

Nathan Hale, Patriot-Martyr, an Inspiration To American Youth



Photo by American Press Association. NATHAN HALE STATUE IN NEW YORK.

To drumbeat and heartbeat A soldier marches by; There is color in his cheek, There is courage in his eye, Yet to drumbeat and heartbeat In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight He seeks the Briton's camp, And he hears the rustling flag, And the armed sentry's tramp, And the starlight and moonlight His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread He scans the tented line, And he counts the battery guns, By the gaunt and shadowy pine, And his slow tread and still tread Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave, It meets his eager glance, And it sparkles 'neath the stars Like the glimmer of a lance; The dark wave, the plumed wave, On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang, And terror in the sound, For the sentry, falcon eyed, In the camp a spy hath found; With a sharp clang, a steel clang, The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, with steady brow, He rebas him for the tomb; In his look there is no fear, Nor a shadow trace of gloom, But with calm brow, with steady brow, He rebas him for the tomb.

Through the long night, the still night, He kneels upon the sod, And the brutal guards withhold E'en the solemn words of God; Through the long night, the still night, He walks where Christ hath trod.

In the blue morn, the sunny morn, He dies upon the tree, And he mourns that he can lose But one life for liberty; In the blue morn, the sunny morn, His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words, They burn, lay friendly eye Should read how proud and calm A patriot could die; With his last words, his message words, A soldier's battery.

From fame leaf and angel leaf, From monument and urn, The sad of earth, the glad of heaven His tragic fate shall learn, And on fame leaf and angel leaf The name of Hale shall burn. —Francis Miles Finch.

Webster on Independence Day. This anniversary gladdens and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulge in controversies more or less important to the public good. We may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm and sometimes with angry feelings. But today we are Americans all, and all nothing but Americans. Every man's heart swells within him; every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty as he remembers that the great inheritance of liberty is still his, undiminished and unimpaired; his in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect and his to transmit to future generations.

Old Glory's Meaning. And wherever our flag comes and men behold it they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion, no fierce eagle, no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority. They see the symbols of light. It is the banner of the dawn. It means liberty, and the galley slave, the poor oppressed conscript, the trodden down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God. "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them which sat in the region and the shadow of death light is sprung up."

A Yankee Boy's Fourth In Russia

I DON'T care if he is a grand duke He has spoiled my Fourth of July!

And Jack Langdon shook his small brown fist after the retreating carriage of his excellency the governor of O. Jack Langdon's father was one of the growing number of Americans who have taken up business in Russia. He owned the ironworks of O. and was respected by both foreigners and natives throughout the province governed by the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch. Relying on this respect and the favor with which the authorities regarded him, Mr. Langdon had ventured to waylay the grand duke on one of his morning drives for the purpose of asking certain privileges. The reply of the governor was polite, but not the less decided. He said "You ask my dear M. Langdon, that your young son be permitted to celebrate your national holiday, the Fourth of July, by the setting off of certain toy explosives. I regret to have to inform you that such methods of jubilation, while common in America, could not be allowed in Russia. Two years ago your countryman, M. Moreland of the Vrnaisk mills, requested a like favor, and was reluctantly refused. The fact is that our laws strictly forbid the use of explosives in any shape. My good cousin, the late czar, enacted the law immediately after his father had been slain by the nihilists. Firecrackers, if themselves harmless, would give the nihilists a chance to introduce dynamite."

"But surely," protested Mr. Langdon, "my demonstration is in honor of the birth of a friendly nation." The grand duke raised his hand deprecatingly. "I cannot help it," he said, "but such is the law. Your son will have to forego his cannon crackers, I fear, this Fourth of July."

And then, signaling to his outriders the governor drove on, leaving Mr. Langdon rather annoyed and little Jack very angry indeed. He rambled out to the woods, scolding at the czar as he went. On the way he met Uncle Petronchka, a peasant with whom he had scraped acquaintance and who, instead of his usual friendly manner, passed him with a surly nod.

Jack's curiosity was aroused, and for the nonce he forgot all about the governor's refusal of his petition. At this point the road took a sort of long loop, so as to touch at a certain neighboring village, so that it was possible for Jack by cutting sharply across country to come out ahead of Petronchka's lumbering farm wagon two versts farther on. Across country went Jack, skimming the borders of the forest and encountering no living being until he once more leaped into the hard, white roadway on the opposite side of the loop.



"WHAT REWARD CAN I GIVE YOU?"

"This is a great joke on Uncle Petronchka," he cried. "How the old fellow will cross himself and wonder to see me here before him!" Then it occurred to Jack to give the telegraph driver a surprise, and stepping into a little wood of pine and birch, he crouched down to the grass to await Petronchka's coming.

But the first wayfarer to pass along the quiet road came from the opposite direction that in which Moscow lay. Peering out of his hiding place Jack Langdon saw that these travelers were three in number, that they journeyed afoot and that each carried upon his back a heavy pack like that borne by peddlers. He also noticed that, although the three were dressed in cap and sheepskin coats like ordinary peasants, their swarthy faces presented a keen crafty aspect. They rested near Jack. Lying concealed among the bushes Jack soon found that the men were nihilists and that they had concerted a plan for the murder of a high Russian official, to which Uncle Petronchka was to contribute without knowing what he was doing. They had with them some packages, which Jack learned from their conversation contained dynamite instead of the rare Swiss cheese which Uncle Petronchka had agreed to smuggle with his baggage.

BRITISH OFFICERS WOULDN'T FIGHT.

Sympathized With Rebellious Americans of 1776.

When King George III. of England wanted his army to coerce his American colonies into obeying the will of parliament there was mutiny—rank mutiny—by a lot of the most eminent officers of the time, with corresponding disaffection among the rank and file to such an extent that the king did not dare to try to send many of his own troops to America, but sent instead, first to Russia and then to Hesse and elsewhere, to hire mercenary officers and troops. John Pitt, eldest son of England's greatest statesman and his successor as Earl of Chatham, was then a rising officer of the army. He inherited so much of his father's zeal for the American rebels that he vowed he

would not serve against them, and if, therefore, the king wanted his commission, why, there it was. The king did not want it, however, but sent Pitt to help fight through the siege of Gibraltar, from which he came home to be first lord of the admiralty and privy councillor. Later he was at the head of that unlucky expedition to Walcheren which provoked the historical epigram:

Great Chatham, with his saber drawn, Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan. Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em, Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham. Augustus Keppel, Viscount Keppel, son of the Earl of Albemarle, one of the most prominent officers of the navy, also refused to fight the Americans. That was in 1775. The next year he was put in command of the channel fleet, and two years later, as admiral of the blue, he was commander of the grand fleet against the French. His career was marked with inefficiencies and scandals, but he never suffered for his refusal to obey orders against America.

Lord Frederick Cavendish, a member of one of the greatest historic families of England, was another of the mutineers of 1775. He was then a major general, but he was not required to give up his commission. On the contrary, he was made full general in 1782 and later became field marshal. He was one of the famous quartet of officers who at the beginning of the French and Indian or Seven Years' war took an oath not to marry until France had been conquered. The others were Keppel, named above; Montcalm and Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. The sequel was that not one of them ever married. Wolfe, indeed, became engaged to Miss Lowther just before he sailed for Canada, but a hero's death claimed him before his intended bride.

Also there was Henry Seymour Baron Conway, veteran of Fontenoy and Culloden. He had been conspicuous as a "traitor" in parliament and in the cabinet. It was he who moved for the repeal of the stamp act, at which moment said Burke, "his face was as it were the face of an angel." He swore that he would not raise a hand against the Americans. But that rank mutiny did not prevent him from being field marshal and commander in chief and after the war a member of the cabinet again. It was he, by the way, who offered the resolution in parliament which compelled Lord North to resign.

The Earl of Bingham, a member of the illustrious house of Howard, openly refused to fight against the Americans and was commended for so doing by the corporations of the cities of London and Dublin in public addresses and testimonials.—New York Tribune.

Spirit of the Yankees. Gerard Hamilton, an Englishman known in history as "Single Speech" Hamilton, because when a member of parliament he made only one speech, visited America shortly before the Revolution. Writing to a friend in England, he said, "In the Massachusetts government in particular there is an express law by which every man is obliged to have a musket, a pound of powder and a pound of bullets always near him, so there is nothing wanting but knapsacks or old stockings, which will do as well to equip an army for marching and nothing more than a Sarcophagus or a Spartacus at their head requisite to beat your troops and your custom house officers out of the country and set your laws at defiance."

The Usual Fourth. "How was July 4 observed in your town?" "In the usual way. There were 100 people at the town exercises and 5,000 at the baseball game."—Judge.

General Shafter's Fourth of July

ASKED to give an account of his most interesting Fourth of July, the late General William B. Shafter, who commanded the American troops at the battle of Santiago, Cuba, wrote: "Wholesome enthusiasm, whether fired by the battery of words or gunpowder, is bound to create courage and stir our brave men to greater deeds of valor. I feel that we cannot celebrate too much for the glorification of the greatest day in the history of our Union. When I was a little boy I looked forward to the Fourth of July with all of the pleasurable anticipations of childhood and saved my pennies from Christmas time to Independence day, to buy the wherewithal for the fitting and noisy celebration.



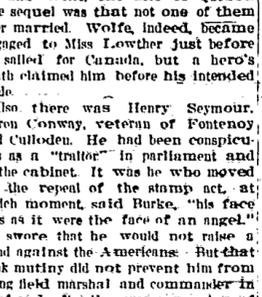
TITLE OF BRITISH SOLDIERS WHO FOUGHT IN AMERICA.

"I think, however, my most exciting Fourth was in the Cuban campaign of 1898. The morning after the Santiago battle an orderly brought me a paper containing original doggerel in seven heroic verses. They were entitled 'That General Shafter Wint After,' and the first stanza began: 'Now, when General Toral, a Spanish Met General Shafter at Santiago, Sez General Toral to General Shafter, 'Be Jabra, old man, now what are you after?' And General Shafter sez, 'That d'yez think?' And gave him the slickest sort of a wink. 'I'll get what I'm after,' sez General Shafter.

"I think that the Fourth of 1898 was the only celebration I ever took part in that inspired the muse, for which I am grateful."

WHEN FREEDOM WAS WON.

King George III. Was Told by Messenger of Cornwallis' Surrender. In his "Historical Memoirs of Our Own Times" Sir N. W. Wraxall has left an interesting record of the effect of the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis (the real end of the Revolutionary war) on the mind of Lord North and King George III. Wraxall asked Lord George Germain how North "took the communication." "As he would have taken a cannon ball in his breast," replied Lord George, "for he opened his arms, exclaiming



KING GEORGE III.

wildly as he paced up and down the apartment during a few minutes, 'O God, it is all over!' words which he repeated many times under emotions of the deepest consternation and distress."

Lord George sent a dispatch to the king, who was then at Kew. The king, on a reader's option, as a separate wrote a calm letter in reply, but it was remarked as evidence of unusual emotion that he had omitted to mark the wondrous and minute of his writing, which both Mr. Bridges' principles of punctuation were always accustomed to do with scrupulous precision. Yet the "hiding" writing showed composure of mind.

A PAEAN AND A WARNING

Shout unto the welkin seethes All about the deafened world, Get your old time spees hees out, Cheere until you spit the skies, But be careful while you spout Of your eyes. Break the ancient cannon forth, Load it to the muzzle brim, Let the oar, south, west and north, Be bo with its blim-blim-blim! Let the crackers hiss and spit, Rocket sticks come down kerplunk, But be careful how you sit On the punk. Let the roman candles flare, All the darkened heavens through; Let the mortars fill the air, Full of stars red, white and blue; Let the fluted red lights flow, Dazzling both the moon and sun, But be careful how you blow Down your gun. Boas, rejoice and speechify; All the darkened heavens tricks With which now we glorify, Heroes of old seventy-six, But, no matter what your glee, M4 the roar of bursting bombs, Careful, oh, most careful be Of your thumbs! Liberty a blessing is, Worthy to be glorified, Worthy of the fiery whizz, Of a nation full of pride, But it seems a bauble vain, Empty, useless thing of chance, When thus follows in its train An ambulance. John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Week-ly.

OMENS IN BASEBALL.

Manager's Method of Turning a Superstition to Account. Writing on baseball matters in the New York Tribune, John J. McGraw has this to say about the superstitions of the players: "I recognize the superstitions of ball players. For example, back in 1904, when Bowerman was with the team, he came to me one day and said: 'As I came in today I saw a team of white horses driving past the Polo grounds. That's a good sign. Watch me kill the ball this afternoon.' 'He did. The belief in his superstition had given him confidence. Bowerman spread the tidings of the white horses around the clubhouse. The next day somebody else saw the white horses, so the day after. By the end of the week the entire team was hitting like a house on fire. They all believed in the superstition, and it gave them confidence. One day my shortstop, Dahien, remarked: 'Funny those white horses always happen to drive past the ball park just when we are coming into the clubhouse. It's certainly lucky.' 'I heard him and couldn't keep back a smile. On the day Bowerman told me he had seen the horses I made up my mind that everybody else would see them as long as it helped their batting. So I engaged a man to drive past the Polo grounds every day. That is a fact, and it shows the lengths to which a manager will go to cater to ball players' superstitions."

DALTON'S EXPERIMENT. Showing What a Genius Can Do With Crude Apparatus. The great English chemist Dalton was a schoolteacher. He worked without a laboratory and with crude apparatus, mostly made by himself from simple materials. Here is an example described in his own words: "Took an ale glass of a conical figure, two and a half inches in diameter and three inches deep; filled it with water that had been standing in the room and consequently of the temperature of the air nearly; put the bulb of the thermometer to the bottom of the glass, the scale being out of the water. Then, having marked the temperature, I put the red-hot tip of the poker half an inch deep in the water, holding it there steadily for half a minute, and as soon as it was withdrawn I dipped the bulb of a sensible thermometer into the water, when it rose in a few seconds to 150 degrees."

He then determined the temperature of the water at the bottom after five minutes, after twenty minutes and after an hour and found that it rose gradually from 47 to 62 degrees. This simple experiment proved that water has the power to conduct heat, which had been denied by no less an authority than Rumford.—Youth's Companion.



The Conscientious Chinese Child.

One of our missionaries, writing of a little girl in the school under her care, says: "Last night Wah Noo told me she wanted to be a whole Christian, as she called it. So we had a long talk and tried to think of all the wrong we had done that day and confess it to each other. She counted these wrongs on her fingers: 'I did not brush my teeth as you told me to do; I did not take off the lower sheet on the bed when I made it up, and I know I ought to always; I got angry with one of the girls at school; I did not use my soap when I took my bath; I did not try to do my example in multiplication; all the other girls did theirs wrong, so I thought I would too.'—Cor. Christian Herald.

Poetry and Punctuation.

In his poem "Narcissus" Robert Bridges, the English poet laureate, has banished the comma entirely, so that a procession of adjectives may be talking, who was then at Kew. The king, on a reader's option, as a separate wrote a calm letter in reply, but it was remarked as evidence of unusual emotion that he had omitted to mark the wondrous and minute of his writing, which both Mr. Bridges' principles of punctuation were always accustomed to do with scrupulous precision. Yet the "hiding" writing showed composure of mind.

A Lucky Escape. "I owe my success in life to politics," "I was not aware that you were a politician." "I'm not, but I thought I was once and got myself nominated for an office that, if I had been elected, would have paid me about \$1,500 a year. I was so badly beaten that I dropped politics forever and took up the business that has brought me a fortune. It makes me shudder when I remember that if I had been elected I might now be afraid of doing something that would deprive me of the lodging house vote."—Chicago Herald.

Reckless. Mr. Sapsieigh: No, I'm not feeling very well, you know. I have thought once or twice lately— Miss Keen— Good gracious! And then you wonder why you are feeling ill. You really should not do such reckless things.—Boston Transcript.

The Retort Courteous. Nell—That girl has a finger in everything. Belle—Yes, she's had it in some engagement rings you'd like to have.—Baltimore American.

God educates men by casting them upon their own resources.—Newell Dwight Hillis.