

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Jack Jouett's Ride,

By R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

THE Judge was sitting, in his library, one afternoon, by the window that opened out toward Monticello—Thomas Jefferson's old home. The beautiful landscape was bathed in the soft light of June, and the valley stretching away to the foot of the Little Mountain presented as fair a landscape as one often sees,—clear upland lawns, bits of forest, long reaches of hillside, laughing rivulets, all lay between the house and the mountain. Everything was quiet, save for the hum of bees or the occasional rattle of a passing train, until suddenly a troop of youngsters dashed in with a whoop and hurrah that aroused the Judge from his day-dream.

"Oh, papa, papa!" shouted one at the top of his lungs. "Father, father!" called another.

The judge held up his hand for silence.

"Well, children, what is the matter?"

"We have been playing Paul Revere's ride, and 'Morris'—that's the donkey, you know—has thrown Jack, and now Jack won't be Paul any more, and I want to be one of the citizens, and the others won't ride!" This from a freckle-faced youngster of ten summers.

The judge checked the speaker.

"Paul Revere's ride? Why don't you play Jack Jouett's ride? That performed as great a service as Paul Revere's ride, and took place right here in your own county."

"Why, we never heard of it!" said Jack.

"So much for the historians," replied the judge.

"Now sit down, all of you, and be quiet, and I'll tell you all about it."

Silence reigned at once, and the group of interested listeners gathered about the judge.

"Your histories tell you of Tarleton, the brave, cruel, dashing colonel; you have heard of his fiery black charger, of his superb horsemanship, of his ruthless legion. Did any of you know that Tarleton once came to Charlottesville with his regiment? Well, he did, riding right along that road you see crossing the hill in front of the house. He came up here to capture Mr. Jefferson, then the governor of the State, and the legislature then in session right here in the old town. I remember the Eagle Tavern, where the law-makers met, and, stranger still, I can remember a person who saw that raid. She was my black nurse's mother, and she died in 1863, when I was ten years old. She was fourteen years old when Tarleton made his raid. Now, how old was she when she died?"

One of the listeners looked at the judge and smiled.

"I know," said she.

"Well?" said the judge.

"Cornwallis came to Virginia first in 1781, so the old woman was ninety-six years old when she died."

"Correct," said the judge. "Her name was Mourning—Aunt Mourning, we always called her,—and my mammy used to take me to her cabin, and she'd tell me about the 'redcoats' and 'Gin' Tarleton and his big black horse, and the breakfast he had at Castle Hill."

"In the spring of 1781 the traitor Arnold was at Portsmouth, Virginia, and Sir Henry Clinton sent two thousand men, under General Phillips, to aid him. Soon he and Arnold were at Manchester, a little city just across the James River from Richmond. Cornwallis later on invaded Virginia, and met Phillips's command—which had left Manchester without taking Richmond—at Petersburg. They had laid waste the State before them, burning houses, tobacco, and crops, and killing the cattle."

"It looked as if these combined forces would take Richmond this time, so the legislature adjourned on the 10th of May, to meet at Charlottesville on the 24th. The governor, Mr. Jefferson, came back to his home yonder on the mountain just two miles from us here in Charlottesville, and for a week this town was the capital of the State. There were only forty members of the legislature who came to Charlottesville, but among them were men the British would have delighted to take; for there were three signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Nelson, Jr., and Benjamin Harrison (who was to be ancestor of two Presidents); and there also was Patrick Henry, a former governor of Virginia, the man whose clarion voice first in the colonies proclaimed resistance to tyrants, in that sentence you all have learned: 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

"Everything looked very gloomy for the Continentals in old Virginia at this time. Lafayette, who was in command, had been compelled to fall back. Baron Steuben, who was camped where the Rivanna, our muddy river just over the hill yonder, empties into the James, had been completely outwitted by General Simcoe, the British general, and had made a most inglorious retreat. Cornwallis had in the meantime pushed up the North Anna River to Hanover County, and there formed the idea of sending Tarleton to capture Mr. Jefferson and the legislature at Charlottesville."

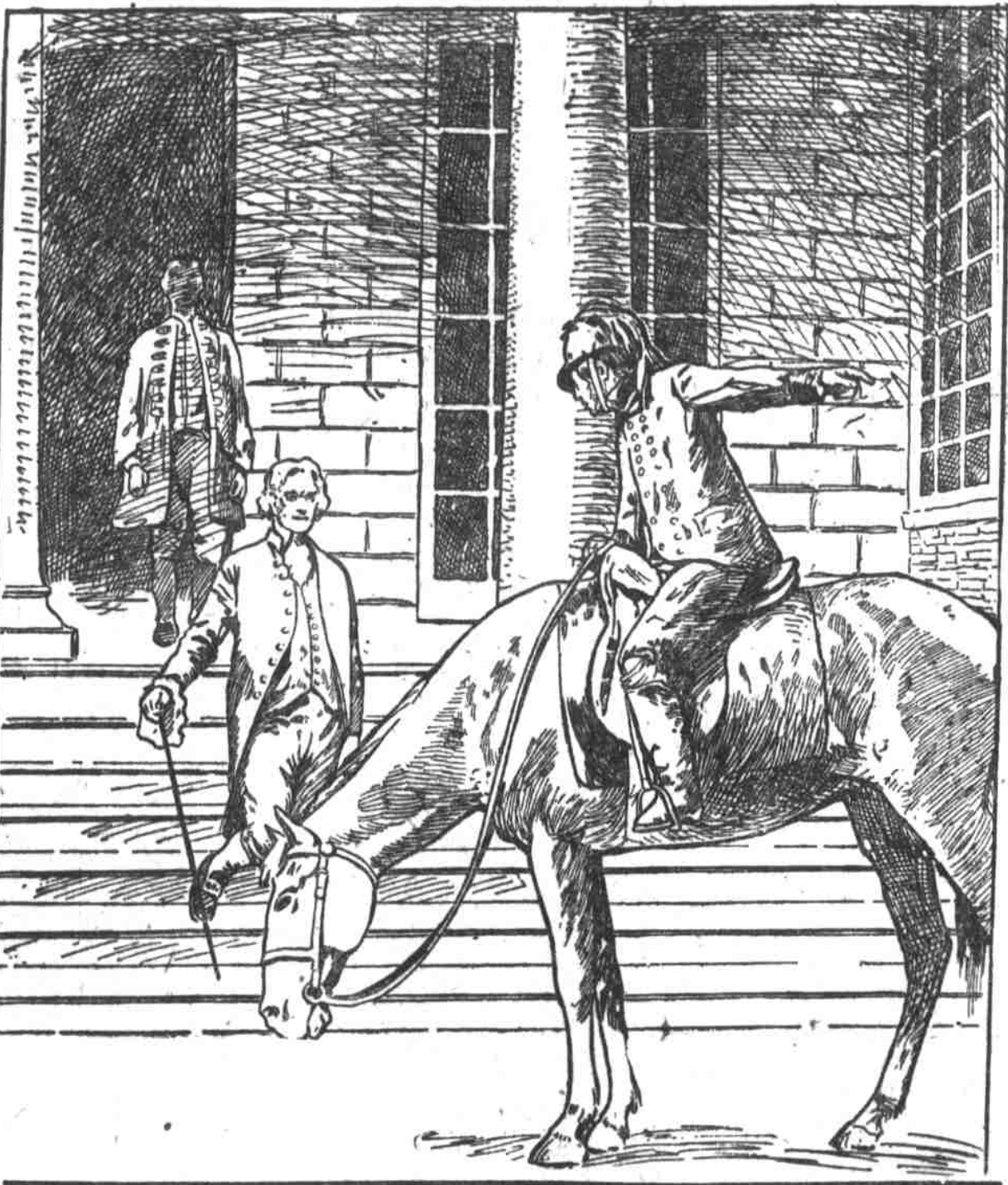
"So, as I tell you, in this very month of June, just one hundred and seventeen years ago, Tarleton came up into this section of the country. No doubt, he chuckled to himself, as he rode onward to Charlottesville, thinking what a delicious thing it would be to bring back, tied, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and to have him tried for high treason,

and hanged, or transported to Great Britain.

"And Colonel Tarleton came very near succeeding. But for Jack Jouett there might have been no such President as Thomas Jefferson, and yonder mountain, now the Mecca of all lovers of liberty, would not have had upon it that plain shaft with the great but simple inscription: 'Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.' There would not have been the great University of Virginia.

"For nobody knew of or suspected Tarleton's raid. Charlottesville, shut in by the mountains, a quiet, retired, dull little village,—who would care to despatch a force against it? So Tarleton came swiftly with his legion, and reached Cuckoo Tavern, in Louisa County, not a day's ride away, early one morning in June. Now there happened to be at Cuckoo Tavern, that

then to Charlottesville—not a pleasant road to ride or drive, through as picturesque a route as one often sees for one either side' grew great pine-trees here, and massive oaks there, while dogwood and sassafras and sumac filled in spaces. The road had once been a buffalo track and then an Indian trail, then a wagon road for a while; but as no one ever worked it or changed the grade, it rapidly washed into a succession of red gullies and became well-nigh impassable. So it had been abandoned many years, and nature had covered up the scars made by the animals' and man, and only in a few places could one have known that it had ever been used as a highway. Broom-sedge grew wherever there was an open space; ferns of a hundred varieties clustered in every hollow where water ran; and the wild bramble ran riot everywhere in the shade. Into this old road Jack pushed his horse, and soon was dashing at full speed over hill and dale.



JACK JOUETT WARNS GOVERNOR THOMAS JEFFERSON OF THE COMING OF TARLETON'S MEN

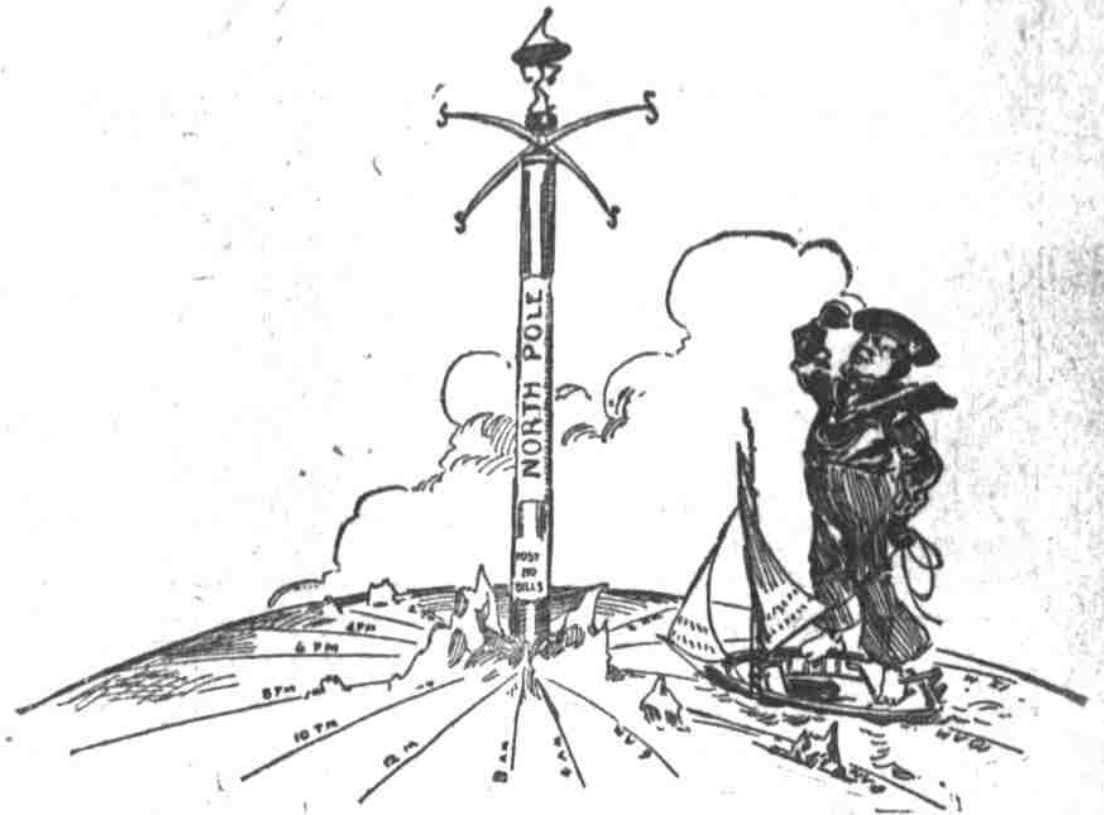
day, Jack Jouett, a citizen of Charlottesville, a young, gay, and jolly innkeeper, fond of good living and fine horses.

"Why he was at Cuckoo that day no one knows; but I think it was because Jack owned a farm near there, as his will in our rusty old record-book here shows, and he had ridden down to visit it. But one thing we do know: Jack had captured a British dragoon the day before, and had deliberately stripped him of his uniform, which happened to be light blue, and had donned it; coat, trousers, boots, helmet with long horsehair plume, all these he had on, having clothed his prisoner in his own homespun jeans, and then paroled him. Jack was in the garden when he heard the tramp of the swiftly moving enemy. Concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the redcoats sweep by, for they made no pause at Cuckoo, and Jack recognized the handsome, dashing colonel at the head of the troop. Along the road went the dreaded legion, tramp, tramp, tramp of horsehoof, clingle, clangle, clash of sabers and bridle-bits. 'Mischief in the wind!' said Jack. 'Where are they bound?' and his heart gave a great leap. 'They are after the governor and the legislature! Whee-oo!' Not a minute stayed he then. When the last trooper was out of sight, Jack rushed to the stable, saddled his bonny bay mare,—she was said to have been the best bred and fleetest of foot of any nag in seven counties,—and was off at full gallop.

"Jack knew every road and path in lower Albemarle and Louisa counties. He shrewdly guessed that Tarleton would follow the highway into the main road that led by the country-seats, the homes of the gentry. Jack knew a shorter route, an old disused road that would lead him to the river, thence to Monticello, and

It was a dangerous ride, even at a slow gait. Deep gullies lay concealed under treacherously smiling wild flowers. Ground-hog holes offered pitfalls liable to break the leg of his steed; overhanging limbs swept him in the face, and the wild briar ever and anon caught him in a painful and harassing embrace. His face bore for many years the scars left on his face by this briar, which, as you know, climbs up trees and seems to throw itself from one to another. But Jack had no time to consider these things. He knew that in a few hours the enemy would be in Charlottesville, and make the governor and legislature prisoners, unless he could give them timely warning. His mare was sure of foot, sound of wind, and no other fox-hunter ever got the brush when Jack and she were in the hunt.

"So away he went, touching her lightly with the spur now and then, but oftener cheering her in the face with a merry whistle or encouraging word. He had thirty miles to make. He could have as easily made fifty on a good road as thirty through this wilderness. At one point the disused road entered a field in sight of the highway along which Tarleton's legion was passing, and a few stragglers saw Jack when he dashed into the open. They followed him with loud shouts and a pistol-shot or two, but when he dashed into the woods they abandoned the pursuit. Once his bay mare fell, her foot having caught in a mass of brush and brier and half-rotten logs; but up she scrambled, and away she went, as if she knew that the fate of a commonwealth depended upon her. In two hours Jack rode his thirty miles, and passed in the ford just opposite the little hamlet of Milton, two miles from Monticello. Only a mouthful of water did he allow his gallant bay to sip, and then he dashed to the river-bank and on through the streets of the village, stop-



No time of day.

"If any one ever reaches the North Pole he will find no north, no east, no west, only south, whatever way he turns. The time of day is also a puzzling matter, for the pole is the meeting-place of every meridian and the time of all holds good."

"What will they do?" said the midshipmite, "With the North Pole, if they find it?" "Run up the flag!" quoth old Jack Tar, "And set the watch to mind it."

"Every man Jack who rounds his back Against the pole to shore it Will find, when he attempts to tack, South—only south—before it; No north, no east, no western way; In fact, no proper time of day."

"No time of day!" said the midshipmite. "What could be more complete? All times of day must be all right Where all meridians meet. So there will be, beyond a doubt, No proper time for 'turning out,' Or knocking midshipmites about, And, in that best retreat, No time the galley sweets to lock, But 'plum-duff' all around the clock!"

Adelle M. Hayward.

Belinda.

By Eric Parker.

Belinda was the smallest cat That ever you did see. One day Belinda met a rat Quite twice as big as she. Now, what are you to do When a rat's as big as you? Belinda said: "I'm not afraid Of any rat alive. I'd swallow any rat that's made, Or two, or four, or five." Now, how could she do that— Such a very little cat? The rat replied: "I never knew A cat as brave as I. But as for such a cat as you,

I'll make you into pie." Did you ever see a rat Dine off a pussy-cat?

Belinda said: "Superior cats Think fighting only fun. Just call a lot of other rats; I'll eat them, every one." Now, don't you think that *that* Was a most courageous cat?

Then other rats joined in the fight. Big, little, short, and tall, Gray, brown, and brindled, black and white— Belinda ate them all! D' you wonder how I know? Belinda told me so!

ping not at anxious hails of men and women, but merely shouting: "The British are coming! The British are coming!" In ten minutes he drew rein in front of a quaint brick house on top of the now famous mountain. "He was a sight, too," the darkies said. His face was torn and bleeding from the wild-brier thorns, his gay blue suit covered with mud and dirt, his mare covered with sweat and foam and panting as if her heart would burst through her sides. Down from the porch in front of which Jack had halted came a tall, thin man, dressed in a suit of nankeen, lace at his wrists and shirt-front, and with a little sword-cane in his hand. This man had clear, sparkling blue eyes; a thin skin under the blood almost covered with white powder. For a moment he did not recognize the rider. Then, as he drew nearer, "Why, Mr. Jouett," he said, "what brings you here, and with your good horse so well-nigh spent?" "Jack could only gasp, 'The British, governor! Tarleton and his men passed Cuckoo Tavern at six o'clock this morning, and I've ridden—' He stopped and his voice sank.

"Martin, Martin!" called Mr. Jefferson,—for it was he,—"hurry! A glass of wine for Mr. Jouett."

"A large, sullen-looking negro man came to the door, then hurried off, returning in a moment with a decanter and glass. Jack drained the glass, and cried: "Get you gone at once, governor; there's no time to lose. I'll ride to Charlottesville and tell Mr. Patrick Henry and the other legislators."

"But, Mr. Jouett," said Mr. Jefferson, "have you ridden from Cuckoo since six o'clock? Why, it is scarcely eight yet!"

"Indeed, but I have, governor; and Tarleton and his men have ridden fast too, and will be here ere noon—ay, and sooner, too."

"What a debt of gratitude we all owe you, Mr. Jouett," said the governor. "One we shall not soon forget. But alight, sir; let your gallant bay be rubbed down and fed, and come up to breakfast. We shall have time to despatch later on."

"Not so, governor," replied Jack. "I must warn the others."

"True, quite true," said Mr. Jefferson.

"Jack, in a moment more, again put spurs to his steed. He reached Charlottesville a quarter of an hour later, and soon from house to house ran the news that the dreaded Tarleton was on the way. The legislature met and passed a hasty resolution to adjourn to Staunton, forty miles away, across the Blue Ridge; and the ink was hardly dry on the minute-book before Tarleton's advance-guard was seen on the crest of the hill not more than a mile away.

"Seven tardy legislators were captured, but thanks yet to Jack, one of the most prominent of them escaped. General Stevens, who had been badly wounded at the battle of Guilford Court House, was

then boarding at Jouett's Tavern. He was a member of the legislature. After eating a hasty breakfast, and seeing his mare well cared for, Jack mounted another steed, and, in company with General Stevens, who rode a very shabby horse, started off up the Staunton road. They were but a few miles out of town when behind them came rapid horsemen, and they soon saw the red coats of the British troopers. "Jog on slowly, general," said Jack; "I'll lead them a dance, and off he dashed. He wore his captured uniform, and the horsehair plume of his helmet streamed out behind him.

"The troopers thought Jack a general at least, and dashed by the plain old Virginia farmer (as they thought) on the poor, shabby horse. Jack coquetted with his pursuers awhile, now reining up as if about to surrender, now dashing off in a gallop. At last, when he had them well away from General Stevens, who turned into a by-path, he gave spur to his fleet horse, and was very soon beyond the reach of his pursuers. He always said that he never grew tired until he reached the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, about dark of that eventful day.

"Jack lived and died in Charlottesville. His name is but a shadowy memory there now, as all of his children moved away. One son, John, went to Kentucky, and was, I believe, the ancestor of a gallant admiral in the United States navy, but there are no Jouetts left in Charlottesville or Albemarle.

"His tavern stood on the exact spot where stands the school-house to which your children now go. Do you know that somewhere in your playground Jack sleeps now in an unmarked grave? He was buried in his garden, and that garden is now your playground. The legislature gave Jack a handsome sword, which young John took to Kentucky with him; but Jack never seemed to think much of his ride, and used to laugh when his neighbors in his old age would talk about it. 'T'd do it again for another glass of Jefferson's Madeira,' he was wont to say, and I verily believe he spoke truly.

"When he died, in 1863, there was talk of a monument to be placed over his grave, and in an old yellow newspaper I have in the library there is mention of a public meeting as late as 1866, called for the purpose of raising a fund to 'mark the grave of the hero Jouett, and thus save it from oblivion.' But nothing ever came of it, and now the very spot is unknown. But I believe, if old Jack could be consulted, he would say that the feet of merry children romping over his head, and the sweet music of their laughter, would be as pleasant to his spirit as a polished shaft of granite or of marble; for he loved children and fun and frolic and laughter, and cared little for fame and public honors.

"Peace be to his ashes! Think of him sometimes, children, and honor his memory, for he was a patriot and deserved it well."