and trinkets and with enough food to last on his

supposed journey to the Happy Hunting-Ground.

The money used by the Indians consisted of beads, wampum, and strips of leather adorned with shells. These same materials were also made into belts, necklaces, and other personal ornaments, which were worn by both men and



Indian war-song.

women to show the wealth of the wearer. The Indians did not write, but made a record of important events by drawing a series of pictures on a piece of skin or bark.

It was characteristic of the Indian that he never forgot a favor. When his friendship was once won he was a good friend for all time. But the Indian—although a good friend—was an equally bad enemy, and never forgot a wrong to himself or his tribe. Often, for some very

slight offense to a member of the Confederacy, a messenger with a wampum belt was sent at full speed through the land of the Long House

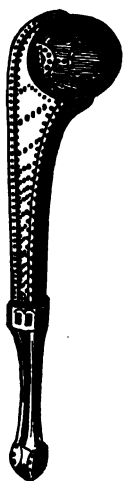


Wampum belt.

tribes, and his coming was a signal that a council would take place. This gathering of the tribes was always held at the seat of the Onondagas. At the council the great chiefs—advised by all the warriors, and even by the women—decided whether the tribes should go to war. If war was decided on, the warriors painted themselves a bright red and decorated their heads with feathers, those who had been victorious in former battles being allowed to wear eagles' feathers. Their weapons were the bow and arrow, the war-club and stone hatchet or tomahawk.

The Indians were very sly, frequently creeping upon an unsuspecting enemy and killing him while he slept. The great majority of those taken prisoners were cruelly treated. Sometimes they were made to pass between two rows of captors, each one of

whom beat them with a rod, amid wild yells and screams. Again, their thumbs were cut off,



War-club.

their nails and finger-joints were burned, and all the forms of torture the Indians could

devise were practised upon their captives.

After the warriors were tired of this sort of sport the prisoners were tied to stakes, and the Indian children were allowed to throw live coals and hot ashes at them. Although the Indians inflicted these punishments on their prisoners, an Indian who was



Stone ax.

taken captive never asked for quarter, but endured in silence all the cruelties he was forced to bear. Occasionally, when a prisoner had shown marked bravery, he was not tortured, but was adopted into a victorious tribe. A prisoner might be claimed for adoption by a tribe even at the very moment he was about to be put to death, and from that time on would receive only kindness and consideration from all members of the Five Nations.

So these People of the Long House lived in

this barbarous fashion, waging almost continual warfare against other Indian tribes.

In the year 1609 a Frenchman named Champlain, who had been interested in planting a French colony where Quebec now stands, was persuaded by the Algonquins to join in an attack on the Five Nations. Champlain and his small force, together with his Indian allies, ascended the Sorel River in canoes to the lake



Defeat of the Iroquois. (From an old print.)

that now bears his name. On the night of July 29 they came upon a war party of Iroquois on the west side of the lake. No fighting was done until morning. At daybreak the Iroquois left the rude barricades they had built the

night before, and advanced slowly toward their enemy. As Champlain and his soldiers had guns, and the Iroquois had only their usual weapons, the great People of the Long House fled before the first European invader, after seeing two of their three chiefs shot down.

Champlain made a great mistake in allying himself in this attack with a tribe hostile to the powerful Five Nations. It is true that by doing so he strengthened the ties already formed between the Algonquins and himself, but the hatred the Iroquois felt for this tribe was promptly imparted to Champlain and the French. And it is owing to their hatred that the French never won a foothold in the territory of the People of the Long House.

CHAPTER II

HENRY HUDSON

CHAMPLAIN had come from the north to the land of the Iroquois in July, 1609, and found only hatred and opposi-



Henry Hudson.

tion awaiting him. On September 3 of that same year a little Dutch vessel called the Half Moon came sailing along the coast from the south, in search of a western passage to India. She rounded Sandy Hook, and her captain, Henry Hudson, ordered the

anchor dropped not far from Manhattan Island. Several of the sailors went ashore. They found themselves in a country "pleasant with grass and flowers and as goodly trees as ever they had seen, and very sweet smells came from them." These sailors, unlike Champlain, came

with no recognized foe, and their bearing was so friendly that the Indians who dwelt on Manhattan Island felt no fear. They were merely filled with amazement at the "pale-faced men," whom they half believed to have dropped from the skies, ship and all.

When the sailors returned to the Half Moon the Indians followed in their canoes, and ventured out to get a nearer view of the "great white bird," as they called the vessel with her large flapping sails. Captain Hudson invited the Indians to come aboard the ship, and during the few days the Dutch vessel lay at anchor they made several visits, bringing grapes, pumpkins, and furs to trade for beads, knives, and such other articles as the Dutch cared to give them.

For three days the sailors had come and gone unmolested; but on September 6, as one of the small boats with a party of sailors was returning to the ship from an exploring trip, two Indian canoes came in sight. The Indians paddled rapidly to within shooting distance of the sailors' boat, and opened fire with their bows and arrows. One sailor—John Colman—was killed by an arrow shot through his throat. His companions buried him on Sandy Hook, and he is known to history as the first European killed on these waters.

Before long the Half Moon was again under way, and with sails spread went slowly north following a broad stream. Hudson and his sailors were enthusiastic in their hopes that this waterway would prove to be the passage to India.

Surely at no time of the year could this English captain on a Dutch ship have found



The Half Moon in the
Hudson River.

the surrounding country more beautiful than in September.

It seemed as if Nature had put on her fairest robe to welcome to this great

river the man who was to give it his name. Expectantly Hudson sailed along, spied on from behind rocks and bushes on either shore by the Indians,

most of whom had never before seen a white man.

Near the present site of Catskill several of the natives ventured to come to the ship with Indian corn and tobacco, which they gladly exchanged for trifles.

At one place Hudson was invited to go

ashore and visit an Indian chief in his home. He accepted the invitation willingly, as he had so far found the Indians very kindly disposed. A great feast of pigeons and a roast dog was prepared in his honor. As night drew on, Hudson made the Indians understand that he wished to return to his ship. By way of invitation to remain until morning, the Indians gathered together all the arrows in camp, broke them, and threw them on the fire to show Hudson he need have no fear. He thought best, however, to return to the ship as the Half Moon was to sail still farther north in the morning.

Next she dropped anchor near the present city of Albany. Here occurred an incident which, although done in a spirit of friendliness, was the beginning of most serious trouble. The Indians came to the Half Moon in large numbers to trade with and to visit the "great white man." Hudson invited several of these guests to drink some wine that he had brought from Holland. The Indians had never drunk anything of the sort, and before trying it they smelled it and examined it suspiciously. When they did taste the wine, they took several big tastes and were delighted with the "fire-water," as they called it. Little did Henry Hudson



The Indians gathered together all the arrows in camp, broke them, and threw them on the fire.

suppose that that first drink of his "fire-water" would teach the Indians to demand whisky and wine in trade for furs from all the Europeans who were to follow him, or that from this little beginning would grow the Indians' desire for drink.

While the Half Moon lay at anchor, Hudson sent a boat's crew some distance farther up the river, and great was his disappointment when the sailors reported on their return that they "found it to be at an end for shipping to go in." As he had not discovered the long-sought passage to India, Hudson turned the little Half Moon about and once more sailed the length of the river.

The one object of his trip was still unattained, and yet great results were to grow from his failure. This visit of Hudson's was the basis of the Dutch claim to one of the most beautiful and fertile parts of the great continent of America, and made the present State of New York the headquarters of the early Dutch settlers.

On October 4 he sailed out to sea never to return to the home of his Indian friends. He came once more to America, but still looking for the western passage, went farther north and gave his name to Hudson Bay. While trying

to find some western outlet to this great body of water his sailors became discouraged and disheartened, and finally, binding Hudson hand and foot, they put him adrift with his son in a small boat, and nothing more was ever heard of the great explorer Henry Hudson.

CHAPTER III

BEGINNINGS OF NEW NETHERLANDS

THE little Half Moon went back to Holland, and when the Dutch heard the story of Hudson's discoveries and saw the rich furs the sailors had bought, they began to wish that they might see this new land, and especially that they might bring home ship-loads of furs. The more they thought about those furs the more they wanted them. So the next year and the next, and still the next, one ship after another crossed the Atlantic to the land visited by Hudson, each ship returning loaded with the goods for which it had come.

The Indians always received these fur traders with joy, and bargained with them for "fire-water" and other less harmful but much coveted novelties.

In 1613 one of the Dutch trading vessels was burned while lying off the island of Manhattan. As the Dutchmen who had left Holland in this ship had no way of returning home,

they made, with the help of the Indians, a few rude huts in which they lived while building a new ship ~~to replace the one~~ burned. These rude little huts were the beginnings of New York City. During all the time the Dutchmen were at work on their ship the Indians showed them marked friendship and supplied them with food and other necessities.

Not long afterward an adventurous Dutchman built a "strong house" or fort near where



Old Dutch fort or "strong house."

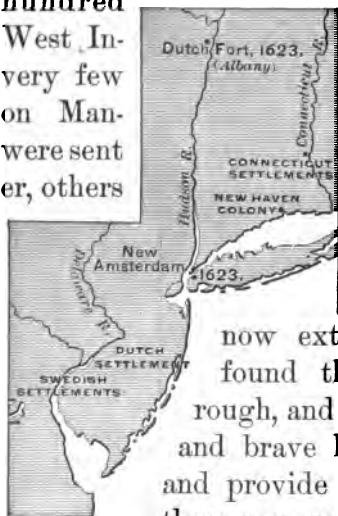
Albany now stands. The fort had but two large guns and eleven small ones, and was garrisoned by only ten men. However, it served as a trading post, and from there the Dutch could trade with the People of the Long House

and be visited and traded with in return. This fort remained in good repair only three years. Then a new one was built, and when it was finished the Mohawks called a council and the Dutch and Indians smoked the peace-pipe together. To make the compact more binding they buried a tomahawk, the Dutch promising to build a church over it so that it could never be dug up. This very first agreement to keep peace between white men and the Indians is spoken of as the Treaty of Tawasentha.

Although trading vessels continued to go back and forth, it was some time before any marked changes took place in New Netherlands, as the Dutch now called their possessions bordering on the Hudson. During this time of apparently little progress, there was being formed in Holland a company of merchants known as the Dutch West India Company. In their charter the Company agreed, aside from their commercial interests, to do all in their power to build up a Dutch colony and a Dutch trade in New Netherlands. In return the Dutch Government gave the Company the exclusive right to all Dutch territory in America, and pledged itself to defend the Company in case of war.

At last, in 1623, ten years after those few

huts had been built on Manhattan Island, the West India Company sent out its first colonists. There were only thirty families, numbering one hundred and ten in all. The West India Company allowed of them to remain on Manhattan Island. Some went up the Hudson River into what later became Connecticut, and the rest farther south than our State now extends. The colonists found the country wild and rough, and it required hard work and brave hearts to build homes and provide for the families. But these men were determined. They laid out farms, planted crops, and settled down to make the best of what they had. Other colonists followed and began their struggle with the uncultivated land. Later horses, cattle, sheep, seeds, plows, and other farming implements were sent from Holland, and life became easier for the pioneers of the Empire State. Consolers of the sick came. They not only visited persons who were ill, but on Sundays read the Bible to those who cared



Settlements
of 1623.

to hear. The readings were held in old mills or in other rude though convenient places of meeting. www.libtool.com.cn

For the first few years the Dutch merely helped themselves to the land, claiming it was theirs by right of discovery. In 1626 Peter Minuit was appointed governor of New Netherlands by the West India Company, and was sent to Manhattan to undertake the duties of his office. Being an honest man, he decided that the Indians were still the rightful owners of the land. He therefore called together the tribes which had formerly occupied Manhattan, and offered to buy the island from them. He paid for the entire island beads, knives, and rings to the value of twenty-four dollars.

As the island now belonged to the Company by right of purchase, the governor built a fort to protect the Manhattan settlement from invasion. From that time it became customary to buy land from the Indians, and to build rough forts for the defense of each settlement.

The treaty of peace with the Indians was kept tolerably well, but occasionally trouble arose. During the war between the Mohawks and Mohegans, the Dutchman in charge of the fort near the present site of Albany was induced by the Mohegans to join them in an at-

tack. This he prepared to do with six of his men. The Mohawks surprised these allies, however, before they were ready to attack, and the Dutch leader and three of his men were killed. The Indians ate one of the men after well roasting him.

At another time a selfish governor was the cause of an outbreak. He tried to collect a tribute of furs and corn from the Indians along the Hudson, by claiming that the Dutch had protected them from their enemies. Now these were the same Indians who had provided food for the white men whose ship had been burned, so of course this ungrateful demand for tribute angered them, and they attacked and swept out of existence one of the Dutch settlements.

Again the peace was broken because a beaver coat was stolen from a young Indian while he was drinking "fire-water." In his anger he killed a Dutchman who had nothing to do with the matter. His tribe offered to pay the governor for the man's life, but the governor would not accept the peace-offering. Instead, he ordered two Indian villages attacked, and men, women, and children were murdered in their sleep. This injustice so roused the Indians that for a time it looked as if the settlers would be entirely swept from



Indians attacking Dutch settlement.

New Netherlands. Finally peace was restored, but for some time afterward the Indians attacked single boat-loads on the river, stole furs, and played treacherous tricks on the Dutch.

Many of the early settlers came chiefly to trade. As they did not make permanent homes in New Netherlands, the colony grew slowly, and the prospects for prosperous settlements were so discouraging that the West India Company saw that something must be done. They devised the plan of offering sixteen miles of land along some navigable water to any one who within four years would agree to have fifty persons settled on the grant. The men who accepted these tracts were called patroons. Each patroon also agreed to support a minister and a schoolmaster. Thus there was no excuse for little Dutch children being either very wicked or very ignorant. And so it happened that the children of these early colonists grew into men and women noted always for their virtue, honesty, industry, and unswerving loyalty to what they believed to be right.

CHAPTER IV

PETER STUYVESANT AND THE DUTCH COLONISTS

It was a long voyage from Holland to America in those days of sailing vessels. The trip might be made in eight weeks if the winds were favorable, but the winds were often contrary, the sea rough, and the time seemed very long indeed before land appeared. Is it any wonder, then, that when they finally landed on Manhattan, many of the travel-tired newcomers were quite content to settle on the island and call it home? Here was the seat of government, and here naturally grew up a thriving settlement.

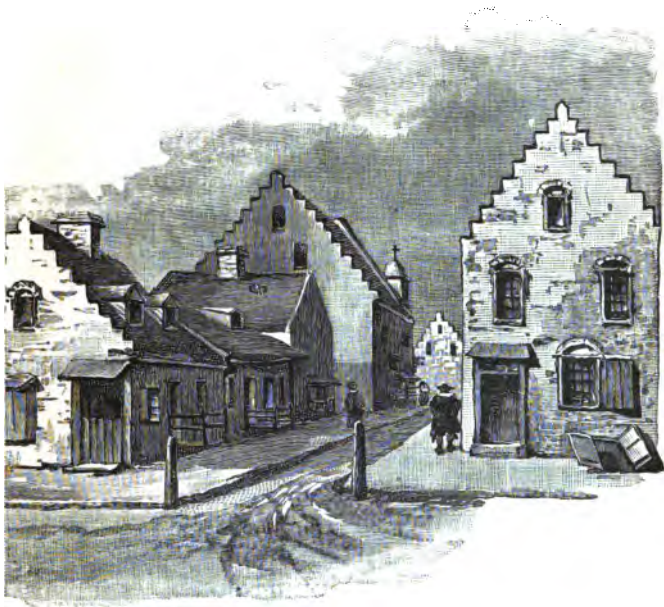
Along the few irregularly laid-out streets were built pretty little Dutch houses with their gable ends of colored bricks toward the street. Each roof had one weathercock, and often a house was decorated with several. Before the main door of these dwellings were porches with benches built along the sides, and in front of many of the houses were gardens of bright-col-

t' Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans



View of New Amsterdam. (From an old print.)

ored flowers. In the winter the flowers were gone, the porch was abandoned, and the family gathered around the huge fireplace, or sat in



Street in New Amsterdam.

the deep window-seats contrasting the bleak outdoor view with the ruddy glow of the roaring, crackling fire within.

Dutch windmills with their long sweeping arms were scattered about the country. Those built on hills were used to convey signals to

Gardner's Island and other neighboring settlements. If two of the arms pointed directly up and down and the mill door was shut, the set-



An old Dutch windmill.

tlers knew it to be the sign of an approaching enemy. The arms in this same position with the door open meant something quite different, and so a great number of signals could be conveyed by simply changing the direction of the arms and closing or opening the door.

In a place so public that none could fail to see them stood the

stocks, pillory, and whipping-post. At almost any time at least one of the three might be found occupied by some offender of the public peace. One man who stole six cabbages from a neighbor was forced to stand day after day in the pillory with a cabbage on his head. If a culprit was guilty of telling an untruth or committing a theft, a large sign with the word "Liar" or "Thief" was hung about his neck.

Many offenses were punished by hanging the guilty person to the whipping-post by a girdle about his waist. In this position he received from the public whipper the number of lashes fitted to his crime. It is easy to imagine that the children lost few opportunities of ridiculing the unfortunate victims who were made to suffer in these conspicuous devices.



The stocks.

Each day was much like all other days in this settlement on Manhattan Island. During all but the winter months the cowherd went through the town at break of day, at each

house blowing three loud blasts on his horn to call the cows to follow him to pasture, where he

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The pillory.

cared for them all day. His horn also roused the inmates of the house. Soon the fire was burning in the great chimney, breakfast was served, and the family went about its daily tasks. The men went either to work in the fields, to fish or to trade with the Indians. The children started for school, and the women busied themselves making the family clothes or cleaning the already clean house. At sunset the cowherd's horn was heard again as he

drove his charges home for the night. Supper brought the family together, and the short evening was spent on the porch or in wandering from house to house discussing the events of the day with the neighbors. Often an Indian would be seen smoking on one of the porches in friendly talk with the man of the



Punishment of a drunkard.

house. At nine the curfew rang. The fire was carefully covered with ashes. All lights

were put out, and every Dutchman was in bed—that is, every Dutchman but one. All night long the watchman walked the streets with a strong staff, an hour-glass, a lantern, and a large rattle. At each house he stopped, shook his rattle to warn thieves he was near, called out the time and the weather, and passed on. He was on duty until dawn, when once more the



Colonial fireplace.

three blasts of the cowherd's horn awoke the town to another day.

The dress of these Dutch settlers would seem curious to the people of our time. The men wore several pairs of breeches at once. This was quite easy to do as they were very full, being drawn into a band at the knee. The coat was decorated with large brass buttons.

Hugh buckles were worn on the shoes. A Dutchman's hat was low in the crown and very broad in the brim.

His long pipe was his constant companion, and was in use morning, noon, and night. The women wore several short skirts coming just below the knees, and very gay-colored stockings. Each woman also wore a large patchwork

pocket. A pair of scissors and a pincushion hung by a ribbon from her belt. Her hair was combed straight back from her face and covered by a close-fitting calico cap.



Dutch women of old times.



Dutch country people of old times.

A man was obliged to supply himself with two leather buckets, which were hung in some convenient place in the house. When a fire-alarm was given he caught up his buckets and hurried to the fire, where the people formed into two

lines extending from the burning building to the nearest water. The buckets were filled and

passed up one line; the water was thrown on the fire, and the empty buckets were passed

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A bucket brigade
at a fire.

back down the other line to be refilled. When the fire was out, each man picked out his own buckets and took them home.

The schoolmaster was a very busy man. He not only taught the school, but added to his income by digging graves, leading the choir, and, in fact, by doing anything he was fitted for, and possibly some things he was not.

The Dutch were the first European race to bring African slaves to America. For many years the slaves were owned by the Dutch West India Company, who rented their services to the settlers. Later they were sold at auction.

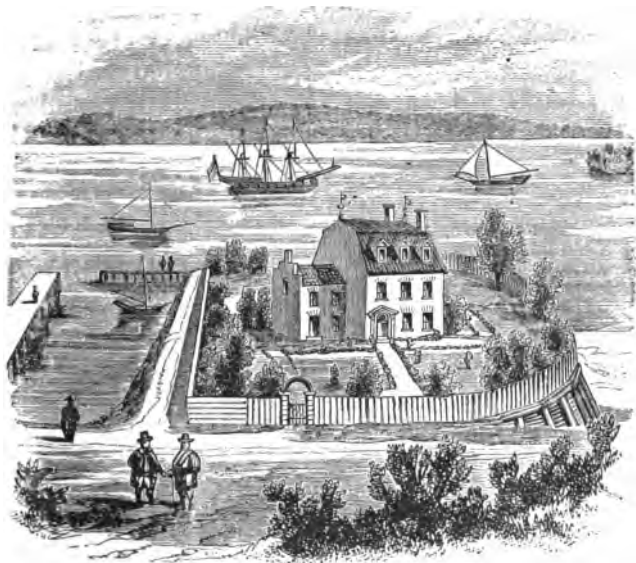
In two notable matters the Dutch deserved much praise, and showed themselves to be far more liberal and just than the settlers of some of the other colonies. In the first place, no innocent person was killed as a witch. Again, religious freedom existed in all the towns of New Netherlands. People of any creed or from any country were made welcome. Consequently, although Dutch customs prevailed, all the settlers were by no means Dutch. There were French and English as well, which necessitated the laws being published in three languages.

The great *fête* days of the Dutch were New Year's and May Day. To them we also owe the yearly visit of Santa Claus, colored Easter eggs, and St. Valentine's Day.

In the year 1647, the 27th of May was a gala-day. On that day the new governor—Peter Stuyvesant—arrived from Holland. He was the fourth governor sent by the Dutch West India Company. The three who had been recalled had done little for the colonists, and had been self-willed, conceited, or tyrannical. Is it, then, to be wondered at that every one turned out to welcome Peter Stuyvesant with a heart full of hope that at last the West India Company had sent them a fair and just governor? The entire population of the town waited for an hour or more in the sun before the governor appeared. When he finally came he “strutted like a peacock” on his wooden leg, and received the shouts of welcome in a haughty and unbending manner.

In his first address Stuyvesant told the settlers that he had “come to govern them as a father governs his children.” Now a Dutch father governed his children in a very severe and strict way, so this speech did not go far toward reassuring the people as to Peter Stuyvesant’s intentions. Undoubtedly his motives were really the best in the world, but his stern personal appearance, hot temper, and bulldog determination did much to offset in public opinion all the good he did.

As soon as his wife and children were settled Stuyvesant began his duties as he saw them. First he repaired the fort and made what improvements he could in the town;



Stuyvesant's town house, erected in 1658. Afterward called the White Hall. (From an old print in Valentine's Manual for 1862.)

then he built a new and handsome house for the governor to live in. Later, he undertook in his headstrong way to suppress the sale of liquor and firearms to the Indians, and when his efforts were meeting with a measure of suc-

cess he imported a case of guns to sell the red men for his own profit.

Up to the time of Peter Stuyvesant's arrival the Dutch settlement had been open to people of all creeds, and each man had worshiped as seemed best to him. But the new governor was a Dutch Reformist and decided that the Dutch Reform service alone should be held in New Netherlands. He threatened to fine any preacher using another form of service five hundred dollars, and any one attending such a service one hundred dollars. He imprisoned and cruelly treated Quakers, and carried his ideas along this line to such an extreme that the West India Company interfered.

The discontent of the settlers grew, and from time to time appeals were sent to Holland complaining of the arbitrary conduct of the governor. And each appeal won some small concessions which were ungraciously accepted by Stuyvesant.

He was called "Headstrong Peter," and "Old Silver Leg." Surely it is not necessary to say why the first of these names was given him. The fact that his wooden leg was decorated with silver bands was the cause of the second. Many of his faults can be attributed to his devotion to the Company which had sent

him as governor to their colony. He certainly did his best to further their interests and to carry out all points of the contract between them and himself. His manner was his misfortune, and he was heartily disliked in his official position. However, in later years, when he was no longer governor, he formed many friendships with the very persons who failed to assist him when he needed their support.

In 1664 an English fleet appeared in the harbor. A letter was sent to Peter Stuyvesant saying that if the Dutch would surrender to the English, their property would be protected, all their rights and customs would continue, and many advantages would result. Peter Stuyvesant tore the letter to pieces and stamped upon it. But the settlers were in favor of surrendering, and when he called for men to repulse the English and hold the fort, none came to his assistance. Many begged him to surrender. He sadly replied, "I would rather be carried out dead than give up in this way." But what could one poor governor do when all the people of the town refused to support him? He finally very reluctantly signed a surrender, and New Netherlands became British property. The Dutch garrison were allowed to march out with their arms, with drums beating and colors

flying. The surrender took place exactly fifty-five years from the day Henry Hudson in his Half Moon appeared before Manhattan Island. Peter Stuyvesant went sorrowfully back to Holland to report the surrender to the West India Company, and then returned to Manhattan, where he lived an honored and useful citizen until his death at eighty years of age.

CHAPTER V

NEW NETHERLANDS UNDER ENGLISH RULE

THE victorious English fleet had sailed under the direction of James, the Duke of York, and now in his honor the colony was renamed the Province of New York; the village of New Amsterdam, on the Island of Manhattan, became the City of New York, and the chief settlement up the Hudson was called Albany, from another of the duke's titles. The commander of the fleet was appointed governor. He fulfilled all the promises made the settlers by the English when surrender was demanded, but for some reason the colony did not prosper. Trade with Holland was cut off. European wars prevented many new settlers from coming, and the colonists grew as discontented under the English as they had been under the Dutch.

One point of interest in the short English rule was the establishment of the first post messengers between Boston and New York. A locked box was placed in the office of the

colonial secretary in New York in which all the mail-matter for Boston was dropped. About once a month the messenger would open this box, take the mail, and start for Boston on horseback.



Packhorses.

He found his way by following a trail of blazed trees. On his return the mail he brought from Boston was placed on a table, where it was well thumbed by all who cared to examine it. And from this simple beginning has grown our excellent system of post-office and mail delivery.

In 1673 a Dutch fleet was cruising along the shore of Virginia capturing tobacco ships.

On one of the captured ships was a certain Samuel Hopkins, who told the Dutch commander some very interesting news. He said the governor of New York was away from the city, that the garrison was very small and the fort poorly defended. As this seemed to promise a fair opportunity of recovering the colony from the English, the Dutch fleet sailed as rapidly as possible along the coast, headed for New York harbor.



A mail-carrier of the seventeenth century.

Captain Manning had been left in command of the fort during the English governor's absence. When he saw the Dutch fleet entering the harbor he called for volunteers, seized provisions, and did all in his power to put the fort in condition for defense. Instead of giving him the aid he asked, the inhabitants spiked the guns before the City Hall and left Captain Manning to face the Dutch with only the small garrison of English soldiers. In spite of this

limited force he bravely challenged the Dutch to answer why they had come to disturb the peace. The reply was, "We have come for our own and our own we will have." Six hundred men landed and were joined by four hundred of the Dutch settlers. This force was preparing to attack the fort when the English flag was lowered and Captain Manning agreed to surrender on condition the English soldiers be allowed to march out as the Dutch had done, with all the honors of war.

Once more the Dutch had possession of the fort, and all the towns of the colony welcomed their return after the nine years of English rule. Unfortunately there was no cable in those days to carry the good news to Holland. Before word reached there a treaty was entered into between England and Holland by which Holland agreed to give up all claim to the colony she then believed to be in the possession of the English. The treaty was signed six months after the recapture of the colony, and again New Netherlands became English property, and Dutch rule came to an end in America.

CHAPTER VI

COLONIAL DIFFICULTIES

WHILE the Dutch settlers were struggling to gain some voice in affairs under the governors of their province, colonists from other countries were coming to America. By the time Peter Stuyvesant surrendered to the English, Sir Walter Raleigh's colony of Virginia had been established, also the colonies of Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The Pilgrims had come in the Mayflower to the barren shores of what is now Massachusetts. And they, with those who followed, had founded colonies in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. For the most part the settlers of all these colonies were of English birth. One other nation had sent out colonists who had founded New Sweden on the land that later became the State of Delaware.

As soon as the Duke of York had possession of the Dutch colony he gave two of his

friends a portion of it which they named New Jersey.

Some time after the second surrender of the Dutch, a wealthy young Englishman named William Penn bought from England's king a tract of land which was called Penn's Woods, or Pennsylvania. To this land William Penn brought a persecuted religious sect known as the Quakers, and established a colony for them.

The country was large enough to allow each of these colonies all the land it needed, and each was too much taken up with its own difficulties to interfere to any great extent with the affairs of its neighbors. Occasionally a question had arisen as to just where lay the border line between Connecticut and New Netherlands, but this question had been settled during the first occupation by the English. The Swedes had overlapped the country claimed by the West India Company, and had been forced by Peter Stuyvesant to surrender the nominal possession of their colony though they continued to live in their settlements. So, except for petty jealousies, peace prevailed between the colonies south of the St. Lawrence River.

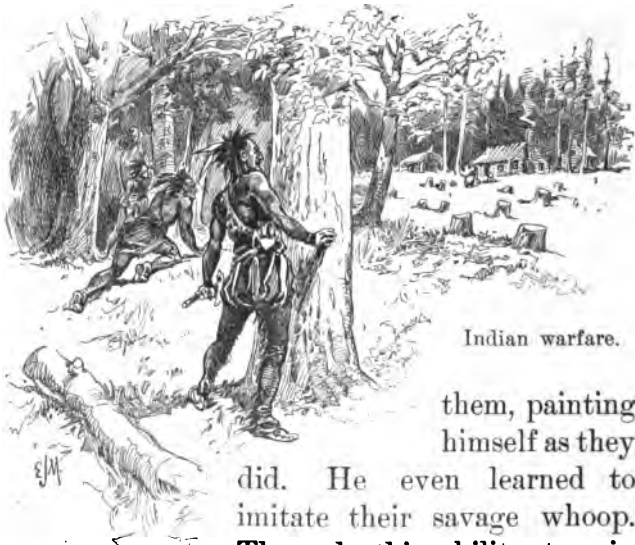
Just north of that river lay the French settlement of New France. From the time of Champlain's attack on the Iroquois and his dis-

covery of Lake Champlain, the French had claimed the right to invade the Dutch province at their pleasure. French missionaries had come to the land of the Long House, and had undergone dreadful hardships and cruel torture at the hands of the Indians for the double purpose of converting the savages and of winning their friendship for the French. But although many of the missionaries had succeeded in making converts, in establishing stations in the territory of the Iroquois, and even, in some cases, in being adopted into one of the tribes, they could not induce the Indians to live in continual peace with the French.

The Indians persisted in appearing suddenly before some small French settlement, in burning the houses, killing the inmates, taking some away as prisoners, and retreating as suddenly as they had come. The poor French settlers lived in constant dread of these attacks, and to prevent them the French sent several expeditions into the Indians' territory in the hope of putting an end to the People of the Long House. But the Indians were too sly. As the French force would advance the Indians would retreat, burning the corn and villages behind them so that the French found it hard to get food and would finally go back home. Occasionally a peace

was formed, but treachery on one side or the other always led to its being broken.

The French had one governor who knew how to get on with their enemy. This was Count Frontenac. He would call the Indians to a council, and there dance the war-dance with



them, painting himself as they did. He even learned to imitate their savage whoop.

Through this ability to win their hearts Count Frontenac might have done much toward putting a stop to the continual fighting in New York, but about the time of his becoming governor war broke out between England and France. And as war between the countries meant war between their colonies, the

French King decided that here was a chance to take possession of the entire colony of New York. He therefore sent Frontenac directions to do all he could to drive the English, who were then in possession, out of their province. The People of the Long House held a great council to decide which nation they should befriend. The council resulted in two of the tribes siding with the French and three with the English.

In the winter of 1690 Frontenac sent an army against Schenectady, which was the most westerly town of New York. Late at night, after all the inhabitants were asleep, the gates of the fortifications were opened and the French army noiselessly entered. The town was so far from expecting such visitors that no sentinels were on duty, except some snow-men put up by the boys. So it was quite simple for the French to slip inside the stockade before they were seen. Then, with a great yell, they fell upon the settlers and killed sixty men, women, and little children. Some few escaped in their night-clothes, and went through the snow and cold to Albany, but their feet were frozen in the attempt. The invaders burned the town, and, taking as prisoners those of the settlers they had not killed and who had

not escaped, they hurried back to Montreal on snow-shoes.

The ~~next spring some~~ of the English colonies joined in sending forces by land and water to attack the French, but nothing came of the expedition. So it went on for seven or eight years ; the French sending an occasional war party against the English, and the English sending an occasional war party against the French. Then a peace was made between France and England, and about the same time Count Frontenac died, and the French were deprived of their leader.



Snow-shoes.

Nothing had been gained by all the battles, and many lives had been lost. New France still lay entirely north of the St. Lawrence, the People of the Long House still held their own territory independent of all newcomers, and New York was still an English colony.

CHAPTER VII

SOME ENGLISH GOVERNORS AND JACOB LEISLER

THE French invasions of the Indian territory threatened the province of New York and required constant attention from the early English governors. Still, these men found plenty of time to look out for the interests of the Duke of York and for themselves. The colonists, too, were much alarmed for fear the fighting might extend into their land, but their alarm did not make them think the less of the few privileges they had won, or try with less energy to win others.

The first governor to come from England after the colony was signed away from the Dutch was Major Edmund Andros. He began his term as governor by putting on trial poor Captain Manning, who had been forced to surrender to the Dutch fleet. The captain was charged with neglect of duty and cowardice, and was taken in front of the City Hall and publicly disgraced by having his sword broken

over his head and being pronounced unfit to fill any office of trust. At another time Major Andros forced a man to stand one hour on the whipping-post simply because the unfortunate



Andros

presented a list of grievances signed by the people of the town in which he lived. By such stern and arbitrary acts Governor Andros soon won the title of Tyrant. He did little, if anything, to lessen the discontent of the settlers, and after ten years he was re-called.

Then came Thomas Dongan. While he was governor several important events took place. The Duke of York had been repeatedly told that the colonists desired to have a voice in their own government. Then, too, he realized that he needed money to support the colony. So he decided to make a bargain with the settlers. He sent orders by Governor Dongan that they were to have an Assembly of not more than seventeen members, chosen by the people. The Assembly was to frame laws which were to be considered binding unless the duke himself

disapproved of them. In return for this privilege the colonists were to pay the public debts, care for the soldiers, and maintain the government.

And now the long-looked-for time had come at last! The New York colonists were to make their own laws! Enthusiasm was at its height, and all waited expectantly to see what this representative body of the colony would do. The most important result was the framing of a charter by which the colonists were to have the right to vote, to worship in their own way and to be tried by jury. All these privileges were very important. But there was one other point mentioned in this first charter drawn up by American people which should be especially noted. This was based on the English law that Englishmen should have the right to decide, through their representatives in the House of Commons, what taxes were to be imposed upon them. The people of New York, being allowed no representatives in the House of Commons, claimed that they were not to be taxed without their consent. When the work was completed the citizens of New York City were called together by the blowing of trumpets, and the Dongan charter, as it was called, was read to them in front of the City Hall.

There was general rejoicing, and the people went home well pleased with the members of the Assembly. To properly elect the members of all future assemblies, the province of New York was now divided into ten counties.



First City Hall. Erected 1642, taken down in 1700. (From an old print in Valentine's Manual for 1852.)

It seemed that the colonists had taken a great step toward self-government. And so they had. But their gain was only temporary. Two years later this Duke of York became King James II of England, and then he promptly revoked the charter and refused to allow the Assembly to meet. Next, he recalled

the just and loyal Governor Dongan, and united all the colonies north of Pennsylvania under one governor. Major Andros was again sent to America, this time as governor of the united province. His headquarters were in Boston. As it took so long in those days for news to be sent or for a man to travel from place to place, a lieutenant-governor was appointed in New York to look after the King's interests while the governor was away.

Over three years passed by under this new order of things, when suddenly stirring news came from England. It was announced throughout the colonies that James had acted in so arbitrary a way that the English could not and would not have him for their king; that they had invited William, Prince of Orange, to come to England and rule in place of James, and that James had fled. When the people of Boston heard the news they seized Major Andros and put him in prison, and, with no governor, the united province came to an end.

The Prince of Orange was a Dutchman, and his becoming King William of England brought joy to all the Dutch inhabitants of New York. But the lieutenant-governor refused to believe the report, and would not publicly proclaim William as King. He sent to England asking

for instructions. While waiting for these orders his manner was so disagreeable that the militia demanded that he give up the keys of the fort. As he was afraid to stand up for his rights, he surrendered the keys and sailed for England. At this time there lived in the colony a brave German named Jacob Leisler. He was captain of the militia company which demanded the keys, and when they were surrendered the soldiers presented them to Leisler and asked him to act as governor until the new King should send a governor from England.

Leisler was the first colonist to hold the post of governor in New York. At once two parties sprang up—those who wanted him to be governor, and those who did not. The anti-Leisler party so roused his anger by their bitter and persistent opposition that he imprisoned two of their number and kept them shut up for thirteen months. This only added to the strong feeling against him. Still, in spite of his enemies, he worked hard for the good of the colony. He repaired the fort, built a battery, and in every way gave evidence of his earnest desire to carry on the government as it had been managed under the English governors.

The Prince of Orange, on becoming King

of England, appointed a governor for New York, but he was so long in starting that Leisler had filled his place for nearly two years before he appeared. On the way across the ocean some accident to the ship delayed him, and a vessel bearing an English captain and two companies of soldiers arrived at New York some six months before the governor. The vessel had hardly landed when Leisler's enemies called upon the officer in charge and asked him to take command until the King's representative should arrive. The captain demanded in a haughty way that Leisler surrender the fort, although he refused to show any official papers which entitled him to take command. Leisler declined to surrender, saying he would wait until he could give the fort to the man sent by King William to receive it. However, he offered quarters in the city to the soldiers and their leader. Urged on by Leisler's enemies, the captain tried to take the fort by force, and as Leisler defended it, men were killed on both sides.

At length the governor arrived, and Leisler promptly and willingly gave up the fort. Still Leisler's enemies were not satisfied. They succeeded in having him arrested, and did all in their power to persuade the governor to

have him killed on the charge of treason and murder. This the governor refused to allow until he should hear what the King wished. All arguments failing, these bitter enemies entered into a plot to secure the governor's signature to a death-warrant. He was invited to a party where he was given so much wine that he became drunk, and not realizing what he was doing, he signed away the life of Jacob Leisler.

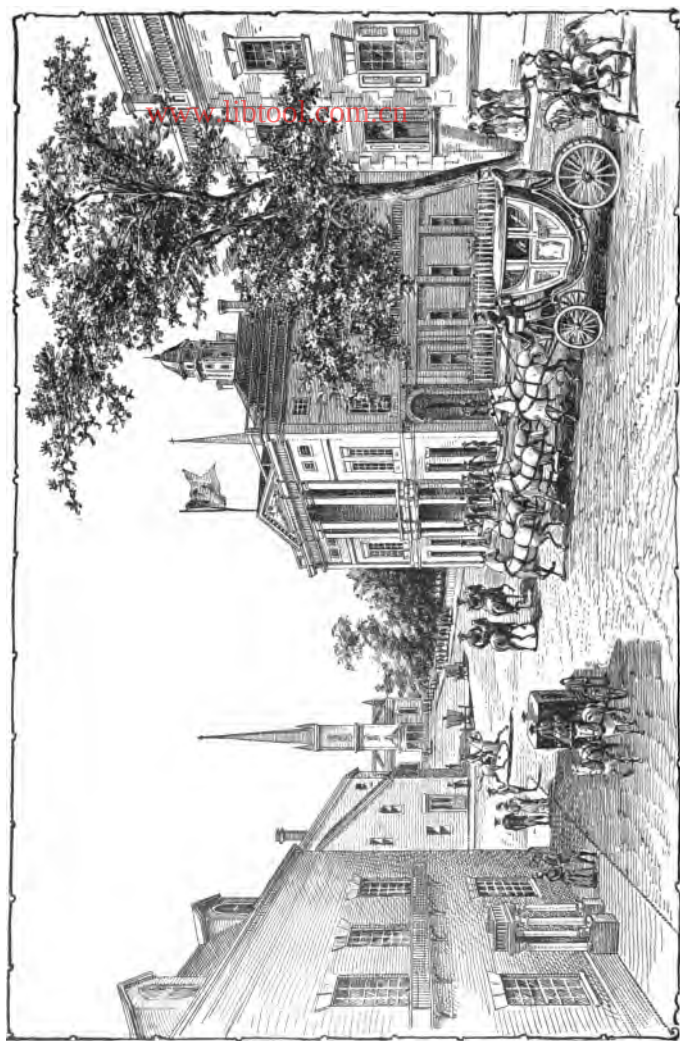
On a dark, rainy Saturday morning in May, 1691, Leisler was led to the scaffold and hanged. His last words were a prayer that his enemies might be forgiven. Leisler's property was taken from his wife and children, but four years after his death the property was restored, and the British Parliament voted that he should be considered innocent of the crimes for which he was killed. Jacob Leisler may have been a usurper; he may have been determined and stern with those opposed to him; but surely he was a man that no New York boy of to-day need be ashamed to speak of as a colonist of the Empire State.

CHAPTER VIII

COLONIAL LIFE IN THE EARLY PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

FOR fifty years after the death of Leisler little of importance took place in the colony. England went on sending governors, some of whom worked for the welfare of the colony, while others worked equally hard for their own welfare regardless of the colony. And under each of the governors the colonists gained privileges that tended toward self-government. The good governors worked with the people, helping them win these privileges, while the bad governors unintentionally forced them to demand new rights in self-defense. The Assembly was restored; the right to decide what articles should be taxed was temporarily allowed, and step by step the people gained power.

The cities gradually grew and were improved. In 1700 there were 20,000 inhabitants in the colony. In New York City the dark,



Wall Street in 1700, showing old City Hall. (From an old print.)

dreary streets of a few years before were now lighted by lanterns. Every seventh house was ordered to hang out a lantern, the six houses between sharing the expense with the seventh. If by any chance a lantern was forgotten the person responsible was fined eighteen cents for each offense.

Pains were taken to keep the streets clean. On Friday each citizen was ordered to sweep all the dirt in front of his house into a single heap. Then the cartman came, and the heaps were shoveled into his cart. If the cartman shoveled the dirt himself he was paid twelve cents a load, but if the citizens did the shoveling only half that sum was given. Six wells were dug in the street to supply water in case of fire.

A newspaper was started by the first printer to settle in the colony. This paper was the size of a sheet of foolscap, and was printed once a week. Later a second paper—a rival of the first—appeared. John Zenger, the editor of the



An early printing-press.

second paper, criticized the governor in very plain language, and was imprisoned for doing so. His trial is a noted one, and, as he won, it established the freedom of the press in the colony.

The social life was very simple, and all informal gatherings broke up by eight or nine o'clock. The arrival of a new governor was always considered an occasion for rejoicing, and the governor was welcomed with military salutes and a good dinner.

The children of those days had a pretty hard time compared with the children of to-day. They were brought up very strictly, were obliged to treat their parents with exaggerated respect, and the rules regarding their outdoor play were very severely enforced. If a child was found playing, running or shouting on the street during service on Sunday, his hat or coat was taken from him and not returned until his parents paid a fine. Usually the parents punished a child for causing them this trouble and expense. It was considered scandalous for boys and girls to slide downhill on the public streets. In Albany a bill was passed authorizing the police not only to take away the sleds of sliding children, but to break the sleds in pieces. It seems, however,

that the boys, at least, managed to have some fun. There are records of the complaints of a night-watchman which state that the youngsters hid behind trees and frightened him by suddenly shouting out, "The Indians!" Such a cry would not worry a watchman of to-day, but it carried terror to the heart at that time.

When the English came into power they naturally wished English spoken in the schools instead of Dutch. Here is the plan of one schoolmaster to accomplish this result: Each morning he carried to school a bit of metal which he gave to the first child he heard speak a Dutch word. The child kept the metal until some other child made the same mistake, when it was passed to this second offender. So it went from one little Dutchman to another all day. At night the poor unfortunate that had the metal was soundly whipped before leaving the school.

During the fifty years from 1691 to 1741 a man who is known to every boy in New York State comes into the story of the colony. This man is Captain Kidd. For some time pirate ships had been so bold that they seized and plundered vessels within sight of the port of New York. The trade of the colony was greatly endangered by these marauders, al-

though it was claimed that many of the leading men of the colony were in partnership with them. Finally, the King of England, the governor of New York, and several noblemen fitted out a ship which was to sweep the robbers from the seas. The ship was placed under the command of Captain Kidd. He sailed away to put an end to pirates. For a while he met with marked success, but before long he ran up the black flag on his own ship and became one of the most noted pirates of his day. Two years from the time he started out he returned with great treasures of gold, silver, and jewels. These he is supposed to have buried on Gardner's Island, where they have often been dug for since his death. From there he went to Boston and appeared on the streets as if he had no idea he had done wrong. He was arrested, tried, sent to London and hanged.

In the first half of the eighteenth century the New York colonists began pushing farther west into the Indian territory and making settlements there. The traders went back and forth through the entire land of the People of the Long House, and in 1722 built a storehouse on the present site of Oswego.

Ten years later an event took place which was to make a great difference to all the Amer-

ican colonies. Way down in Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732, an American was born. He was to grow into a brave soldier and command the troops of the united colonies; was to develop into a true-hearted patriot, willing to leave his home and risk his life in the service of a young nation, and, later, he was to become a wise statesman, known as the Father of his Country, and the first President of the United States. This was George Washington.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEGRO PLOT

EVER since the West India Company first brought negroes to their colony as slaves, this form of trade had been going on. At the beginning of the eighteenth century nearly every family of note had one or more negro slaves. They were used as house servants for the most part; were kindly treated, well clothed, and fed.

As a rule, the slaves were well-behaved, and history tells of no great misdemeanors on their part. Still the colonists seem to have had a certain fear of them, and when in 1712 a New York house was burned and a family of white people was killed, tales began to spread of a conspiracy among the negroes. The talk resulted in nineteen negroes being punished by death on suspicion.

Then new laws were made concerning slaves. If a slave was seen out after dark without a lighted lantern—by means of which track could be kept of him—he was put in prison and his

master fined. Whenever three negroes were seen together the authorities were sure mischief would come of it, and the person who discovered them was permitted by law to give them forty lashes across the bare back.

And all the time more and more slaves were being imported, were being sold at the slave market, and were being taken into the homes of the colonists. And all the time the fear of a rising among the slaves was growing in the minds of the people.

It is probable that this fear was often talked of while the firelight cast dark shadows, and the wind outside howled on the bitter cold nights of a winter twenty-nine years after the first supposed conspiracy. Be that as it may, when the spring of 1741 came it found the colonists ready to believe anything they heard about the slaves.

During that spring there were several small fires in New York within a few days. Some were undoubtedly due to accident. Others



Slave carrying lantern.

were possibly started by thieves for the sake of plunder. However, the rumor was about at once that the negroes had risen and would burn



Exciting stories were told.

the city and kill the citizens. Many arrests were made. One hundred dollars and freedom were offered to any negro, and five hundred dollars to any white man, who would point out

those who had started the fires. To gain these rewards many wild stories were made up. Certain prisoners who were offered freedom for telling all they knew, also invented tales. People became panic-stricken. Each one tried to tell a bigger story than the one before. One man went so far as to pretend that he knew just what a negro had to do to become a member of the conspiracy.

Excitement grew and terror prompted the doing of many cruel acts. Nearly two hundred slaves were arrested. Of these, seventy were transported, eighteen were hanged, and thirteen burned at the stake. Finally the people began to regain their senses, but they reached this point too late to save their colony from the disgrace of having dealt unjustly with the defenseless slaves.

The riot pointed out to many of the colonists the disadvantages of slavery, and resulted to a certain extent in the employment of free white servants in the place of negro slaves.

CHAPTER X

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

TWICE since the death of Frontenac England and France had been at war. The American colonies of these two countries had also taken up the struggles, but neither of them had greatly affected the Province of New York.

At length the time came when the Virginia colony claimed and undertook to settle a tract of land on the Ohio River. The Virginians found the French there before them. The French looked upon and treated the English colonists as intruders, so the governor of Virginia sent a letter to the French on the Ohio, stating his reason for claiming the land. He chose George Washington as the bearer of the letter.

At this time Washington was a land surveyor, twenty-one years old. The journey he was to make covered more than a thousand miles and lay through a dense wilderness. He and his few companions followed Indian trails

which had never before been followed by a white man. They were obliged to swim streams and overcome many difficulties, but at last the French commander was reached. He read the letter and replied that he knew nothing about the English claim and would do all in his power to drive every Englishman from the banks of the Ohio. .

Winter had now come. Still Washington felt that he must carry the message back to Virginia. He started. Soon the packhorses gave out. Undaunted, Washington and one faithful guide left their companions and continued the journey on foot. The weather was exceedingly cold, and dangers beset them on every side. But the brave young men pushed on, arrived home in safety and Washington delivered the French commander's message.

Then the English began to realize how the French had been reaching out. Little by little they had claimed new territory, fortified it, and gone on until they had a line of nearly sixty forts extending along the St. Lawrence, the Wabash, and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Here were the English colonies shut in between the French and the Atlantic Ocean. And what was to prevent the French from carrying out their threat to drive the English

into the sea? To discuss this great question, a congress was called to meet at Albany on June 14, 1754. Representatives came from the four New England colonies, from Pennsylvania, and from Maryland. A plan for uniting the colonies was proposed, but met with little favor. The discussion led to no definite results. It did, however, bring home to the colonists the fact that war with the French would come before long, and that now was the time to prepare.

The governor of New York promptly set about putting the province in condition to withstand the storm. Money was raised for defenses, and the Assembly authorized the enlistment of men.

In February, 1755, General Braddock and a force of English soldiers landed in America, and this same year the war known as the French and Indian War began. For three years it seemed as if the French and their Indian allies might succeed in defeating the English colonists. During these years, and in fact during the entire war, a large part of the fighting took place in New York. England sent commanders and soldiers, but the commanders were unused to the Indian mode of warfare, and would not be advised by the colonists.

Attempt after attempt against the French failed, while only a very few succeeded.

The New York colonists were learning to dislike the haughty English commanders who refused to recognize the advantage of a long experience with the Indians, and who rated the highest provincial officers under the lowest regular officer. Then, too, there were three thousand English soldiers in the province, and the commanders demanded that the citizens should take these soldiers into their homes and provide for them without being paid. This could not but add to the growing dislike. On one occasion the mayor of Albany said to the English officers: "Go back again; go back, for we can defend our province ourselves."

In the fourth year of the war a New England captain and a small force of Americans asked permission to undertake an attack. It was reluctantly granted. Captain Bradstreet and his soldiers started at once and marched so rapidly across New York that they had appeared before the French Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario by the time the French could be warned of their approach. The commander of the fort sent to Montreal for reenforcements, but before help could arrive supplies gave out and he was obliged to surrender.

Many lives had been lost in unsuccessful attempts to drive the French from their strongholds, and even the campaigns in which the English had been victorious had not been followed up, so this surrender without a blow to an American force was of the utmost importance. At last the formidable line of French forts was broken. The French King had stopped sending money or soldiers, and the French strength lay in being able to keep open the commu-

nication between the forts. This break in the chain meant the cutting off of all forts in the west and south. All that was now left for the English to do was to conquer the French in the St. Lawrence region, and the long struggle would be over.



James Wolfe

Encouraged by the fall of Fort Frontenac, a systematic effort was made. Success followed success. In September, 1759, the English General Wolfe conquered Quebec. Both General Wolfe and the French commander, Montcalm,

were killed in the battle. As Wolfe lay wounded he heard the cry: "They run! They run!" He asked which side was retreating, and when told it was the French, he said: "Now God be praised; I will die in peace."

About the same time General Montcalm was told that he would die, and he exclaimed: "So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

The battle of Quebec practically ended the war, but it was not until 1763 that France formally signed over to England all her possessions east of the Mississippi and in Canada. She kept only two small islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as a refuge for her fishermen.

There was no longer any question of being driven into the sea. The New York colonists had now time to look over their province and see what the war had done for them. They found that they had learned to detest English officers; that they had a debt of one and a half million dollars; that the enemy had swept over their borders, and had burned and



Montcalm.

pillaged many farms and settlements. But worst of all, they found that many of the brave men ~~who had left their homes~~ to fight for the colony had not come back. These were sad facts for the colonists to face, and yet on the other hand there were brighter points to consider. It was true that many had been killed, but even a greater number had come home victorious, and those who had returned now went to work with a will to build up the land they had fought for and learned to love. Then, the New York soldiers had formed friendships with the settlers of other colonies and had found that the colonies could unite to defend their land from a common foe. They felt a security never felt before.

The war had necessitated much marching across the province, and on these long marches the colonists had seen for the first time all of the fertile and beautiful land about them. Forts had been built, and towns soon began to grow up around the forts. Rome, Utica, and Niagara were started in this way.

So it was that while the colonists lost much by the French and Indian War, they gained more than they lost.

This was not true of the People of the Long House. They had fought and suffered with the

colonists, and now, in return, they saw these same colonists taking possession of their land, and realized that they had been used merely as a defense for the homes of the intruding pale-faces. A story is told of an Indian's efforts to illustrate his views on this subject. He took a pair of scissors, pointed to one blade, and said: "This French." To the other, and said: "This English." Then, putting a piece of cloth between the blades and cutting the cloth in two, he said: "This Indian."

However, the Indians had one powerful friend in the colony. William Johnson had come to New York some years before the war. He had lived among the Indians, had learned their ways, and won their love. During the war he had fought loyally for the King. As a reward he was knighted. With the title of Sir William, Johnson returned to the Mohawk Valley, bought great tracts of land from his Indian friends, and became a most powerful peacemaker in all disputes between the colonists and the People of the Long House.



A stylized, handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Wm Johnson".

CHAPTER XI

A TRIP THROUGH THE COLONY IN 1765

COLONIAL boys were expected to make a start in life at a much earlier age than the young men of to-day. There were not many occupations to choose from, and when the time came for a young man to stand on his own feet he became either a farmer, a fisherman, a shop-keeper or a fur trader. The life of a fur trader was full of danger, and perhaps for that very reason, this industry was the one usually selected by a venturesome youth.

From his home in some small town along the Mohawk such a youth would set out for the Indian territory to buy his furs with a package of beads and knives. Let us follow him on his trip.

After two or three days' travel he comes to some frontier settlement consisting of a few scattered houses or cabins. No matter at which of these he stops he is gladly welcomed and treated with hospitality. Many questions are

asked about the town from which he comes, and he is pressed to tell all the colonial news he has heard as he traveled along. If he asks questions in his turn he is quite sure to discover that the reports of occasional visitors are the only means by which the lonely settlers catch a glimpse of town life. And as no one has visited the settlement for some time, these pioneers are naturally hungry to know something of their friends in different parts of the colony.

When night comes on, the young traveler is asked to stay until morning, and possibly the ready invitation gains in cordiality if his host sees that he is well armed. The fear of a sudden attack by the Indians is always in the mind of the settler, and an armed man means added strength to repulse any onslaught which might come during the night.

In the morning the youth continues his journey, and pushes on into the Indian territory, buying furs whenever a good bargain offers until he has all that he can carry. With his pack, he now sets out for Albany, where he is to board a ship and sail down the Hudson to New York, and there sell his goods at a great profit.

While waiting for the ship to sail, the youth

looks about Albany. He finds it the very center of the fur trade. Even the dwellings have storerooms for furs on the second floor. The people are simple and unaffected. They work hard, and all other interests are so swallowed up in the making of their money and the taking of their comfort that they never realize how uneventful are their lives or how lacking is the town in social diversions.

After a time the cargo is aboard, and our youth starts on his first trip down the Hudson. Soon after leaving Albany the river flows



Sailing-vessel on the Hudson.
Colonial period.

through the great patroon estate of the Van Rensselaers, and the young traveler looks with interest at the manor-house of this influential member of the colony. As he sails along he passes other patroon estates. Possibly he is told by a fellow passen-

ger how the owners of these great tracts of land keep many slaves, and have almost complete power over every one living on their

estates ; how they spend only the summers here, going to New York for the winter ; and how they do their best to create a gay society in New York, copying all the customs of the English court. Perhaps the fellow traveler's father is a farmer on one of the estates, and he gives an account of the rent days, when the farmers pay their rents at some appointed place, and then gather at the manor-house to be feasted by the lord of the manor, as the patroons are called. Or he describes the court held on the estate once a year, where the patroon metes out justice and punishes offenders according to his own ideas of their deserts.

So the time is whiled away until the first sight of New York appears in the distance, and the youth's heart beats faster as he slowly approaches the renowned capital of the province. Once ashore, he wanders along the uneven pavements, which, it is said, give the citizens so peculiar a walk that it is possible to recognize a New Yorker by that alone. Having at last disposed of his furs to his satisfaction, the trader has time to look about him and observe the life in New York.

There are four classes of society. The lords and ladies of the manors and those persons in high official positions compose the upper class.

They dress in silks and velvets, and the men wear wigs and carry swords. A broadcloth coat with spreading skirts and wide cuffs shows the wearer to be a rich tradesman; while the



People of New York in Colonial period.

shopkeeper wears homespun, and the workman is content to take his pleasure in the leather apron of his workaday life.

The pleasures, too, differ for the different classes. The bewigged gentlemen and their ladies attend balls and concerts, or have sleigh-rides to some country tavern, or fishing parties and picnics, according to the season. The working classes have the good sense to close the shops at an early hour and spend their evenings in some simple pastimes. On the King's birthday or other holiday they crowd to the common to watch the great bonfires, and take part in the

feast prepared at the city's expense. During the year there are exhibitions of fireworks, bull-baiting contests, and a variety of other public entertainments.

At the time of an election there is much excitement and strong feeling. The candidates give up all other business, and keep open house for a week before the election. When that day arrives the factions form themselves into bands, and go from house to house demanding votes for their representatives.

Party feeling is growing, and many young men join the Whig club. This organization is opposed to the government; swears hatred to kings, and drinks toasts to the liberal-minded men of the times. In opposition is the Tory party, staunch defenders of the King, consisting of the English officials and the wealthy Dutch merchants. Between these two extremes are the people, desiring only peace, and never dreaming of the possibility of breaking away from British rule. And working for the people's interests are a few clear thinkers, who are constantly striving to uphold the rights of the province and prevent the colonists from being taxed against their will.

CHAPTER XII

THE STAMP ACT

ALL might have gone well with the English colonies in America when once the fear of the French was taken away by the happy outcome of the French and Indian War, had it not been that just as the fighting was over George III became King of England. Among the possessions which came to him with the throne were the colonies along the eastern coast of America. Was it not natural that he should inquire into their condition and prospects? He found that the colonies were rich in such valuable materials as lumber, iron, and furs; that these materials were gradually being manufactured into such forms as would make them of use to the colonists, and that ships were being built which were sent to carry on with the West Indies, France, and Spain a trade which brought the colonists large sums of money.

It seemed to the King only right that the colonies should, by sharing their profits with

the mother country, furnish him enough money for the salaries of his American governors, and help pay the debt resulting from England's war with France. To this end the King set about trying to enforce what were known as the "Navigation Acts." According to the requirements of these acts the American colonies could trade only with England and her possessions; all commerce was to be carried on in English ships; and all materials were to be sent to England, that English workmen might make them into cloth, pots, kettles, chairs, tables, barrels, wagons, and the like. As the colonists needed these articles and were not allowed to manufacture, it followed that the only course open was to buy them from the English at the price the English manufacturers saw fit to put on them.

The cutting off of trade with all but England naturally did much toward putting an end to business in the colonies. And as the merchants saw no way out of their trouble they began to smuggle goods and hide them in their houses. To prevent the smuggling, "Writs of Assistance" were sent out which gave English officers the power to search any house where they suspected goods might be concealed. The officers were insolent and rude. Still the col-

onists did no more than send appeal after appeal to England, stating their wrongs, and repeating their claims for more generous treatment.

In the spring of 1765 England attempted to turn still more of the colonists' money into her coffers by passing a law called the Stamp Act. Stamps were issued varying in value all the way from three cents to thirty dollars. The



A colonial stamp.

colonists were informed that the law would be put in practice on the 1st of November, 1765, and that after that date if they wished to make a will, take out an insurance policy or mortgage, get a marriage license, or do any business requiring legal papers, a stamp of proper value must be bought for each and every paper. All advertisements were subject to the Stamp Act, and before a man could read his newspaper he must pay for the stamp upon it.

This was more than the colonists could endure. Indignation ran high. The papers published articles questioning England's authority. Men were seen talking excitedly in groups, or parading the streets with copies of the Stamp

Act headed with the words "The Folly of England and the Ruin of America."

An organization known as the Sons of Liberty suggested that committees of correspondence be appointed in all the colonies. By means of the letters sent back and forth between these committees, the colonies learned that the feeling of revolt was general. Massachusetts proposed that representatives of the different colonies meet in New York to decide upon a course of action. Nine of the thirteen colonies sent representatives, and the four who did not, expressed their concurrence in all that the congress should do. The meeting was in October. During the two weeks that it lasted the colonial representatives adopted a Declaration of Rights, prepared for Parliament a plain statement of the situation as they saw it, and wrote a respectful petition to the King.

Aside from this united effort to better affairs the people of the different colonies showed their displeasure as best they could. In New York the man appointed as stamp distributor became so frightened by the manifestations of opposition in the city that he refused to receive the stamps when they arrived from England. The governor took them and locked the stamps and himself in the fort.

When November 1 dawned—that day on which the act was to be put in force—it found no business stir in New York. All shops were closed; all flags were at half-mast, and here and there was posted a bill which read—

PRO PATRIA.

The first man that either distributes or makes use of stamped paper let him take care of his house, person, and effects.

We dare.

As the day wore on, a party of men marched to the Bowling Green, erected a gallows, and hung upon it a likeness of the governor and another of England's prime minister. A second band appeared before the fort with an effigy of the governor. These men demanded the stamps. Being refused, they burst open the stables, dragged out the governor's coach, placed the effigy in it, and burned both figure and coach. Then off they went to the house of Major James, an English officer who had threatened to "cram the stamps down the throats of the people with the end of his sword." To reward the major for this speech his house was burned to the ground.

Such proceedings convinced the governor that it would not be wise to try to force the



**A view of Bowling Green at the lower end of Broadway in 1900.
In the foreground, where the excavations for the new Custom-House are shown, is the site of Fort Amsterdam.**

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Stamp Act, so he gave up the stamps to the mayor of the city on condition that all that were lost or destroyed should be paid for.

The real remedy for the trouble, however, was brought about by the New York merchants. They held a great meeting and pledged themselves to buy no goods from England until the Stamp Act should be removed. Of course this step meant business ruin, but the merchants were patriots and resolved to bravely face personal disaster rather than see their country submit to unjust taxation. The citizens heartily agreed to do their part and give up all luxuries that must come from England. Orders for English goods were canceled, silks and velvets were replaced by rough homespun, and rich and poor alike settled down to make the most of what their own country could furnish them.

The resolve of the New York merchants was taken up by the merchants of the other colonies, and English vessels found no one to buy when they sailed into American ports loaded with such goods as had always been readily purchased at the Englishman's price.

The check thus put on England's trade was felt at once, and the English merchants joined their plea to that of the colonies for the repeal

of the hated Stamp Act. Finally, in May, 1766, came the news that the repeal was granted. Picture the rejoicing! Cannons thundered, bells rang, feasts were prepared, and bonfires blazed.

The King had conceded to the wish of his colonies, and the cry of "Long live the King!" went up from every colony from New England to Georgia. The King's birthday was observed in New York with much ado that year. A liberty-pole was put up in the "fields," and later in the summer it was voted to erect an equestrian statue to "His Gracious Majesty, King George the Third."

CHAPTER XIII

TAXATION AND COLONIAL OPPOSITION

THE colonists might have known from experience that England was not the country to quietly give up what she considered her right. And so it proved. It was true that the Stamp Act had been repealed, but with the repeal had come unnoticed a declaration that England had the right to "bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

The colonists had gained their point in the repeal. England had had the last word by declaring her authority to do what she thought best with her possessions. Here was a chance for satisfaction on both sides, and for peace between the colonies and their mother country. But the loyal celebration of the King's birthday was hardly passed when new trouble began.

From the time of the French and Indian War a British army had been stationed in America with headquarters in New York. Now, the governor made an unwelcome announcement

to the New York Assembly. He said that he daily expected the arrival of more troops, and that the King required the colonists to supply quarters, bedding, firewood, candles, soap, and drink for the soldiers. The Assembly's reply was short. New York did not need more soldiers, and therefore would not provide for more. The King was told of the refusal to do as he directed, and he promptly forbade the New York Assembly to pass any law until it consented to care for his soldiers. This was bad!

Soon worse news came. Duties were placed upon paper, glass, tea, and painters' colors. In this way England decided to show the colonists that she meant what she had said about her right to tax them. At once the colonists set out to let England know that they were as determined as she was, and would not be taxed without their consent. Once more American merchants agreed to buy no British goods. And again English ships came to America and found no one to take their cargoes.

The days which followed were not happy ones in New York. Business ruin threatened the merchants. The old independent Assembly was replaced by a new one which voted money to quarter the unwelcome soldiers.

The soldiers themselves were insolent and overbearing. From time to time they pulled down the liberty pole, but it was always put up again by the Sons of Liberty. At length, in January, 1770, a crowd of soldiers started out at midnight, cut this symbol of liberty into pieces, and piled them before the headquarters of the Sons of Liberty. The people were so angry that they held a meeting and resolved that any soldier found on the streets at night should be treated as an enemy of the city. A few nights later a party of soldiers were caught putting up bills which ridiculed the Sons of Liberty. These soldiers were seized. As they were being taken to the mayor other soldiers appeared, and tried to rescue the offenders. Then other Sons of Liberty came upon the scene and a general fight was the result. Here was shed the first blood of the coming revolution.

In this same year (1770) word came that the merchants had partially succeeded in forcing England to give in. The duty was taken off glass, paper, and colors. But the tax on tea remained. What was to be done? Many of the colonies thought that no goods of any sort should be received until the duty was removed from tea as well. But these colonies had never

carried on so extensive a trade as New York. Consequently they had not suffered as severely from the loss of their trade. In New York it was voted to receive all goods with the single



Here was shed the first blood of the coming revolution.

exception of tea. Letters were sent to the other colonies telling of New York's decision. In Boston the letter was scornfully torn to bits. Students at Princeton burned the one sent them on their campus; and from Philadelphia came the message, "Send us your old liberty-pole, as you can have no further use for it."

The English tea business was at a standstill.

And yet England would not give up that one little tax. In 1773 she took a step which plainly showed how little she understood the determination of her American colonies. It was decided to so reduce the price of tea that, even after paying the tax, the colonists would still be giving less a pound than before the duty was declared. England felt perfectly sure that in this way she could sell her tea without the colonists noticing the tax. She was so very sure that great ship-loads were sent to Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, and New York.

Now it was not the price of the tea that had bothered the colonists. They had said they would not be taxed, and they meant it.

The first ship-load of tea to arrive entered Boston harbor. There the citizens, dressed as Indians, boarded the ship and threw three hundred and forty-three chests of tea into the sea. It was early the next year before the *Nancy* appeared off Sandy Hook. She never reached her dock. The captain was allowed to go ashore alone, and while there he became so fully convinced that it would be impossible to land even one chest without serious trouble that he wisely consented to return to England, not attempting to find a market for the tea.

Philadelphia sent home in the same way the ship which came to her port. In Charleston the tea was landed, but no one would buy a single pound, and it finally spoiled from being stored in damp cellars.

England was amazed. Her next plan was to subdue one colony at a time. As Massachusetts had been the only one to wilfully destroy the tea, she was naturally the first to be punished. The port of Boston was closed; soldiers were sent to enforce the Port Bill, as it was called, and all business in Boston was stopped. The other colonies sympathized with Massachusetts, and sent provisions and such necessities as could be gathered together.

In September, 1774, the First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia. Eleven colonies were represented. They resolved that, come what might, they would stand by Massachusetts in her trouble.

The Sons of Liberty called for a general meeting, to take place in the "fields" of New York on July 6. Great crowds came. Alexander Hamilton, a seventeen-year-old boy, was one of those who addressed the people. His speech was so earnest, and so stirred the feelings of his hearers, that they were inspired to pass resolutions against the Boston Port Bill,

and to raise sums of money for the sufferers in Massachusetts.

However, New York still had the Assembly which had voted, against the people's wish, to care for the British soldiers. The Assembly also refused to indorse the action taken by the Continental Congress. Owing to this stand taken by New York's Assembly, the King came to believe that in case of further trouble in America, New York would remain a loyal British province. How little he appreciated what was in the minds of the colonists! In a few short months he was to learn that the people of New York could rise above their governor and their Assembly, and could stand stanch and true among the very first of the colonies in their united struggle for liberty.

CHAPTER XIV

HAPPENINGS IN NEW YORK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION

APRIL 22, in the year 1775, came on Sunday. As usual the farmers from about New York rode into the city on horseback with their wives sitting behind them. They had come to church. Along the streets quietly walked the people of the city on their way to service.

Suddenly a great clatter was heard, and a rider flew by at breakneck speed. As he passed he called out: "The Massachusetts volunteers have fought two battles with the British. To arms!" Church was forgotten in an instant. Crowds gathered at every corner. Almost before the flying horseman had disappeared the New Yorkers were discussing the event and telling each other that war with England had come at last. It was evident that they intended to take part in the conflict. Twenty-four hours later volunteer companies could be seen forming in the streets. Two ship-loads of provisions for

the British troops in Boston were seized before they could leave New York harbor, and a letter was sent to Boston pledging the help of New York in the struggle.

In the present State of Vermont was a band of men known as the Green Mountain Boys. The band had been formed to prevent New York from enforcing a claim to certain lands east of Lake Champlain—the home of the Green Mountain Boys. They had been declared outlaws, and rewards had been offered for their arrest. Now the news of war put an end to all differences between the colonies, and the Green Mountain Boys, with Ethan Allen as their leader, prepared to do all in their power in defense of provincial rights.

George III had ordered the forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point garrisoned. Very early on the morning of May 10 a great shout awoke the English commander at Ticonderoga. Imagine his amazement on seeing Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys drawn up on the parade-ground of his own fort! They had come in the night, surprised the sleepy sentinels, and entered the fort without resistance.

On seeing the commander, Allen shouted, "Come out here and surrender your garrison."

"By what authority?" answered the commander.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," came the reply.



Ethan Allen

The garrison surrendered. Crown Point too was taken by these brave Green Mountain Boys.

On the very day Ticonderoga fell the Continental Congress met again in Philadelphia. The colonial representatives had come to discuss the grave question as to what

should be done now that fighting had actually begun. It seems hardly possible that even now they should have considered themselves merely in the light of English subjects, but that was the case. They felt the King's injustice and they resented it, but that he was their King and would continue to be their King they never questioned. After much discussion a petition was drawn up telling the King once more how his American subjects felt over the

injustice shown them, and again asking that the grievances be removed. The petition was approved by Congress.

Then the representatives planned a course to follow until the King's answer should come. It was plain that if there was to be fighting there must be some one at the head of the troops who had sound common sense, who was brave and loyal, and who would give the country a whole-souled devotion. The representatives had among them just such a man. When George Washington was proposed for commander-in-chief of the Continental Army there was not one voice raised against him. He was unanimously elected.

All summer the representatives waited for the answer to their petition. In October it came. The King would not withdraw one of his demands and would accept nothing but submission and obedience from his American colonies. Such a reply alone would have put an end to all hope of peace. But as if this was not enough, with the message came the news that George III had hired German troops to cross the ocean and subdue the rebellious colonies. Such actions forced the representatives to regard the King as an enemy, and a very determined one at that.

At once a plan was afoot to drive the British from Canada before more troops could arrive and reenforce the strongholds there. Generals Schuyler and Montgomery of New York were in command of the northern forts of our State. To Montgomery was entrusted the Canadian campaign. He conquered Montreal and pushed on to join Benedict Arnold at Quebec. A daring attack on that city was planned, but in the seeming moment of success Montgomery was shot down. His disheartened soldiers were soon driven back and the Canadian campaign of 1775 came to an end.

The year 1776 found New York in a most unfortunate condition. Failure to drive the English from the Canadian forts left the northern frontier of New York open to invasion from that direction. The Tory party, headed by the English governor, was doing all in its power to harm the colonial cause. The friendly Indians of former days had been influenced by the sons of Sir William Johnson to side with the English, and they were only waiting for an opportunity to swoop down upon the exposed settlements of western New York.

In March came added trouble. Washington had driven the English under General Howe from Boston. Immediately he sent word that

New York would undoubtedly be their next point of attack. At once the city began preparations. Farmers formed into companies, powder was made and fortifications were thrown up. Washington came with his troops and the city was turned into a veritable camp.

While the patriots were bending every energy to build up the defenses of the city, the Tories were doing their best to interrupt the work. The governor had deserted the city. From a British ship in the harbor he now directed a plot against Washington. A member of Washington's own Life Guard was bribed to kill him. The guard, knowing that the commander-in-chief was fond of green peas, poisoned a dishful which was to be served to Washington. Washington was warned by a faithful cook and the plot came to nothing. The guard was hung.

As the months went by the idea of cutting all ties with the mother country had gained favor throughout the colonies. In the spring of 1776 the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia to take the final step toward independence. Robert R. Livingston of New York, with four others, was appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence. On July 2 the paper was finished and submitted to Congress. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Continental Congress of

America adopted the Declaration of Independence.

Five days later the news reached New York. It was received with the wildest joy.



George III

A portrait of George III was taken from the wall of the City Hall, torn into strips, and trampled under foot. The equestrian statue put up after the repeal of the Stamp Act was pulled down and melted into bullets to be shot at the King's hired soldiers. The Declaration was read to the troops in Washington's

camp, and the soldiers replied with shouts of applause. There could be no doubt, from the reception given the Declaration of Independence, that New York had among her citizens hundreds of patriots who were ready to sacrifice everything for the good of their country.

CHAPTER XV

CAMPAIGN IN THE VICINITY OF NEW YORK

ON July 12, General Howe's fleet appeared off Staten Island as was expected. A flag of truce was shown by the English, and a messenger bearing a letter came ashore. The address read "George Washington, Esq." The title Esquire did not recognize Washington as commander-in-chief, but merely as a landholder and citizen. Now Washington did not wish to receive letters from the King's representatives except in his official position, so the messenger was told that no person with that address could be found in the camp.



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W Howe". The ink is dark and the strokes are fluid, typical of an 18th-century signature.

"By what title should Washington be addressed?" asked the messenger.

The officer replied, "Are you aware, sir, of the rank of General Washington in our army?"

There was nothing more to be said, and the messenger went back to the English ships.

A week later another letter was sent. This time the address read "George Washington, Esq., etc., etc." The bearer begged to see Washington. An interview was granted.

When the letter was presented the messenger explained, "May it please your Excellency, the et ceteras after your name mean everything."

"Indeed," replied Washington, smiling, "they might mean anything."



Howe

As he still refused to accept the letter—believing he was not the one to make terms—the messenger told what it contained. "Lord Howe, brother of General Howe, is commissioned to state that all persons who will lay down their arms and help restore peace between King George and his colonies shall be graciously pardoned."

Receiving no answer from Washington,

General Howe's representative asked, "What message will you send Lord Howe?"

"Nothing but my particular compliments," said Washington.

The news of this attempt at reconciliation was published throughout the country. One true American voiced the general feeling by saying: "No doubt we all need pardon from Heaven, but the American who needs pardon from his Britannic Majesty is yet to be found."

Nothing could now be expected but war. In the bay was General Howe with his British fleet and twenty-five thousand fully equipped and well-trained men. They had crossed the ocean to subdue the King's rebellious colonies as quickly as possible. In New York city was Washington with eighteen thousand raw recruits, but these raw recruits possessed liberty-loving hearts, and each was ready to spend a lifetime if necessary in driving away the disciplined soldiers of George III. How was it to be done? That was the question confronting Washington during the month and a half in which Howe waited in the harbor before beginning his attack. To defeat the English with such great advantage in their favor was impossible. All the American commander could hope to do was to hold them where they were. To this

end half his force was scattered so as to garrison the various forts on Manhattan Island and the points which lay most open to attack. The



other nine thousand men were sent to Long Island to occupy Brooklyn Heights.

When General Howe learned of the distribution of Washington's army, he wisely decided that all he needed to do was to destroy one half of the little army, and the other half would be more ready to listen to terms. Surely if he sent nearly all his troops against

Brooklyn Heights it would be a simple matter to force surrender at that point. This he did. www.libtool.com.cn Twenty thousand British soldiers landed on Long Island. There was nothing to hinder an advance. The Americans were too few in number, and the people of that neighborhood were in sympathy with England. On came the King's troops. August 27 was spent in surrounding the two American outposts. After stubborn fighting the brave officers in command of one of these posts were obliged to surrender, and those in charge of the other merely succeeded in fighting a way back to Brooklyn Heights.

Howe had now but to capture the fortifications on the Heights. He gathered his troops together. Night had come on. The men were tired after the day's long march and the fighting, so all thought of attack was put off until morning, and the men slept.

In the evening Washington came by boat from New York, and prepared the fortifications as best he could to withstand the coming battle. More troops were brought from the city until there were ten thousand men to face England's twenty thousand.

To Washington's surprise, he learned next day that Howe thought discretion the better

part of valor, and that in place of charging up the hill and taking the works, he would be content to starve out his enemy by laying siege. Here was danger indeed for the small and poorly supplied force within the fortifications. The English troops cut off all chance of advance, and at any hour the fleet might sail into the river between the Heights and New York, making escape impossible. There was only one thing to do. Trusty messengers were sent back to New York to collect boats of every kind and description that could be had. That night the boats were brought to the Brooklyn side. Then, when all was dark, began the quiet, orderly, but difficult ferrying of the troops back to New York. Trip after trip was made, until men, cannon, ammunition, arms, and supplies were all safely landed in New York. Last of all, Washington himself left the deserted fortifications on Brooklyn Heights.

The British had not heard a sound. When the sun rose, they were surprised to see no signs of life where the busy Americans had been the day before. They climbed the hill to learn the cause of the quiet. Picture their surprise on finding the works empty !

Once more Lord Howe attempted to restore peace, but, as before, England had nothing to

offer which would take the place of the independence daily growing dearer to the American heart.

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On September 15, Lord Howe transferred part of his army to New York. Washington had stationed his army along the Harlem River, leaving a detachment under Putnam in the city. How easy it would have been for Howe to have prevented Putnam and his men from joining Washington! Doubtless this would have been done but for Mrs. Lindley Murray. She invited the English general and his officers to lunch with her. By her gracious manner and good cheer she kept them so well entertained that Putnam and his command slipped quietly by within half a mile and joined Washington in safety.



Israel Putnam

Now came a hard-fought retreat. Washington attempted to make determined stands at Fort Washington, White Plains, and other posts along the lower Hudson. But owing to the insubordination of officers and the fact that

he was obliged to build up his army as he went along, drilling, feeding, and caring for them as best he could, he was unable to hold these posts, and slowly drew back into New Jersey.

On one occasion during this retreat he particularly desired to know something of Howe's



plans. Nathan Hale, a daring young Massachusetts captain, twenty-one years old, volunteered to bring him the information. Disguised as a country school-teacher, Nathan Hale went into Connecticut. From there he crossed to Long Island and visited the English camp at that point. By looking about and asking questions, he found out what Washington

wished to know. All went well. Hale was on his way back, and no one had recognized him. As he was nearing the American lines a Tory relative betrayed him. He was seized. When taken before General Howe he frankly

admitted being an American officer. Howe sentenced him to death. His request for a Bible was refused, and his letter to his mother was burned. The next morning he was led out to be hanged.

Standing at the foot of the gallows he said, "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

The close of 1776 found Washington's troops discouraged and disheartened. The outlook was dark. Then, on Christmas night, Washington captured one thousand of the King's hired Hessians and killed their leader in the battle of Trenton. The effect was electrical. The troops took heart; patriotism was rekindled, and General Howe came to realize that it meant business if he were to succeed in uprooting the idea of independence from the American colonies.

CHAPTER XVI

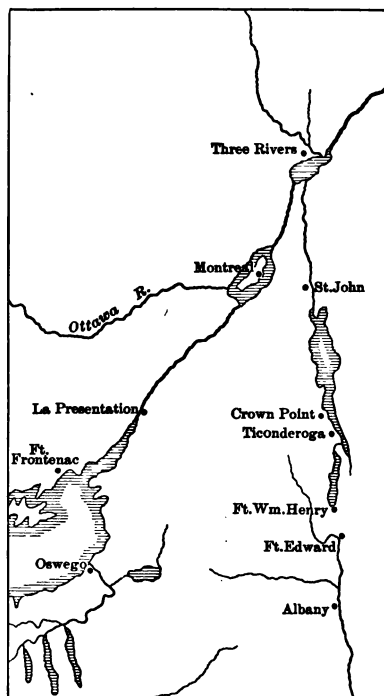
BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN

MORE than two years had passed since the King's attempt to subdue Massachusetts by closing her ports, and still the colonies were holding their own, with no signs of accepting the King's point of view. It was high time to put an end to the struggle. The English officials looked over the situation. They found the New England colonies strong in their determination to resist English rule. The same was true of the Southern colonies. New York lay between, with her many Tories and disaffected Indians. What would be simpler than to send one force up the Hudson from New York city, and another from Canada down the Hudson, to meet in Albany? Thus New England would be separated from the southern colonies, and surely, with the union broken, the end of resistance would soon come. This plan was adopted.

General Burgoyne went to Canada and raised a great army, ready to advance from the north. So free from danger did the advance seem that several of the officers allowed their wives to accompany them, in order to enjoy the trip through the State.

In New York, General Howe prepared to start north when the time should come and take all the American forts along the river between that city and Albany.

To make assurance double sure, a third force under Colonel St. Leger was to go up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, and, landing at Oswego, was to be joined by Tory sympathizers and four tribes of Indians. These allies were to take possession of the Mohawk Valley and join



Burgoyne and Howe at Albany. So much for the English plan.

The first fort to be attacked was Ticonderoga. The Americans had done all in their power to build up the defenses of the fort, but when Burgoyne's army appeared on July 1, 1777, there were only three thousand men to face the great British force. The three thousand waited for the attack, relying on the strength of the fort to offset the disadvantage in numbers. The second of July passed, then the third and fourth. Still the English made no move. On the morning of the fifth the rising sun showed the Americans a dismaying sight. Just south of Ticonderoga rose a crag six hundred feet high, and on the top of the crag were seen the red coats of British soldiers and the glint of brass cannon. In another day the cannon would be in position to pour a deadly fire right into the fort, turning it into a mere death-trap. There was no time to wonder how or when the English had climbed the steep side of the crag. The only hope was to get out, if possible, without being seen. That night the American force slipped away from the fort, and one week after leaving Ticonderoga they reached Fort Edward, where they found General Schuyler.

Burgoyne left part of his force to garrison

the deserted fort, and advanced to the head of Lake Champlain. His officers were so elated over their easy victory that they made wagers on the number of days it would take to reach Albany. Such exaggerated reports of the affair were sent to England that the King rushed into the Queen's apartment, joyfully shouting: "I have beaten them! I have beaten all the Americans!" But he had not. Neither the King nor Burgoyne knew the men they were trying to defeat, when they supposed that victory for an hour meant victory for all time.



J. Burgoyne

General Schuyler heard the news of Ticonderoga's fall while at Fort Edward. The soldiers at his disposal were about half the number under Burgoyne. There were not enough to fight, but there were plenty to hinder the English advance until the men of northern New York could enlist to save their homes from destruction. At once Schuyler's troops went to

work blocking the way by which the English must travel the twenty miles between Lake Champlain and Fort Edward. Trees were felled, streams were choked to make them overflow their banks, bridges were chopped down, and such roads as had been opened were closed and made impassable. It took Burgoyne twenty days to travel those twenty miles, and when he reached Fort Edward at last he found only an empty fort. Schuyler and his soldiers, with all provisions, had retreated farther down the Hudson.

Burgoyne's supplies were getting scarce. He knew that the New England militia had chosen Bennington, Vt., as a center of supplies, and he thought it would be less trouble to capture those provisions than to bring others from Canada. Accordingly, he sent out a force to seize the stores at Bennington. At once the men of Vermont left their homes and marched to meet the British. They not only met the invaders, but surrounded and captured them.

Burgoyne had not succeeded in getting the Bennington supplies, and he had lost a part of his army. Another part had been left at Ticonderoga. The American ranks were rapidly being filled by recruits and troops sent by Washington. No word at all came from Gen-

eral Howe. Burgoyne's orders read to follow the plan laid out, no matter what should happen. It was hard to know what to do. And now came bad news of St. Leger's expedition.

St. Leger had landed at Oswego ; had found there the promised Tory regiments and the Indian warriors of all the Iroquois tribes with the exception of the Oneidas ; and, confident of success, had started through the forests to sweep all before him. His army soon reached Fort Stanwix, the most westerly post of the Americans. St. Leger called for an immediate surrender. Receiving a point-blank refusal in reply, he encamped about the fort and prepared to starve out the small garrison.

There was in that part of the State a brave old German patriot named Nicholas Herkimer. He promptly called for men to follow him to the relief of Fort Stanwix. Eight hundred came, and this force set out.

As they marched along they were seen and reported by St. Leger's spies. A band of Tories and Indians lay in wait for them near Oriskany, at a point where the patriots must pass through a ravine. On the morning of August 6 the ravine was reached. No sooner had Herkimer and his men entered it than they were surprised by a volley of shot from every side. Then

down upon them rushed the howling Indians and their Tory allies. Caught in the trap, the patriots turned back to back, to fight while life should last. Many of those who fought in that desperate struggle found themselves staring into the face of some old friend and neighbor who had joined the Tories when the war began. No choice was left but to kill or be killed.

Early in the fight Herkimer was shot through the leg. He was lifted from his horse and



Herkimer's monument
at Oriskany.

placed at the foot of a great beech-tree. Sitting there, he coolly lighted his pipe, and, in spite of the whistling bullets, directed and encouraged his men. Suddenly in the distance was heard the crack of muskets. With one shout the Indians turned and made for the forests. The Tories, too, beat a hasty retreat, and left the ravine to what remained of Herkimer's little band, who sorrowfully buried their two hundred dead, and,

taking their wounded comrades and their leader, went back the way they had come.

The shots that had frightened the Indians

came from the muskets of the soldiers of Fort Stanwix. A sortie had been ordered. With part of their force at Oriskany, the remainder of St. Leger's army could not stand their ground, and had drawn back, leaving their camp in the possession of the Americans, who helped themselves to food, blankets, ammunition, and five British flags, before again retreating to the fort. Once more safe within the walls, the soldiers raised the five captured flags, and over these British banners appeared the first American flag with the stars and stripes. It had been hastily made from a white shirt, an old blue coat, and a red-flannel petticoat that belonged to a soldier's wife. But it showed the design adopted two months before by Congress as the flag of the new nation.

The British returned to their camp and continued the siege.

Knowing the importance of keeping St. Leger from joining Burgoyne, General Schuyler called a meeting of army officers, and proposed to send a detachment to the relief of Fort Stanwix. The officers opposed the plan.

Many of them did not like Schuyler, and while the discussion was going on an unfriendly officer said, in a loud whisper, "He only wants to weaken the army."

"Enough," cried Schuyler; "I assume the whole responsibility. Where is the brigadier who will take command of the relief?"

Up jumped Benedict Arnold, saying: "Washington sent me here to make myself useful. I will go."

Twelve hundred men volunteered to follow him, and the very next day the expedition was off for Fort Stanwix. On the way they came upon two boys who were known to belong to the Tory party now with St. Leger. At first Arnold threatened to kill them as spies, but finally he made an agreement with the older boy. The boy was to have his coat shot full of bullet-holes. Then, in this same coat, he was to rush into St. Leger's camp, telling how he had just escaped from an American army so powerful that it could sweep all before it. The younger boy was to remain with Arnold until his brother returned with his mission done, when both boys should be allowed to go free.

The older boy did his part so well, and told such a terrifying story, that the Indians at once took to their heels. No amount of threats or promises could keep them from rushing wildly away to disappear in the woods. The whole camp was in a panic, and before many hours St.

Leger's entire army had fled, leaving all their tents and stores to the Americans.

St. Leger and his British soldiers found their way to Oswego, and from there went back to Montreal. The Mohawk Valley was safe, and Arnold could turn back and join the American forces at Bemis Heights, near Saratoga.

This was the news which reached Burgoyne at Fort Edward. His position was becoming worse every day. General Lincoln had raised a large force of New England militia and had closed in between Burgoyne and Canada, his only source of supplies. He still hoped for help from Howe, but it was not to come as Howe had changed his plan and gone south, leaving Clinton to meet Burgoyne. And Clinton considered his part done when he sailed to Kingston, burned that city to the ground, and returned to New York.

Burgoyne was now intent on reaching Albany. He advanced from Fort Edward and attacked the Americans at Bemis Heights on September 19. All that afternoon the battle lasted, and when darkness came neither side could claim a victory. The Americans retreated to their fortifications, and the British camped on the battle-field. Then for over two weeks the armies watched each other, waiting for a

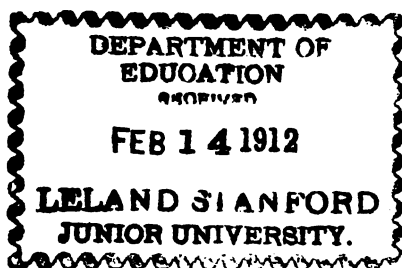
chance to strike a fatal blow. During this time Arnold was unjustly removed from his command, but he still remained in the American fortifications.

On the morning of October 7 Burgoyne determined to make one more effort to open the way to Albany. He ordered an attack. At once the Americans came forward to meet his troops and the fight began. Suddenly Arnold, unable to idly watch the battle, jumped on his charger and dashed into the thickest of the fight. He had no right there, since his command had been taken away, but when his old soldiers saw him, a shout went up and they followed where he led. On they went, fighting harder and harder until the British were fairly driven into their camp and the battle was over.

Burgoyne fell back to Saratoga. He was hemmed in on every side; his earnest efforts to reach Albany had failed; his supplies were cut off, and his troops were in despair. There was but one course left, and on October 17, 1777, he and his soldiers laid down their arms and surrendered to the Americans.

The news spread far and near. Burgoyne had surrendered, and what was to be the result? To England and her troops it meant discouragement. Great stores of arms and ammunition

had fallen into the patriots' hands, and their cherished plan for dividing the colonies had failed. France learned with delight of her old enemy's distress, and promptly sent congratulations and offers of assistance to the brave new nation which was struggling for liberty against so great a foe. In America all was joy. New York had come out for the patriot cause in spite of her many Tories. If the Americans could whip one English army they could whip another. New hope and determination sprang up, and American independence became a probability instead of a mere possibility.



CHAPTER XVII

INDIAN MASSACRES

IN 1778 the war was transferred to the south, and many of the Northern States were left untroubled. It was not so with New York. Way out beyond her most westerly settlement was a British post at Fort Niagara, and there the ragged ends of St. Leger's defeated army gathered themselves together. During the winter following Burgoyne's campaign the Indians and Tories grew more and more bitter over their defeat. By the spring of 1778 the longing for revenge had taken a great hold upon them all, and a Tory, Walter Butler, and an Indian, Joseph Brant, added fuel to the fire.

Scalping parties roamed the country. A settler and his family just dropping off to sleep would suddenly hear a blood-curdling howl rise out of the stillness. Before they could get out of their beds the Indians would be upon them. No use to beg for mercy. These brutes did not know what it meant. Soon a blaze

would spring up, a few cries would be heard and that was all. By morning the smoking ashes and scalpless bodies would be all that was left to tell the tale.

Terror reigned throughout the settlements. As no one man was safe, the farmers joined together and went about from farm to farm with guns over their shoulders. Some stood guard while the others did the required work.

In May, Brant and his band fell upon Springfield. Every house was burned to the ground. June found him in the Schoharie Valley, burning, killing, and plundering. With the Indians were Butler and the Tories. It seems strange that any white man could be more cruel than a savage, but so it proved. Joseph Brant led many a raid, the details of which are too terrible to be told, and yet he has left behind him records of deeds of mercy done on these very raids. On one occasion a baby was seized and carried off. The mother ran after its captor, but could not get the little one. Her grief was seen by Brant, and two days later he returned the child. Again, he saved a woman and her children by claiming them as his prisoners and then leaving them undisturbed. No such tales are found of Butler. On the contrary, he once refused to allow his friends to be warned of an attack

upon their town for fear that through them one enemy might escape.

Hearing of the dreadful deeds going on around them, the people of Cherry Valley applied for a fort. The fort was built, and Colonel Alden came with troops to garrison it. Many villagers from near-by towns moved to Cherry Valley to be under its protection.

Summer passed and nothing happened. On November 6 Colonel Alden received a letter telling him to be on his guard, as an attack on Cherry Valley was planned. The people asked permission to come into the fort and bring their valuables. Colonel Alden assured them that such a step was unnecessary; that the report was only an Indian story, and that he would keep out scouts who would warn them in case of real danger. The scouts were sent out, but they did not come back.

All the night of the 10th the snow fell thick and fast. The morning of the 11th was dark and misty. Through the haze the dreaded enemy crept softly over the snow without being either seen or heard. Suddenly they appeared. Many of the frightened people were unable to get away. Tories and Indians alike burned the houses, killed whole families, and took as prisoners those that suited their fancy. Colonel

Alden himself had not time to reach the fort and was scalped. Some few escaped into the woods, where they hid in the first nook that showed itself. All that day and night those terror-stricken persons stayed in their hiding places, hearing the yells of the savages as they gloried in their victory, and often seeing them come so near that one could almost touch them.

Having burned the town, the allies attacked the fort, but without success. Then they went away with their prisoners and made no more trouble until the next spring.

Early in 1779, fearing that the events of the year before might be repeated, an expedition was sent against the Indians with the hope of frightening them into peace. A force of about six hundred started for the seat of the Onondagas. Near the present city of Syracuse they took the savages by surprise and destroyed three of their villages. Instead of subduing the Indians, the attack started them off again on the war-path.

In the summer another and much larger expedition undertook to put an end to the Indian raids. This force marched into the territory of the Iroquois, met the raiders near Elmira, and defeated them. From there they went on, de-

stroying and laying waste the Indian villages in their path.

In a few days the expedition came to the beautiful Genesee Valley. Here the Indians had laid out farms, planted orchards, and built houses which would have done credit to a civilized race. In a fortnight all their work was swept away. The trees were cut down, the great fields of corn were ruined, and forty Indian villages were burned and the inhabitants were driven into the forest to starve. For a short time it seemed as if the Indians were crushed. Soon they were up in arms again, and now nothing could stop them. During the rest of the war they swept back and forth through the Mohawk Valley, spreading disaster and leaving grief and ruin in their track.

In the spring of 1779 Washington ordered a fort built at Stony Point. Before it could be finished Sir Henry Clinton, now in command of the English troops, sailed up the river and easily took possession. He completed the fort and left a force to garrison it. Stony Point was an important place, as it commanded the river, and it would never do to leave it in the hands of the British.

Among Washington's generals was Anthony Wayne, called "Mad Anthony" because of his

reckless bravery. He was put in command of twelve hundred men and at once set about retaking Stony Point. First, every dog in the neighborhood was killed, as this was to be a night attack, and one bark might ruin it all.

On the night of July 15 Wayne divided his force into two columns. Bayonets were fixed and all guns were unloaded so that in the dark the columns would not fire upon each other by mistake. From opposite directions they came nearer and nearer the fort and were close upon the out-



Ant. Wayne

works before they were discovered. In a moment the call "To arms!" aroused the garrison, and bullets came whistling about the heads of the Americans. Not once did they waver. Over the ramparts they pressed, and before many minutes the garrison had surrendered. "Mad Anthony" lost fifteen men and took five hundred and fifty-three prisoners. He had the fort, but not men enough to keep it, so, after removing all the stores, the works

were destroyed, and Wayne marched away again.

A few miles north of Stony Point the Americans had built strong fortifications at West Point, and here was soon to occur one of the most unpardonable events in the history of America.

CHAPTER XVIII

BENEDICT ARNOLD

THE story of Benedict Arnold is a sad one. Born in Connecticut, he lived there much as other young men of that time lived, until the British troops entered Boston. Soon came the call for men to defend their country from English tyranny. At once Arnold raised a company of soldiers and led them to Cambridge. From the time war was declared, Arnold was eager to lead the most dangerous expeditions, and by his fearless bravery and undaunted valor won the friendship and admiration of Washington.

But Arnold, like many others, had another side to his character. He was vain and conceited, and had very little of that quality of a true soldier which is expressed in the words,

“Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.”

He not only reasoned why, but plainly told his superior officers where he thought their mistakes lay. His manner and the jealousy

aroused by the praise he won brought him many enemies. And owing to their influence, Congress, early in 1777, passed him over in the appointment of five new major-generals.

Arnold had a right to expect promotion in reward for his work, and it was natural that he should resent the slight thus put upon him. He felt hurt and angry, and would have left the army had it not been for Washington's entreaty to overlook the matter.



B. Arnold

Then came Burgoyne's campaign, when Arnold's diplomacy saved Fort Stanwix and his daring won the day at Bemis Heights. Had

Arnold died while leading his brave charge, his name would have been saved from the blackest stain in the records of American history. But he did not die. He was, however, shot through the leg, and the following summer, thinking him not sufficiently recovered for active service, Washington placed him in command at Philadelphia. Here further trouble awaited him. His new position required tact, not bravery, and tact was a quality which Arnold did not

have. Besides, Congress was in session at Philadelphia, and after the slight which this body had shown Arnold it was no wonder that he did not feel altogether in accord with its members.

Disputes soon arose, and stories were circulated which put Arnold in a bad light. Some said he lived beyond his means and ran in debt. This was true. Others said he favored the Tories. Certain it is he did favor at least one. Miss Margaret Shippen was a Tory, and Arnold loved her and became engaged to her. At her home he heard Tory principles, and it is quite possible that, lacking great depth of character, he allowed these principles to become his own to some extent.

Be that as it may, Arnold quarreled more and more with his fellow workers in command, and finally in December resigned his position. He left Philadelphia. Hardly was his back turned when a bitter and powerful enemy brought formal charges of misconduct against him, and copies were sent to all the States. Arnold was furious. He hurried back to Philadelphia and demanded an investigation. A full year passed before he was finally acquitted, and in that year his anger grew and spread beyond all bounds, and duty, country, and honor were all lost sight of in injured pride.

Impulsively, Arnold wrote Sir Henry Clinton saying he was an American officer who might be persuaded to go over to the English side. He signed his letter "Gustavus." Other letters followed. Clinton's replies were written under the name of "John Anderson." From the correspondence grew the plot which changed an American officer into so false a traitor that he is held up to the children of the land in which he was born as a man whom his country is ashamed to own.

The English held New York city, and above all else they wanted to get possession of the Hudson. But there lay the strong fortifications at West Point which could not be passed. If Clinton might only seize West Point! There was one way in which this could be done, and Arnold agreed to make it possible. He presumed on Washington's friendship to ask for the command of the coveted fortress. Still trusting him and wishing to make up for what had passed, Washington gladly put him in charge. He took command in August, 1780, and the plot began to develop.

It was not safe or altogether satisfactory to make the final arrangements by letter, so it was planned that Clinton's adjutant-general, John André, and Arnold should meet. André was

a brave young officer, well educated, and full worthy the trust which Clinton placed in him.

On September 20 André boarded the warship Vulture and was carried up the Hudson.

The next night, when all was dark and still, a small boat ran alongside the English ship and André dropped quietly into it and was rowed away. The little boat took him to a thicket on the shore, and there he found Arnold waiting. All night they plotted and planned. A large part of the West Point



Major André

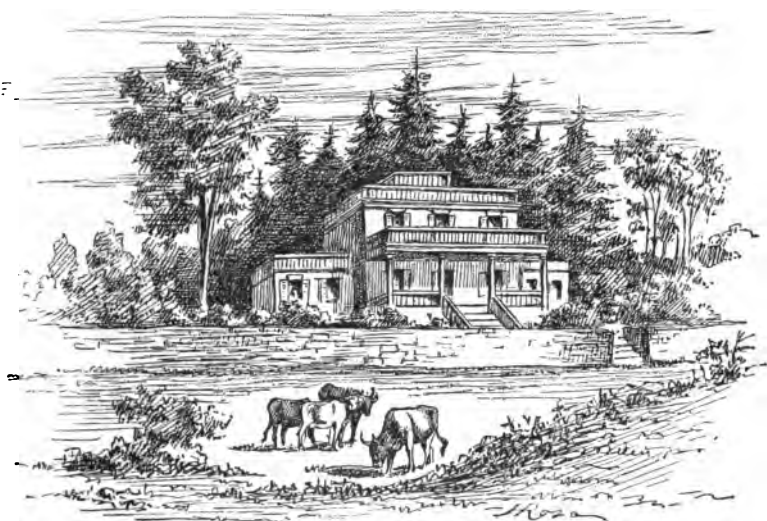
troops were to be sent away on some pretense, and while they were gone a British fleet was to sail up the river and easily capture the almost deserted fort. Hiding there in the darkness, Arnold explained every detail and gave to André maps of the fort and papers filled with careful instructions. These papers André put in the feet of his stockings.

Everything was now plain, but the night had gone and the frightened boatmen would not risk taking André back to the Vulture.

This did not matter. Arnold knew a man in whose house André might pass the day, and when night came again the man would row him to his ship. It seemed safe enough. Who could have foreseen that the batteries across the river would open fire and drive the Vulture down-stream? But that is what happened. Still the conspirators believed that the ship would not go so far but that André could reach her that night. Arnold wrote out passes for both André and his host, Joshua Smith, and went back to his fort, feeling sure that all was well.

All that long day André waited. Night came at last, and then Smith refused to take André to the Vulture. If only his guest would go back to New York by land Smith knew there would be less danger. Smith would ride with him all night, and he should wear Smith's clothes. But if he chose to go to his ship, then he must find some one else to take him. This was out of the question, and André was obliged to return by land. At dusk he and Smith crossed the river and set out on the long ride. The night passed without incident, and early in the morning André let Smith return home to tell Arnold that he was nearing the British lines in safety.

At that time the roads east of the Hudson were overrun by two sets of robbers—the Cow-boys and the Skinners—and on this very morning a party of young men belonging to the



The Smith house.

American army had come out to waylay a certain Cowboy band. André was riding peacefully along, when suddenly three of the young Americans sprang out of the bushes and ordered him to halt. André drew up and looked at them. Ah! one had on the coat of a Hessian soldier. He must be in sympathy with the English.

"Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our side," said André.

"Which side?" asked the men. It was hard to judge of the nationality of Smith's old clothes.

Still thinking that Hessian coat must hold a friend, André boldly replied, "I am a British officer on urgent business and hope you will not detain me."

Detain him? Could he not tell that they were Americans? He must dismount at once. Arnold's pass would do no good. They would search him. Nothing in the saddle. Nothing in his coat or vest. How about the boots? André objected, but the three men would see for themselves. And they did. Out came the papers. That was the end. No money, no threats, no promises, nothing could induce the young Americans to release their prisoner. He was taken up the river and handed over to Colonel Jameson. This was on September 25.

On the morning of the 25th, Arnold, his young wife, and several officers were at breakfast, when a messenger brought a letter from Colonel Jameson. Arnold read the letter, put it in his pocket, and rising from the table, said that he was called across the river, but would soon be back, as he expected Washington that

morning. Mrs. Arnold followed him from the room. He hurriedly told her that Jameson's letter brought news of André's capture; that as yet he was unsuspected; and that he must fly at once. Out he rushed and made all speed for the river. Once there, he ordered some boatmen to row him rapidly down-stream to the Vulture, which was still lying at anchor waiting for André. With Arnold aboard, the ship started for New York, and the next morning Arnold was safe within the British forts.

Washington reached Arnold's home shortly after the traitor left. He waited for his host to



Arnold's headquarters, opposite West Point.

return, having no idea but that he would surely come. In the afternoon another letter from Jameson arrived, and with this one came the papers taken from André. Washington read the letter, looked over the papers, and then, as

the truth forced itself upon him, he sadly turned to his officers and said : " Arnold is a traitor and has fled to the British ! Whom can we trust now ? "

Efforts were made to capture Arnold, but without success. He became a major-general in the English army, and was paid \$30,000 for betraying his country. André's fate was quite different. Much sympathy was expressed for him ; many urgent pleas were made for his release. He himself wrote to Washington telling his story in a straightforward way with the hope of pardon. But war was war and a spy was a spy, and he must pay the penalty of being one. John André was sentenced to be hanged, and on October 2 the sentence was carried out. He faced his death with more bravery than Arnold could summon up to face his new life. One day, soon after he entered the British army, Arnold came upon an American captain who had been taken prisoner.

Arnold asked him, " What would become of me if I should fall into American hands ? "

" If my countrymen catch you they will cut off your leg which was wounded at Saratoga and bury it with the honors of war, and the rest of you they will hang on the gallows. "

For twenty-one years Arnold lived as an

English subject. When the war was over he had no part in the victory. He went to England and made his home in London. His wife joined him and did all in her power to make him happy, but even her devotion could not save him from an occasional taunt, or keep his sons from the shame of their father's guilt.

Arnold's last years were filled with remorse and self-reproach. As he grew weaker, his mind seemed taken up with the old days before he lost his self-respect, his country, and his honor. He lived over again Washington's loyal friendship for him, and finally, when he knew he could not live, he called for his old uniform, and said: "Let me die in the uniform in which I fought so often for my country. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other."

CHAPTER XIX

CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE REPUBLIC

WEST POINT did not fall into the hands of the English; but the possibility of an attack at any time led to a plan for driving the English out of New York. Washington's troops were to join with six thousand soldiers sent from France, and the combined force was to march against the city.

Each day hearing new details of the plan, Clinton grew alarmed, and made every effort to strengthen the defenses. In addition, he sent to Cornwallis, who was in charge of the English troops in the south, asking for as many reinforcements as possible.

And all this time the American troops were building roads, laying out camps and collecting supplies. Clinton looked on, and became sure that he would need all the help he could get. So he again sent word to Cornwallis. This time the directions were for Cornwallis to move to

the Virginia capes, and be ready to board his ships and start for New York on short notice. Accordingly, Cornwallis moved his army to Yorktown, which is on a cape surrounded on three sides by Chesapeake Bay.

One day in August, 1781, the commander of the French fleet which was assisting the Americans informed Washington that he and his squadron were on the way to Chesapeake Bay. What a chance! If Washington could only get his troops to Virginia, he and the French fleet could surround Cornwallis and prevent him from leaving Yorktown. It must be done! The very next day, while small detachments of his men were apparently carrying on preparations for the attack on New York, Washington and his army slipped off for Virginia. He was well on his way before Clinton knew he was gone.

On the last day of August the French squadron arrived off Yorktown, but found no fleet of any size to oppose it. Soon Washington and his soldiers reached there, and Cornwallis was caught in the trap. There was no way out; no help came from Clinton; and finally, on October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered to the American Commander-in-Chief. The victorious army was drawn up in two lines—the

French on one side and the Americans on the other, with Washington at the head. The seven thousand captives marched slowly between the lines with colors furled and their band playing an old English melody called, "The World Turned Upside Down."

The news of the victory spread over the whole country. People everywhere were wild



House where Lord Cornwallis surrendered.

with joy, for all felt that the defeat of Cornwallis meant the end of the war. The English, too, realized that it was useless to continue the struggle. The King alone refused to acknowledge that he was beaten. For some time he persisted in planning another campaign, as his troops still held New York. However, he found that he could do nothing. So, saying that the Americans were a wretched lot of knaves, and

that he was glad to get rid of them, he agreed to a treaty of peace, which was signed in September, 1783.

November 25 of that same year was set as the day for the English troops to leave New York. Washington, his officers, and the soldiers not already dismissed, marched into the city in time to see the English ships sail away. Before many days Washington said farewell to his troops, and started on his journey home to Virginia.

A sad change had been made in New York during the seven years in which the English had lived there. A great fire had ruined nearly a third of the city. The soldiers had turned dwelling-houses into barracks, churches into stables, and public buildings and warehouses into prisons. When these prisons were filled the prisoners had been crowded into old ships lying in the bay, which were unfit for any human being. In all these places of confinement the prisoners' lot had been one of horror. Winters were passed without blankets or fire. Food was scarce, and the treatment shown the imprisoned by their English captors was shameful. Even after the prisoners had been released, the city bore the terrible effects of the long war. The warehouses held no goods; no ships lay at the

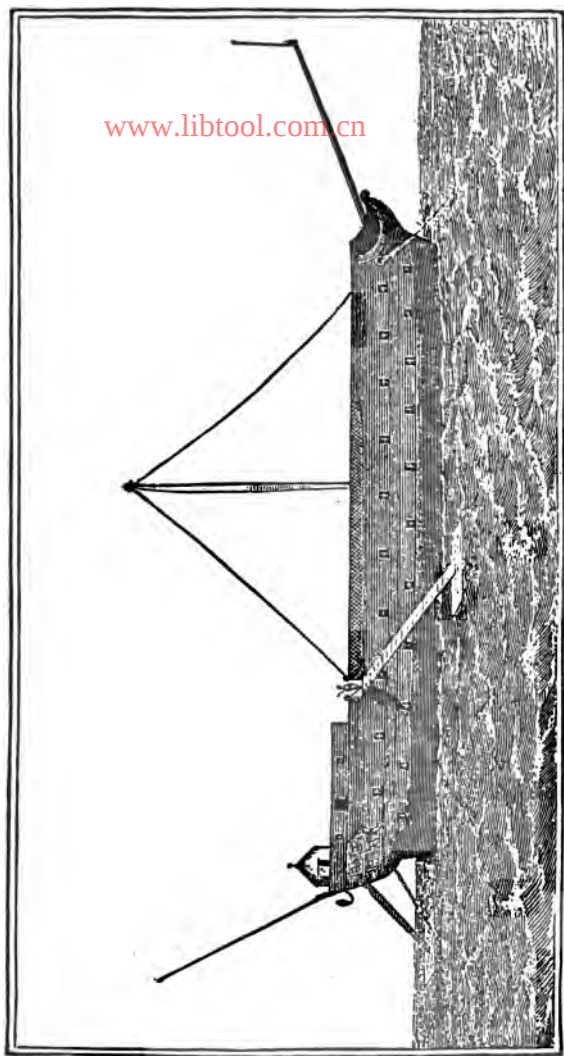
deserted wharves, and the returning citizens found their homes in ruins.

What was true of the city was true of the province. New York was the only one of the thirteen original colonies to comply with every request made by the Continental Congress during the war. She had sent money and



Rhinelander sugar-house, used as a prison during the Revolutionary War. From an old print.

soldiers even beyond what was asked. Many serious battles had been fought within her borders. And, too, she had had a sad experience with her native savages. Still she was not crushed. In the very midst of her trouble her statesmen had formed for her a new government, and had adopted a liberal



The old prison-ship Jersey. From an old print.

constitution which changed her from a colony to a State.

Each of the twelve other provinces had taken the same step, and at the close of the war King George's American colonies had become thirteen States. These new States were entirely independent of one another, excepting for Congress, which could do no more than advise. It was soon seen that if the thirteen States wanted to act as one nation they must have a form of government invested with power to decide all matters of common interest. In 1788 these States joined in the adoption of a national Constitution, and became the United States of America. Washington, who had so loyally commanded the troops, was chosen the first President.

New York city was to be the seat of government for the time being. By the spring of 1789 all was ready for the new Government to begin its work. On April 23 Washington came sailing into New York harbor. Great crowds gave him a welcome that must have well repaid him for the hardships he had undergone in winning for his countrymen their independence. The inauguration was celebrated by processions, banquets, and services in all the churches. Joy was in every heart. It was indeed a day

for New York State to remember, and it is no wonder that a hundred years later her inhabitants held a great centennial celebration in commemoration of the time when in her chief city was inaugurated the first President of the American Republic.

CHAPTER XX

NEW YORK AFTER THE REVOLUTION

HARDLY was the war over before large wagons were seen slowly working their way into our State. Each wagon held the household goods and usually two or three little children belonging to some sturdy New Englander. Behind the wagon the mother and the older children rode on horseback. Possibly the father had served in New York during the war, and had seen the rich unclaimed land to the west, or perhaps some soldier friend had told him of the fertile valleys of the Mohawk and Genesee. Howbeit, he had packed up bag and baggage and set out for New York State.

The roads were mere wagon tracks, and the wagons bumped over stones and fallen trees and sank into great mud-holes. It was slow traveling. After growing weary of the hard journey, each New Englander picked out some inviting spot, unloaded his possessions, built a

cabin for his family, and settled down to become a New Yorker.

The wagons came in such numbers that before long many small villages were formed by the newcomers throughout the central, western, and northern parts of the State. Farms were laid out, crops were raised, and soon loads of grain began to appear in Albany.

To better carry on trade between the different towns the settlers built roads, rough to be sure, but they helped to build up a commerce.



Wagons and carriages of that time.

The roads inspired the running of stagecoaches between certain of the towns. One line ran from Whitestown to Canajoharie. The coach started from Whitestown every Monday and Thursday at two in the afternoon, and if

all went well covered the four miles between that town and Utica by dark. There the passengers spent the night, or at least part of it. At four in the morning they must be ready to set off again, and the next night found them at their journey's end. Two dollars were charged for the entire trip, and way passengers paid at the rate of eight cents a mile. To spend twenty-eight or thirty hours in going so short a distance would seem ridiculous in these days of steam-engines. But the New Yorkers of 1800 thought this pretty rapid travel. And so it was when you consider that forty years before the traveling was done in canoes by following the many curves and bends of a stream whose obstructions, often barring the way, made it necessary to land, lift the canoe from the water, and carry it and its contents around.

A four-horse coach ran between New York and Boston. It started at three each morning during the trip and kept on until ten at night. Very often the passengers were obliged to get out and help lift the stage from some unusually deep mud-hole. Six long days were spent in being rattled about in the rough old stage before the trip was over.

One reckless stage-line proprietor advertised to carry passengers from Albany to New York

in two days. This would have been very wonderful, but when the trip was undertaken the man found he was obliged to spend three days on the road.

Albany had lost her fur trade during the war, but in these first years of peace she became the center of a large grain trade, and so kept her importance in the State. Here, too, was a center of the postal service. Every Wednesday and Saturday the "up-mail" arrived from New York, and two hours after it reached Albany the "down-mail" was started off. Then the "up-mail" had to be distributed to the outlying towns. Once in two weeks mail was carried on horseback way to the Genesee Valley.

A letter could be sent thirty miles for six cents, sixty miles for ten cents, and four hundred and fifty miles for twenty-five cents. Not many letters were written on account of the high rates of postage, because paper cost so much and there were no envelopes. This last fact made it very easy for the mail-carriers to amuse themselves as they jogged along, by reading the letters in their charge. No doubt these letters were very interesting, as the people made up for writing so seldom by drawing out those letters they did write to a great length and filling them with all the news it was possible to gather together.

Statesmen were obliged to write in cipher to keep the state secrets from becoming public property. www.libtool.com.cn

At the close of the war a new treaty of peace was made with the Indians, but the reign of the Iroquois Confederacy had come to an end. Gradually the Indian lands were bought. In consequence many of the Indians moved west and into Canada, and those who remained, settled on tracts of land which the Government reserved for their use.

These Indian reservations still exist, and there are now about five thousand descendants of the People of the Long House living on them. The Iroquois have lost their old fiery spirits and have given up many of the Indian customs of earlier days. But though they now dress like white men, they have not the white man's industry. The State pays each reservation an annuity in money, and the United States pays each an annuity in merchandise. Schools have been established to educate the Indian children, but only about a third of them attend.

Many efforts are being put forth to encourage the Indians to make the most of themselves, but they are lazy and do not like to work. The "fire-water," which Henry Hudson first taught their race to relish, still causes much

drunkenness among their number. Some few cultivate the land and are comparatively well-to-do. Basket-making pleases them, and they weave baskets of many shapes and sizes to sell in near-by towns. For the most part, however, they are poor, and depend for a living upon doing odd jobs for the whites, and on their annuities.

The last three hundred years have seen a great change in the Iroquois Indians. In 1600 they were a wild, savage, but brave and energetic race; 1900 finds them with their energy gone, their spirit broken, and with no desire to profit by the opportunities offered them. A few scattered, shiftless, drinking never-do-wells are about all that remain of the once powerful Five Nations.

As New York was rich in waterways, manufacturing were built along the streams early in the nineteenth century, that the water-power might help convert rough materials into useful articles. Iron was worked from the ore and made into machinery; factories turned out cotton cloth, linen, wool, and even silk; paper and glass were made, and clocks, hats, tin dishes, and all sorts of necessities were soon on the market to tell of New York industry and thrift.

Although peace prevailed, the defenses of our State were not altogether neglected. West Point was strongly fortified, and there, in 1802, was established the West Point Military Academy, which is still the national school for training American boys to become officers of the American army.

New York city was not left behind in the general prosperity which followed the Revolution. A gay society sprang up in the capital city of the republic, and New York presented a lively picture. In 1790 the seat of the national Government was changed to Philadelphia, and in 1797 the State government moved to Albany. Neither of these changes, however, interfered with the trade which was developing with the States and with foreign countries. New York's population continued to increase, until in 1800 there were sixty thousand people living in the metropolis.

The State had taken many steps forward, and yet how different was life at the beginning of the nineteenth century from what it is now! Think of never having seen a railroad-train, a trolley-car, a tall building, an elevator, or an asphalt pavement! Imagine living in a time when there were no telephones, no sewing-machines, and no bicycles! If you wished to write

a letter, it had to be done with a pen made from the stiff end of a feather, as steel pens were unknown. Sand was sprinkled over the ink to dry it, as no one had such a thing as blotting-paper. When night came you would find no gas or electric lights. In the place of matches you would have to strike a spark from a piece of flint and a steel, and in that way light your candle.

Already, before 1800, attempts had been made to run boats by steam, but without very great success. One American, Robert Fulton, worked away on a plan that he felt sure could not fail. In 1806, with plans completed, he went to New York and set about the building of his boat. The New Yorkers did not believe it possible to do all Fulton claimed, and they always spoke of his boat as "Fulton's Folly." Fulton himself named it the Clermont.

Here is his own account of the building of New York's first steamboat and its first trip: "As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of the new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh

rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditures. Nothing was heard but the endless repetition of 'Fulton's Folly.'

"Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.



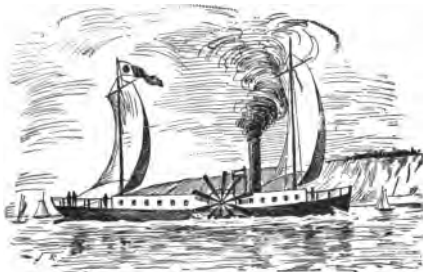
Robert Fulton.

Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches.

"At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be got into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion.

I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend as a matter of personal respect, but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification and not of my triumph.

“I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made, and many



Fulton's first steamboat, the Clermont.

parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work, and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

“The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their

looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

"The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it was so,' 'It is a foolish scheme,' 'I wish we were well out of it.'

"I elevated myself on a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter, but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half an hour I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection.

"I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

"We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its

shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again, or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

This was the first of many successful trips made by the Clermont between Albany and New York.

Political feeling at this time was very bitter. Men of opposing parties attacked each other through the papers or in speeches, and the quarrels thus started often led to serious trouble.

The most to be regretted of these quarrels occurred between two of New York's best-known statesmen, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

Hamilton, born in the West Indies in 1757, came to New York, graduated at Columbia College, and at seventeen years of age entered politics. Here



A Hamilton

his addresses and newspaper articles won for him a great reputation. During the war he served with honor in Washington's army, and was employed in the most delicate and important trusts. When peace was established Ham-



ilton represented New York at the convention which drew up the national Constitution. He was able and industrious in public affairs, and did most important work in the settlement of the many difficulties which beset the republic in its early days.

A Burr

Another powerful statesman of that time was Aaron Burr. Although he had served as Vice-President of the United States, his methods were not all above criticism. In 1804 he ran for the office of governor of New York. Hamilton opposed him.

At a certain private meeting Hamilton said, "No reliance ought to be placed on Burr."

This little speech was repeated to Burr, and made to sound like an attack on his private character.

Burr lost the election. Angry and disap-

pointed, he laid his failure to Hamilton's having opposed him. Then there was that speech. He sent to Hamilton, saying that the remark must be taken back. Hamilton had stated his honest opinion and would not recall what he had said. Here was Burr's chance. He challenged Hamilton to a duel, in the hope of forever doing away with his opposition. Hamilton did not consider dueling right, but the code of honor of that time compelled him to accept Burr's challenge.

July 11 was chosen as the day for the duel, and in the morning sunlight the two statesmen and their seconds were rowed across the Hudson River to Weehawken. Pistols were to be the weapons. Each took his place. The signal was given. Hamilton, true to his principles, did not fire. Burr took deliberate aim and shot Hamilton through the body. He fell face forward to the ground. For a time those about him thought him dead, but he rallied sufficiently to be carried home and did not die until the next afternoon.

The news of the duel spread great excitement throughout the country. Burr fled. For years he went about from place to place, engaging in schemes of various sorts. Finally he came back to New York and died in that city



Statue of Alexander Hamilton in
Central Park. Erected 1880.

in 1836, disgraced and denounced as a murderer.

The report of Hamilton's death caused general mourning, and New York was wrapped in gloom. On the day of his funeral shops were closed, flags were at half-mast, and muffled bells tolled out the city's grief. A great procession followed him to the grave. Along the line of march the streets were packed on either side.

The porches were crowded, and even from the trees and housetops the citizens looked down upon the man who had spent his lifetime in serving loyally and well his country and his State.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WAR OF 1812

OUT on the high seas an American merchant vessel was sailing. In the distance appeared a British man-of-war. Nearer and nearer it came. Suddenly a great roar sounded above the tumbling waves, and a cannon-ball whirled across the bow of the American ship. This meant, in plain language, "Heave to, or be sunk." The American vessel naturally preferred to heave to. Alongside came the great British war-ship, and British officers boarded the merchant vessel. Soon the American crew was drawn up in line, and the British officers commenced to pick out such sailors as they decided, in their own minds, should be serving in the English navy. It was useless for these sailors to say that they were Americans by birth. The English officers insisted that they were deserters from England, and must return to her service. The sailors thus picked out were forced to go aboard the British war-ship, and off she

sailed, leaving the American vessel to continue her journey.

Other British men-of-war met other American merchant ships on the high seas, and the same performance was repeated. England even went so far as to station war-ships near the entrance of each of our largest harbors, ready to stop and search the merchant vessels as they came out.

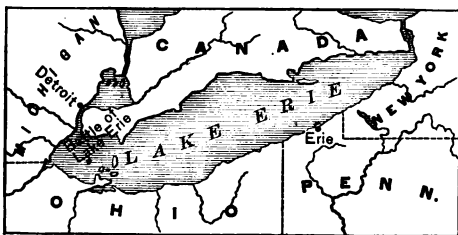
When nearly nine hundred American ships had been searched, and over six thousand American sailors had been carried off, the American nation thought it time to put a stop to such proceedings. Not only that, but the English had not fulfilled all the agreements of the treaty which closed the Revolution, and had placed such restrictions on American commerce as to shut it out from other ports. Surely here was sufficient cause to prompt the Americans once more to take up arms against England. In 1812 war was declared.

Again New York lay open to British invasion. Troops were raised, and the forts along the northern and western frontiers were garrisoned.

The British made their first attack upon our State at Sacket Harbor in the summer of 1812. They were defeated. During the rest of

that year and the first half of the next the two armies went back and forth across the waters which divided New York State from Canada, and attacked each other's forts. But not until the Americans captured the British stronghold at Fort George was any important victory won by either side.

The winter of 1812 was bitter cold. Nevertheless, workmen were busy near Erie, Pa.,



Map of Lake Erie.

chopping down great trees, collecting all the scraps of iron that could be found, and building from the green timber a fleet which was to fight for the control of Lake Erie. Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry—a young naval officer of twenty-seven—engineered the building of the ships. Thanks to his energy and perseverance, nine vessels ready for war sailed out upon the lake during the summer of 1813.

On the morning of September 10 a shout

rang out over the water. It came from the outlook at the masthead of Perry's flagship, the Lawrence, and told that English sails were in sight. There were six well-equipped vessels bearing down upon the American fleet. The



C. M. Perry

Americans had the advantage in numbers, but the English had more guns on their six ships than Perry's nine possessed. On came the attacking vessels. Our ships made ready for action, and, led by the Lawrence, went forward to meet the enemy. Both sides were determined to win, and so fiercely did each attack the other, that before long the Lawrence was in ruins; her cannon were disabled, her masts were torn away, and most of her brave sailors were killed. It seemed as if Perry must surrender, when all at once he seized the banner of his flagship, slid over the side into a small boat, and was rowed toward the Niagara, which was still unharmed. The British commander saw him and shouted, "Fire upon that boat!" Balls struck the water on every side, but Perry, standing wrapped in his flag, reached the Ni-

agara in safety. Immediately he took command, and bearing down upon the enemy, sailed right into their midst, dealing death and destruction on every side. In fifteen minutes the British fleet was powerless.

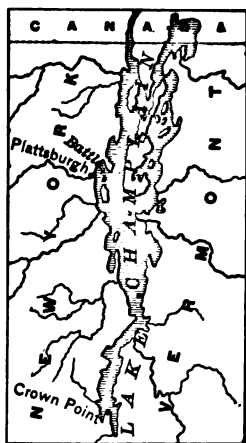
Perry went back to the disabled Lawrence, and there received the English surrender. His message to the President was written on the back of an old letter. It simply said: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

A number of times since the war began naval engagements had taken place along our seacoasts, but in every case the battle had been between one English and one American vessel. Over and over again the Americans had come off victorious. Still England was "Mistress of the Seas," and until Perry met those six English vessels on Lake Erie, no American fleet had ever encountered a fleet of British men-of-war. Is it any wonder, then, that the young commodore became a hero wherever the news was told that "Perry has gained control of Lake Erie, and has whipped an English fleet with his new boats built of wood that so short a time ago was growing in the forests of Pennsylvania"?

The summer of 1814 found General Jacob Brown and General Winfield Scott busily en-

gaged in a campaign on the Canadian shore of the Niagara River. They captured Fort Erie from the British, and won hard-fought battles at Chippewa and Lundys Lane, in the last of which General Scott was badly wounded after having two horses shot under him. The brave work of these officers practically ended operations in the western part of the State.

In September the English turned their attention to Lake Champlain. They sent seven



thousand soldiers by land against our troops at Plattsburgh, and at the same time an English squadron sailed up the Sorel River and entered the lake, expecting to put an end to the American fleet which was there under Captain Thomas Macdonough. On the 11th of September the double battle began. The British fleet

attacked before the land forces. When Macdonough's flagship was cleared for action, he knelt on her deck and asked for God's help, then entered the battle. For over two hours the fleets carried on so sharp a contest that

both squadrons were nearly destroyed before the English were ready to surrender to Macdonough and admit that he was the victor.

As soon as the firing on the water began, the English land troops attacked the American force. Here, too, our men were getting the upper hand, and the British were just being driven back, when suddenly up dashed a rider on a foam-flecked horse, crying out the news that the British fleet was defeated. All along the American lines rose a hearty cheer. The enemy wavered. A retreat was sounded, and before many minutes the English troops were fleeing back to Canada, where they thought best to stay thereafter.

While all this fighting was being done to secure our northern and western boundaries from invasion, England issued to the commanders of her war-ships on the Atlantic an order to "destroy the seaport towns and desolate the country." Many villages along the coast of New England were laid waste. New York city became alarmed for fear that she, too, might be attacked. Fortifications must be put up at once; but how, and by whom? Mayor DeWitt Clinton appealed to the patriotism of the citizens, asking them to help in fortifying the town. So generously and promptly did the people

respond, that within four days three thousand persons were working with enthusiasm. Schools were dismissed, and pupils and teachers alike set out to do their part. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, and men of every trade in the city took their turn. In a very short time New York was ready for the expected fleet, which never appeared.

Early in 1815 came the news that peace had been made with England. Although the treaty contained no promise that England would not interfere with our sailors, she had learned a lesson, and never again were American merchant vessels searched by British officers in time of peace.

Once more New York counted the cost of war, and again she found that it had been great. Many men had been lost, much money had been spent. The northern frontier was desolated, and the people of that district were poverty-stricken. Still the enemy had been kept from spreading disaster throughout the State; the Indian war-whoop and scalping-knife had not carried terror to the outlying settlements, and New York city had been spared from attack.

Ships could now come and go unmolested. Again America had won from England, and every New Yorker had cause for added pride in his State from the way in which she had fulfilled her part in the War of 1812.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ERIE CANAL

GREAT crowds were gathered on Buffalo's lake shore on the morning of October 26, 1825. All was excitement. Expectation was seen in every face. Suddenly there was a rush of water and cheer after cheer rang out on the air. A great cannon boomed forth. When its sound had died away another was heard in the distance almost like the echo of the first. Then a third and fourth and fifth repeated the message from the cannon at Buffalo. All along the Mohawk Valley and down the Hudson cannon answered cannon, until one hour and twenty minutes after the news left Buffalo the last cannon was saying to the people of New York city: "The great Erie Canal is completed, and even now the waters of Lake Erie are hurrying along its course to join the sea."

For a very long time DeWitt Clinton had been earnestly at work trying to make the people of New York State understand what the

great canal would do for them ; that it would connect the markets of the West with New York city, would make travel easier, and bring added prosperity to the State.

Finally he succeeded in obtaining a vote favorable to the canal, and that very year the work was begun. On the 4th of July, 1817, the first spadeful of dirt was dug at Rome. Even after the State had given its consent there were many who could not or would not see that any good was to come from the canal. They called it "Clinton's ditch," or "the big ditch." Still Clinton persevered, spent his energy, and risked all he had, even to the loss of his friends, in his determination to see the canal finished.

He had triumphed ! And when the waters of Lake Erie were let into "Clinton's ditch" he was there to take part in the rejoicing. As soon as the canal was filled, a greater procession than our State had ever seen set out from Buffalo. First came the barge Seneca Chief towed by four powerful gray horses, carrying Clinton and several distinguished friends. Then followed a flotilla of canal-boats all gaily decorated for their initial trip to New York. One boat was called Noah's Ark and had as passengers a bear, two fawns, two eagles, and two Indians. On went the stately procession, wel-

came by cheering crowds at each town and hamlet in its route. Albany was the eastern end of the canal, and there the travelers were met by a grand military procession, which escorted them to the Capitol, where services were held.

From Albany to New York the flotilla was towed by steamboats. Groups of men, women, and children heartily greeted the procession all along the banks of the Hudson. On November 4 New York was reached before dawn, but not before the people of the city were astir making ready for their honored guests. Bells were rung, cannons fired, and an endless number of flags floated over the city. The new steamer Washington, coming out to meet the Seneca Chief, signaled the query, "Where are you from, and what is your destination?"

"From Lake Erie, and bound for Sandy Hook," answered the Seneca Chief.

Before long the water was dotted with boats of every description then in use. A procession was again formed and headed for the sea. Once past the Narrows, the boats made a great circle. Then Clinton lifted a keg of Lake Erie water, brought all the way from Buffalo on the Seneca Chief, and poured it into the sea to signify the uniting of the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean.

Meanwhile through the streets of New York city paraded a great procession, composed of representatives of every class and trade of which the city could boast. There was the Fire Department drawing the engines which had displaced the leather buckets of early New York. The shipbuilders were there with two unfinished boats drawn by four horses. The printers had a press which, as it went along in its cart, printed for distribution copies of

“ 'Tis done ! 'Tis done ! The mighty chain
Which joins bright Erie to the Main
For ages shall perpetuate
The glory of our native State.”

Then came the skimmers, the weavers, and the hatters, to say nothing of the lawyers, the doctors, and all the societies of the city. It was truly a vast procession in honor of Clinton's success.

Three days later a great ball closed the celebration of New York's grandest achievement in the way of progress. The canal had been built by New York State alone with no help from the nation. It was by far the most extensive public work ever undertaken in this country up to that time, and from the day the Erie Canal was completed, New York has had just claim to the title of the Empire State.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CIVIL WAR

THE Fourth of July was made a day of national rejoicing by the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on that date in the year 1776. In 1827 an event took place in New York on July 4 which should make every New Yorker feel that he has a double reason to celebrate that glorious day. On the night of the third, ten thousand slaves slept in our State. They awoke on the morning of the fourth free men, having been made so by the passing of a law which proclaimed the end of slavery in New York State on and after Independence Day, 1827.

Other Northern States had already taken this step, but in the South slavery still continued. At the time New York became a free State the slave question was uppermost in politics. Many and very heated discussions were held in Congress over the admission to the Union of slave territory as new States. Every

man throughout the country had his opinions for or against the slave system, and his opinions did not always agree with those of his State.

In the free States some few still upheld slavery, while, fortunately for the poor blacks, an occasional Southerner was in sympathy with their cause. Thanks to these last, a means of escape was opened to those slaves who could once get away from under their masters' eyes. The plan of the slave sympathizers was known as the "Underground Railroad." This railroad had stations and conductors, but no rails and no cars. When a slave succeeded in creeping away from his master's home, he went as fast as possible to the nearest station of the Underground Railroad, which was no other than the house of some friend of the negroes. Here he was gladly received and carefully directed how to find his way to the next station farther north. He was given a letter to the conductor of that station, who was sure to be able and willing to pass him on with another letter to another station. And so he would work his way through the slave States into the free States, and through the free States into Canada and out of slavery.

There were a good many of these stations in our State. At any hour of day or night the station conductors were roused to welcome the

anxious travelers. Occasionally the fear of pursuit would be lost by the time an escaped slave reached New York, and he was content to find work and take up life anew in the Empire State.

The successful escape of certain of their slaves only added still more to the bitter feeling which the men of the South felt toward the Northern States. In the hope of remedying the trouble, Congress passed, in 1850, the Fugitive Slave Law. The law allowed any person who claimed to be the owner of an escaped slave to apply to any court of record in his State, prove his ownership, describe the slave, and obtain a record of his claim. All the other States were obliged to receive this record as conclusive evidence that the slave answering the description was rightfully the property of the claimant and must be given up to his owner. A fine of one thousand dollars must be paid by any marshal who failed to arrest such a slave, or by any one who hid him or helped him to escape. The citizens of New York received the law with contempt. Meetings were held, defiant speeches were made, and men resolved, regardless of consequences, to protect the escaped slaves who had come to New York. They did. The Underground Railroad still carried pas-

sengers to freedom, and occasionally a recaptured slave was rescued from those who had taken him, and quietly sent away into Canada.

It is easy to imagine that such a course on the part of New York and other Northern States only tended to increase Southern discontent. Soon came another cause of disagreement. When Missouri asked to join the Union, the South had insisted that it should come in as a slave State. The North said it should not. In 1821 the compromise was made by which Missouri came in as a slave State, with the agreement that, in all the remaining lands west of the Mississippi River and north of the Missouri's southern boundary, slavery should be forever forbidden.

Now, in 1854, an attempt was made to bring Kansas and Nebraska into the Union as possible slave States, and the Missouri Compromise was repealed. A storm of indignation swept throughout the North. The trouble grew. New York wished for peace and the preservation of the Union at any price, but it soon became evident that slave States and free States could not be united under one flag. The North held that slavery should not extend into free territory, although it did not propose to disturb the slave States already existing. The South, however,

saw fit to accept the position of the North as an invasion of its rights, and the terrors of civil war threatened to destroy the young nation.

In December, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union. Ten other slave States followed her lead. What course to pursue and



Abraham Lincoln.

what would be the outcome? These were the questions which faced Abraham Lincoln when, in March, 1861, he became President of the United States. He had not long to wait for an answer. On April 14 came the news that Fort

Sumter had been attacked by a Southern force and had been obliged to surrender. The very next day Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to preserve the Union.

The quota of troops demanded from New York was thirteen thousand, but so great was her loyalty to her country, and so hearty her desire to serve, that thirty thousand men set out for the South, and during the year thousands more poured into the recruiting stations. The women, too, did what they could by collecting all possible comforts to send to the soldiers at the front. Money was freely loaned and given to the Government. Flags appeared in each town and city, and from many house-tops floated the Union's red, white, and blue banner. For two years New York spared herself no pains in the hope of final victory.

However, the reports received from the fields of action were not very encouraging. Gradually a peace-party grew up, and discontent was whispered about. In 1863 came another call for men. The citizens felt that their State had done all in its power. Recruits no longer volunteered in plenty, and many counties were unable to furnish the desired number. Drafts were ordered. In July the drafting began in New York city. Two days later, rioters ap-

peared in the streets insisting that the drafts were unconstitutional. The drafting office was surrounded, the windows smashed, the inmates driven out, and the building fired. For three days the riots lasted. The police were powerless. Colored men and women were set upon, beaten, and even hanged, and the orphan asylum



Cold comfort.

for colored children was burned to the ground. Finally soldiers from Pennsylvania came to the help of the police and quiet was once more restored. A thousand persons had been killed. Two million dollars worth of property had been destroyed, and all with no gain. The draft was

resumed, but this time under the protection of soldiers and without further interference.

The year 1864 was an anxious one, but with the beginning of 1865 the belief spread that war would soon end. Victory after victory crowned the efforts of the Northern army. In April came the long-looked-for news of the final surrender of the South and the triumph of the Union. New York soldiers learned the tidings in the camps far away and turned their thoughts toward home, and New York women at home heard that the war was at an end, and made ready to welcome the soldiers from the camps.

In the midst of the rejoicing came a great grief. On April 15 Abraham Lincoln, the man who had freed the slaves by his Emancipation Proclamation, who had devoted himself heart and soul to the preservation of the Union, and who had won the love and respect of thousands, the President of the United States, was assassinated. The Union was saved, the hard-fought war was over, and yet the man who had done most toward bringing about the happy outcome had been shot by an assassin just as his work was crowned with success. Nowhere had Abraham Lincoln found more staunch support, and nowhere was he more sincerely mourned, than in New York State.

CHAPTER XXIV

SOME DEVELOPMENTS DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

WHEN our nation first claimed a place on the list of the world's republics, the United States of America comprised only thirteen States along the Atlantic coast. At once enterprising, hard-working men began pushing their way farther and farther west, laying out towns, building up cities, and sending back to those in the East stories of the rich land they had found. From these western lands new States were constantly formed and were adopted into the Union. So rapidly did the nation grow that, when almost the original number of States rebelled and declared war against the Government, there were still twenty-three left to stand by that body and help force the seceding States back to their allegiance. And this growth and development did not cease with the civil war, but is still going on and on until there is now no nation in the

world that does not know and respect the power of the United States of America.

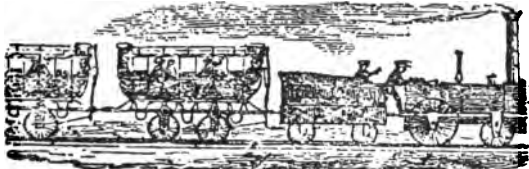
As the country grew, the States developed, and foremost of them all New York stands, and has stood for three-quarters of a century.

These seventy-five years have seen great changes. They go back to the completion of the Erie Canal and the beginning of the end of stage-coach travel. From the main canal branches were built extending both north and south. Soon travel by these waterways became the approved method of getting about. Passenger-boats or packets ran back and forth across the State. Each packet contained a dining-room and sleeping-berths, which were quite essential, as the boat's rate of speed was so uncertain that one could never tell just how far on his journey night would find him. The packets were drawn by three or four horses, or mules, as are the canal-boats of to-day. It was claimed they traveled five miles an hour, but a saying, "A cent and a half a mile, a mile and a half an hour," comes down from that time, suggesting that it would not have been wise to divide the number of miles to be traveled by five and then plan accordingly.

The year 1831 is the date of the first railroad in the State. It was one of the first pas-

senger railroads in the country. The road was constructed of wooden rails, and covered a distance of seventeen miles between Albany and Schenectady. The locomotives were rude ma-

BOSTON AND WORCESTER RAIL ROAD.



THE Passenger Cars will continue to run daily from the Depot near Washington street, to Newton, at 6 and 10 o'clock, A.M. and at 3½ o'clock, P. M. and Returning, leave Newton at 7 and a quarter past 11, A.M. and a quarter before 5, P.M.

Tickets for the passage either way may be had at the Ticket Office, No. 617, Washington street; price 3½ cents each; and for the return passage, of the Master of the Cars, Newton.

By order of the President and Directors.
a 29 epistl F. A WILLIAMS, Clerk.

First passenger train in America.

chines. Their greatest speed was fifteen miles an hour. As it was impossible for them to climb a hill worthy of the name, every such elevation had to be gone round. A steep grade at Albany was managed by taking off the locomotive and pulling the cars to the top of the hill by means of a rope and a stationary engine. Here was the little beginning of the complete network of railroads which cross and recross the State, and from the awkward train

of 1831 has developed the Empire State Express, which rushes daily over the four hundred and forty miles between New York and Buffalo in four hundred and ninety-five minutes.

The introduction of steam as a motive power led to the building of factories for making by ma-



Empire State Express.

chinery many articles which, up to that time, had been made by hand or had been imported. Towns grew up about the factories and laid the foundations

for our manufacturing cities where now are made nearly all the devices of mechanism.

During the early years of the nineteenth century a condition of affairs existed which made life pretty hard for New York's poorer citizens. Once let a man get into debt, even for a very small amount, and, no matter whether the cause was illness, loss of work, or idleness, he was seized and carried to the debtors' prison. Here his fate was worse than if his crime had been the blackest of sins. The State fed and clothed her murderers,

thieves, and forgers while they awaited trial. The care of the debtors' prison was no one's duty. One room was made to hold all it could contain, which was many, as there were no chairs, no beds, nothing but human beings to take up the space. If a man's friends or some charitable society brought him food, all well and good; if not, he went without until his debt was paid, his creditor released him, or he died of starvation. Humane societies looked into the matter, and so earnestly did they work to bring about a reform that their efforts were successful. In 1831 New York passed a bill putting an end to imprisonment for debt.

About the same time there were other indications that New York meant to care for her unfortunates. State prisons were built at Sing Sing and Auburn to replace the old, overcrowded ones; the prisoners were given work and employment; and asylums for the blind, dumb, and insane grew in number.

Two great misfortunes befell New York city before the middle of the century. In one summer three thousand of her citizens died from cholera. Then, on a certain cold December night, a great fire broke out and threatened to sweep the city out of existence. It was kept

from doing so only by the blowing up with powder of whole blocks, and thus clearing spaces where the flames found nothing to feed upon. Both these disasters were attributed to the poor supply of water, and led to the building of the great Croton Aqueduct, which reached forty miles to the Croton River, and brought to New York the gift of clear water.

However, in spite of her misfortunes, the city's improvement was marked. Tall build-



First street car built in New York, 1831.

ings replaced those of two or three stories. An omnibus line was made necessary in order to carry people the length of the city. This cheap way of travel proved a great success, and suggested the running of the first horse-car line in America. Oil lamps gave way to gas, although for a while many feared that the whole of

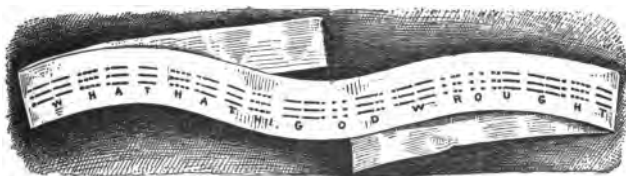
Manhattan Island would be blown up by this strange, new discovery.

To-day horse-cars are disappearing; gas has ceased to be a wonder; and electricity lights the streets, runs the cars, and keeps the New York city of the twentieth century in constant touch with the entire world.

The Empire State has good reason to feel an individual pride in both the telegraph and cable, as they are the product of New York men. Samuel F. B. Morse, by his inventive genius, first gave to our



Sam. F. B. Morse



Reproduction of the first telegraphic message sent by the Morse system, now preserved at Harvard College.

country that means of rapid communication which makes New York and California seem almost neighbors. To Cyrus W. Field is due

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Horace Greeley.

the great Atlantic cable which binds America to the Old World.

With these two men stand many others who, in different lines of work, have by their successes helped to make New York what she is. There was Peter Cooper, who worked earnestly for years gathering together a fortune, which he used for the building of an institution for the industrial classes, where thousands have been educated and taught to make practical use



Peter Cooper

of science and art. This school he gave to the State. Horace Greeley devoted his lifetime to raising the standard of newspaper work. Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, by their interesting stories, have made the early Dutch settlers and the wild life of the New York State Indians live forever. Then there was Henry Ward Beecher, the great clergyman; Martin Van Buren, the first New Yorker to act as President of the United States; and a long list of those who



Cooper Union and Peter Cooper's statue.

served faithfully and well in the public life of their State.

New York has been successful in many ways, she has won honor and renown among her sister States, and yet chief of all her rich possessions must be placed the memory of her great and good men.

CHAPTER XXV

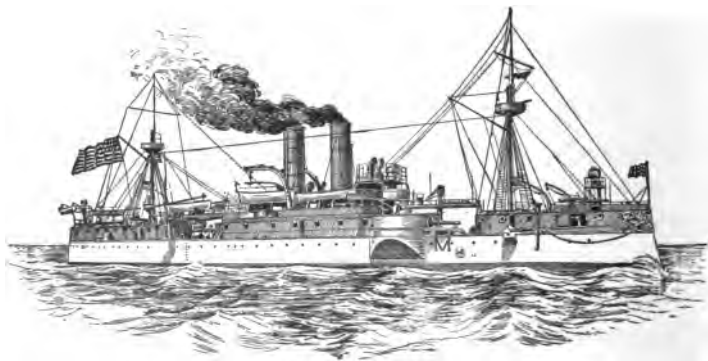
THE SPANISH WAR

THE war of the Revolution was a hard fight to free America from English rule. The Civil War grew out of the opposition to the slave system of our country and resulted in the freeing of the slaves. New York entered earnestly into both these wars, and twice shared in the glory and honor of victory. In 1898 she was once more called upon to send her soldiers to fight against oppression.

When the wonders of the great Western Continent first became known to European nations, Spain was the leading military power in the world. Her sailors claimed in her name, and raised her flag over, vast tracts of land west of the Mississippi and in Central and South America. The islands of the West Indies also were hers by right of discovery, and here, after all her American colonies had thrown off her tyrannical yoke, she ruled with unrelenting severity.

In 1895 Cuba rebelled for the second time. To stamp out the insurrection Spain sent a great army under a general who, for two years, carried on the war in a most inhuman way. Then the United States became indignant and sent a message to Spain, saying that her cruel treatment of the Cubans must stop. Spain replied by promising that matters would soon be bettered. Not only did she fail to keep this promise, but before many months all America was horrified by what proved to be a piece of Spanish handiwork.

On February 15, 1898, the American battleship *Maine*, under the command of Captain



The *Maine*.

Sigsbee, of New York, was quietly riding at anchor in Havana harbor, when suddenly a

submarine mine exploded and the great ship was blown into a tangled mass of iron. Two officers and two hundred and sixty-four United States sailors were killed.

Not only every New Yorker, but every American was aroused. Once assured that the



The wreck of the Maine.

explosion was not to be accounted for by any motive other than Spanish hatred, it was useless for even the President to talk of peace. The rule of Spain must come to an end on this side of the Atlantic, and the American people proposed to help Cuba drive out the tyrant.

The war was short. Dewey's great naval victory at Manila, the brave and plucky work of American soldiers in Cuba, and the crushing defeat of the Spanish battle-ships off the Bay of Santiago soon convinced Spain that her power

was broken. Cuba was surrendered. Not long after, Porto Rico welcomed the American troops and the end of Spanish rule. In August hostilities ceased, and on December 10, 1898, the formal peace protocol was signed.

New York had loyally upheld President McKinley in his war policy; had sent her men to swell the army and navy militia, and to add their names to the long list of gallant commanders who served in the war for Cuban independence.

In the fall of 1899 Admiral Dewey returned to America from the Philippines. His flagship sailed into New York harbor. Gorgeously decorated ships went out to meet him, and on sea and shore he was welcomed by the grandest patriotic display ever seen in America. New York had made ready for her country's hero.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN CONCLUSION

THIS is the story of New York. On the west are two inland lakes, and between them forever roars and tumbles the never-ending, measureless, wonderful Falls of Niagara. To the east the broad, glistening Hudson peacefully follows its course to the sea. Between, the wooded hills and shadowy forests are still, except for the song of birds, the cry of some prowling animal, or the whoop of an Indian. Scattered groups of Indian houses form the only break in the woodland green. Now and then through the trees noiselessly and swiftly glides a hunter with his bow and arrow. Little bark canoes skim over the waters of the many streams. At night the moon looks down on a great, crackling fire, surrounded by howling, dancing savages, or sees a party of warriors in single file creeping along an Indian trail. It is the year 1600, and we are in the land of the People of the Long House.

One hundred years later the valley of the Hudson is dotted with clusters of gaily-colored little Dutch homes. Here and there the manor-house of some lordly patroon overlooks the river. On every side Dutch windmills lazily wave their great arms. The white sails of an occasional boat fleck the long, blue stretch of water. Sturdy Dutch and English farmers gather the crops which the rich earth has given them. Busy housewives work about the tidy homes, and plan how their children shall become merchants in the growing town at the mouth of the river. And peace reigns in the King of England's colony, New York.

Another hundred years, and lumbering stage-coaches slowly make their way over uneven roads, carrying passengers from the capital city to New York, or from some town undreamed of fifteen years before, to a village of those days now fast becoming a city of importance. Not only along the Hudson has Civilization found her way. She has wandered through the Mohawk and Genesee Valleys, leaving in each footprint a future township. Way out on the shore of Lake Erie the fur traders have built a storehouse. And along the southern banks of the St. Lawrence and on the shores of Lake Champlain log cabins mark the arrival

of settlers. Industry rules supreme, and over all the index-finger of Time still points toward progress. New York has thrown off England's yoke and is free.

The dawn of the twentieth century sees a never-to-be-forgotten sight in Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes. For many months a busy army of men have been at work, gathering together the products of the American continents and planning and producing grounds and buildings worthy to be the mammoth show-case of such treasures. On May 1, 1901, their work is done, and the bright sunshine of a spring day rests on every object, from the dainty flowers which add their bit of color, to the golden goddess holding high above all her torch of liberty. The notes of Home, Sweet Home float out on the air, and up from their cages rise three thousand carrier-pigeons. They circle round the brilliant domes of the beautiful buildings, and then dart off in every direction, bearing home the message: "The Pan-American is complete. To you and to all the world I bring a hearty invitation from the Empire State."

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