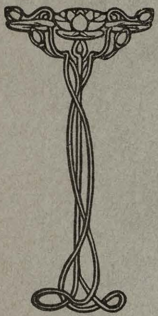
The Fighter of Hanover

PATRICK HENRY

By
WILLIAM S. HART



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"I want an American character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for ourselves."

George Washington to Patrick Henry, October 9, 1795. Copied from the Los Angeles Examiner of August 1, 1919.

The above will give all Americans food for recollection. It will be noticed in the foregoing that George Washington said "The Powers of Europe." He did not say England. The men who fought the War of Independence for America were Englishmen. Washington was an Englishman, a Captain in the English army. True, they fought against brother Englishmen, but their main opponents were Hessians, and those Hessians were in the pay and under the immediate control of King George IV. of England, a British King but a Hessian—a German. In our late war history repeats itself. The Germans were the enemy of our struggling Republic in 1776 just as they were the enemy of the Allies in 1918.

About the year 1774, on the James River at the town of Jamestown, Virginia, there arrived from

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overseas the good ship Helen, with some two hundred passengers and some twenty slaves. The passengers and slaves were of the same race and the same color, only the passengers were more or less rich in worldly possessions, coming to the new world with hearts beating high in the hopes of new fortunes, but the slaves were sent against their will. Their offenses against society ranged from being stage robbers along the King's Highways of England to the criminal offense of owing money, owing debts that had been contracted to obtain the means whereby they lived, and not being able to pay them; therefore, they were sent in bondage to the colonies to be sold as slaves. The blacks were few and labor was scarce in the Colonies, the Indians then, as now, could never be used as hewers of wood and drawers of water. They roamed the hills and forests of the surrounding country in the full flush of American freedom, which to this time they have steadfastly adhered to in spirit if not in reality. The tobacco fields were many and sadly in need of cultivation, for history tells us our forefathers were much given to brocades and lace and carefully dressed hair, and that they did not lean very strongly toward gaining their livelihood by the sweat of their brows. True, there were exceptions, but were not the majority of our forefathers all immediate descendants of families of means who boasted their coronets and their seals?

It was a gayly attired throng that attended the sale of the slaves of the good ship Helen, as she lay warped to her moorings. There were the Randolphs, the Churchills, the Lees and many representatives of other blue-blooded families of Virginia, together with their ladies. Interspersed with these honorable folk were the brutal traders—they who bought to sell again—who were not only to be picked out by their evil faces but who openly carried short-stocked whips with long cruel lash, which they did not hesitate to use as a constant reminder to their human property that their masters were supreme and all powerful. On the outskirts of this assemblage this balmy spring morning that our story opens, stood, or rather leaned against a rangy roan horse, a tall, thin man, clad from cap to moccasins in the buckskin of the woodsman. His face and neck and hands so bronzed by the sun that had it not been for the style of his straw-colored hair tied back by a faded scrap of ribbon, one would have passed him by at a glance as a half-breed Indian. His attitude as he leaned against his horse seemed to express his whole character, and it did. For Patrick Henry, ne'er do well that he was, never sought to seem what he was not; indolence was in every movement of his panther-like body, levity and devilment shown in every twinkle of his careless and care-free blue eyes. He was there not on a mission; he had none. His mission lay with the game in the forests, with the fish in the streams; beyond that, those who noted him at all, noted him as a failure. Had he not been one? Had not his father, an eminent lawyer and jurist, set his brother, William, and him up in stock (a store)? Had not William proved by his close application to business his worthiness and had not Patrick by his indolence and his giving credit to everyone, busted the whole venture? Patrick made friends and debts fast enough, but Patrick could not make a living. Patrick could not run a store. So William went back to his father's law court and Patrick went back to his roan horse and to his forests. And it is doubtful if the society of Jamestown would ever have looked upon Patrick again if it had not been for the same reason that Adam was enmeshed—a woman. The woman in this case was a young girl—Doxey. Doxey, the tavern keeper's daughter. Doxey, the barmaid, a young miss scarcely 20 years of age, whose roguish eyes had ensnared all the dandies of Jamestown and the surrounding country. But there was and will be no denying, good reader, where the affections of Doxey lay. The dandies with their canes and jeweled snuff boxes and their fine equipage meant nothing to Doxey. Doxey loved Patrick and Patrick loved Doxey. But there was Patrick's ne'er do well nature and there was Doxey's father, an obdurate and hard headed old Tory, a misguided Englishman, playing, as many other good Englishmen did, into the hands of King George. And did he not, where Patrick was concerned, have full justice on his side? He loved his motherless daughter, Doxey, as he had a right to do. And was not Patrick Henry a proven no account fisherman lout?

The auction block had been occupied and vacated many times and the slaves who were sold were in the hands of their masters; some were hard visaged characters with rebellion stamped all over them, some meek and ashamed, but all of them sturdy and strong. The old world knew what kind of material to send to the new world. There was a more

than usual buzz of interest and attention as a young Lancashire lass was placed upon the block. She was the highest type of slavery requirements, her movements denoting health and strength, and besides she was undeniably attractive, even pretty. She was one of those unfortunates who had done no wrong, save to come within the scope of that barbarous law of the day, that yoke from which the civilized world had not as yet freed itself. The bidding took on a new zest, it became more spirited. A young miss, being no less a personage than the Governor's daughter, was constantly pinching the arm of her escort as he rose in the price of his bids and they became higher and higher. It finally settled down to two bidders, the young Miss and Lige Wethersby, a huge bulk of a man, all animal, all brute, who, as he defiantly snapped out his bids, gripped the stock of his whip. He was getting near the topmost mark to which he could go and again sell at a profit, for Lige Wethersby trafficked in human souls. Still higher and higher the price became. The young slave girl looked appealingly at the young Miss. The young Miss again pressed the arm of her escort. She had played all she had and all she could raise. The figure was away above normal, but Lige Wethersby was no longer bidding to buy and sell, at least, not to sell at once, not to sell until he had broken the spirit of this slave girl devil, whose eyes defied him, not to sell until he had first broken her in mind and body, for the slave laws were lax and much winked at in those days when our forefathers were working at the civilization of the human race.

Lige bid a sum that was prohibitive and a half sob of pity escaped the young Miss as the auctioneer tolled off in stentorian tones, "Going, going, going and sold to Lige Wethersby," at so many pounds in English money or its weight of tobacco (tobacco at that time being almost, if not, a legal tender). The slave girl stepped down off the block but further she would not move, and there was a cry of pain from her lips as Lige Wethersby sunk his powerful fingers into her arm. Then all the pent up feelings of the girl, all the wrong she had suffered came to the surface. There was a yell of rage from Lige; the girl had fastened her teeth in the back of the hand that so cruelly gripped her arm and hung on as a terrier would. Lige fairly roared his rage, and when finally he tore his hand away, the blood spurted from the wound and covered the face of the girl. Everyone stood aside, though some, to their credit be it said, with clenched fists, for Lige was within the law. The girl was his property and Lige was a man known for his deeds of strength even among powerful men. His nature was known to be that of a killer when in a rage and the rage of Lige at this moment knew no bounds. His eyes blazed with a rage that was fiendish, his face was contorted as that of a madman. His curses were foul and loud. He threw the slave girl to her knees with a force that seemed nearly to force the planking of the dock. A long, cruel whiplash cut through the air like the hiss of a snake, as it fell upon the shoulders, the neck and the head of his victim. When suddenly the crowd was catapulted aside, something seemed to hurtle through the air. It was propelled so fast that not until it reached its goal

was it discernible. It was Patrick Henry; Patrick Henry, the fisherman; Patrick Henry, the lout. There were enraged snarls as the two wild animals of the woods had crashed together. There were two roiling, twisting bodies, unmatched in size, but equal in strength, their faces were fairly bloated by their efforts, their necks assumed the size of the struggling Gladiators of old. So terrific was the battle that to this assemblage, so inured to the primitiveness of the age, it caused a hushed spell to sweep over them, while with strained attitudes and wide stretched eyes they watched the combat over the slave girl, who, with blood-covered face and trembling limbs, cowered in fear. It was plain that the lithe man was no match for the burly brute in size. Yet his strength seemed God-given. The combat was so wild, so terrific, that something had to give and it was the larger man. His knees were seen to sag, a look of terror came into his eyes. His bones were fairly breaking, and then the lighter man slowly drew one of his arms, the right arm, free. It came by fractions of an inch at first and then gained speed, but when it finally was free it moved so fast the eye could not follow. There was a sickening thud of bone meeting bone and flesh meeting flesh, and the huge bulk of a man crashed to the floor. The panther-like figure was upon him with the rapidity of the animal of that name and as the blood spurted from the nose and mouth of the fallen man he lifted him high above his head and hurled him with one mighty heave into the sea. Only for one instant's time did he stand and then he turned away. As he walked past his roan horse the horse turned and followed him and they both headed straight for the forest, where they would mingle with those of their kind.

The huge, bleeding and half drowned man was drawn from the sea, and the escort of the young Miss said to him, "Lige Wethersby, I'm paying you the price you paid and a fair profit for this slave girl. If you wish to contest such action the courts of the Colonies may decide." So the young slave girl became the property of the young Miss, the daughter of the Governor of Virginia.

A few days later Doxey was seen just within the edge of the forests. She called and Patrick and his roan horse came to her. Much had transpired and Doxey must tell Patrick. But Doxey was a girl, despite her love for Patrick, and like a girl must abuse poor Patrick a bit. And besides Doxey wanted Patrick to reform. How could they marry else? All the cruel remarks of her father were repeated, but tempered with the love of Doxey's heart. Henry said, "Doxey, the last time I was in Jamestown for three days and not a drop of wine passed my lips." "Patrick, I tell you not a drop did pass your lips." The laughter of Patrick was his only answer. Patrick could fib to Doxey, but Patrick could not lie to Doxey, especially when he was caught. And then when they were snuggled close together, when their hands were clasped in mutual love and affection, Doxey pleaded with Patrick to try once more. "True, Patrick, when you and William were at the store, you tried so hard for a time. You studied law at nights and passed your examination without the help of anyone." "Yes, but, Doxey, what good

did it all do me? Didn't Sir John Randolph, in presenting me with my license, point to his shelves of learning and say 'Young man, what you don't know about law is in those books.' True, Doxey, he gave me a license because I was me father's son. Now, that is a fine benediction for a budding and ambitious young attorney. No, Doxey, the fish in the stream, the animals of the forests understand me and the roan. We are not much and they don't expect much, so we get along fine." "But, Patrick, dear, oh, I must tell you. You force me to tell you—father is pressing me. Father is pressing me hard to marry Lord Lester. And, true, Patrick, it is a great honor for a tavernkeeper's daughter to be honorably married to a Lord. Lord Lester came to father yesterday and asked him for my hand. Father called me in and told me in his presence. Oh, Patrick dear, but it was an awful scene. I told Lord Lester plainly I loved another. Then dear old father, oh, Patrick, he flew into an awful rage and said he knew who the other was, and, oh, Patrick, he said such harsh things about you. And, Patrick dear, don't you know you are breaking my heart? Don't you know that these things are nearly all true?"

But little did Doxey know of what her Patrick was being accused at that very moment. It was far more than his devil-may-care ways. For at this very moment in the private tap room of the tavern were some dozen men, all influential men of the times, all Tories, loyal subjects of King George IV and some of his Hessian agents. They were there to discuss the unmistakable tide of rebellion that was creeping over the Colonies, and the names of George Washington and young Tom Jefferson were mentioned. Young Tom Jefferson, who so far forgot his station in life as to consort with characters beneath his standing, characters such as that lout, Patrick Henry.

Patrick Henry needed tobacco. Now, the clergy were paid their salaries as ministers of the Gospel in tobacco. What more natural than that Patrick should go to the house of a clergyman with game and fish to exchange for tobacco. The young Rev. Dr. MacFarland had a large and growing family of small children, hence he needed food for his large family and Patrick became more or less of a steady tobacco customer. The Rev. Dr. MacFarland was much wrought up. The clergy had a claim against the government for salaries, which were regulated by law. The case had been decided against them and the Rev. Dr. MacFarland was poring over the papers, arguments and decisions in the case, and what more natural than that the Rev. Dr. MacFarland should seek comfort from even the backwoods fisherman and go over his troubles with him? Patrick was at first amused, then interested. The giant brain ability of the almost outcast was beginning to work. "Minister," said Patrick, "I'm no lawyer, though they gave me a license. But I could win that case." The Rev. Dr. MacFarland, like all his clergy, was grasping at straws. Their learned counsel had decided not to appeal. The time to make the appeal to a higher court had nearly elapsed. The Rev. Dr. MacFarland knew he and his brother clergymen could pay Henry his fees with

a few pounds of tobacco. And the instinct of the gambler was in the breast of the Rev. Dr. MacFarland, just as it is in we'uns of today, and besides the clergy had nothing to lose. The Rev. Dr. MacFarland took the chance.

When the gaunt backwoodsman served his notice of appeal, acting as attorney for the clergy, a smile of derision greeted him on all sides, but their humor was confined to that day in his presence, for they saw him no more until the day of the trial. Nor even if the roan horse had the power of reason and ability, could he have told aught of Patrick preparing his case. He fished, and he roamed the forests as he always did, only at times there would come a steadfast and fixed look in his merry blue eyes and his face would become set and stern, the giant brain was working.

The day of the trial came, the courtroom was crowded to suffocation. The clergymen had many sympathizers among their parishoners, who felt it their bounden duty to be present. The opponents of the act to pay larger sums of money to the clergy were there, disgusted at the loss of time over a case that had already been decided. Still they were there—there to jeer with the idlers who knew of Patrick Henry. One there was whose calling compelled him to be there, though he would have given worlds to be elsewhere, and that was the father of Patrick Henry, an associate judge on the bench. The trial was simple, the facts had all been gone over before; they were merely repeated in a slipshod manner by the new attorney, which caused the adherents of the clergy to squirm in their seats, and then the attorney for the defense addressed the jury. He was an excellent lawyer. Point after point he met and piled up such a mass of evidence in favor of his case that it seemed preposterous that an appeal should ever have been taken. There was a hearty burst of applause as the learned and bepowdered gentleman took his seat, which was quickly silenced by the rap, tap, tap of the judge's gavel. And then came the real silence, a silence that was an oppression, a silence which precedes a painful deed which must be gone through. Slowly the tall figure of Patrick Henry rose. He had in honor of the court changed his clothes. In his usual buckskin, his bronzed skin blended with his habiliments. In his simple homespun square-cut and his cotton shirt, open at the neck, it but accentuated their ill fitting and made him look even ungainly. There was one face in that courtroom that showed sorrow and sympathy. It was the face of the father, who, like Brutus of Tarquin, was there to see the death of his son. Slowly Henry advanced to the front of the jury. Slowly and in a low voice Henry began to speak. What was it? What was it? What was he saying? What was it that was compelling their attention? Those who came to jeer were listening, listening and they knew not why. Nor could they define what it was that was holding them. The same quiet voice continued, he was talking, just talking. God, it seemed like witchcraft. What was it? What was it? And then suddenly the object of their gaze straightened up to his full height, he seemed to tower above all the world. His voice that had been low and soft rang out like Christmas

chimes. God, what was it? What was this transformation? And now his figure swayed, his mighty arms became as graceful as though they were of classic mould, his clenched hands accentuated his words. And it was then and thus that the little crowded courtroom of Jamestown, Virginia, heard for the first time the greatest orator the world has ever known.

When Henry finished speaking, he took his seat. A cheer went up, a cheer that shook the rafters. At that moment the crowded courtroom had gone mad. They knew not why, but they had been moved as never before. There was a movement among the jurists, and then the foreman informed the court that they had agreed upon a verdict without leaving their seats, and the verdict was for the clergy. Again a mighty cheer. What was it? What was it? The very air of that stuffy courtroom seemed charged with magnetism. Two there were who did not cheer, their emotions were too great—one an aged associate judge, whose head was bowed with tear-filled eyes, and the other a tavernkeeper's daughter, away at the back of the courtroom, whose tears came down like drops of rain, as the shaft of sunlight from the window shone upon her bonny head.

Again we go to the private tap room of the tavern. The rebellious spirit that was sweeping over the Colonies was commencing to become more noticeable, and as the Tory subjects of King George talked it became apparent that it would go hard with those who were embroiled in any action of treason. Patrick Henry was not now discussed as a lout fisherman, not fit for Tom Jefferson to associate with, but as a dangerous element in himself, against the King. A man with such power as Patrick Henry had demonstrated was an undeniable power for either good or evil, and must be reckoned with.

Now, more than ever, was Doxey's father determined that his daughter should marry Lord Lester. In ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances Doxey's father would have demurred at such a marriage, for Doxey's father, hard-headed old Tory that he was, was a man of sense, and, like all publicans of his time, had a true reverence for class, and was not this young gallant a lord? But, under stress of present circumstances, he hailed with joy the event that would save his daughter from a marriage with a good-for-nothing lout, a man that would surely be hanged for treason and his family and all connections be forever disgraced, if, indeed, they did not share his fate with him. The young gallant was much in love and agreed to hasten the marriage. The day was set, the hour 10 o'clock on the Sabbath morning. The little church was simply and tastefully decorated, for it was to be the wedding of a lord. But when the bridesmaids went to assist Doxey in her wedding attire, they found the dresses but they did not find Doxey. Doxey was gone. For Doxey had met Patrick at their forest retreat, and Patrick knew all. Whatever Patrick's shortcomings were in many respects, Patrick was no laggard where affairs of the heart were concerned. Patrick had gone to the Reverend Dr. MacFarland and pleaded his case to him, who, besides being a

true man of God, was still under the spell of that giant of the courtroom. Had there been watchers ten hours before Doxey was to become a lady at the little church, they would have seen Doxey descending a ladder in the moonlight; they would have seen her clasped in the arms of the backwoodsman, and shortly afterward in a little clearing lighted by the rays of the moon, they would have seen Doxey united in holy wedlock to the man of her choice by the Rev. Dr. MacFarland, their one witness being a rangy, roan horse.

Nor was this the only moonlight meeting that was held beneath the branches of those forests. Near by was the cabin that Patrick built for his Doxey with his own hands. And around this cabin shadowy figures were often seen to congregate, and stern-visaged men did often in secret session confer, and among them George Washington, Tom Jefferson and the lout, Patrick Henry, with the fire of the patriot in his eyes. And while Patrick's station in life had not changed, Patrick was held in a far different view by his fellow countrymen. His power of speech was on all sides recognized and among the Tories he was the most feared man in the Colonies, such had been the rise of Patrick Henry in those troublesome times when America was battling for her independence. The tap room of the tavern had long since been abandoned. There was no need of further secret meetings. It was almost open war between the Tory subjects and the freedom-loving British-Americans. The Tories now held meetings at the Governor's house, where the term treason against the King was openly applied to all who did not espouse their cause. While Patrick Henry in his cabin home fished on and loved on with the light of the new born freedom in his eyes.

The troublesome times had nearly reached the breaking point; meetings of patriots were held openly. They were charged upon by the adherents of the King and their paid minions. Little handfuls of patriots were scattered as agitators and rioters, and in some cases dragged after horses along the streets and lanes and through rivers, and never released until they, in half dying condition, declared allegiance to the King. Couriers had arrived from Richmond. Richmond then, as it was some eighty-five years later, being a hotbed of secessions. A gigantic meeting was to be openly held at Richmond in utter defiance of the King's orders. The orders which arrived by courier were in the nature of appeals to all loyal subjects to come to Richmond for the meeting to stampede it with loyalty, and so turn the tide of rebellion into a victory for the King. Boston and Philadelphia, the other seats of the revolution, could not come. They needed all of their resources to stem the tide at home and one match now applied to the torch of freedom that was openly declared it was feared would kindle fires that could not be quenched.

At Boston and Philadelphia traitors were even gathering arms and drilling their men; something gigantic must be done at once to stem the tide. And if Richmond put down the rebellion, all would be safe. Everything depended upon Richmond. The

Governor of the Colony of Virginia at once dispatched messengers to all loyal citizens and a conference was held. Jamestown was overwhelmingly loyal. Did it not flog its disloyal subjects at the whipping post? But they must gather these most powerful subjects, these most powerful orators to go to Richmond.

Now, there was one of the Governor's messengers who was a one time helper at the tavern, who loved Doxey, and he had been of great aid to Patrick in his courtship. This boy went to Patrick and told him what he really knew. Patrick and Tom Jefferson and Washington were at a loss to know what action to take in lieu of their meager information. What they thought would be their savior was brought to them. Patrick was summoned to appear at the meeting at the Governor's house, and for once these three giants were deceived. They thought that knowing the power of oratory possessed by Patrick it was the object of the loyalists to seek to win him over and to have him espouse their cause. The Tories had no such thought. They had pondered for hours over this very situation. They knew that Patrick knew. Were they not at that very moment having the boy flogged, whom their spies reported as having been to see Patrick? But how much did Patrick know? The boy would not talk, and no amount of flogging at the whipping post would make him talk. He knew nothing of the merits of King George or of the patriots. He simply loved Patrick and Doxey, and he would not talk. This body of loyalists, learned men, knew it would be a positive danger to allow Patrick Henry (if he knew) to go to Richmond. So they summoned him to conference, and Patrick fell, and with him fell two other of the greatest men the world has ever known. Their requests of Patrick to join forces with the King were brief and formal and merely to seek to justify their treachery. They knew where Patrick Henry's inclinations were and if they had not, the scorn that flashed from Henry's eyes as he spoke no word in answer would have plainly told them. So they threw off their masks and called in their soldiers, and Patrick Henry, the patriot, was securely bound with ropes and then, as a lesson to those of his kind, knowing the impotency of the prisoner to interfere with their acts, they told him of their mission; how they were in half an hour leaving by special stages for Richmond no less than thirty of the bravest and most loyal men of the Colonies and that until their return Patrick would be confined in a room of the Governor's house under an armed guard, and, further, that when they accomplished their purpose and returned in victory the whipping post, and mayhap his very life, would be the forfeit. Whatever may have been the thoughts of prisoners in confinement throughout the world, none could have been more excruciating than those of Patrick Henry. He was powerless, powerless even to communicate with his fellow patriots, Washington and Jefferson. The next morning after his enforced confinement, a maid brought him food, and that maid was the Lancashire lass whom he had befriended. It was an easy matter when night fell for this captivating girl to flirt with Henry's guard; it was an easy matter for Henry to walk out in the dark when the doors were unlocked; it

was an easy matter to find the roan, for hadn't Henry left him untied close by? and the roan never strayed away from his master. But now the easiness ended. The stage coach, splendidly equipped with fine stock, was twenty hours in the lead. The roan was fresh. He had been eating grass and drinking at the spring, but Patrick loved the roan as he loved his life, and Patrick knew the end.

"Roanie, my horse, I love you, but I've got to kill you. I've got to kill you. You've got to die for your country."

And even as Patrick spoke and vaulted into the saddle the Heavens acknowledged the sacrifice and said, "We'll help, we'll help; we'll do all we can to hold them back." There was a crash as though the end of the world had come; the skies seemed rent asunder, and then the wind blew hurricanes and the rain fell in torrents. God was helping His children. And throughout the long night, the roan fairly flew over the mire, in which the coaches, twenty hours ahead, were floundering.

St. John's Church at Richmond, Virginia, was where America's freedom was being born. For hours and hours its densely packed mobs had been swayed, first toward the King and then toward liberty and freedom. The Tories were holding out for their Governor, and the loyalists for Jamestown. Would they never come? Would they never come? The cause was almost lost. A bold Hessian adherent of the King had gone too far; he had lost the votes of many staunch British by his unmistakable pro-German address. Would the loyalists from

Jamestown never come? They did come, bedraggled and unkempt and muddy, but they came, and with them new impetus in that brain-tired throng. They carried, they swept all before them. The evil effects of the Hessian King's followers were wiped out and they were all loyal Britons. And then it was that freedom was born.

A tiny speck out of the horizon, a rider and a horse, the horse was matted in the sweat of death. The rider, bare-headed and in shirt and breeches, was scarcely recognizable as a human being, and still on they came, this rider and this horse. And when they reached the church the real maker of American independence fell, fell to rise no more. Freedom had won and he had died. Never halting, never stopping, straight into the church the staggering rider lurched, and crowded and tore his way through that fighting throng until he reached the pulpit of St. John's Church at Richmond. He raised his arms aloft and there was a silence. The very appearance of this unkempt, mud-bespattered, haggard individual demanded silence, and then he spoke. What folly it would be for any pen, no matter how powerful, to describe this speech. Therefore, how inadequate would be the attempt of one, who apparently loses his mind when he takes up a pen, to describe it. Historians have recorded it as the most effective oration that has ever been delivered in the history of the world, and show me the man who reads it in the seclusion of a library in these calm times of peace and does not feel his soul swell with high emotions that he is an American. Henry electrified with his eloquence, Henry saved the day for freedom, and at the finish of that God-given oration, he stated in clarion tones and accepted the responsibility as to where he stood, "But as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" St. John's Church became a place of joy and happiness. Into the heart and into the soul of every man there came the holy joy of freedom; staid men embraced each other, others nearly went mad with sheer joy. Around the rope that swung the bell in the tower a hundred pairs of hands were striving to help the bell ring out its peals of liberty and enfranchisement to the world. While out by the roadside a forlorn and mud-bespattered figure knelt on the ground and in his lap was the head of a horse—"Roanie, God bless you! God bless you! You died to save your country!"

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