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1776 138 YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE 1914



Get the Spirit of the Day. Prineville Bids You Thrice Welcome

THE HOUSE ON RICHMOND HILL A STORY FOR JULY 4—BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHEL

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In old New York during the latter part of the eighteenth century, not far from that part of the city lying near and north of what is now Canal street, there was a rise in the ground called Richmond hill, on which stood what was a handsome residence for that day. To the south lay the Lispenard meadows, and to the west was the North river.

In July, 1775, Washington took command of the Continental armies at Cambridge. The battles of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, and the next most important struggle was for the possession of New York. The British had command on the water, which gave them a great advantage, and were bound sooner or later to take the city, but Washington went there to put up as good a fight for it as possible. It was during the subsequent operations that Washington occupied the mansion on Richmond hill. The housekeeper was Phoebe



"I AM ANXIOUS TO FIX THIS CRIME UPON THE MAN WHO HAS INSTIGATED IT."

Francois, daughter of Samuel Francois, who kept the famous tavern. Phoebe was an attractive girl and was not in want of lovers. One of them was Thomas Hickey, a member of the life guard of Washington.

One day when the housekeeper was directing a negro woman who was sweeping the front porch Hickey left his tent and went up to speak to her. She asked him:

"What do you suppose that British warship out there in the river is up to? She's been hovering about ever since the general came here."

"How should I know?" replied Hickey with a show of irritation that surprised Phoebe.

"How should you know?" she repeated. "One would suppose from the way you take my question that you were in league with her captain."

Hickey still further astonished the girl by turning pale at this random shot. Phoebe looked at him for awhile in a sort of curious wonder; then, turning to the negro woman, she said: "That will do, Susan. You may go in now."

The woman disappeared, and Phoebe Francois and Tom Hickey were left alone. There was no one nearer than the sentry pacing to and fro in the yard below.

"Now, Tom," said Phoebe, "tell me what's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me? Why, nothing's the matter with me."

"Tom, I thought you said you loved me."

"I did."

"Then why do you keep a secret from me?"

Tom made no reply. Phoebe studied his countenance for a while, then said:

"Tom, I'm for the king."

"You don't mean it, Phoebe!"

"Yes, I do, and I believe you're really on the same side."

"Are you telling the truth, Phoebe?"

"To be sure I am. I want to make some money, Tom. I can easily overhear the general when he talks with his officers, and I would like to get some information to General Howe. Could you take it for me?"

"I can do better than that for you, sweetheart. I've got a chance to make some money myself. I'll divide with you. Together we can make a good deal. Meet me tonight after lights are out on the river bank."

Phoebe, who was trying to worm Tom's secret out of him, let him go reluctantly, fearing that he might gather caution and refuse to trust her. He did regret having placed so much confidence in her, but he realized that he had gone too far to retreat. When she met him on the river bank he gave her the whole story.

When the Revolution broke out and the people of New York rose against the authority of the king, the governor of the province, Tryon, fled to the warship Asia, the vessel of which Phoebe had spoken. There he plotted—or, rather, continued to plot—for Washington's assassination. He bribed Tom Hickey, a member of Washington's life guard, to poison the general's food. Hickey, as soon as Phoebe had avowed herself a royalist, realizing that she would be able to do the work more easily than he, proposed the scheme to her.

Phoebe was thunderstruck. Fortunately it was dark on the river bank, and Hickey could not see the horror in her face at his proposal. She pretended for awhile to be averse to the plan, but when Hickey held before her the reward they would receive and how it would enable them to marry and live in comfort she feigned to yield and called for the poison. Tom gave her a powder, and she, after enduring his caresses for a few moments, slipped away from him and returned to headquarters.

The general was engaged in dictating dispatches to his aid-de-camp, Captain Hamilton, and as soon as Hamilton left the room Phoebe knocked and was bidden to enter. Closing the door behind her, she revealed the plot she had drawn from Hickey.

"What!" exclaimed Washington. "Are these men! not content with being tyrants, ambitious to be murderers?"

Phoebe, who stood in great awe of the commander, was about to withdraw when he stopped her.

"I am anxious," he said, "to fix this crime upon the man who has instigated it."

"How should I know?" she repeated. "One would suppose from the way you take my question that you were in league with her captain."

Hickey still further astonished the girl by turning pale at this random shot. Phoebe looked at him for awhile in a sort of curious wonder; then, turning to the negro woman, she said: "That will do, Susan. You may go in now."

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Fourth of July Program

—Sunrise Salute to the Flag.

10:00 a. m.—Grand Parade will start from Commercial Club Hall.

11:00 a. m.—Patriotic Exercises at the Court House.

12:30 p. m.—Big Barbecue at Club Hall.

2:30 p. m.—Baseball—Prineville vs. Knights of Columbs of Portland

4:00 p. m.—Field Sports on Main Street.

7:00 p. m.—Firemen's Tournament.

8:00 p. m.—Grand Finale. Free Music for Maskers, Dancers, Etc.

9:00 p. m.—Big Dance at Club Hall.

Our Yankee Doodle Boy.

Our Yankee Doodle Boy.

YANKEE DOODLE four-year-old is a hero big and bold, On his breast a sash of red, Cap and plume upon his head, On his thigh a sword of lath, A red cannon by the path, The true, starchy banner o'er him And a loud drum hung before him.

Colonel, captain, garrison, Gunner, drummer, all in one; Tyrant kings and Hessian foes Cannot stand before his blows—Nay, nor any one with ears, Dear mammas nor grenadiers!



Photo by American Press Association.

SMILES FOR THE FOURTH.

His Glorious Fourth.

"If your husband hasn't any engagements for the Fourth of July bring him over to our house for dinner."

"Well, he hasn't any engagements, but he expects to have about forty. You know, he's a surgeon."—Chicago Tribune.

The Alternative.

Grandma—Bobby, here is a quarter for you to put away to buy fireworks with on the Fourth of July.

Bobby—Pshaw! We don't keep the Fourth that way any more. I'm going to hear the returns from the prize-fight!—Puck.

July 4, 1775.

New England Colonist—What are you celebrating today, Beriah?

Convivial Ditto—Why, this will be the last opportunity we will ever have to celebrate a "quiet Fourth!"—Puck.

OLD GLORY'S BAPTISM OF FIRE

By W. H. RICHARDSON

INDEPENDENCE day naturally brings thoughts of Old Glory and its first appearance in the grim business that was engaging the country at the time of its formal adoption as the national emblem. As every child knows, the flag had its statutory beginning on June 14, 1777, when congress agreed upon the design. After the smoke had cleared away from the battle of Oriskany on Aug. 6, 1777, when Sir John Johnson and his Tories and Indians were routed, the victor of the day improvised a flag from the red petticoat of a soldier's



THE MONUMENT AT COUCH'S BRIDGE.

wife, a white shirt and an old blue jacket and flung it to the breeze above the captured British standards at Fort Stanwix. That is doubtless the first time the flag appeared in the "danger zone."

When Washington got his cue eventually that Sir William Howe with 18,000 men was sailing up the Chesapeake he started his army southward, and on the way through Philadelphia they were cheered and inspired by the bands playing and "the flags flying"—some of the flags of Betsy Ross' own make, perhaps.

Howe landed twelve miles below Elkton, Md., on Aug. 25, and the fateful campaign of 1777-S began with a collision at Couch's bridge, only a few miles nearer Philadelphia, his objective. A division of the British, under Lord Cornwallis, had advanced to Iron hill, an eminence sloping down to Christians creek and from which a large part of the country toward the Delaware could be observed.

On the part of the Americans a "light advance corps" had been organized under General Maxwell, with instructions to be "constantly near the enemy and give them every possible annoyance."

Stedman, an English historian of the "Origin, Progress and Termination of the American War," published his big two volume history in 1794. He was on Cornwallis' staff, and he disposes of this first engagement in seven words, telling of "dispersing the advanced guards of the enemy." Captain John Montross, Howe's chief of engineers, counted only three dead and twenty wounded among the British at that time, notwithstanding the fact that Morgan's famous riflemen had been shooting at the redcoats. But the cannon planted on Iron hill really did serious damage to Maxwell's men, who having no such formidable armament were under pressure of a largely outnumbering foe. Delawareans are proud of the fact that the opportunity to wave the stars and stripes at the head of fighting columns came first in their state.

REGRETTED FOURTH OF JULY'S DEED.

In the manuscript diary of John White of Salem, Mass., are many interesting Revolutionary notes.

Among the entries are:

March 2, 1776. The Continental Troops began to Cannonade and Bombard Boston. Continued for three nights successively. Saturday night we fired on Boston from our lines, and Sunday morning, the 11th of March, the Regulars went out of Boston.

Dec. 1, 1776. Great Dearness of Provisions, owing to the great quantity of Paper Money, which depreciates fast.

Dec. 2, 1776. The inhabitants of this town (Salem) are so mutinous they threaten me for selling the Salt at 12 shillings per bushel. May the Tumult of the People be stilled by Him who ruleth the Raging of the sea.

The tumult was probably not stilled, for under date of Dec. 31, 1778, Salt Seller White says:

"We shall forever have Reason (I fear) to lament our Gloried Revolution, because I have only changed Task Masters, the later the worse, because they are poor Creatures. Our Country is too poor to be a Separate Nation. ** All or chiefly the men of knowledge made no Resistance to Government, and therefore men of little or no Knowledge, that took part in the opposition to Britain, were preferred to places in our Government. Thus came in Men poor without moral Virtue, Blockheads, etc. The High Sheriff of this County is a Tanner, two Magistrates one a Tanner, the other a Joiner; neither of them could speak or read English; of this Town both. Why I describe our Condition in the above manner is because it is impossible such men, without education, should be equal to the business. I bless God it is no worse with me, but I am too Proud easily to submit to such things. I am now above 66 years old, and am glad and rejoice my Trial is almost over.

Another entry dated Oct. 29, 1780, records that President Washington "was in Town, bound Easterly."

Descendants of the Signers. The descendants of the Signers is an organization composed of men and women whose ancestors penned their names to the document that proclaimed American freedom. The society was organized at the Jamestown exposition in 1907 with a membership of upward of 150 persons.

Chicago claims to have the longest street car ride in the world for a nickel, but this refers to electric cars. New York is still able to make the proud boast of the longest ride on a horse car in a city of the first class for a nickel or any number of nickels.