

AUNT LOUISA'S



CHILD'S DELIGHT

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AUNT LOUISA'S  
CHILD'S DELIGHT:

COMPRISING

Rip Van Winkle,  
Yankee Doodle,

Pocahontas,  
Putnam.

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

*PRINTED IN COLORS.*

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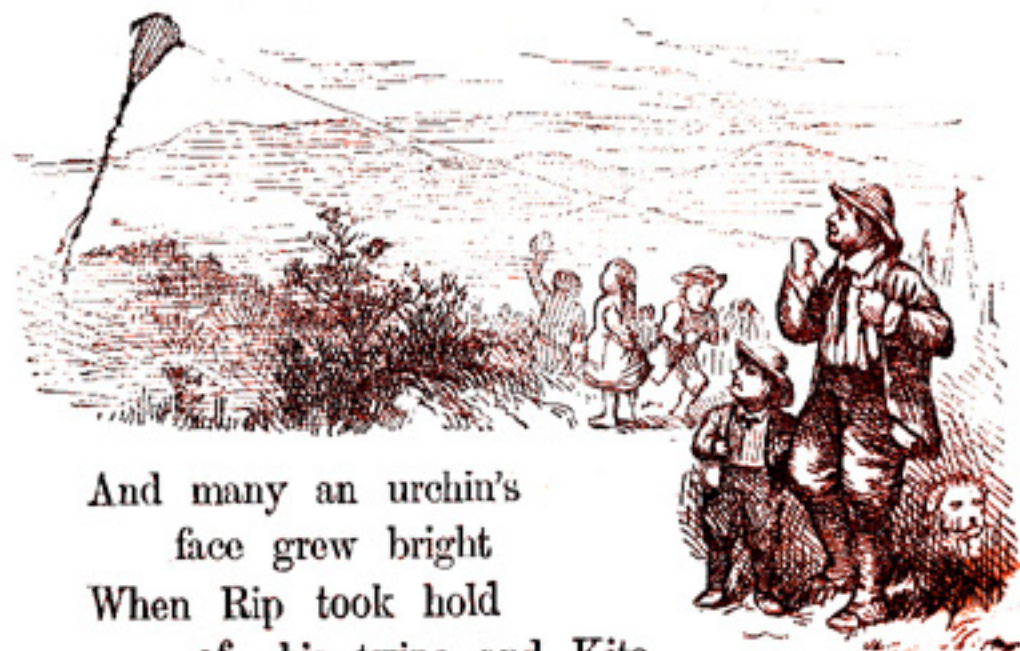
RIP VAN WINKLE.

# RIP VAN WINKLE.

By GEORGE P. WEBSTER.

NEAR to the town, in a cottage small,  
Lived RIP VAN WINKLE, known to all!  
As a harmless, drinking, shiftless lout,  
Who never would work, but roamed about,  
Always ready with jest and song—  
Idling, tippling all day long.

“Shame on you, Rip!” cried the scolding vrows;  
And old men muttered and knit their brows.  
Not so with the boys, for they would shout,  
And follow their hero, Rip, about,  
Early or late—it was all the same,  
They gave him a place in every game.  
At ball he was ready to throw or catch;  
At marbles, too, he was quite their match;



And many an urchin's  
face grew bright  
When Rip took hold  
of his twine and Kite.



Rip Van Winkle and his Playmates.



And so he frittered the time away—  
 “Good-natured enough,” they all would say.  
 But the village parson heaved a sigh  
 As Rip, in his cups, went reeling by,  
 With a silly and a drunken leer—  
 His good dog Schneider always near.



Rip was fond of  
 his rod and line,  
 And many a time, when the day was fine,  
 He would wander out to some neighb'ring stream,  
 And there, with his dog, would sit and dream;  
 Hour after hour, would he dozing wait,  
 And woe to the fish that touched his bait.  
 But the stream of his life ran sometimes rough,  
 And his good “Vrow” gave him many a cuff,  
 For she was never a gentle dame,  
 And Rip was a toper, and much to blame.

But little did Rip Van Winkle care  
 For his wife or his home—he was seldom there—  
 But tried in his cups his cares to drown;  
 His scolding wife, with her threat'ning frown,  
 At his cottage-door he was sure to see—  
 "Ah! this," said Rip, "is no place for me."



So down to the tavern to drink his rum,  
 And waste his time with some red-nosed chum,  
 He was sure to go; for he knew that there  
 He would find a glass and a vacant chair,  
 And jolly fellows, who liked his fun,  
 And the tales he told of his dog and gun.  
 But his was still but a sorry life,  
 For, sot as he was, he loved his wife;  
 But he would tipple both day and night,  
 And she would scold him with all her might.  
 Thus Rip Van Winkle had many a grief,  
 And up 'mongst the mountains sought relief.



Driven from home by his scolding wife.

For lowering clouds or a burning sun  
He cared but little; his dog and gun  
Were his friends, he knew; while they were near  
He roamed the forests, and felt no fear.  
If tired at last, and a seat he took,  
And his dog came up with a hungry look,  
He had always a crust or bone to spare,  
And Schneider was certain to get his share.



And then if a squirrel chanced to stray  
In range of his gun, he would blaze away,  
And he held it too with a steady aim—  
Rip never was known to miss his game.  
But over his ills he would sometimes brood,  
And scale the peaks in a gloomy mood;

And once he had climbed to a dizzy height,  
 When the sun went down, and the shades of night  
 Came up from the vale, and the pine-trees tall,  
 And the old gray rocks, and the waterfall  
 Grew dusky and dim and faded away,  
 Till night, like a pall, on the mountain lay.  
 Full many a mile he had strayed that day,  
 And up in the mountains had lost his way;



And there he must stay through the gloomy night,  
 And shiver and wait for the morning light.  
 He thought of the stories, strange and old,  
 Which the graybeards down in the village told;  
 "And what," said he, "if the tale were true  
 I have heard so oft of a phantom crew  
 Who up in the Catskills, all night long,  
 Frolick and revel with wine and song."  
 Just then a voice from a neighb'ring hill  
 Cried, "Rip Van Winkle!" and all was still.



He shares with his Dog.



Hudson's men and the nine-pin game

Then he looked above and he looked below,  
 And saw not a thing but a lonely crow.  
 "Ho, Rip Van Winkle!" the voice still cried,  
 And Schneider skulked to his master's side.  
 Just then from a thicket a man came out—  
 His legs were short and his body stout,  
 He looked like a Dutchman in days of yore,  
 With buttons behind and buttons before;



And held a keg with an iron grip,  
 And beckoned for help to the gazing Rip.  
 Rip had his fears, but at last complied,  
 And bore the keg up the mountain side;  
 And now and then, when a thunder-peal  
 Made the mountain tremble, Rip would steal  
 A look at his guide, but never a word  
 From the lips of the queer old man was heard.  
 Up, up they clambered, until, at last,  
 The stranger halted. Rip quickly cast  
 A glance around, and as strange a crew  
 As ever a mortal man did view



Were playing at nine-pins; at every ball  
 'Twas fun to see how the pins would fall;  
 And they rolled and rolled, without speaking a word,  
 And this was the thunder Rip had heard.  
 Their hats looked odd, each with sugar-loaf crown,  
 And their eyes were small, and their beards hung down,  
 While their high-heeled shoes all had peaked toes,  
 And their legs were covered with blood-red hose;  
 Their noses were long, like a porker's snout,  
 And they nodded and winked as they moved about.



They tapped the keg, and the liquor flowed,  
 And up to the brim of each flagon glowed;  
 And a queer old man made a sign to Rip,  
 As much as to say, "Will you take a nip?"  
 Nor did he linger or stop to think,  
 For Rip was thirsty and wanted a drink.  
 "I'll risk it," thought he; "it can be no sin,  
 And it smells like the best of Holland gin;"

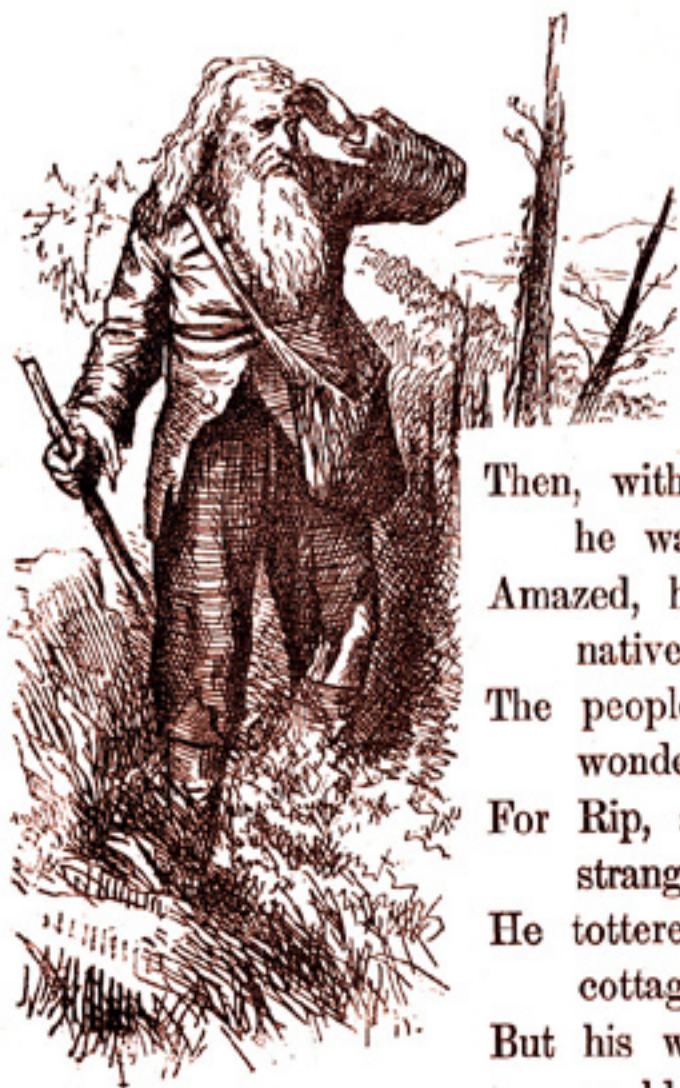


The end of the twenty years nap.

So he tipped his cup to a grim old chap,  
 And drained it; then, for a quiet nap,  
 He stretched himself on the mossy ground,  
 And soon was wrapped in a sleep profound.



At last he woke; 'twas a sunny morn,  
 And the strange old man of the glen was gone;  
 He saw the young birds flutter and hop,  
 And an eagle wheeled round the mountain-top;  
 Then he rubbed his eyes for another sight—  
 "Surely," said he, "I have slept all night."  
 He thought of the flagon and nine-pin game;  
 "Oh! what shall I say to my fiery dame?"  
 He, faintly faltered; "I know that she  
 Has a fearful lecture in store for me."  
 He took up his gun, and, strange to say,  
 The wood had rotted and worn away:  
 He raised to his feet, and his joints were sore;  
 Said he, "I must go to my home once more."



Then, with trembling step,  
 he wandered down ;  
 Amazed, he entered his  
 native town.

The people looked with a  
 wondering stare,

For Rip, alas ! was a  
 stranger there ;

He tottered up to his  
 cottage-door,

But his wife was dead, and  
 could scold no more ;

And down at the tavern he sought in vain  
 For the chums he would never meet again ;  
 He looked, as he passed, at a group of girls  
 For the laughing eye and the flaxen curls  
 Of the child he loved as he loved his life,  
 But she was a thrifty farmer's wife ;  
 And when they met, and her hand he took,  
 She blushed and gave him a puzzled look ;



Rip Van Winkle and his Daughter.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

But she knew her father and kissed his brow,  
All covered with marks and wrinkles now;  
For Rip Van Winkle was old and gray,  
And twenty summers had passed away—  
Yes, twenty winters of snow and frost  
Had he in his mountain slumber lost;  
Yet his love for stories was all the same,  
And he often told of the nine-pin game.  
But the age was getting a little fast—  
The Revolution had come and passed,  
And Young America, gathered about,  
Received his tales with many a doubt,  
Awhile he hobbled about the town;  
Then, worn and weary, at last laid down,  
For his locks were white and his limbs were sore—  
And RIP VAN WINKLE will wake no more.



YANKEE DOODLE.

THE STORY OF  
YANKEE DOODLE.

---

YANKEE DOODLE came to town,  
Upon a pretty pony,  
His coat-tails stuck straight out behind,  
His legs were long and bony.

Yankee Doodle—Ha, Ha, Ha.  
Cakes and sugar candy,  
Come, listen to the story, now,  
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy.

He wore a pair of striped pants,  
A feather in his hat, sir;  
His mouth was large, his nose stuck out,  
His feet were long and flat, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

The red men, when they saw him come,  
Cried, "What a funny fellow;"  
Some ran away, and some fell down,  
And loudly they did bellow.

Yankee Doodle.

And then the squaws came running out,  
To see what was the matter,  
For Yankee Doodle rode so fast,  
He made a dreadful clatter.

Yankee Doodle.





Said he, "I long have roamed about,  
 Like goosey goosey gander,  
 So now I think I'll settle down,  
 And never more will wander."

Yankee Doodle.

He chopped the trees, and cleared the ground,  
 And then he made a farm, sir,—  
 And then he made a fort of logs,  
 To keep his folks from harm, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

He dug a well and built a fence,  
 As true as I am born, sir—  
 And when the summer came, he ploughed,  
 And sometimes hoed his corn, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

And soon he built a little town;  
 And in it lived the people—  
 And next he built a meeting house,  
 And on it put a steeple.

Yankee Doodle.

And in the steeple then he put,  
 Upon my word, a bell, sir,  
 Which every Sunday morning rang  
 The time for church to tell, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

Then all the folks to meeting went,  
 And listened to the preacher,  
 But, ah! his name I cannot tell—  
 May be 'twas Mr. Beecher.

Yankee Doodle.

But Yankee Doodle had his cares—  
 Old England tried to tax him,  
 And when he said he wouldn't pay,  
 She went to work to flax him.

Yankee Doodle.

So then he called his fighting men,  
 And gave them each a gun, sir,  
 And gave to each a cartridge-box,  
 And fixed them up for fun, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

They played the fife with all their might,  
 The drum, they made it rattle—  
 And when the British came along,  
 They fought a dreadful battle.

Yankee Doodle.

And all the Yankee boys were there,  
 And used their guns so handy,  
 That Johnny Bull soon had to yield,  
 To Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Yankee Doodle.

Then Yankee Doodle said, said he,  
 We'll form a mighty nation ;  
 He took a quill and made a pen,  
 And signed the declaration.

Yankee Doodle.

And then he made a pretty flag ;  
 Now what I say is true, sir ;  
 The stripes were made of red and white,  
 The field was made of blue, sir.

Yankee Doodle.



One fourth was covered o'er with blue,  
 The stripes were just thirteen, sir;  
 One for each State—a finer sight  
 Was never, never seen, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

For each new State he adds a star,  
 It is a fact, by jingo,  
 He'll take all North America,  
 And, may be, San Domingo.

Yankee Doodle.

He built a ship to sail the sea,  
 It was a funny notion,  
 And when he had her done, he sent  
 Her out upon the ocean.

Yankee Doodle.

And Johnny Jones had full command,  
 His name was funny too, sir,  
 Some very funny things he did  
 Out on the ocean blue, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

He looked around for Johnny Bull,  
 And every time he found him,  
 He used to cut and bang away,  
 And do his best to pound him.

Yankee Doodle.

Said Johnny Bull, "I'll thrash you now,  
 You curly-headed poodle,  
 Come out and fight me, if you dare,"  
 "All right," said Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle.

Old Putnam left his plough one day,  
 And started out to fight, sir—  
 He took the Yankee-Doodle side,  
 Because he thought it right, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

He watched his foes both night and day,  
 And every time he caught them,  
 He stood his soldiers in a row,  
 And bravely then they fought them.

Yankee Doodle.

And once when he was marching out,  
 A spy he chanced to see, sir,  
 And very soon he hung him up,  
 Upon an apple tree, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

The British followed him about,  
 And did their best to match him ;  
 But he was cunning as a fox,  
 And never let them catch him.

Yankee Doodle.

And when they thought they had him fast,  
 Close by an old brown church, sir,  
 He galloped down a hundred steps,  
 And left them in the lurch, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

One day he went to hunt a wolf,  
 That killed his pigs and sheep, sir ;  
 Next day the young wolves put on black,  
 And sadly they did weep, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

UNITED STATES

TO THE  
HOLD COUNTRY







*YANKEE DOODLE.*

Once Johnny Bull lived in New York,  
But he has moved away, sir;  
For Yankee Doodle came along,  
And said you must not stay, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

His soldiers looked so very queer,  
With hats so very high on—  
And Miss Britannia wiped her eyes,  
And Johnny led the lion.

Yankee Doodle.

And Yankee Doodle raised his hat,  
And bowing very low, sir,  
He said, "Good-morning, Mr. Bull,  
I'm glad to see you go, sir."

Yankee Doodle.

"Go home," said he to Mr. Bull,  
"And take your weeping daughter;"  
And Johnny said, "I'll lose no time,  
But get across the water."

Yankee Doodle.

The Eagle flapped his wings that day,  
And did some joyful screaming—  
The stars and stripes from every house  
Throughout the land were streaming.

Yankee Doodle.

And General Washington was there,  
And rode along the street, sir,  
And bowed to all the girls and boys,  
They looked so very sweet, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

The horse he rode was white as snow—  
He rode him on a trot, sir ;  
And just how old that pony was,  
I really have forgot, sir.

Yankee Doodle

And soon they fired the cannon off,  
And kept a dreadful drumming,  
And then the little girls and boys  
Saw Yankee Doodle coming.

Yankee Doodle.

His sword was swinging by his side,  
And every one did cheer, sir,  
And when he smiled his mouth was stretch'd  
Around from ear to ear, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

The flags were waving in the air,  
Hats all about were flying,  
And every one to make a noise,  
His very best was trying.

Yankee Doodle.

The Yankees cried, "The man who thinks  
To whip us is a noodle"—  
Then gave three cheers for Uncle Sam,  
And three for Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle.

The British went on board their ships,  
And sorrowful did look, sir,  
And very soon were out of sight,  
Way down by Sandy Hook, sir,

Yankee Doodle.



Just look, when Yankee Doodle comes,  
Upon his dashing charger—  
You'll look like him, I have no doubt,  
When you're a little larger.

Yankee Doodle.

The war was over now, you see,  
And all the noise and flutter—  
And girls, and boys, could eat in peace,  
Their pie, and bread and butter.

Yankee Doodle.

A very fat man swung his hat,  
And then so loudly called, sir,  
That nearly all his hair came out,  
And left him almost bald, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

The baby saw the pony pass,  
And opened wide her eyes, sir.  
Oh, ain't a little baby sweet?  
I mean, that never cries, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

Oh, don't I wish I had been there,  
To get some nuts and candy,  
And then I would have shouted, too,  
For Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Yankee Doodle.

Like Yankee Doodle, when a man,  
I mean to have a pony,  
But then I would not like to be  
So long, and lean, and bony.

Yankee Doodle.

The people all went wild with joy,  
And set the bells to ringing—  
And some were eating ginger-bread,  
And others loudly singing.

Yankee Doodle.

They threw their hats into the air,  
And made an awful racket,  
And Jerry Thomas, he fell down,  
And spoiled his Sunday jacket.

Yankee Doodle.

And Billy Birch dressed up that day,  
And looked just like a dandy ;  
He spent his money—all he had,  
For nice molasses candy.

Yankee Doodle.

And now the Yankees love John Bull—  
At least, they do not hate him,  
And would not do a single thing,  
To vex or irritate him.

Yankee Doodle.

But friendly words we mean to send  
To Johnny, by the cable ;  
For when we dine with him he puts  
Plum pudding on the table.

Yankee Doodle.

And we will give him pumpkin pie,  
And apple sauce and chickens,  
And never speak an angry word,  
While we remember Dickens.

Yankee Doodle.



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Now Yankee Doodle lives at ease—  
 The White House is his home, sir.  
 He would not swap with any king,  
 Nor with the Pope of Rome, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

All nations gather on his lawn,  
 And laugh, and sing, and dance, sir.  
 And Irish, Dutch, or Chinaman,—  
 He gives them all a chance, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

They send their children to his schools,  
 To learn to read and write, sir;  
 And when they all stand up to spell,  
 It is a pleasant sight, sir.

Yankee Doodle.

He is no friend to willful knaves,  
 Nor is he pleased with folly;  
 But likes good people, high and low,  
 And likes to see them jolly.

Yankee Doodle.

He often takes a quiet smoke,  
 When he has read the papers,  
 And then he loves to watch the folks,  
 While cutting up their capers.

Yankee Doodle.

Now boys and girls, all gather 'round—  
 Come on, the whole "caboodle,"  
 And give three cheers for Uncle Sam,  
 For he is Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle.

P O C A H O N T A S .



# POCAHONTAS;

OR, THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

---

BY PAUL PRYOR.

---

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, there dwelt in the place now known as the State of Virginia, a tribe of Indians, of which Powhatan was the chief. They were a brave and powerful tribe, and ruled the country for miles around. They had their Indian villages, and their customs, and were contented and happy; living in peace with the other tribes, hunting in the season when game was plenty, fishing in the waters of the rivers that ran through their country, and raising little patches of corn. For many years they had lived in this way, until one morning a ship sailed into their harbor, filled with strange people, from a strange land, who dropped the anchor and secured the sails of their ship, and jumping into their boats, pulled ashore, and planting the English flag upon the beach, claimed the land as their own. Soon they landed the stores from their vessel, and made every thing secure for a long stay. The Indians watched the strangers with fear and surprise, and fled into the woods. Their home was taken from them, and the land where their fathers had hunted for a thousand years was no longer theirs. The captain, seeing that the Indians were alarmed, placed his hand upon his heart to prove to them that he came with peaceful intentions, when they came boldly forward to greet him. It was thought, from the conduct of the Indians on this occasion, that they would permit the white settlers to live in peace and quietness; but in a short time this hope was destroyed. They often came into the settlement, bringing with them



## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

bread, fish, strawberries, and corn, and receiving in return bells, pins, needles, and looking-glasses, with which they seemed to be much pleased. Their visits, however, instead of being made with friendly intentions, were solely for the purpose of studying the habits of the white settlers, so that, at the proper time, they might attack them and kill them all. Soon the time arrived for action. One day, while some of the settlers had gone off to explore the country around, the Indians, who had been watching them, attacked those who had been left behind, killed and wounded many, and but for the ship in the river firing its gun into the woods and alarming the savages, not a soul would have been left to tell the tale.

This attack caused the settlers to build a large fort to protect themselves, and many of them who carelessly ventured out were killed by the Indians, who were always on the watch, and who then easily escaped, being swift runners.

Being obliged to remain in the fort, and unable to go out, even to shoot game, soon caused a great scarcity of food; and so loud and frequent were the complaints, that Captain John Smith determined to start out with an expedition to examine the country about. He sailed up the river as far as he could, and leaving seven men in the boat, went on shore with two men and two Indian guides in search of game. Here he was attacked by a large party of Indians, who, without his knowledge, had been following him; his two men were slain, but not until he had killed two of the Indians with his pistol. The Indians fired their arrows at him thick and fast; and seeing his danger, he seized his Indian guide, and binding him fast by the arms with one of his garters, held him in front of him, so that he could use him as a shield. This



## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

upon the other, when Captain Smith was seized by the Indians, dragged to where the stones lay, and while some of them held him so that he could not move, others seized their war clubs and were about to dash his brains out, when Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of Powhatan, a girl only twelve years of age, finding that her father paid no attention to her prayer for his life to be spared, rushed in between the savages, and throwing herself upon her knees, and her arms about the captive's neck, laid her head upon his. It was a fearful risk she ran. Already were the knotted and mighty clubs raised in the air, but the hands that held them aloft saw the danger of their chieftain's daughter, and they fell harmless at their feet. She was pale as marble, and spoke not a word, but her beautiful eyes, filled with love and tenderness, gazed upon the Indian chief. His heart was touched, the bands that held Captain Smith were cut, the hands that held him opened, Powhatan gave the order, and the life of Captain Smith was saved. Two days afterwards, Powhatan allowed him to depart, and sent Indian guides to shield him from harm. In return for this kindness, Smith was to send him two great guns and a grindstone. He treated his Indian guides kindly, and showing one of them, a favorite servant of Powhatan, the articles agreed upon, gave him leave to take them away, but first loaded and fired one of the guns among the trees, then filled with icicles, when the Indians fled in terror, but soon returned and were loaded with presents for Powhatan and his wives and children, with which they left, well pleased.

Powhatan, having requested Captain Smith to have a house built for him, such as the white settlers lived in, a party was sent forward to build it. The place selected by the Indian chief for it was on a hill,

## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

from which a splendid view was had of the country around. Here, on the evening of a dark and gloomy day, Powhatan and his warriors were assembled. Their talk was low, but long, and earnest. The warriors rising to their feet, spoke wild words, and their eyes glared like those of a wild beast; and then another arose, until all had spoken, when slowly they left the wigwam of Powhatan, and sought their own huts. It was decided that the white man must die. Not one, or a number, but all; that the pale face might not again be seen in the land. To a gloomy afternoon followed a dark, dreary, and rainy night. Not a star was to be seen, the sky was as black as ink, the wind howled through the trees, and the rain fell in such large drops that it stood deep in the pools, and the rivers and streams were swollen. At last the hour of midnight approached, and the last spark of the fires in the wigwams of the Indians had died away, when a little face looked out from the shelter of her wigwam upon the night. She listened, and all was still. Cautiously she groped her way, and crept, rather than walked, into the woods. She was alone in the black woods on that dreary night, among the wild beasts, without a hand to save her, and still she traveled on, now running in the darkness against a tree, now falling over some broken limb, now swimming a stream into which she had fallen; for the night was so dark, that she could not see her little hand when she held it before her face. Think of it, ye little ones, who read this book; think how frightened you have been when you have found yourselves in your own room alone in the darkness, but for a minute, and your friends close by, and then think of little Pocahontas, a girl only twelve years old, in the woods on such a night; for she it was. Many times she lost her way; but her Indian habits taught her how to find the right road







## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

again, and at last, after many hours, when nearly tired out, her little feet cut and bruised, her face and arms scratched, she arrived at the settlement. Seeking Captain Smith, she told him of the Indian council, and what the warriors were about to do. That her father and his braves were to give the settlers a great feast, and when they were eating, and their weapons were outside the house, they would seize them and kill them all, and that if he would live he must fly at once. Captain Smith would have given her such toys as a child of her years would like; but she burst into tears, and saying that if her father saw her with them he would know what she had done, and kill her, she ran away, as she had come, into the dark and silent woods. The attempt to kill the settlers occurred as Pocahontas had stated; but as they were prepared for it, the savages were defeated in their designs. But for this act of Pocahontas, every white person in the State of Virginia would have been killed upon that day. Soon after this, Captain John Smith sailed for England. But how was Pocahontas rewarded? We shall see.

After Captain Smith's departure, the Indians were more successful, and bolder in their attacks, for they had heard of his sailing, and were rejoiced at it. Many of the settlers were killed and scalped, and many taken prisoners. Disasters came thick upon the settlers, until at last a famine, to add to their other horrors and sufferings, appeared, and but for the timely arrival of a ship from England, they would all have died. During this time, Pocahontas, no doubt to escape from the scenes of blood which everywhere met her eyes, went to live with a king of a neighboring tribe, where, in the solitude and quiet of the woods, she could pass her days happily. She loved the singing of the birds better than the yell of the Indian, and the murmurs of the brook better than

## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

the groans of the wounded and the dying. Here she would remain; but the ingratitude of the white man followed her even to her quiet home.

Then it was that Captain Argall, a bold and bad man, arrived in a ship from England, and hearing that Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of Powhatan, was with this king, immediately sent out his men to try and induce her to come on board his ship, so that he could hold her as a prisoner until Powhatan had given up the prisoners he then held, and the guns and tools he had taken. At this time, the fame of Pocahontas had reached England, where she was then known as the "Nonpareil of Virginia," and everything in any way relating to her and her people was eagerly read. When Pocahontas heard of the arrival of Captain Argall and the English, she desired very much to visit them, which she did; and when the Captain heard of her wishes, he induced his brother to try to get Pocahontas on board his ship; telling him, that by so doing he would only be assisting in obtaining the release of many prisoners and much property that Powhatan now had in his possession belonging to the settlers. It was agreed, then, that Argall's brother, with his wife, and Pocahontas, should walk with the Captain to the sea-side, and when there his wife was to ask his consent to visit the vessel, which he was to refuse in an angry tone, unless Pocahontas went with her. The plot was well carried out. Pocahontas at first refused to go on board the ship; but when the lady began to shed tears, she consented. After they had eaten their supper, and darkness coming on, Pocahontas asked to be put ashore, when Captain Argall informed her that she was his prisoner. When she discovered that she had been betrayed, she commenced to cry.

Captain Argall, having sent a messenger to Powhatan to inform him of the capture of his daughter, and that she could only be released by setting free the men and giving up the guns captured, took his prisoner with him to Jamestown. Three long months thereafter, Powhatan returned a few prisoners and some useless muskets; but they refused to give up Poca-



## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

hontas until full satisfaction was given. So offended was Powhatan at this, that for a long time nothing was heard of him, until at last one hundred and fifty settlers, armed thoroughly, went in search of him, taking their captive, Pocahontas, along with them. They met the Indians, whom they fought and defeated, burning their cabins and destroying everything, until at last the warriors begged for peace, which being granted, two of Powhatan's sons went on board the vessel to visit their sister, Pocahontas. They had heard she was ill, and even that she was dead, and they were so delighted at seeing her alive and well, that they promised to ask their father to enter into a peace and remain forever friendly with the English. So ended a long and tedious captivity of Pocahontas. It was, indeed, a cruel one to her who had done so much for the Colony. Before her release, however, she fell in love with, and was loved in return, by Mr. John Rolfe, a worthy gentleman. Pocahontas soon had Powhatan, her father, informed of her love and intended marriage, at which he was much pleased, and at once consented thereto, and sent his brother as his deputy to give her away in the church, and two of her brothers to see the marriage solemnized. The result of this singular marriage was a union of peace between the Indians and the settlers.

After their marriage the happy couple sailed for England where, on their arrival, they were well received by King James and his Court, in a style suitable to the rank of Pocahontas, the daughter of King Powhatan, although the king was very angry at Rolfe for marrying a "Princess," without first obtaining his consent, such, according to the laws of England, being necessary. Here she remained for some time, not caring to return to her native land, and on the day before the ship sailed which was to carry her back to America, she died, and was buried at Gravesend. She left behind one child who, soon after her death, returned to America, and from him are descended many of the first families of Virginia who always speak in loving terms of Pocahontas.

As an instance of Pocahontas' merry disposition, (something almost un-

## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

known among Indians), it is related, that (at the time) when Powhatan was about to be crowned King, Captain Smith, with a few chosen friends, went to the wigwam of Powhatan to arrange for the ceremony; but being absent at the time, they were entertained by Pocahontas and her companions. Making a large fire in a field close by, and seating Captain Smith and his friends on a mat before it, they left them for a short time and then set up a hideous shout in a large wood adjoining, to which they had gone. Fearing they were about to be attacked, the settlers drew their pistols, and seized several aged Indians to use as shields, which was a common practice in fighting at that time: but Pocahontas seeing them alarmed, stepped towards them, and said they might slay her if any wrong was intended. Satisfied that no harm was to be done, the English again sat on their mats before the fire. Then thirty young women ran out from the woods, their bodies painted; Pocahontas having upon her head a pair of buck's horns splendidly polished, an otter's skin at her girdle, and one on her arm; a quiver hung on her shoulder, and she held a bow and arrow in her hand. Of the others, one held a sword, another a club, a third a pot stick, with the antlers of the deer on their heads, and a variety of other ornaments prized by savages. Rushing out of the woods with the speed of the deer, yelling like fiends, they ran around and around the fire, dancing and singing for an hour, when they ran back into the woods. Soon again they appeared, and crawling around Captain Smith and his companions, they threw their arms around their necks, or as many of them as could do so, crying out, "Love you not me?" Then they brought on a feast, and while some waited upon them, others danced and sang until at last with blazing torches they escorted them to their lodgings.

For beauty and intelligence, Pocahontas was as far above her race as the mountain is above the valley. She had great influence, not only with her own tribe, but with the white settlers, a circumstance that her father often availed himself of by using her as a messenger in times of



## *Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess.*

danger, and to quiet the whites when they were excited over some fresh Indian outrage. On one occasion, Powhatan, hearing that some of his tribe were held as prisoners at Jamestown, sent her with presents of deer and some bread to ask for their release. Captain Smith released them, and loading Pocahontas with many presents sent her back to her father.

During her stay in England she again met Captain Smith, who was well known at Court, and who had written a book about her and presented it to Queen Anne. Hearing that she was staying near London, he went with several friends to see her. After modestly bowing to him, and without saying a word, she turned away and hid her face in her hands, in which position she remained some time. At length she began to talk, and told Captain Smith of the kindness she had shown him in Virginia, saying: "You did promise Powhatan, what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him father, being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so must I call you." Captain Smith would not consent to be so called, fearing the jealousy of the King, as Pocahontas was "a King's daughter." Then she exclaimed: "Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and cause fear in him and all his people (but me), and fear you here that I should call you father? I tell you that I will, and you shall call me child, and I will be forever and ever your country-woman. They did tell us all you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command my uncle to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much."

And thus ends the history of Pocahontas. She sleeps beneath the English turf among the people she loved so well. She is the loved of two great nations, and if you would know how many hearts keep her memory green, "count the stars in the heavens, the leaves on the trees, and the sands on the sea-shore."

P U T N A M .



# THE LIFE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

BY PAUL PRYOR.

IN the year 1740, the people living in Pomfret, a small town in the State of Connecticut, had their sheep and goats killed by a huge wolf, who avoided all the traps set to catch her. In the summer she would fly to the woods, and returning in the winter, again kill the farmers' stock. At length five farmers agreed to chase the wolf, and not to stop until she was killed. They tracked her through the snow to a cave, and here they used dogs, guns, straw and sulphur, to draw her out; but she would not come from her den. The dogs that were sent in, came out badly wounded, and would not return, and the burning straw and sulphur had no effect. Then one of the farmers agreed to enter. He tied a rope to his feet, so that in case of danger he could be drawn out, for the entrance to the cave was too small for him to turn round; and, taking in his hand a lighted torch, he crawled in on his hands and knees. By its light he slowly entered into the den, and soon he saw the eye-balls of the wolf shining like two diamonds. The old wolf gave a loud growl when she saw the torch, and the bold farmer having found her, gave the signal to be drawn out, which his friends did so quickly, fearing the wolf had attacked him, that they tore the shirt from his back. Loading his gun with nine buck-shot, and with it in one hand, and his torch in the other, he went back into the wolf's den. The wolf saw him, and with a terrible howl, gnashing her teeth, and



## *The Life of General Putnam.*

rolling her eyes, was about to jump upon him, when he raised his gun and fired. The noise of the gun in the little cave almost made him deaf, and the smoke nearly choked him, so that he was again drawn out by his friends. Waiting for the smoke to escape, he entered the cave for the third time, until he came where the wolf lay. Placing his torch to her nose, he found she was dead, and taking hold of her by the ears, and giving the signal on the rope, they were dragged out together.

This brave man, who dared the wolf in her own den, was ISRAEL PUTNAM, who was afterwards called OLD PUT, or THE IRON SON OF '76. He was born at Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, and was twenty years of age when this event took place.

When a boy, he always tried to do more than the other boys of the village, and in the games of that time, such as running, jumping, wrestling, and pitching the bar, he was always ahead. Farming was then his delight, and he was often known to do the work of a man.

In the village of Pomfret there lived, during the youth of Putnam, a boy who was the terror of the neighborhood, and of whom all the young people of the town were in constant fear. He was tall for his years, strong and muscular, cruel, bitter, and unmerciful. Many a younger and smaller boy felt the weight of his fist, and if they replied to his insults, or vexed him in any way, they were beaten almost to a jelly. He did not wait for cause to attack anyone against whom he entertained a hate, but would trump up some false story, accuse his intended victim with having uttered it, and when he met a denial would fall upon him and whip him. He combined the treachery of the panther with the strength of the lion. For years had he thus continued the bully of the village, and no boy was found brave or reckless enough

## *The Life of General Putnam.*

to attempt to put him down. This was the state of affairs when Putnam reached that period of boyhood, bordering on manhood, when one has not entirely ceased to be a boy, but yet has not become a man in strength, namely, about the age of fourteen years. Work on a farm had brought into splendid development the muscles of the arms, legs, and shoulders of Putnam; exposure to the sun had bronzed his face and hands, and taken altogether, he was a splendid specimen of the youth who declared themselves in favor of our early liberties, and maintained their declarations and principles on the many battle fields of the Revolutionary War. As he had now reached an age when he could be safely sent to the village to transact such business as his employer once had to attend to in person, he was brought in contact with the boys of the village, and at once the glaring eyes of the village bully had marked him for a victim. Many were the methods resorted to, to exasperate Putnam, but he was of a peaceful disposition, and took no notice of them, outwardly, though perhaps he did not entirely forget either the remarks, or the person who uttered them. This word-war failing to have the effect he intended, the bully waited until Putnam again came to the village, and calling a number of boys around him, he waited until Putnam, who was in the village store making his purchases, came forth with his arms full of bundles, when he approached and struck him. This was too much for Putnam, and dropping his bundles he threw off his coat, his eyes meanwhile glistening like twin-stars, and rushed upon his antagonist, the victor of a hundred pitched battles. Long and bitterly they fought, and from all parts of the village the boys gathered to witness the contest. The blows of Putnam fell upon his adversary thick and fast, and with the strength of a sledge hammer.



## *The Life of General Putnam.*

Again and again was the bully knocked to the earth, and again would he rise to his feet and resume the fight, until a well-directed blow, delivered with terrible fury, brought the bully to his knees, and he piteously cried for mercy. Putnam never struck a fallen foe, and turning away contemptuously, he left the beaten and bleeding bully among his village companions, who rejoiced at his defeat. For this act, Putnam endeared himself to his associates, and thereafter the village bully was as quiet as a mouse when the cat is on the watch.

Soon the war between France and England broke out, and Putnam was made a Captain. To show how he never left a friend, even at the risk of his own life, it is stated, that with a small party of soldiers he was sent to examine the fort at Crown Point, and to find out the number of guns and men it had, and to bring back word to the Commanding General. They could not all get close enough to the place without being seen, as the woods was filled with Indians, so Putnam left his men at a safe distance, and with Captain Rogers, he carefully crawled forward, hiding in the tall grass, and behind the forest-trees, till they got so close to the fort as to be able to report all that was needed. They were then about to turn back, when Captain Rogers, who was a little distance from Putnam, met a stout Frenchman, who at once seized his gun with one hand, and tried to stab him with the other, at the same time calling for help, which call the French soldiers heard and answered. At this time, if Putnam had run, he could easily have saved himself, for he had not been seen; but he scorned to fly. He would not fire his gun, for that would alarm the French camp and the Indians; but seeing the danger of his friend, who was struggling with his enemy, he ran rapidly to them, and with the butt end of his musket laid the Frenchman dead at his feet.

## *The Life of General Putnam.*

Running rapidly, they soon joined the party they had left behind, and returned to the Commanding General with a full report. He, on another occasion, when acting as a scout, found himself surrounded by the sentinels of the enemy. They fired upon him, and he fled, and when he had reached a safe distance he laid down by the side of a log to sleep. Feeling thirsty he raised his canteen, in which he had some rum, to take a drink, but found it empty. It was pierced with the balls the enemy had fired at him, and not a drop of rum was left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket.

As will be seen, Israel Putnam bore a charmed life. He was always ahead of his men, and where the balls fell around him like hail, and yet he escaped unhurt. He did not stay in the rear and send his soldiers on to fight, but he always led them, and they followed where he led.

Soon, however, an event happened which nearly put an end to his life. When marching through the woods with his troops, he was fired upon by a large body of Indians, who had hidden themselves behind rocks, and trees, and Putnam was taken prisoner, and tied by the Indians who captured him to a tree. The Indians drove Putnam's soldiers back, and were driven back in turn, so that at one time Putnam was between both fires. The balls flew from both sides; Many struck the tree to which he was tied, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even avert his head, he was kept for an hour. Soon an Indian came along. He could have killed Putnam with a blow of his tomahawk, but he wished to frighten him, and standing a short distance from the tree, he threw his tomahawk at him, to see how near his head he







## *The Life of General Putnam.*

could come. Many times he came within a hair of it, and at last when he left, a brutal French soldier, who was even worse than the Indian, pressed his gun against Putnam's breast, and pulled the trigger. It missed fire. Again and again he tried it, but every time it failed to discharge, and maddened at his failure to kill him, he struck him on the cheek with it, and left him. In the battle the Indians had won, and when they returned to where Putnam was tied to the tree, they set up a shout, and danced around him, shaking their tomahawks. Soon, however, some of them came with wood, which they piled around him. Poor Putnam now saw that his hour had come, and that he must die. He thought of his home, and his wife and children, and his old friends, but his cheek did not turn pale, nor did his limbs tremble, for his heart was as brave as the day he faced the wolf in her den. They set fire to the brush, the flames began to rise, and Putnam could feel the heat, slight at first, but soon terrible to bear. He turned his eyes to Heaven. It was at this very moment that a heavy rain cloud passed over, and the rain fell upon the burning wood and nearly put it out. Still, the fire burned slowly, the Indians bending down and blowing it, to hasten the death scene; but the wood, damp and wet from the rain, would not burn briskly, and before the Indians could make further preparations, a French officer, who had been told of what they were doing, rushed upon them, scattered the fire, cut the cord which fastened him to the tree, and Israel Putnam was saved.

He was taken a prisoner to Canada, but was exchanged. The war was soon ended, however, and Israel Putnam cast aside the sword for the plough, and tilled his farm again. In all the battles of the war, then ended, he was well known for his courage, and when he gave up his

## *The Life of General Putnam.*

military life and retired to civil life, he carried with him the love of all his countrymen.

The first battle of the Revolutionary War took place in April, 1776, at Lexington, and the news of the shedding of blood spread through the land with the speed of the wind. Everywhere, swords that had rusted for years were taken down and polished, old muskets were cleaned, pistols were examined, and everything was done to fight, and drive the English troops from our shores. Israel Putnam, who was working in his field when he heard the news, left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without even waiting to change his clothes, set off for the scene of the battle: but finding that the English had fled to Boston, he went back to his own village, and raising a regiment of men, marched to the front. He was then made a Major General. To show how much his services were valued, the English General offered him a large sum of money, another position of Major General in his army, if he would leave the Americans and join him, which offer he refused with scorn. When the Battle of Bunker Hill took place, Putnam commanded a part of the troops. Many of them had never been in battle before; they were armed with such guns as they could pick up in their homes, and they had no uniform, each one being clad in their own clothes, of all colors and styles. When the English soldiers marched up the hill, Putnam said to his men, "Do not fire, boys, until you see the whites of their eyes;" and right well did they obey. Onwards and upwards marched the enemy, and when they were close enough, Putnam's men rose to their feet, and firing upon them, drove them pell-mell to the foot of the hill. Again they marched up the hill, and again were driven back with great loss. The powder and balls of the



## *The Life of General Putnam.*

Americans had now been exhausted, and as General Warren, who commanded them, had been killed, they were obliged to fly, the English soldiers not following, however. It was in this fight that Putnam's coolness showed itself, and ever after, during the war, he was never at a loss how to act, as will be seen from the following anecdote. At the battle of Princeton, a Captain McPherson was badly wounded and taken prisoner by Putnam's men. Fearing he might die, he sent for Putnam, and begged him to allow a friend of his, who was in the English army, to come to him, and draw up his will. Putnam did not wish to refuse a dying man's request, and at the same time, as he had but fifty men, he did not desire that his enemy should know how few he had. It was then he thought of a method by which he could grant the dying soldier's request. He sent a flag of truce, with strict orders that it should not return until dark. He then had lights placed in all the rooms of the college, and when the English officer returned with the flag, Putnam had his fifty soldiers paraded in front of the officer's window every few minutes during the night. The officer thinking they were different companies of soldiers, and not the same one, reported, on his return to the English camp, that General Putnam had five thousand men in his army at the very least. His caution in regard to this officer was needed, for it was well known that the American army was filled with English spies, who carried back to their Generals a full report of what they saw. If caught, they were hung, and many lost their lives, but the English Generals paid so well for men to perform this duty, that they were never at a loss for them.

A Lieutenant, named Palmer, belonging to the English army, was caught in the American camp at Peekskill. He was tried and sentenced

## *The Life of General Putnam.*

to be hung. Governor Tryon, who commanded a division of the English army, claimed him as an officer, and threatened to hang the prisoners in his hands if he was harmed. To this General Putnam answered as follows :

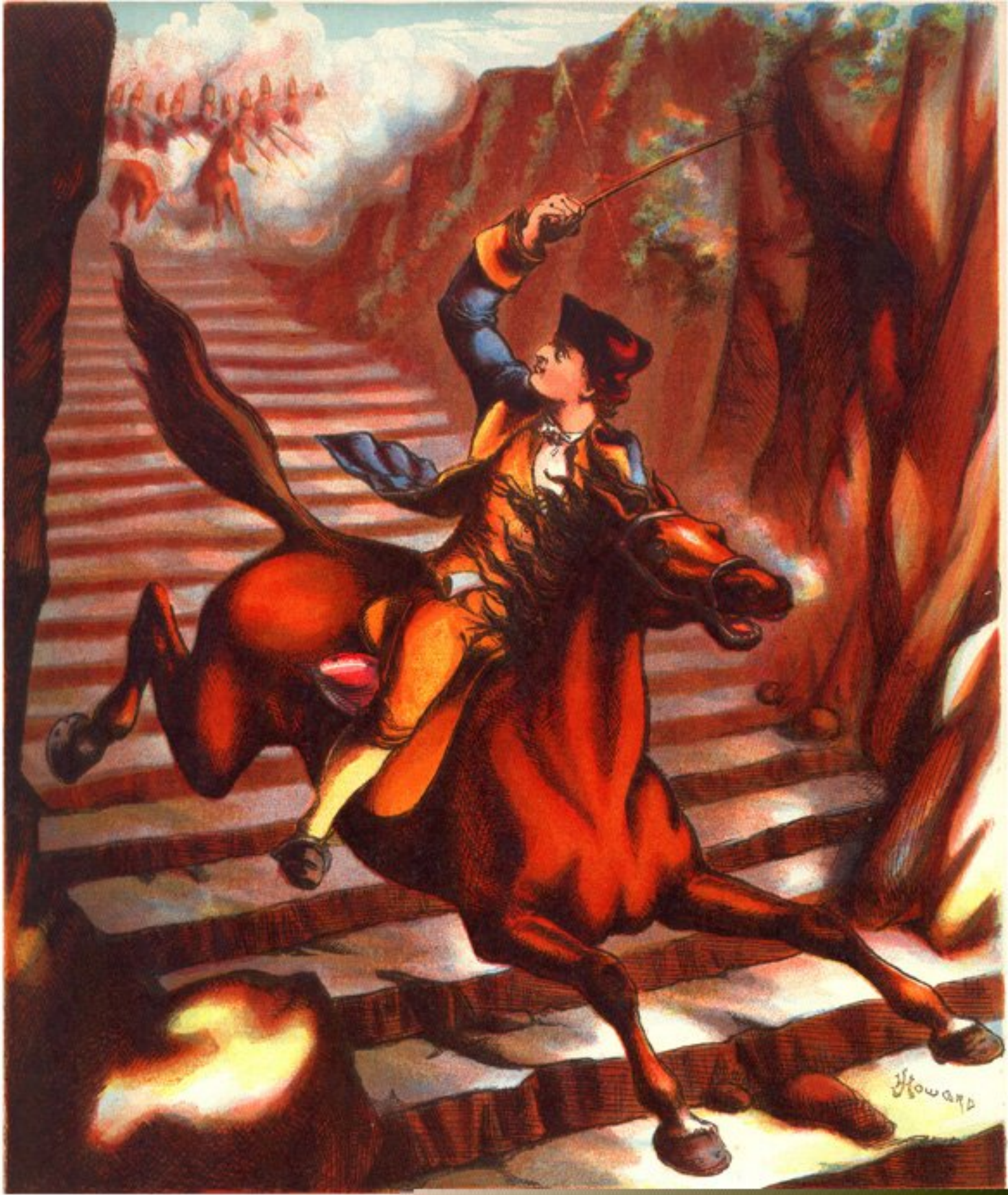
SIR:—Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a *spy*—he was condemned as a *spy*—and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a *spy*.

I have the honor to, &c.,  
ISRAEL PUTNAM.

His Excellency, Governor TRYON.

P. S.—AFTERNOON. "HE IS HANGED."

In order to protect the country near Long Island Sound, and to support the soldiers at West Point in case of an attack, Putnam was stationed at Reading, in Connecticut. About the middle of the winter, while on a visit to his outpost, he heard that Governor Tryon was marching with fifteen hundred men to attack him. As he had but one hundred and fifty men, and two iron field guns, without horses to drag them, he planted them on the top of the hill, and fired on Tryon's men, to delay his march. Soon, however, he saw the horsemen coming to attack him, and knowing that to stay longer would only result in defeat, he sent his men to a swamp near by, where no horse could go. He delayed his own flight so long, that he found himself nearly surrounded, and but one way of escape open. Before him lay a precipice so steep, that steps had been cut in the solid rock, so that the people of the village might pass to the plain below. In a moment, the English horsemen were almost at a sword's length from him, when, turning his horse's head towards the precipice, and thrusting his spurs into the sides of his steed, he galloped down the stone steps. The horsemen looked



## *The Life of General Putnam.*

on in horror, expecting every moment to see him killed by being thrown from his horse; but on he sped, nor did he slacken his pace until he reached the level ground below. So surprised were the English soldiers, that they did not fire until Putnam was almost out of range, and then one ball of the volley went through his hat. No one was daring enough to follow him, and before they could go around by the road he was in a place of safety. When Governor Tryon heard of this daring feat, he sent Putnam a new suit of splendid clothes, to replace the injury done to his hat. This was a graceful tribute from an enemy: That Putnam was equally thoughtful of the safety of those who were against him is proved by his actions at the Battle of Bunker Hill. When the British troops marched the second time up the hill, Colonel Small, with other officers of the English army, was in front of the line leading their men. They had nearly reached the works, when a severe fire was poured upon them, which was terribly fatal. The English troops fell back, and as Colonel Small turned to the right and left, he saw there was no one standing but himself. As he looked towards the American line, he saw several guns pointed at him, and knowing how well these men could shoot, he gave himself up for lost. At this moment, Putnam rushed forward, and striking up the muzzles of their pieces with his sword, cried out, "For God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man. I love him as I do my brother." He was obeyed. Colonel Small bowed, thanked him, and walked away.

After an eventful life, such as but few know of, loved by his neighbors, adored by his countrymen, and honored by his enemies, Israel Putnam died at Brooklyn, Connecticut, in the seventy third year of his age. Born poor, living by his labor, patient, but persevering, Israel Putnam rose from an humble farm-boy to be the senior Major General of the Army of the United States of America. When we feel that we have not courage to fight the battles of the world, when hope is dying out, and friends desert us, let us think of "OLD PUT," THE IRON SON OF '76.



The End.



