

**Saint John's Church, at Richmond, Virginia,
Where Patrick Henry Made His Fiercely Appeal**

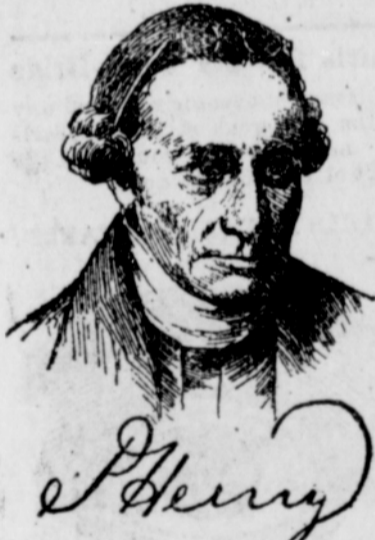


St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., one of the most famous meeting places during the Revolution. It was here that Patrick Henry, that fiery-tongued orator, in his speech denounced the articles of the English king to enslave the Colonists (March 20, 1775) in his famous speech which ended—"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Al mighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give liberty, or give me death."

**Patrick Henry's
Stirring Call**

**When the Virginia Patriot
Delivered His Immortal
"Give Me Liberty or Give
Me Death," and Thus
Moved the Old Dominion
to Arm for the Coming
Revolution.**

One hundred and fifty years ago in St. John's church, Richmond, Va., Patrick Henry stood before the now famous convention and delivered his immortal "give me liberty or give me death" speech. Virginia's delegates had convened to consider whether or not to organize an armed force to resist the soldiers of the British king. Revolution was in the air. The Declaration of Independence was little more than a year away. But opinion was divided among the planters of the Old Dominion. Some would arm in self-defense, others trust to his Brit-



ish majesty to right the wrongs they were suffering. If it came to revolution and the revolution failed, their heads were at stake. There needed the impact of eloquence to move the convention to join with the patriots of other colonies. That impetus was given when Patrick Henry arose and addressed the convention. When he had finished, the convention adopted resolutions calling for the organization of militia, and the taking of such other steps as would put the colony in a state of defense. The speech follows: "Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and provide for it.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir. It will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

An Appeal to Arms.

"Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are

An hour within the little church I saw Where Patrick Henry's voice was heard to ring. Rousing his friends against a greedy king. Calling to arms all lovers of the State. I seemed to see his eyes in high debate Flashing, yea, felt my heart for action spring To attention, and heard the northwind bring The sound of clanking chains—and swearing, as many a patriot soul did swear. That come what may, not slavery should be Man's heritage, but freedom, evermore. So lives the power of eloquence, so share We in the feasts of immortality. Drinking the wine that Liberty doth pour.

ships and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

"We Must Fight."

"Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we

vincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retreat from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come.

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, 'Peace, peace,' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of reounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"



Interior of St. John's Church.

test shall be obtained—we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

Liberty or Death.

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our back and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are in-



Tomb of Patrick Henry, at Red Hill, Virginia.

the precocity that was characteristic of the age. More of the statesmen of the Revolution were under forty years of age than over it. At nineteen Alexander Hamilton, born in the same year as Lafayette, had a profound and practical knowledge of the principles of government and finance. Across the sea William Pitt was about to enter upon the amazing parliamentary career that was to make him prime minister of England at twenty-four. The British navy swarmed with midshipmen ten and twelve years old.

How was it that Lafayette, heir to an ancient and enormously wealthy house, should have become at a period in life when the modern boy is leaving high school a sincere and ardent champion of the "rights of man"? In almost any of his compatriots the motive might well have been caprice or a love of adventure. In Lafayette it was an inborn passion for human liberty.

It is fitting, therefore, that when we think of the help that France gave us in the Revolution we should symbolize it in the person of Lafayette. France acted from selfish motives; for England was her traditional enemy. Lafayette was wholeheartedly for the cause of the young republic.—Youth's Companion.

Why suffer from headaches?
Have
YOUR EYES
Examined
F. M. French & Son
Jewelers, Optometrists
Albany, Oregon

To Betsy Ross



The Betsy Ross Flag.

They came to you—those patriots—when a woman's aid was needed. They asked an emblem of you in the midst of war's alarm. As the knight of song and story fought for fame in battle's glory, And wore the veil his lady gave upon his good right arm. Your swiftly snipping scissors for an instant did not lag, And the hand that rocked the cradle was the hand that made the flag.

No more the hand and arrows fluttered o'er the troops in conflict; No more they fought together underneath the green pine tree; And the spitting snake uplifted nevermore its rattles shifted In the cannon's belch sinister, as it warned "Don't tread on me!" For the varied Continentals had a standard all their own. When they fought beneath a banner that a woman's hand had sewn.

It floated out triumphantly when Cornwallis surrendered; 'Twas hailed by Key in melody in the embattled dawn; And the North fought to defend it when the South had hoped to rend it.

While it brought its cheering message to the heights of San Juan; At St. Michel it fluttered, and when the war was won, It told another story of another duty done.

Ah, Betsy Ross, you little knew the honor that befell you. That quiet day you labored in your little homestead, where Your nimble needle flying sewed a nation never dying— That little constellation that you clipped and fashioned there Would wax in greater numbers from the cradle of its birth, And carry forth its message to the very ends of earth.

—Harlowe R. Hoyt.

Lafayette

When Lafayette visited America a hundred years ago as the guest of the nation his part in the great adventure of the American colonies lay nearly half a century in the background of his life. When he had taken leave of us he had left behind him a little group of commonwealths, exhausted by war and distracted by mutual jealousies and mistrust. On his return in 1824 he found them bound into a vigorous, expanding nation, basking in the sunshine of an "era of good feeling."

It is hard for us to realize that in 1777 it seemed nothing out of place for the Continental congress to bestow a major general's commission upon a nineteen-year-old French aristocrat, incapable of giving an intelligible command in English. It was, however, quite in accord with the custom of the time so to burden young shoulders with weighty responsibilities, especially if they were patrician shoulders. Perhaps the practice was justified by



Lafayette Monument, Washington.

der it his proud nature smarted unendurably. There came then the indefensible, treacherous step which was to destroy his career in an hour.

Writing under the name of "Gustavus," he entered into communication with Sir Henry Clinton, commander of the British forces in New York, and was answered by his aid, Andre, who assumed the name of "John Anderson." Arnold offered to station his troops so that the British would encounter no difficulty in seizing West Point. It was a strategic post on which the British had long had their eyes. Possession of it would cut off New England from the lower colonies. It would open an easy route to Canada. The Continentals would be crushed by the loss of their most important fort and its great store of supplies. The correspondence went on. A personal meeting between Arnold and Andre became imperative if the underhand scheme were to go through.

The Conspirators Meet.

And so one day the British sloop-of-war Vulture gilded the waters of the Hudson and anchored not far from Stony Point. Arnold had laid his plans well. When darkness came a small boat went alongside the Vulture and Joshua Smith boarded her. At Arnold's command he was seeking a man who was to "bring important news" to the West Point commander. A long blue surcoat covered Andre's uniform as he stepped into the small boat, and Smith did not know that the silent passenger he was rowing to shore was a foe of the newly born republic.

In a few minutes Andre had made his way through the thicket to the side of Benedict Arnold. A few words of identification were exchanged. In half whispers and carefully lowered voices the conversation proceeded. What was the number of troops in West Point, what was its armament, how many supplies were stored there, in what way would Arnold dispose his soldiers so that the British could enter without casualties?

Arnold suggested to Andre that he stay one more night on shore, promising he would be rowed safely out to the Vulture the following night. Andre fell in with the plan and they adjourned to the Treason house.

As over breakfast they went on with their discussion, they were interrupted by an ominous sound. A detachment of Continental soldiers had seen the Vulture in the river and had brought a cannon down to the shore. The booming thunder of its shots was rolling up and down the Hudson. Arnold and Andre looked out of the windows of Treason house and saw the Vulture haul up its anchor and move swiftly

**Where Benedict Arnold Plotted
Deed of Blackest Treachery.**



"Treason House" in West Haverstraw, Where Andre and Arnold Planned the Surrender of West Point.

ringing at the treatment meted out to him by congress and the supreme executive council in Philadelphia. Benedict Arnold had come to West Point as commander of the post. He was the hero of Quebec and of Saratoga. One leg wounded in two places bore witness to his bravery on the field. He was Washington's most trusted general. He had a record for leadership and sacrifice in the Continental cause second to none. But he was a morose and embittered man. As governor of Philadelphia and as a brilliant soldier he had made many enemies. His foes in the governing council of Pennsylvania had brought against him a series of charges of dereliction in duty. Arnold had demanded a trial by court-martial. He had faced its board at Morristown, the winter headquarters of Washington. The result had been a sentence to a public reprimand. Un-

down stream and out of range. Andre was frankly worried.

Delay That Was Fatal.

"It may not be so easy to get back to the ship," he said.

Benedict Arnold thought for a moment. "I will give you a pass that will take you safely back to New York by land if you cannot reach the Vulture," he announced. The pass was duly written out authorizing the Continental guards to let "John Anderson" through their lines. By now Andre had the complete data for the surrender of West Point in his possession and, acting on Arnold's suggestion, had concealed the papers in the sole of his stocking. The plot had been launched. Arnold left Treason house for his own residence across the river. The two conspirators were never to meet again.

All that day Andre remained in the upper room of Treason house looking out over the river at the far-off Vulture and counting the hours that remained until darkness should fall and he could attempt his escape from the American lines. Night came and he demanded of Smith, the house's owner, that he row him out to the British sloop. Here, however, an obstacle appeared. It seems that Smith was obdurate in refusing to run the gauntlet of possible Continental fire on the way to the ship. He offered instead to guide Andre down to New York by road, and with this offer Andre had to be content.

Under cover of darkness they crossed to the other side of the river and began the journey that was to end in Andre's capture at Tarrytown. How he passed through the American lines until he met the three patriots—John Paulding, Isaac van Wort and David Williams—guarding the road, how he mistook them for British sympathizers and declared himself to be an officer of his majesty the king, how they seized him, searched him, refused his offers of tremendous sums and took him to the Continental authorities and the end that came to him as a wartime spy are familiar matters of history. That day's work in Treason house was to bring nothing but disaster to the men who engaged in it.

British Gained Little.

The defection of Arnold does not seem to have been of much service to the British cause. He led their troops in a number of expeditions, none of which were of any great importance. The memory of that black day at Treason house seems to have been with



Benedict Arnold.

Major Andre.

him to his death. The hatred of the countrymen he had betrayed reached over seas and struck him down. Brooding through the years, he fell victim to a racking nervous disease from which he died in 1801.

And now Treason house itself is to disappear forever. Perhaps it is well. The recollections which it summons up out of the past are best forgotten.



Major Andre.

Last of Famous Company

Daniel Frederick Bakeman, who was a resident of Freedom, N. Y., and who died in 1869 at the age of one hundred and nine years, six months and eight days, was the last survivor of the Revolutionary war. Bakeman served the last four years of the Revolution under Captain Van Arnum and Colonel Willett of the New York troops. Two years before his death, congress passed a special act pensioning Bakeman at the rate of \$500 a year. The last Revolutionary war pensioner, according to the pension office, was Mrs. Phoebe M. Palmeter of Brookfield, N. Y., who died in 1911. She was the daughter of Jonathan Woolley, who served in a New Hampshire company under Washington.