G.N.BURWELL

No 3-4

Jan. 1st 1825

Master Geo. Barwell

a New Year Gift by

A. A. Kinnicutt

THE

TALES

OF

PETER PARLEY,

ABOUT

AMERICA.

With Engravings.

S. G. Goodrich....Boston.

.....

MDCCCXXVII.

District of Massachusetts....to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty fourth day [L. S.] of February, A. D. 1827, in the fifty first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Samuel G. Goodrich, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor in the words following, to wit:

"The Tales of Peter Parley, about America. With Engravings."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, { Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE design of this little work is to convey to children, under the guise of amusement, the first ideas of Geography and History. In pursuing this object, the author has connected these grave topics with personal adventures, and exhibited an outline merely, in simple terms, adapted to the taste and knowledge of children.

There is more difficulty, and more importance than is generally supposed, in this humble species of literature. The *difficulty* of it arises from

the want of a language, at the same time copious enough to express a great variety of ideas, and simple enough for the limited comprehension of children; the *importance* of it lies in the powerful aid which it is capable of giving to the cause of infant education.

If the author should be thought to have been tolerably successful in this attempt to contribute something toward promoting juvenile instruction, he proposes to give a series of works of the same kind on Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Peter Parley. page 5.

THE

TALES

OF

PETER PARLEY.

HERE I am. My name is Peter Parley. I am an old man. I am very grey and lame. But I have seen a great many things, and had a great many adventures in my time, and I love to talk about them. I love to tell stories to children, and very often they come to my house, and they get around me, and I tell

them stories of what I have seen, and of what I have heard.

I live in Boston. Boston is a large town, full of houses, with a great many streets, and a great many people or inhabitants in it. When you go there you will see some persons riding about in coaches, and some riding on horseback, some running, and some walking. Here is a picture of Boston.

When I was a little boy, Boston was not half so large as it is now, and that large building which stands very high, as you see in the picture,

Boston. page 6.

Indians. page 7.

called the new State House, was not built then. And, do you know that the very place, where Boston stands, was once covered with woods, and that in those woods lived many Indians? Did you ever see an Indian? Here is a picture of some Indians.

The Indians go nearly naked, except in winter. Their skin is not white like ours, but reddish, or the color of copper. When I was a boy, there were a great many that lived at no great distance from Boston. They lived in little huts or

houses called Wigwams. Here is a picture of a Wigwam.

The Indians were very ignorant; they could not read or write; their houses were very small and inconvenient. They had no such fine rooms in them as our houses have, nor had they any chimnies or fireplaces. The Indians had no chairs to sit in, nor tables to eat from. They had no books to read, and had no churches or meeting houses. In winter, they sometimes wore skins of bears and deer, which they shot with bows and arrows, or with guns.

Wigwam, or Indian House. page 8.

Indians Shooting a Deer. page 9.

Here is a picture of Indians shooting a Deer.

There are no Indians near Boston now; they are nearly all dead, or gone far west over the mountains. But, as I said before, when I was a boy there were a good many in New England, and they used often to come to Boston to sell the skins of wild beasts, which they had killed.

When I was about twelve years old, an Indian by the name of Wampum, came to my father's house in Boston. He had been a chief or great man among the Indians once,

but he was now poor. He was generally esteemed a good Indian, and he loved my father, because he once saved his life, when he was attacked by some sailors in the streets of Boston. He asked my father to let me go home with him. He told me of the excellent sport they had in shooting squirrels and deer where he lived; so I begged my father to let me go, and he at length consented. Wampum lived near Northampton, at the foot of a mountain called Mount Holyoke, just on the bank of Connecticut River. It is about one

Wampum's House. page 11.

hundred miles from Boston. There are good roads from Boston to Northampton now, and the stage travels it every day. But the roads were bad when I went with Wampum, and there were no stages in America.

So Wampum and I set out on foot. The second day we arrived at Worcester. It was then a very little town, and there were no such fine houses there as now. The fourth day we arrived at Wampum's house, which was a little wigwam at the foot of Mount Holyoke. Here is a picture of it.

In this little house we found Wampum's wife and three children; two boys and a girl. They came out to meet us, and were very glad to see Wampum and me. I was very hungry and tired when I arrived. Wampum's wife roasted some bear's meat, and gave us some bread made of pounded corn, which made our supper. We sat on the floor and took the meat in our fingers, for the Indians had no knives and forks. I then went to bed on some bear skins, and slept very well. Early in the morning, Wampum called me from

my sleep, and told me they were going into the woods a shooting, and that I must go with them. I was soon ready, and set out with Wampum and his two sons.

It was a fine bright morning in October. The sun was shining on the top of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. We ascended Holyoke through the woods. At length we climbed a high rock, from which we could see the beautiful valley from below us, in the centre of which was the little town of Northampton, then much smaller than it is now.

Do you see those houses? said Wampum to me. When my grandfather was a boy, there was not a house where you now see so many. That valley, which now belongs to white men, then belonged to the red men. Then the red men were rich and happy; now they are poor and wretched. Then that beautiful river, which you see running through the valley, and which is called the Connecticut, was theirs. They owned these fine mountains too, they hunted in these woods, and fished in that river, and were numerous and pow-

erful. Now we are few and weak.

But how has this change happened? said I. Who has taken your lands from you, and made you miserable? I will tell you all about it to-night, said Wampum, when we return from shooting. But hark! I hear a squirrel chattering in the woods; we must go and find him. Whist! said Wampum, and follow me. We all followed accordingly, and soon discovered a fine grey squirrel sitting in the top of a walnut tree, erect on his hind legs, with his tail curled over his back, and a nut in his

fore paws. Wampum beckoned to his youngest son, who drew his bow and discharged his arrow, which whistled over the back of the squirrel, but did not touch him. Wampum's eldest son immediately discharged his arrow, which struck the squirrel in the side, and brought him instantly to the ground.

After this adventure we proceeded cautiously through the woods. We had not gone far, when Wampum beckoned to us all to stop. Look yonder, said he to me, on that high rock above us. I did so, but could

Fawn. page 17.

see nothing. Look again, said Wampum. I did, and saw a young deer, or fawn, standing upon the point of a rock, which hung over the valley. He was a beautiful little animal, full of spirit, with large black eyes, slender legs, and of a reddish brown color. Here is a picture of him.

Wampum now selected a choice arrow, placed it on the bow, and sent it whizzing through the air. It struck the fawn directly through the heart. The little animal sprung violently forward over the rock, and fell dead many feet below, where Wam-

pum's sons soon found him. We now returned to Wampum's house, carrying the fawn with us.

In the evening, I reminded Wampum of his promise to tell me how the Indians had been robbed of their lands, and reduced to poverty. He accordingly began as follows.

But a little more than a hundred years ago, there were no white men in this country. There were none but red men or Indians. They owned all the lands, they hunted, and fished, and rambled where they pleased. The woods were then full

of deer and other game, and in the rivers, there were a great many salmon and shad. At length, the white men came in their ships from across the sea. The red men saw them, and told them they were welcome. They came ashore. The red men received them kindly. The white men built houses, and they grew strong, and drove the red men back into the woods. They killed the children of the red men, they shot their wives, they burned their wigwams, and they took away their lands. The white men had guns, the Indians

had only bows and arrows. The red men fought and killed many white men, but the white men killed more of the red men. The red men were beaten. They ran away into the woods. They were broken hearted, and they died. They are all dead or gone far over the mountains, except a few, and we are poor and wretched.

The old Indian said no more; he looked sad; his two sons looked sad also; and I almost cried, because Wampum looked so unhappy. I did not understand his story very

well, but when I go back to Boston, thought I, I will ask my grandfather all about it.

After I had been at Wampum's house about a week, he told me, that he and his eldest son were going to see some Indians in Vermont, then called New Connecticut, and I might go with them if I chose. I was very happy to go, for I delighted to ramble in the woods, and to hunt squirrels and deer. So we set out, crossed to the west side of Connecticut River at Northampton, and travelled along its banks, through

Hatfield, Deerfield, and Greenfield. We went over the very place where the beautiful town of Brattleboro' now stands. It was covered with woods, and scarcely a house was there then. If you will look on a map of New England you can trace our route.

After travelling three days, we arrived at what is now called Bellows Falls; about one hundred and ten miles north-west of Boston, in the State of Vermont. It is a wild place: the rocks are very high and rough, and the water of the Con-

necticut River pours over them with such fury, that it is worked into foam, and it roars like thunder.

I was alarmed when I first saw it whirling and boiling so furiously, and roaring so loudly that the sight made me giddy, and the noise almost deafened me. But by and by, I began to like the place, and to admire its strange and wild appearance. Wampum told me that in the spring of the year, the salmon, a large fine fish, would come up the river from the sea, and ascend over the falls. This must have been very difficult,

but the salmon is a strong and active fish. Sometimes they would have to try several times, before they could succeed, but at length they would spring over the rocks, and pass up the river. Wampum said that the Indians were in the habit of coming in the spring, to spear the salmon as they were endeavouring to ascend them. He described it as being excellent sport. Here is a picture of Indians spearing salmon at Bellows Falls.

If you go to Bellows Falls now, you will find a pretty village there,

Indians Spearing Salmon. page 24.

and a fine bridge, from which you can see the falls directly under you, to great advantage. But when I went there with Wampum, there were only a few small huts, or houses, and there was no bridge then.

The Indian village we were going to, was a few miles west of Bellows Falls. We left the Falls about sundown, and entered an Indian path through the woods. We had not gone far before we saw a bear coming directly towards us. Wampum had a carbine in his hand, which you know is a short gun. He lev-

elled it at the bear, and shot it at him. The bullet hit the bear on the head, but did not kill him. He seemed much enraged and came fiercely toward us, growling terribly. He sprung toward Wampum, striking at him forcibly with his fore paws. Wampum allowed the bear to pass him, at the same time, he plunged a knife into his side, which instantly killed him. Here is a picture of Wampum killing the Bear.

Soon after this, we arrived at the Indian village, which consisted of

Wampum Killing a Bear. page 26.

about twelve wigwams, in which were thirty or forty Indians, including women and children. It was night when we arrived, and I felt alarmed to see so many Indians around me. They seemed also to look upon me with dislike. But I felt sure that Wampum would protect me, so I was easy.

I was very much fatigued when I went to bed, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awake till about sunrise, when I was startled by shrieks, and shouts, and the firing of guns. I instantly ran to

the door, and saw the Indians running swiftly into the woods, while a party of about twenty soldiers were firing upon them. The Indians soon disappeared, and the soldiers set the wigwams on fire. They made a great blaze. Here is a picture of them burning.

The soldiers now prepared to return to Fort Dummer, whence they came. It was a distance of about thirty miles, and was situated about three miles below Brattleboro', on Connecticut River. As the soldiers expected to be pursued by the In-

Indian Village on Fire. page 28.

dians, they thought it necessary to return as fast as possible, and reach the fort that night. Accordingly they set out immediately, and marched rapidly forward, taking me with them.

As we were going along through the woods, one of the soldiers inquired of me how I came to be among the Indians. I therefore told him my story. He said that the Indians were very wicked, that they had killed a number of people, and that they assisted the French in Canada, who were then making war

upon us. This you will recollect was the period of the *French war*, of which I will tell you more by and by.

We had not proceeded far before we heard the report of a gun, and a bullet whistled over our heads. The forest was here very thick and we knew the Indians were around us. The soldiers looked in every direction, but the cunning Indians kept themselves concealed behind the trees. Soon several guns were fired from a thicket, and one of the soldiers was wounded. Looking in

that direction at the moment, I distinctly saw Wampum, with his head above the bushes. At the same instant, one of the soldiers saw him also, and fired at him. I clearly saw my old protector and friend fall. The Indians set up a wild and fearful yell, which seemed to startle the very trees. The soldiers took advantage of the moment, to push rapidly forward. After marching in silence for about two hours, and being satisfied that they were no longer pursued, they made a short halt. They soon resumed their march,

however, and reached Fort Dummer in the evening.

Here I stayed five or six days. I then went down the Connecticut River in a boat to Hartford. Hartford is a fine town now; one of the largest in the State of Connecticut. It was a small town then. There is a large State House there now, and an Asylum for the poor Deaf and Dumb—and a retreat for Insane people. None of these things were in Hartford, when I was there. I remember there was a house there then, standing on a hill, owned by

Mr. Wyllis, which was brought from England; in front of the house, there was a large oak tree, in which the people hid the charter of Connecticut many years before. This charter was a piece of parchment, resembling paper, on which a king of England, Charles II. had written a promise that the people of Connecticut should be free. When you go to Hartford you can see this charter in the Museum. But when Charles II. died, his brother, James II. became king in England. Now James sent Sir Edmund Andros

over to get away the charter. But the people would not let him have it, and they hid it in the old oak tree in front of Mr. Wyllis' house. You can see the tree and house too, of which I have been speaking, for they both remain to this day, although this affair occurred one hundred and forty years ago.

At Hartford, I entered on board the sloop Chenevard, and sailed for New York. We went down Connecticut River, which enters Long Island Sound about fifty miles from Hartford. Connecticut River is the

largest river in New England. It rises in Canada; it is about three hundred miles long, and is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. The water is clear, and the country through which it passes, is delightful. You should look on a map of New England, and see the course of this fine river.

About eight miles from New York, our sloop came very near being dashed to pieces, in what is called Hellgate or Hurlgate. This is a whirlpool, where the water is whirled around so violently, that

sometimes vessels are drawn into it, and dashed to pieces on the rocks. We fortunately escaped however, and arrived at New York.

New York is situated on an island, at the mouth of the Hudson River, and is the largest city in America. There are one hundred and sixty thousand people in it now! It is three times as large as Boston. It has a fine building, called the City Hall, which is thought by some people to be handsomer than the new State House in Boston.

When I arrived at New York, it

Dutchmen.

Frenchmen. page 37.

was small compared with what it is now, but there were a great many people there then. New York was first settled by Dutchmen; people who came from Holland in Europe. Dutchmen you know are celebrated as great smokers. Here is a picture of some Dutchmen.

But there are people in New York from all parts of the world. I saw some Frenchmen there; the first I had ever seen. They came from France in Europe. Frenchmen are very polite. Here is a picture of a Frenchman bowing to a lady.

I also saw in New York some Turks with long beards, red cloaks, and turbans on their heads. They came from Turkey in Europe. Here is a picture of a Turkish gentleman and lady.

I also saw some Chinese in New York, who came from China, where we get tea; a very distant country in Asia. Here is a picture of some Chinese.

After staying in New York about a month, I sailed for Boston, in the schooner Lively, with Captain Phillips. We had a fine wind, which carried us briskly through Long

Turks.

Chinese page 38.

Island Sound. We stopped at Newport, a fine town in the State of Rhode Island, to leave some goods.

At Newport, I met with a young man, several years older than myself, whom I had formerly known in Boston. His name was James Jenkins. He was a roving fellow, and had just returned from a voyage to the West Indies, and had been to South America. On his way to the West Indies, he stopt at Charleston.

Charleston is a considerable town in South Carolina; and is about

seven or eight hundred miles south of Boston. The West Indies are a large number of Islands, lying between North and South America. You should look on a map, and find all the places that I mention, so that you will understand where they are situated.

Jenkins told me some strange stories of his adventures. I will tell you one or two of them here. He sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, in the brig Yankee, with Captain Bassett. They had been at sea but a few days, when they

French Ship chasing the Yankee. page 41.

were chased by a large French ship. The French were at war with us then, and if the French ship could have taken the brig Yankee, they would have carried the captain and sailors prisoners to France, and taken away their goods. So the sailors of the Yankee exerted every effort to escape, and the French ship strained every nerve to come up with her. Here is a picture of the two vessels.

At length the French ship came near to the Yankee, and fired upon her. The cannon balls hissed through

the air, and passed through the sails of the Yankee, but did no damage. A second shot from the French ship killed two men, at the very side of Jenkins. The chase now was desperate. The French ship kept an incessant fire, and their cannon shot poured over and around the Yankee in a shower. At this critical moment the sun went down, and night suspended the conflict. Capt. Bassett took advantage of it to escape, and in the morning was out of sight of the French ship. In two days after this, they arrived safe at Charleston.

Jenkins said he was astonished to see so many negroes at Charleston. There are many more negroes than white people there. These negroes are slaves, and labor for the white people, to whom they belong. Jenkins saw negroes, men, women, and children, sold at public auction, as we sell goods. Some of the negroes, who happen to have kind masters, are very happy, but those who have cruel masters are wretched indeed.

After staying a month at Charleston, the brig Yankee sailed for

Cuba, the largest of the West India islands, where she soon arrived.

The West Indies are celebrated for producing sugar. It is made from a plant, called Sugar-cane, which grows somewhat like Indian corn. This is ground, and molasses is extracted from it. The sugar is found settled at the bottom of the molasses.

Jenkins found a great portion of the people in Cuba, to be negroes. They seemed to be very gay in their disposition, and generally happy. They are very fond of dancing.

Negroes Dancing. page 45.

Here is a picture of Negroes dancing.

Jenkins and two of his companions being on shore one night, were insulted by a drunken Spanish soldier. They resented it, and a scuffle ensued, in which the soldier was killed. Jenkins and his two friends were apprehended for this affair, and sentenced to labor two years in the mines of Peru, in South America.

To this place they were soon transported, and served out the period of their sentence. Nothing could be more cruel, than their sit-

uation. They were obliged to work in deep pits under ground, to get out the silver ore, and were often treated with the greatest severity by their masters.

At length they were set at liberty, and travelled across from Peru to Brazil; that is, from the western to the eastern side of South America. In travelling through the country, Jenkins had an opportunity to see the manners of the people, and the appearance of the country. Here is a picture of ladies and gentlemen of Peru, as Jenkins described them to me.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Peru. page 46.

South American Indians. page 47.

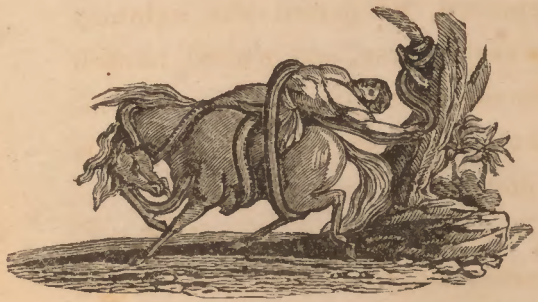
There were at this time and still are many native Indians in South America. They have become more civilized now, but they are still an ignorant and degraded people. Here is a picture of some of them, as Jenkins described them.

There is nothing in South America that strikes the beholder with so much astonishment as the Andes; a chain of mountains which run through it from north to south. They are among the loftiest mountains in the world. The highest peak, Chimborazo, is about four miles high.

Some of these mountains are always covered with snow, and others have fires within them, and send forth from the top a constant stream of smoke, and sometimes flame, and melted stones. These are called volcanoes. Here is a picture of some of the Andes.

You have heard, perhaps, of the Anaconda; a very large serpent, which is found in South America. Jenkins told me the following story of one. A man was riding on horseback in the woods. A serpent lay coiled by the path. When the man

Andes. page 48.



Anaconda.

Slaves searching for Diamonds. page 49.

appeared, he darted like lightning upon the horse, and wound himself around them with such force as instantly to crush them both. Here is a picture of them.

You have seen or heard of diamonds, bright stones, which are very valuable and precious. These are found in South America. They are washed from the mountains by rains, and are found among the sand in the valleys. Here are slaves employed in washing the sand for diamonds.

After a long and tedious journey

on foot, across from Peru to Brazil, Jenkins and his party arrived at Rio Janeiro, where he embarked for America, and arrived without farther accident.

Jenkins having finished his story, I went on board our schooner, and we soon set sail for Boston. We had not been out from the harbor at Newport but a few hours, when it began to snow violently, and the wind rose till it blew a gale. This wind was south-east, and therefore blew toward the shore. Lest we should be driven on the rocks and

dashed to pieces, we stretched out to sea. But the wind was too furious to allow us to carry our sails, so we took them down and lay to. In this situation we remained for several hours. The gale however continually increased. I never shall forget the aspect of the sea at that time. Its general appearance was black as ink; but the points of the waves were white with foam. They rose very high, and seemed agitated with desperate fury; sometimes several of them would roll together, and dash the spray high in

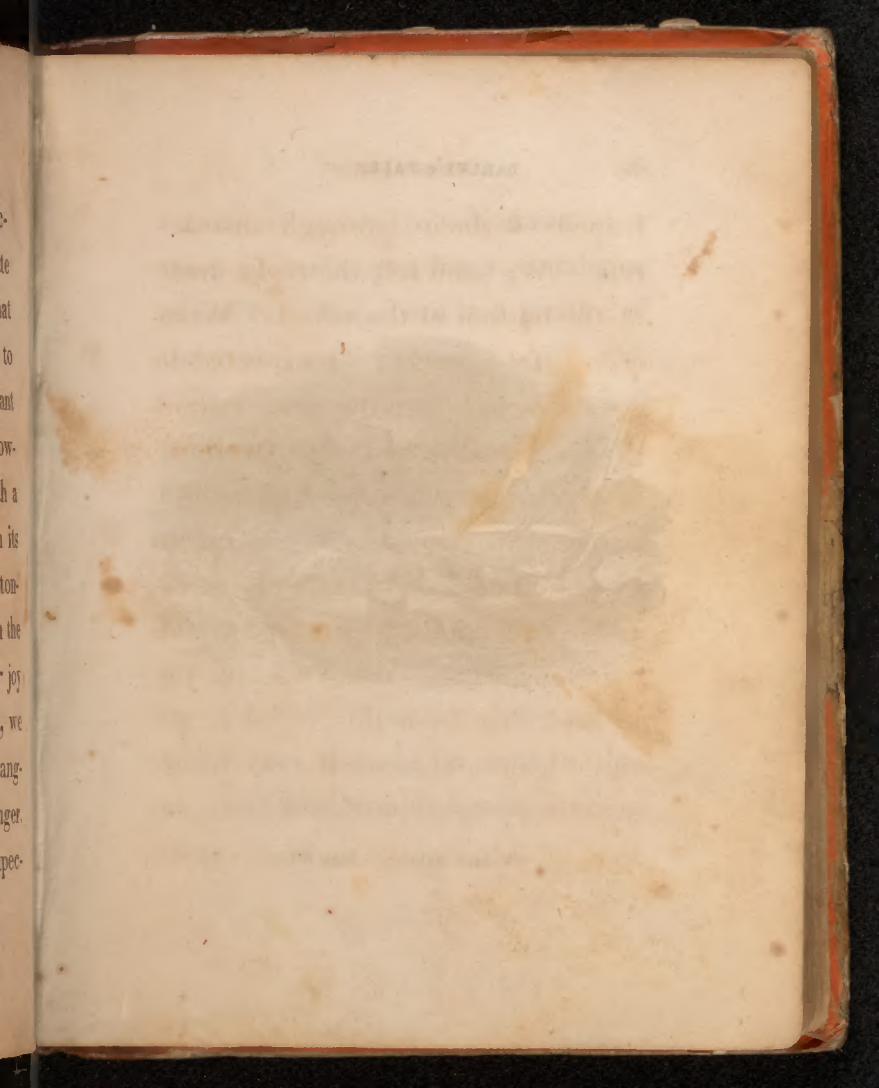
the air; then they would sink from the view, and leave a deep vale in the water.

Our little schooner danced on the waves like a feather; now she was tossed suddenly aloft on the top of a wave; now she slid deep into a trough formed in the sea; now she was struck violently on the side and nearly overset by a billow; and now she groaned and shuddered, as she was pressed on either side by opposing waves.

Night at length came on; and never did I witness its approach

with feelings so dreary. The storm still raged with unabated fury, and we were now drifting along at its mercy. We knew the land could not be very distant, and we expected to go ashore before morning. It was an anxious night. At length the dawn appeared, but only to disclose our danger. At a short distance was the shore, bound with steep and ragged rocks, and the resistless gale was bearing us furiously upon them. We gave ourselves up for lost. Some knelt down to pray; some cried aloud, and one person

leaped overboard through distraction. We soon felt the rocks grate on the bottom of the vessel. What a dreadful moment! I expected to see the vessel torn the next instant to pieces, and to be myself swallowed up in the waves. At length a strong wave took the vessel on its top, and bore her along with astonishing force, and cast her high on the point of a rock. What was our joy to find, that from this position, we could leap safely upon the overhanging cliff, and escape from the danger. We did so instantly, and our expec-



Vessel Ashore. page 55.

tations of instant death were in a moment exchanged for a confidence of safety. See, here is a picture of the vessel on the rocks.

We found the place, where we had gone ashore, to be in New Hampshire, a distance of about sixty five miles north-east from Boston. From thence I travelled to Boston on foot. I was delighted to get home again, and my family were rejoiced to see me. I told them my adventures, which they thought so strange, that at first they could hardly believe them.

I need not say that I had become very much interested in the Indians. Wampum had told me that once there were none but Indians in all America; that then they owned the lands, and were powerful and happy; but that the white men had got away their lands, and reduced the Indians to weakness and misery. I was therefore anxious to hear the history of the Indians.

Beside, I had been to Northampton, Hartford, New York and other places, and I was curious to learn more concerning them. So I asked

my old grandfather, who knew all about it, to tell me the story of America. Accordingly he told it to me and I found it very interesting.

But before I repeat it, I must make you understand some other things. The world, you know, is round, like the moon. The moon looks small, because it is very far off; but it is really a great world, with mountains, and rivers, and seas upon it. If we were on the moon, the earth, we live upon, would look white, and small, and round, like the moon.

Well, this world on which we live, has two great continents, or vast portions of land on it; between these continents are great oceans. If you will now look at a map of the world, you will see that on one side of the world is America, that continent on which we live. If you were high in the air, and should sail over it, looking down, you would see that the shape of the continent or land called America, was the same as it is represented on the map. You see it is in two great divisions, connected by a narrow strip of land;

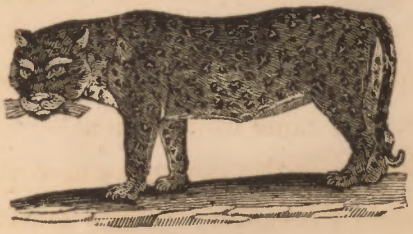
the northern part, on which we live, is called *North* America, and the southern part is called *South* America. It is South America, where almost all the gold and silver comes from. It is the country where James Jenkins was confined, as I have told you, and where you remember he saw the Anaconda.

You will observe on the map of the world, that on the side opposite to America, is a vast continent, which is divided into Europe, Asia, and Africa. Now between these countries and America, to the east

of us, lies the Atlantic Ocean, an immense sea, which is three thousand miles across. On the west of America, lies the Pacific Ocean, which is still broader than the Atlantic, and separates America from Asia. I should like to tell you more about Asia and Africa, but I have not time now. Asia, you will remember, is the country where Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, lived, and from which the tiger is brought. Here is a picture of a Tiger, that came from Asia.

Africa is the country in which ne-

Tiger. page 66.



Leopard.

Ostrich. page 61.

groes live, and where the leopard and ostrich are found. Here is a picture of a Leopard and an Ostrich, that came from Africa.

Europe is the country where the English, French, Spaniards, Dutch, and Russians live. But I must now tell you about Columbus.

Columbus lived in Europe. Europe is a large country, lying east of America, far over the Atlantic Ocean. There are a great many people there, and many towns, and cities larger than Boston or New York. Well, about three hundred

years ago, the people who lived on the other side of the Atlantic, did not know that such a place as America existed.

Columbus told them that he believed there was such a place, and if they would give him some ships, he would sail across the water, and see if there was not. But they only laughed at him. At length, Columbus persuaded the Queen of Spain, whose name was Isabella, to lend him some money, with which he bought some ships, and set out to see if he could find a new coun-

The Ships of Columbus. page 68.

try. Here is a picture of Columbus' ships.

You know that people sail over the great Atlantic Ocean from Europe to America, and from America to Europe, very often now. There are ships called packets, one of which sails every week from New York for England. These ships are very large, and strong, and have fine rooms in them; but the time I am speaking of, you will remember, was three hundred and thirty five years ago, in the year 1492; that is, fourteen hundred and ninety two years

since Jesus Christ was born. We call the present year 1827, because it is eighteen hundred and twenty seven years since Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born. Well, when Columbus lived, three hundred and thirty five years ago, the ships were small, and weak, and it was dangerous to sail in them.

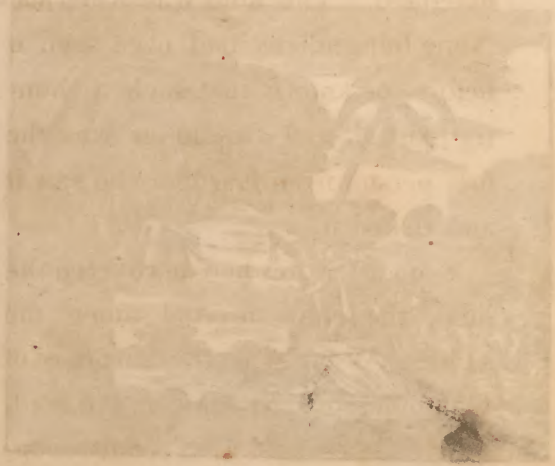
But Columbus was a brave man, and was not afraid. So he sailed out upon the water, and soon was so far away from the land, that he could see only the sea around him. He sailed along for many days, but

at length a storm arose; the wind blew terribly, and the waves rose and fell so violently, as to toss the ships of Columbus about, and dash the water over them in such a manner that the sailors who were with Columbus were frightened, and thought they should all be drowned. They begged him to go back, and threatened to kill him if he did not. But Columbus would not go back.

After sailing along seventy days, one of the sailors, who was on the top of the mast of one of the ships, saw land far over the water. He

cried, Land! land! Columbus was delighted. This land was America. None but Indians had ever seen it before, or known that such a country existed, and Columbus was the first person from Europe who saw it and visited it.

Soon after they had discovered the land, the ships arrived along the shore. What was the surprise of Columbus to see people on the land, nearly naked, and of a reddish copper colour! They were very different from any people he had ever seen. These people were Indians; such as



Columbus going Ashore. page 67.

Wampum, that we have been telling you about. They were as much surprised to see Columbus and his ships, as he was to see them. They had never seen a white man or a ship before.

They seemed to be a kind people, for they received Columbus with pleasure. Here is a picture of Columbus going ashore.

The place which Columbus landed upon, was an island called St. Salvador. He found many kinds of fruits there, which he had never seen before. After staying many days,

he sailed back to Europe, and arrived at Palos, in Spain, having been absent about seven months.—He told the people of Europe what he had seen; that he had discovered a new country, which abounded in delicious fruits, and silver, and gold, and where the people, instead of being white, were red.

This story of Columbus made many people anxious to come to the new country, which they afterwards called America, to see what they could discover, and to get fruits, and precious metals. Consequently,

many persons came over, and many of them being bad and wicked men, they shot and murdered the poor Indians, destroyed their houses, got away their silver and gold, and took possession of their lands.

This was more particularly the case in South America and Mexico, which were conquered by the Spaniards, and made subject to the King of Spain. I will tell you some stories relating to these countries. The most remarkable are those of Mexico and Peru.

Mexico is on the southern part of

North America. The territories subject to the Emperor of Mexico, were very extensive. The capital, Mexico, was situated in an extensive and beautiful valley, and was a large and splendid city. It was by far the greatest and most interesting city in all America. The number of inhabitants was many thousands.

Now, the King of Spain determined to conquer Mexico. The people of Mexico had indeed done him no harm, and owed him nothing—they were a happy and innocent people, but this was no protection to

them. You will not read much about kings, before you will learn that they care little whether what they do is right or wrong. They are generally governed by selfish interest, and do what they please, without regard to justice or humanity.

The person chosen to subdue Mexico, was Fernando Cortez, a cruel and desperate man, as you will see. He took but about six hundred soldiers with him. After several battles along the country in the way to Mexico, Cortez approached that city. The Emperor, who reigned

at that time, was Montezuma; he received Cortez with hospitality, and treated him kindly. But this did not prevent Cortez from pursuing his design; he took several men with him, suddenly entered the palace of Montezuma, seized him and carried him away. At length he put fetters on him, and put him in prison. In this situation he remained a long time, and suffered very ill treatment.

At length, the inhabitants being enraged against Cortez, to appease them, he brought Montezuma before them. But they discharged a show-

Montezuma Wounded. page 73.

er of arrows at him, and Montezuma was wounded. Here is a picture of the scene.

The poor monarch soon died of his wounds and a broken heart. After his death, Mexico was bravely defended by his son, Guatimozin, who then became emperor. But it was unable to hold out, and at length it surrendered to Cortez. Thus Mexico became a part of the dominions of Spain. By such means, the subjugation of the weak and defenceless, kings have been accustomed to

increase their wealth and power, and call it glory.

I will tell you another story of the same sort. A Spaniard by the name of Pizarro, discovered Peru; a country in South America, celebrated for its mines of gold and silver. It is the same country where James Jenkins, that I told you of, was confined.

Pizarro, having discovered this country, he resolved to conquer it. By artifice, he at length succeeded in making Atahualpa, one of the Indian Chiefs, his prisoner. He offer-

Death of Atahualpa. page 75.

ed to let him go, if he would pay him a large sum of gold. This Atahualpa did. But Pizarro, instead of fulfilling his promise, burnt him to death! Such is the work of conquerors. Here is a picture of the death of Atahualpa.

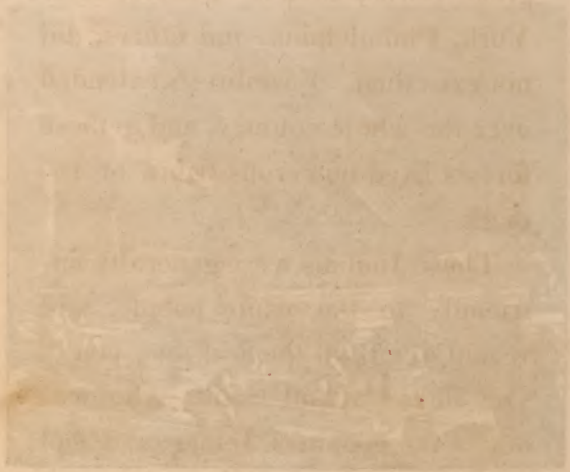
Pizarro then pursued his conquest, and succeeded in subjugating the whole of Peru in 1532. He then established laws for the country, and laid the foundation of the present town of Lima, which you will find on the maps of South America. But in 1541 he was murdered.

I have now told you some of the most remarkable events which took place in South America. I will now tell you some stories of North America.

About two hundred and twenty years ago, that is, in the year 1607, some English people, about one hundred in number, came to Virginia, and made a settlement on James River. The first town they built, they called Jamestown. Here is a picture of the building of Jamestown.

I need not tell you, that no people but Indians lived in this part of

Building of Jamestown. page 76.



North America at this time. The great towns, such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and others, did not exist then. Vast forests extended over the whole country, and in these forests lived numerous tribes of Indians.

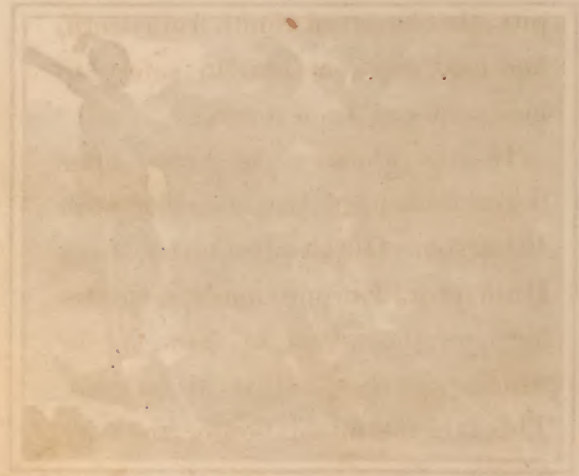
These Indians were generally unfriendly to the white people, and would often kill them, if they could. One day, Captain Smith, who was one of the people of Jamestown, had been up a river in a boat. He was discovered by the Indians, seized by them, and carried before Powhat-

tan, who was their chief, or king.

Powhattan and his counsellors decided that he should be put to death. Accordingly he was brought forward, and his head laid upon a stone. Powhattan then took a club, and raised it in the air, to strike the fatal blow. What was his astonishment, to see his daughter, a beautiful Indian girl, run shrieking between him and Smith, and place herself in a situation to shelter him from the club of her father. Here is a picture of the scene.

Powhattan was so much moved

Smith and Indian Girl. page 78.



by the conduct of his charming daughter, who thus taught him to pity, that he saved Smith from death, and next day sent him in safety to his friends at Jamestown.

It was about eight years after the settlement of Virginia, that is in 1615, some Dutch adventurers, from Holland in Europe, made a settlement on the island of New York, which was then called Manhattan. This laid the foundation of the city of New York.

In the year 1620, some English people, called Puritans, arrived at

Plymouth, in Massachusetts, and made the first settlement in New England. They came to America, principally, to enjoy their own peculiar religion. They were about forty in number. The place, where they happened to land, had been deserted by the Indians, on account of a fatal disease that had prevailed there some years before.

The Puritans divided themselves into nineteen families, and each family built a small house. Several Indians had been discovered in the woods, but they fled as the white

people came near them. But one day an Indian came among them, and surprised them by exclaiming, Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen! His name was Samoset, and he had learned to speak English of some fishermen, that he had seen. He was a good friend to the English, and persuaded Masassoit to come and see them. Masassoit was a great chief, or Indian king, and he made an agreement with the English to be at peace with them, and not to injure them.

I have now told you of the three

first settlements, made in North America, Virginia, New York, and New England. These settlements were called colonies. They met with a great many difficulties; sometimes they were afflicted with fatal sickness; sometimes their crops of grain were cut short, and they were visited with famine; sometimes they were involved in the miseries of a war with the Indians. But notwithstanding all these trials, these colonies flourished, and others were established.

In 1621, the first settlement was

made in Delaware, by some people from Sweden and Finland, called Swedes and Fins. In 1634, Lord Baltimore, in England, sent out a colony of Roman Catholics, who settled Maryland. In 1681, William Penn, a quaker, made a settlement of quakers in Pennsylvania. Thus you see, in the space of a few years after the settlement of Virginia, a large portion of what is now called the United States was inhabited; and the settlement of the country thus begun, it flourished and increas-

ed, beyond what has ever been know of any other country.

You will readily understand, that the people, who lived in those days, were very differently situated from what we are now. If you look on the map you will see it filled with towns, and crossed in every direction by roads. One hundred and fifty years ago, very few of these towns existed. The land, where they now stand, lay buried in forests. If you were to travel through the country now, you would see fine

houses, gardens, orchards, and cultivated fields. Then, their place was occupied by a vast wilderness. Now, there are stages and steamboats, which will carry you rapidly from one end of the country to the other. Then, there were no roads, or very indifferent ones, and travelling was attended with danger, from the Indians, and the wild beasts, that lurked in the forests.

You see then, how much happier our condition is, than that of our forefathers, and how do you think the change, that we have just notic-

ed, and for which we owe so much to our ancestors, has been accomplished? How have the forests been levelled, and made to give place to fruitful fields? How have large and splendid cities been built? How have convenient and pleasant roads been made? How have the wild beasts been subdued? How have the Indians been driven over the mountains? How, in short, has a wild wilderness been converted into a beautiful and happy land?

It would take me a long time to answer all these questions. I have

only time to tell you, in general, that this great and happy change has been effected by the industry, courage, and virtue of our forefathers. Let me recommend it to you, as soon as you can, to read the history of our country. You will find it very interesting, and it will tell you the whole story of what I have just been alluding to.

I must now pass over a long period of time, during which our country rapidly advanced in numbers and power, and come to the year 1756. This was the period of a celebrated

war, in this country, called the Old French War. You will recollect that this country was settled by English people, and belonged to England. The French had made some settlements in Canada, and along the rivers Mississippi and Ohio, while the English had been forming the settlements along the Atlantic shore.

Well, France and England fell into a state of war. It is always the object of two nations engaged in war, to do to each other as much harm as possible. Whatever be-

longs, therefore, to either country, in such circumstances, is exposed to all the evils which such a state of things may threaten. Now the settlements, or colonies in America belonging to England, the French would endeavor to do them all the mischief they could, and the English would exert themselves to conquer the French colonies, if possible.

Accordingly, when the war broke out between England and France, the French and English colonies began to fight each other. The French engaged large numbers of Indians to

assist them, and instigated by malice toward the English, for having got possession of their lands, they committed the most cruel and inhuman outrages. Here is a picture of one of the battles of this war.

But of these outrages I cannot tell you more now; I can only describe to you the capture of Quebec, which was the most remarkable event of the war.

This city was the capital of the French settlements in Canada, and is now a large town. It was strongly fortified, and defended by a large

A Battle of the French War. page 90.

army, commanded by a brave French officer, whose name was Montcalm. But General Wolfe, commander of the English army, was a bold general, and determined to attack them. The French army, consisting of a large number of men, occupied the garrisons and forts in and about Quebec. Near the city, and overlooking it, was a lofty hill or eminence, called the heights of Abraham. Wolfe, having made several unsuccessful attacks on the French, determined, if possible, to form his army on the top of these heights.

Accordingly, in the night, his soldiers climbed up the hill, and in the morning were ready for battle.

About ten o'clock, the conflict began. You have never seen a battle and can scarce imagine what it is. You must conceive thousands of soldiers, divided into two great portions, with swords, and guns, and cannon. At length the two armies approach each other, and the contest begins. The muskets are fired, and the cannon are discharged. The whole scene is wrapped in a cloud of thick smoke, through which, you

can see a thousand flashes, and from which, there issues an incessant and deafening roar. By and by, there is a momentary pause; the cloud of smoke is slowly lifted up on the air, and you see the field strewed with the bodies of the men that are dying and dead. Again the battle begins; again the smoke covers the fight; and again the thunder of artillery is heard.

Such was the battle on the heights of Abraham. The French army made a brave onset upon the English, but they were cut down in

hundreds. Again, and again, they returned to the attack; but in vain. The English still maintained their ground, and the French were beaten and obliged to fly. The brave General Wolfe was wounded, and died on the field of battle. Montcalm, the French general, was also wounded, and died in a short time. The victory was proclaimed in favor of the English. A thousand Frenchmen were killed, and a thousand were taken prisoners.

In five days after the victory, Quebec was surrendered, or given

up, to the English, and ever since has belonged to them. It was during this war, and not long after the surrender of Quebec, that Montreal and the other French possessions in Canada were taken by the English, and have ever since remained in their possession.

But I must now relate to you the most interesting part of our history; I mean the Revolutionary war. But before I can make you fully understand this, I must add a few explanations.

You will remember, that the Eng-

lish settlements in North America were called Colonies, that is, they were subject to the government of England, and formed part of its dominions. The people acknowledged the authority of the king, and paid obedience to him, and expected, of course, his protection. But it happened, that the king and government of England were unjust to the colonies. They made laws, and imposed burdens, which were calculated to injure the people in this country. In short, they acted towards it without regard to the rights, and the hap-

piness of the people, and sought only their own immediate advantage. Their idea was, that the colonies were weak and timid, and that they would submit to any thing, however oppressive, that the government of England should require of them. In this, you will see, they were greatly mistaken.

As the colonies had been protected by England, as many of the people had been born and educated there, and as nearly the whole of them were descended from English ancestors, the attachment of the colonists to England was very strong.

England seemed to them their home, and all of us, you know, are fond of home. They therefore endured much oppression from the English government, contenting themselves, only with sending to the king earnest prayers, that he would treat them with kindness and justice. But as no answer was returned to these prayers, save that of increased hardships, the people resolved that they would no longer acknowledge the right of England to rule over them, and that they would govern themselves.

Accordingly, the people sent some

of their wisest men to Philadelphia. These men, when assembled, were called a congress. This congress, on the fourth of July, 1776, declared that the people of this country would no longer submit to the government of Great Britain, and that ever after, they should be free and independent. This is called the Declaration of Independence; and it is celebrated every year, on the fourth of July, that being the day on which the declaration was made. Thus the colonies became an independent nation.

But before that independence was

established, and before it was acknowledged by Great Britain, our fathers had to pass through a bloody war, which lasted for eight years. The story of this war I will now tell you.

The Revolutionary War began in 1775. The English, fearing that the people of America would resist their authority, sent a large number of soldiers to prevent it. These soldiers were placed in Boston. It happened, that there were some military stores, that is, powder, ball, guns, &c., at Concord, about sixteen miles from Boston. Governor

Battle of Lexington. page 90.

Gage, the English commander, wished to have those stores destroyed, as they belonged to the Americans.—Accordingly, he sent some soldiers on the nineteenth of April, 1775, to effect their destruction. When these soldiers got to Lexington, they found a good many people alarmed by the expedition that had gathered about the church. One of the English officers, Major Pitcairn, rode up to these people and exclaimed, "Disperse, you rebels!"—at the same time, some of his soldiers fired upon the people, and killed a number of them. Here is a picture of the scene.

Now the Americans did not like to have their people killed by foreign soldiers. Would it not make you angry, if soldiers should come from England, and shoot your dear father or your brother? Certainly it would, and so the Americans were excited by this act of the English soldiers, and determined to resent it. They ran to their houses, they seized their guns, and hurrying back in crowds, they commenced a sharp attack upon the English troops. These soon found it necessary to turn about, and fly to Boston for safety. The Americans pursued them, and the English

soldiers, urged by the danger which their own acts had drawn down upon them, pushed on with a rapid step, and soon reached Boston.

This affair began the revolutionary war. The people now saw the necessity of resistance. Animated by a love of their country, and roused by indignation against its oppressors, they left their quiet homes, bade adieu to their families, and with a resolute purpose of securing their country's rights, they flocked to the field of battle. The British troops being stationed in Boston, the

Americans assembled their forces in that neighborhood.

I had at this time grown up to be a man, and lived in Boston. The British troops had possession of the town, and it was difficult for me to leave it. But I was determined to join the American forces. It was expected that there would soon be a great battle. There is a high hill near Boston, called Bunker's Hill. The top of this hill you can see from Boston. One morning it was discovered that the American troops had got possession of the hill, and

during the night, had thrown up a small breastwork of earth and turf.

Governor Gage immediately perceived that he must drive the Americans from this hill, if possible. Accordingly, the English troops were ordered to proceed to the spot. That was a busy morning in Boston. The people hurried along the streets with breathless haste, and countenances of deep anxiety. Heavy columns of troops poured along the town, and the deep swell of martial music filled the air. Amid all this, a heavy sound of cannon, at no great distance, was distinctly heard.

I could remain inactive no longer. I proceeded with three of my companions, among whom was James Jenkins, to a spot where we had secreted a small boat, in which we rowed over to Cambridge. Here we landed and proceeded to join the troops on the top of the hill. From this place, we could see the British forces as they approached. They landed on a point at no great distance from us. They were soon formed, and began their march up the hill. Nothing could exceed the regularity with which they approached. They were all dressed in red

coats and white pantaloons. It was a bright day and their guns glittered in the sun. In long straight lines, and with a bold and steady march, they advanced toward the breast-work, behind which the Americans lay. Jenkins and myself were among them, side by side. It was an anxious moment. Not a word was said. We lay with our guns loaded, and our fingers placed ready to send the bullets in the face of the approaching enemy. We saw them; they were so near, that we could look them in the face. Yet not a word was said. We felt their heavy tread

shake the little mound behind which we lay. Now the signal was given; every gun was levelled, and an instantaneous blaze ran like lightning along the breastwork. More than a thousand muskets poured their deadly shot upon the very breast of the British line. The effect was astounding; many an English soldier was stretched instantly on the earth, and the remainder first wavered and then turned and fled from the deadly spot.

But the English troops soon formed and renewed the attack. It was answered as before, and again they

Battle of Bunker Hill. page 109.

retired. But at length, the Americans, having exhausted their powder and ball, were forced to retreat. With slow and reluctant steps, they descended from the hill, leaving the British in possession of it. Many of the English were killed, and but very few of the Americans. This was the famous battle of Bunker's Hill, of which here is a picture.

Now the war was begun in earnest. The Americans set about making arrangements to defend themselves, and if possible, drive the British troops from the country.—They accordingly appointed George

Washington, a wise and brave man, to command the American forces, and took measures to raise a large and powerful army. At the same time, the King of England, filled with resentment, and resolving to subdue the rebellious colonies, sent a great many ships and many thousands of soldiers to assist in accomplishing his wishes.

I cannot now tell you all the battles that were fought during this bloody war, but I will tell you an interesting story of what happened to myself. It was a little more than two years after the battle of Bun-

ker's Hill, Jenkins and myself had been stationed at a small fort in the State of New York, on Lake Ontario. We determined to accompany a detachment which was going to join the American troops under General Gates, who were then near Saratoga, and who soon expected to meet a large British army advancing from Canada, under General Burgoyne. Accordingly we set out.—The detachment consisted of about sixty men. The second day after our departure, as we were passing along a sort of military road, cut through the woods, we were startled

by the report of a musket from an adjacent thicket. The sun had set a little before, and it was now nearly dark. We could of course see no one in the woods, nor had we suspected that an enemy could be near us. We had no doubt, however, that the shot proceeded from Indians, who were lurking in the woods, and who were about to attack us.

It happened at the moment, that Jenkins and myself were marching together a few rods behind the other men. The instant I heard the report of the musket, I perceived Jen-

kins to stop, and lay his hand quickly upon his side. I sprung towards him, knowing that the bullet had wounded him. I was a moment too late to prevent his falling! I put my arms around him, and raised his head. He instantly exclaimed, I am wounded, and must die—leave me! the Indians are around us, their next bullet will go through your heart; join the troops and save yourself! I had not time to answer, for four Indians at the moment sprung from the bushes, seized me, and hurried me from the spot. I had no time for resistance, the whole scene pas-

sed in an instant. I exerted myself a little to try the strength of my captors, but found that I was strongly grasped by two stout men on each side. It was dark, and I could only perceive that they were savages, and that they were urging me through a forest of tall trees without underwood.

After proceeding at this rapid pace for about a quarter of an hour, we stopt, and my hands were bound behind me. We then pushed on as before, and my speed was occasionally increased by a rude push from the savages. In this way we travelled

about an hour, when we again stopt. The Indians who had been silent before, now began to talk to themselves. After some apparent consultation, they permitted me to sit down, and sat down themselves. Having remained about two hours, we were joined by a dozen more Indians. In company with these, we now resumed our march, and went forward at a rapid pace. As we were travelling through woods, in the night, my hands being tied behind me, I found it extremely difficult to keep up with the Indians, and whenever I faultered, they did not fail to strike me.

At length, the morning began to dawn, and we made a halt. The Indians, who had hitherto spoken in their own language, now asked me a few questions in English. In return, I made some inquiries of them, which they refused to answer. All that I could learn respecting my own fate was, that I should be reserved for the decision of their chief, who would arrive the next day. In the mean time, as if to torment me, they tied me to a tree, and some of the young Indians tried their skill in shooting arrows at me. Here is a picture of the scene.

Indians Shooting at Parley. page 116.

Several of the arrows came very near me, and one or two of them hit me and wounded me, but not very severely. When the arrows hit me the Indians laughed very heartily, and my misery seemed to afford them great pleasure. I should have been in despair, and given myself up for lost, but I had often before been in danger, and had always escaped. I had also found, that danger, when met with courage, seemed to be lessened, and that evils sustained with resolution, always disappeared or diminished. I placed confidence in

Heaven too, and felt persuaded that a kind Providence would rescue me. So I bore the wounds of the Indians' arrows with fortitude, and could not but scorn and pity the wretches who took delight in my distress.

At length they seemed weary of their cruel sport, and left me tied to the tree, while they went to their meals. After finishing this, they offered me some broiled deer's flesh, but I was too closely tied to permit me to eat. They then unbound me, but my hands were so swoln that

I could not use them. I was very hungry, however, and was able to eat a little.

At length night came on. I had resolved, if possible, to escape during the night. The chief was expected the next morning, and from what I knew of the Indians, I had little doubt that I should be burned to death when he came, unless I could get away before his return. I determined, therefore, to avail myself of the least chance of escape, if any should offer.

The place where we were was a high rocky bank of a small river.

My plan was to escape silently, if I could, when all were asleep; if that could not be done, to spring suddenly from my keepers, and leap over the rocks into the river, hoping, if I was not dashed to pieces, to elude pursuit in the darkness, and make good my escape. With these purposes in my mind, I waited impatiently for the time when the savages should be asleep. It was midnight before they were at rest. I was strongly bound, and laid on the ground with about twelve Indians around me.

At length they all seemed asleep.

I then exerted myself to break the bark cords that tied me. I had nearly succeeded, when one of the Indians suddenly sprung up, and came towards me with a hatchet lifted over my head. I expected that he would strike me, but he did not. He examined my cords, and as they seemed to be tight and as I appeared to be asleep, he left me, and laid himself again on the ground. Soon all were asleep. Now, thought I, is the moment which decides whether I live or die! I made a desperate effort, and broke the cords around my hands. I then untied those that

were around my feet, and stepped cautiously over the sleeping Indians. One of them muttered in his sleep, and stirred as if he were going to wake; but he did not. I took one of the Indians' muskets, which stood by a tree, and with a noiseless step, and breathless anxiety, I left the spot.

I had not been gone more than a quarter of an hour, before I heard a shout among the Indians, which was immediately followed by a mingled yell, that echoed through the forest. I now knew that my escape was discovered. I was on the bank

of the river, and surrounded by rocks. I crept between two large rocks, and lay still. I soon heard the Indians coming in the direction where I was. Two or three passed so close to me, that I could have touched them with my hand. At length, one of them saw me, and levelled his rifle at me, but hesitated to fire. I took advantage of the moment, and sprung over the bank into the river. I swam across the stream, carrying the musket in one hand, and paddling with the other. I had scarcely got across, when I heard two or three savages

plash into the opposite side of the water.

I clomb up the steep bank, and plunging into the woods, I ran with all my force. But I was stiff from my wounds, and from having been so tightly bound. Of course, the swift Indians soon overtook me, and I was again reduced to captivity. I was now taken back to the place from which I had escaped, and bound, but more securely than before.

At length the morning came, and the chief of the tribe arrived, with

several other Indians. He was an old man, but still strong and active. The Indians told him of my capture and attempt to escape, and asked him what should be my fate. Having heard the story, he came near to me, and in a stern voice he spoke as follows.

White man, said he, listen to me. Once the red man was King over these woods and waters. The mountains and rivers were his. Then he was rich and happy. At length the white men, thy fathers, came. The red man bade them welcome. But they were ungrateful and treacherous

When they grew strong, they drove the red men over the mountains, and took their lands. I was still the white man's friend. But see here, said he, pointing to a scar on his breast, this is the mark of a white man's bullet. I had harmed them not; I had lived among them and served them. But they shot at me as if I were a wild cat. White man, said he, listen. I was once the white man's friend: I am now his enemy. Think no more of escape. This hour you shall die.

Chief, said I, do as you like. If it is God's will that I die, I shall

die contented. My father was a friend to the red men, and his son has never harmed them. My father saved the life of a red man, and now you will kill his son. If it will make an Indian chief happy to spill the blood of one, whose father saved a red man's life, then kill me; I am ready to die. And my soul will go to the Great Spirit, and will say to him, my father was a benefactor to the red men, and they murdered his son!

Speak, said the Chief, where did your father live? In Boston, said I. And who was the Indian, whose life

he saved? His name was Wampum.

White man, said he, look at me; I am Wampum. I know you; you are the boy who came to my wigwam at Holyoke. You are the boy who went with me to the Great Falls. It was your father who saved my life; and shall I suffer his son to die?

Brethren, said Wampum, speaking to the Indians, I was a stranger in a distant city of the white men. I drank their fire water, and it made me wild. I struck a sailor, and he was angry. He came upon me with twelve men. They beat me down, and trampled upon me. They would

have killed me, but a white man, with a strong arm, beat them off. The friend of the red men saved my life. Here is his son; shall he die?

The Indians answered by unbinding my hands and feet. Go, said Wampum, go to your friends, and tell them that the red men will not forget kindness. Tell them, that we will repay to the children the good deeds of their fathers. We war only with the wicked; we seek only the blood of our enemies. Saying this he returned me my gun, gave me a bag of dried deer's flesh, and told me I was at liberty to go. Keep

along the bank of this river, said he, and three days' journey will bring you to the American camp.

Having expressed my thankfulness to the chief, I departed. I found no difficulty in proceeding along the banks of the river. I travelled all day without accident. At night I made a little fire, and slept by it. The next day I proceeded on my journey, and at evening found myself among wild hills and rocks, between which the river dashed in violent cascades.

I was looking about for a place to sleep during the night, when I per-

ceived a man approaching me. His face was pale, and wore a look of strange wildness. What was my astonishment to discover this to be James Jenkins, whom I had supposed killed three days before. He told me he had been left on the ground for dead, but was only wounded. He had lain on the spot a night and day, and since that time had wandered about in the woods.

He was very weak from hunger and loss of blood, but after eating some of my dried deer's flesh, he slept quietly through the night, and found himself able to accompany me

the next morning on my journey, at a slow pace. In three days we arrived at the American camp, and joined our regiment under the command of General Gates.

It was now a time of great interest in the army. General Burgoyne, the English commander, with about six thousand men, lay at no great distance. There had been a good deal of fighting between this army and the American forces under General Gates. About a month after Jenkins and I had arrived, the two armies met. They fought for a long time, and many hundreds were kill-

ed, but neither was decidedly victorious.

General Burgoyne was now surrounded with difficulties, and was soon obliged to surrender, and give himself up with his six thousand soldiers to General Gates, who made them prisoners of war. These events you will remember, took place near Saratoga, in the State of New York, in the fall of 1777.

This was a great event for the Americans, and gave them courage to prosecute the war with spirit. I should be glad to tell you of the many battles that were fought, and of

the many brave deeds that were done by the Americans. You will sometime or other read the history of these things, and will admire the noble spirit of your fathers. To their courage and fortitude, you, who now live and enjoy happiness, peace and freedom, are indebted for these blessings. Let their example never be forgotten; and if your country should ever again be invaded by enemies, be sure to imitate the conduct of those who forgot every private interest and feeling, in the ardent desire to protect their country.

After the capture of Burgoyne, I

left the army and returned to Boston. Here I remained till the fall of 1781. I then joined the army, and was present at the capture of the British army at Yorktown, under Lord Cornwallis. This was the greatest and most important event of the Revolutionary war. The circumstances were these.

Lord Cornwallis, at the head of seven thousand British troops, was at Yorktown, Virginia. To this place General Washington marched at the head of the American army, determined if possible to overcome and capture the British. He soon be-

gan the attack, and in a few days Lord Cornwallis, with his seven thousand soldiers, gave themselves up to General Washington. Here is a picture of the scene.

This was the last great event of the war. England now saw that she could not conquer America. Accordingly she gave up the idea, and acknowledged its independence.

Such was the war called the American Revolution. Our country's independence being thus secured, it has since gone on in happiness and prosperity. It has once since been engaged in war with England, but

Surrender of Cornwallis. page 136.

that lasted only a short time, and terminated honorably to our country. Ours is now a great and powerful nation. It consists of eleven millions of people. They are governed by a President and Congress, who meet every winter, at Washington, to make laws. The Congress consists of several hundred men, some from each State, who assemble in a building called the Capitol.

You will recollect that I have told you how Columbus discovered America, how Cortez conquered Mexico, and Pizarro, Peru; you will recollect that I have told you of the settlement of Virginia, New-York, New-England, Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that I have described the French war, and the

Revolutionary war. These things, I hope you will never forget; but lest you should, I will put them into rhymes for you, which, if you please, you may commit to memory, and recite to your friends.

THE STORY OF AMERICA.

Columbus was a sailor brave,
The first that crossed th' Atlantic wave.
In fourteen hundred ninety two,
He came far o'er the ocean blue,
Where ne'er a ship had sailed before,
And found a wild and savage shore,
Where naked men in forests prowled,
And bears and panthers roamed and howled.

Then others came to see the wonder,
To gather gold and seek for plunder;
And many a cruel deed was done,
Far south beneath the tropic sun.
There Cortez came, with sword and flame,
And at a blow, proud Mexico,
Was humbled in the dust:
Pizarro too, in rich Peru,
With bloody heart, and cruel art,
A mighty empire crushed.
Ah! many a red man's blood was spilt,
And many a deed was done of guilt,
Of torture, murder, crimes untold,
To get the poor, poor Indians' gold.

At length, when years had passed away,
Some English came to Virginia;
'Twas sixteen hundred seven; be sure
You let this in your mind endure;
For 'twas the first bold colony,
That lived in North America;
The first that laid the deep foundation,
On which has since been built, a nation.
Well, here they raised a far famed town
On James' River—called Jamestown.
They struggled hard 'gainst many sorrows,
Sickness, and want, and Indian arrows;
But bold and strong at length they grew,
And were a brave and manly crew.

'Twas eight years after this, I mean
The year sixteen hundred fifteen,
Some Dutch from Holland, settled pat on
An island which they called Manhattan,
And straight they set themselves to work,
And built the city of New-York.
Now let the laughing wags, and jokers,
Say that the Dutch are stupid smokers;
We only tell, that dull or witty,
They founded famous New-York city;
The largest city in the west,
For trade and commerce quite the best.

Then came along in five years more,
The Puritans, or Pilgrims, o'er;
Be sure the year and month remember,
'Twas sixteen twenty—in December.

On Plymouth rock the little band,
Of weary wanderers, first did land;
And hearty thanks to Heaven they gave,
For kind protection o'er the wave.
'Twas dreary there, for hill and dale
Were clothed in winter's snowy veil,
And all the shore the eye could mark,
Was covered thick with forest dark,
Within whose gloomy shades afar,
Was heard the Indian whoop of war.
But bold and strong these Pilgrims were,
They feared not Indian, wolf, or bear—
Though far from home, a feeble band,
Unfriended, in a desert land,
Where wild beasts sought at night their prey,
And ruthless Indians lurked by day,
By sickness pressed—by want beset,
Each ill they braved—each danger met.
Long, long they strove, and much endured,
To sufferings were long inured—
But naught their courage could subdue,
'Mid want and war their sinews grew,
Their towns increase—their numbers double,
And soon they triumph o'er their trouble.

Thus, three strong colonies we see,
Are planted in America;
New-England in the northern part—
New-York within the very heart;
While southward o'er the hills away,
Is seated fair Virginia.

The first rude dangers thus o'ercome,
Others did seek this land for home,
And came like birds in numbers o'er,
Till far along the eastern shore
That bounds the blue Atlantic tide,
Village with village proudly vied—
While Swedes and Fins did settle down
In Delaware, and build a town—
To Maryland, Lord Baltimore
A colony of Papists sent,
In sixteen hundred thirty four,
Who there did make a settlement—
And William Penn, the grave peace maker,
Came o'er, with many an honest Quaker,
To Pennsylvania—'twas done
In sixteen hundred eighty one.

Full many a tale I now might tell,
Of war and wo that here befell
The Colonists—how oft at night
Their sleep was broke by sudden fright—
Of Indian whoop and cruel knife,
To spill the blood of babe and wife;
How prowling wolves and hungry bears
Increased their dangers and their cares—
But this I leave—these scenes are o'er,
The Indian sleeps to wake no more;
The thirsty wolf and bear are still,
And peaceful songs our forests fill—
We pass o'er years that rolled away,
And only mention in our lay

That spite of peril, war and bustle,
Our country grew in bone and muscle,
Till seventeen hundred seventy five,
Three million souls did live and thrive,
Where late the savage reigned supreme
O'er mountain, valley, lake and stream.

'Twas then began that famous fray
'Twixt England and America;
The Revolutionary war,
'Tis called, and near and far,
It shook the land; from Georgia's plain
Far northward to the bounds of Maine.
At Lexington the conflict rose,
And Yorktown saw it proudly close.
For eight long years the cry of blood
And battle, rang o'er field and flood.

O who the woes of war can tell,
And paint its terrors true and well—
Look o'er the land where war is waging,
And see the fearful tempest raging;
The hills and plains in smoke are wound,
And o'er them heaves the cannon's sound—
The muskets' rattling peal; the thrum
Of screaming fife, and heavy drum,
And cries of hope and fell despair,
And groans of mortal strife are there.
The fields are strewed with dead and dying,
And o'er them troops of horse are flying,
Trampling beneath their bloody tread,
The mangled forms of hurt and dead.

Stay till the solemn strife is done,
And view the field where victory's won.
The trees and turf and rocks are scarred,
As if by whirling tempest marred,
And hushed in death's embraces deep,
Around the gallant soldiers sleep.
O many a bitter tear shall flow
For those who slumber here so low—
The mother's aged limbs shall quake,
The widow's heart can only break—
The loved and lovely sisters mourn,
For these brave men, so pale and torn.

Such are the scenes of war—and these
Purchased us liberty and peace.
Such was the mighty storm that hurled
A despot from this western world—
Chased dark oppression's night away,
And spread fair freedom's glorious day.

Thus ere our liberty was won,
Full many a gallant deed was done,
And many a patriot nobly fell,
To save the land he loved so well.
O let us ever cherish then
The memory of those gallant men,
Who gave their life blood fresh and free,
To purchase peace and liberty.
And let us ne'er forget the name
That fills the proudest niche of fame,
And shines o'er others like the sun,
Mid moons and stars—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I would now go on to tell you my adventures after the American war, but I have already told you a long story, and I suppose you are fatigued. If I should ever meet you again, I will tell you how I became a traveller, and what strange things I saw in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

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