Gen. George Rogers Clark

Revolutionary Hero Who Wrested the Great Northwest from the British and the Indians

(Special Letter.)

THERE has been a suggestion that Clark street in Chicago be rechristened McKinley avenue, and there is an almost unbelievable state of ignorance prevailing among the citizens of Chicago in regard to the origin of the street's name and the history of the man for whom it was christened. Even the editors of several Chicago journals have been ill informed enough to confuse Gen. George Rogers Clark, the soldier and pioneer, with Capt. William Clark, the explorer of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition.

It was Gen. George Rogers Clark who wrung this section from the British and the Indians, and whose unparalleled fortitude in the frontier campaigns at the end of the eighteenth century led the men who laid out the streets of Chicago to honor one of them with his name. It was Gen. George Rogers Clark, who in 1778 raised a small volunteer force in Virginia, crossed the Ohio, reduced all the British posts between the Mississippi and the great lakes and made them the boundary of the United States instead of the Ohio river.

His marches through the pathless wilderness were marvels of endurance his prudence was so great that he rarely lost a man and his daring has not been surpassed in the annals of the heroic pioneers. Few things in history or in fiction are finer than his march to and attack upon Vincennes in the winter of 1778.

Gen. Clark was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in 1752. He was a surveyor, like Washington, but he preferred another kind of pathfinding, and in 1777, in consultation with Gov. Patrick Henry, he planned his expedition to the Northwest. After reaching Kaskaskia without much adventure he set out from there in February, 1779, to recapture Vincennes, which had been taken and garrisoned by the British under Harrison.

For five days he waded his army

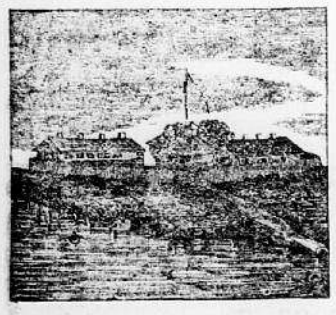
Gen. George Rogers Clark.

across the valley of the Wabash, flooded with melted snow for a breadth of six miles, generally waist deep and sometimes up to the shoulders—an exploit that parallels Hannibal's crossing of the Thrasymene march. His ragged men suffered incredible hardship, but they routed the British at Vincennes, within a few short hours after they reached the fort.

This is the way Gen. Clark himself tells in his journal of one day on the march to Vincennes.

"The nearest land to us in the direction of Vincennes was a spot called 'Sugar Camp' on the opposite side of a slough. I sounded the water and finding it as deep as my neck returned with the design of having the men transported on board the canoes to the camp, though I knew it would take the whole day and the ensuing night, as the vessels would pass slowly through the bushes.

"On the following morning I harangued the men. What I said I am not now able to recall, but it may easily be imagined by the person possessing the regard which I at that time entertained for them. I immediately stepped into the water without waiting for a reply. Before a third of the men had entered I halted and called to Major Bowman and ordered him to fall to the rear with twenty-five men and put to death any man who refused to march with us, as we did not wish



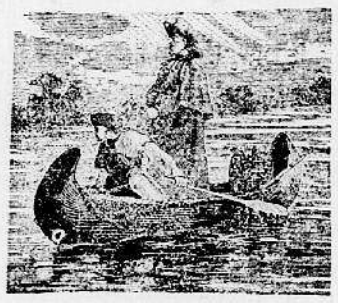
Fort at Vincennes.

to have any such among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation and on we went.

"This was the most trying of all the difficulties we experienced. I generally kept five of the strongest men nearest myself, and judged from my own feelings what must be that of the others.

"I ordered the canoe to play back and fourth and with all diligence to pick up the men, and to encourage the party sent some of the strongest forward with orders that when they had advanced a certain distance to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow, and when near the woods to cry out 'land.'

"This stratagem had the desired effect. The men, encouraged by it, exerted themselves almost beyond their abilities, the weak holding on to the stronger. On reaching the wood, where they expected to find land, the water was up to their shoulders, but the weakly held on to the trees and floated on the d a't until they were taken off by the canoes. The strong and tall got ashore and built fires, but many of the feeble, unable to support themselves on reaching land, would fall with their bodies half in the water. The latter were so benumbed with cold that fires would not restore them and



Reconnoitering.

the strong were compelled to exercise them with great severity to revive their circulation."

Gen. Clark's last important military service was against the savages in the Big Miami. He died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 18, 1818, after passing his declining years in sorrow and poverty.

There is an insignificant tombstone over the grave, and in Indianapolis there is a handsome Clark monument, surmounted by a statue, but that is all posterity has to say about George Rogers Clark.

An April Fable.

At the forks of the road March lost his way and loudly called his winds that wandered in the crimson deeps and violet vales of April. They cried to the hills, that signaled them with banners green and glorious and sent the echoes of their voices back to the opposing hills. And then did March, with trumpet blast, command his winds to storm the rosy battlements and all the wreath-crowned captains of the April armies; and the captains fell before their might, and their rich raiment was rent and scattered over a thousand hills; and under a sky serene and beautiful the soldier-winds lay down to rest and sighed themselves to sleep, and, sleeping, dreamed of little children, sweet-singing in the sunshine, and reaping from that storm-swept battle field bright arms full of bloom.—Atlanta Constitution.

No Nectar and Ambrosia for Him.

One of the passengers on the Kron Prinz was a woman quite prominent in Chicago society. Prince Henry was pointed out to her, and she studied him much as one might study an interesting object in a museum.

"What do you think of the prince?" asked one of the party.

It was her chance.

"Think of him!" she blazed. "I was near by, in the smoking room, when Baron von Seckendorf asked him what he wished to drink."

"Well?"

"His royal highness, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia said: 'I guess I'll have a beer!'"

Why the Secretary Rescinded an Order.

While William E. Chandler was secretary of the navy he issued an order that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands were attached. The order was promptly rescinded upon the receipt by the secretary of the following from Commodore Fyffe, in command of the Asiatic squadron: "It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eliza Fyffe, has, in disobedience to my orders, and in the face of regulation of the department, taken up her residence on the station and persistently refuses to leave."

His Jew Luck.

Everybody who has been behind the scenes at Weber & Field's knows that the game of checkers whiles away the time between acts for the principal performers. Fritz Williams took a turn with Joe Weber the other evening and lost six straight games.

"I can't understand it," said Williams. "I never played more carefully—more scientifically, in fact; and yet you have swept me out of existence. It's just your Jew luck that did it."

"Which proves," responded Weber, "that Jew luck is better than Christian Science."—New York Tribune.

Helen Keller Has Written a Book.

Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl, has written an autobiography which will soon appear. Miss Keller is now a student at Radcliffe college. Her book, which is written in sign language of the blind, is said to be remarkable for the excellence of its style.

The old question, where all the pins go to, has never been answered yet, but some of the diamond pins go to the pretty chorus girls.

The Rise of Japan

Prominent Part Played in History by Little American Village Schoolhouse

Every schoolboy who has read history knows that when Commodore Perry and his little fleet of Yankee warships sailed into the picturesque harbor of Yeddo, Japan, just half a century ago, he unlocked the door of a veritable pleasure house, and started on foot one of the most remarkable national developments that the world has ever known. From the treaties he wrung from the Japanese has come untold wealth to the world of commerce, while the people who before had sat dormant and in darkness have

seen a great light and become one of the great powers of the earth.

But histories has not recorded—at least popular histories have not—that much of the success which attended Commodore Perry's great mission was due to a little Yankee schoolhouse, in the little town of Fairhaven, on the shores of Buzzard's bay, Mass. The wondering open-heartedness with which the American commissioners were received was not spontaneous, for a mere lad, whose education had been obtained in that little Massachusetts village, had paved the way and sown the seeds of friendliness and eager curiosity which made possible the friendly overtures brought behind the grim muzzles of those old black cannon of Commodore Perry.

That lad, who was afterward nearly half a century, an honored nobleman of the Yankeeland of the east, is now dead. His name was Manjiro Nakahama, and his life story reads like a veritable romance.

It was in 1840 or 1841 when the American whaleship John Howland of Fairhaven, Captain William H. Whitfield, sailing on a cruise in the Japan sea, sighted a speck on the bosom of the Pacific. The speck was found to be the wreck of a Japanese fishing boat, stranded hopelessly on a lone reef in the open ocean.

Clinging desperately to the frail bamboo frame were five Japanese fishermen, gaunt and well-nigh famished. Already they had lost all hope of being saved, for they were farther from land than any Japanese had ever been before, according to tradition, and not a particle of food remained within reach.

Captain Whitfield took the poor creatures off and made them comfortable on what was perhaps the biggest ship they had ever seen. They proved apt pupils, and soon became useful sailors.

After a few weeks the John Howland reached Honolulu, and there Captain Whitfield decided to drop all of his superfluous crew but the smallest, a snip of a boy, in whom the captain had taken a decided interest. This boy, scarcely 15 years of age, had shown himself bright and capable, and displayed an insatiable greed for the knowledge he found the Yankees possessed, and of which he had never dreamed.

A mere fisher lad, he had had no education whatever, and the ship from an unknown land was to him a thing of wonderful interest. He begged to accompany his benefactor home, and finally the captain yielded.

For want of a better interpretation of his Japanese name, his playmates in Fairhaven called the boy John

In Japanese Costume.

Mung, and as John Mung he went to school for the next six years in the little village school of Fairhaven. The men who to-day are the leaders in town affairs were then his playmates, and many are their reminiscences of the funny little Jap and his struggles with the English language and Yankee ways. But he was certainly bright and few excelled him in his classes, once he had contrived to get the hang of things.

When he left school John Mung learned the cooper's trade and followed it for a while. When he attained his majority he took the necessary steps to become an American citizen, and his name may be found on the old lists of the town. From a cooper ashore it was but a step to be a ship's cooper, and in 1846 or 1847 he shipped on the bark Franklin for a whaling voyage.

During that voyage he applied himself closely to the study of navigation. He was actually learning it for a whole nation, but he little knew this as he applied himself to his task. By the time he returned home he was a competent navigator. He remained ashore but a short time, and then shipped on a vessel bound to the mines of California, impelled by the gold fever which swept over the country in 1849. He landed at San Francisco and went to the mines, but only remained a few weeks.

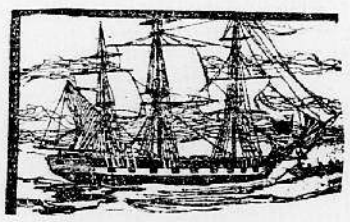
During all his wanderings John Mung had cherished an intense love for his old home and his mother. He wanted once more to see Japan, and in 1850 he went home.

Commodore Perry, it appears, knew nothing of John Mung and his companions. When he opened negotiations with the mikado and his court he did it through the Chinese, and then by the Chinese-Dutch interpreters to the Dutch-English speaking force.

It was a very unsatisfactory method.

Without saying a word to Commodore Perry and his staff of what they were doing, the officials of the imperial court determined to put John Mung, or, as he was again known, Manjiro Nakahama, to the test. He was taken to the imperial palace at Yeddo and secreted in room adjoining that in which the negotiations were in progress. Every word spoken by the Americans he heard, and interpreted to the Japanese long before the official interpretations had been officially reported.

When the time came to decide on what should be done in the way of treaties the officials had a long conference with Nakahama, and his friendly words in behalf of the Americans are said to have had a great in-



Commodore Perry's Flagship.

fluence in determining the attitude of the Japanese. Yet Commodore Perry sailed away without knowing that that little village school in Fairhaven had made possible the success of his great commercial mission.

Pronunciation of St. Louis.

There is one train announcer in this city who seems to have had a college education. You can see him any day at the Grand Central Station. And he pronounces St. Louis "Sanh Louee," in other words, in the French style.

"That may be good French," said a Western man who heard the announcer, but it's the first time I ever heard that pronunciation in this part of the country.

"Easterners are more apt to call the place 'Saint Louie,' not sounding the final 's' in 'Louis' and sounding the 't' plainly. People out West say 'Saint Louiss.'

"The only other thing I ever heard the place called was 'almighty hot.' But 'Sanh Louee!' Never!"—New York Sun.

Save Your Cash.

Simeon E. Baldwin of New Haven, associate justice of the supreme court of errors of Connecticut, and professor of Yale law school, spoke recently before the Hartford Workingmen's Club on "Saving and Spending," and made some interesting remarks. He said that a single man earning $1.50 a day should lay by 25 cents a day and should not get married until he had $100 saved up. He said there was a general tendency to spend more money than necessary. Judge Baldwin said the American native is spending too much money in eating and furnishing the home, and although the nation is much richer, people are not saving as much in proportion to income as they did fifty years ago.

Is United States She or It?

We have now decided that the United States "is" and not "are." We have determined the number and we now want to know the sex. Is the United States "she" or "it"?

A number of English writers who involve us in international politics regard us as feminine. Of England we say "she." France's sex has never been in doubt, and nations, like ships, are by general acceptance feminine.

"The United States, she is a great nation," would be an appropriate modern head for a copybook for the school children. Thus might a grammatical fact be impressed upon the plastic mind.—Philadelphia Times.

Where Spiritualism Originated.

The old house near Newark, N. J., where modern spiritualism as a faith was originated, fifty-four years ago, is fast falling to decay. Spiritualists hold the building in veneration and many visit it annually. On the rough walls of the cellar blood stains are still visible, and are said to mark the fate of an old peddler, who is stated to have been murdered while visiting the house, a few years after it was built, and his body is said to have been buried in the cellar.

Old Virginia Town

Jamestown was the First Permanent English Settlement in America—Now in Ruins.

(Special Letter.)

THE memorial to Congress recently adopted by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society has awakened interest in a section of our country where English civilization in this western hemisphere was first planted. This is the memorial upon which it is hoped favorable action will be taken:

"Whereas, the first permanent English settlement within the boundaries of the present United States of America was made on the peninsula of Jamestown, on the James river, in the state of Virginia, on the 13th day of May, 1607; and

"Whereas, the said Jamestown was the scene of important operations during the revolutionary and civil wars, of which latter conspicuous fortifications remain; and

"Whereas, the complete obliteration of this historic site is threatened by the elements, which have already converted the peninsula into an island and have worn away so much of the shores that many of the foundations of the original settlement are now buried beneath the encroaching river; and,

"Whereas, in the year 1907 the people of the United States, under the leadership of the people of Virginia, will celebrate with becoming ceremonies the tercentenary of the settlement of this country by the English; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society hereby requests the Congress of the United States, as an evidence of respect for the traditions of the nation, to authorize the purchase of Jamestown island for a national park, in order that it may be preserved from destruction and thrown open to the people as a memorial of the birthplace of American civilization and the planting of the colonies from which sprang the United States of America."

Jamestown, or, more properly, the once thriving settlement of that name, was on the James river, about 50 miles from its mouth. Originally on a peninsula, the current of the river has gardually worn its way through the sandy soil, until the peninsula is now an island, some three miles long, but whose boundaries are narrowing year by year by the activity of the rushing river.

Older residents point far out in the river to the roots of trees which once cast their shade on the island. An old powder magazine, one of the landmarks of Jamestown for many years, now lies beneath the river, and year after year have the ruins of Jamestown's houses vanished beneath the tide.

The early history of Jamestown is shrouded in mystery, and the imagination must picture many details of this first English settlement within the borders of the United States.

The early colonists arrived in three vessels, and anchored at a point called by the Indians the Powhattan river. The settlement was called Jamestown, in honor of their ruler. It must have been a thriving town, for old records tell of a church and state house; the Governor's house and gardens, a brick mill and a block house and many pretentious houses of brick.

Although the first settlement, on May 13, 1607, was at the western end of the island, traces of a general occupation have been discovered scattered over the entire peninsula. Excavations have revealed foundations and relics of the ancient colony in abundance. Spiked balls, armor, swords, halberds, cooking utensils glass bottles and fragments of human skeletons are grim reminders of this first colony on the continent of America.

The most imposing ruin of Jamestown is the massive tower of the old church which marks the site of the first church and the first fort. This

The Governor's House.

was begun in 1640, and was the first brick church in Virginia. The tower is 18 feet square and 36 feet high.

The walls, which are now crumbling, are three feet thick. Embrasures in the wall, through which guns could be pointed, are still visible, mute reminders of the sacrifices and suffering endured by the inhabitants of this infant colony in their endeavor to plant civilization on this western continent.

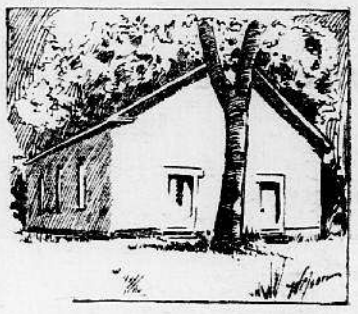
Two attempts at Roanoke island had failed and it required heroism to surmount the difficulties and sufferings to which these sister colonies had succumbed.

This ancient church was probably the earliest erected for religious uses on this continent north of Mexico. The church contained a chancel of red cedar, a baptismal font and a tall pulpit.

In the picturesque tower were two bells, which, in April, 1615, rang joyously as John Rolfe and Pocahontas were married in the church below.

Although the mortar is as hard as flint, relic hunters have secured many mementoes and left large holes in the sides of the old tower. Even the graveyard has not escaped the hands of the vandals, to whom nothing is sacred.

The Jamestown colonists held religious services before this ancient church was erected, for an old documents relates: "When I first went to Virginia I well remember we did hang an awning, an old sail, to three or four trees to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rails of wood, our seats unhewed planks until we cut planks, our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two trees. This was our first church till we built a homely thing like a barn, set upon crotchets, covered with rafts, sedges and earth, so were also the



President Jackson's Church.

walls. Yet we had daily common prayer morning and evening, every Sunday two sermons, and every three months the holy communion till our minister died."

Excavations near the church have disclosed foundations of two churches; these have been enclosed to preserve them from the elements.

A little church, historic in its way, stands on the celebrated "Hermitage" estate near Nashville, Tenn. It is a structure in which President Andrew Jackson worshiped at times, and was, in fact, built by him as a gift to his wife. This was after she had reached middle age, and when she had become a member of the Presbyterian denomination. Regular services were held in the church until after Mrs. Jackson's death. For many years, however, the edifice has not been used, but it is still in good repair. In quaintness of construction it is peculiar in its way. It has the outside chimney of colonial and frontier days and is fitted with slab doors and windows. The "Little Brick Church," as it is called, is a center of interest for visitors to a region made memorable as the dwelling place of one of the most famous of American Presidents.

As the setting sun marked the close of a September day in 1676, 100 years before the declaration of independence declared the end of English rule in the colonies, Jamestown was burned by those opposed to English domination.

Jamestown is a historic site worthy of preservation. Here the first baptism and the first marriage by Englishmen on this continent were performed, and here sat the first legislature.

The ancient tower encompasses three centuries of our history, and should be preserved for future generations. Thanks to the efforts of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, its future seems secure, regardless of any action which may be taken by the federal government on the memorial just presented to Congress.

"Thirdly" Was Missing.

Doctor Gordon, who was the first minister of the church in Jamaica Plain, about the year 1771, was a Scotchman, very stern and arbitrary in his manners, and precise and orderly in his own habits. The following anecdote of him is recorded in the family journal of one of his old parishioners:

One Sunday while preaching he had begun to develop his theme with the usual "firstly," and got through that and "secondly." Then, turning the leaves of his manuscripts, he said: "Thirdly," a second time, "Thirdly," and again in great embarrassment, "Thirdly!"

Just then a little girl in one of the front pews stood up and said:

"Please, sir, thirdly flew out of the window some time ago."

Stewart Plans Great Road.

Senator Stewart of Nevada thinks the best thing to do would be to dig a tunnel through the range of mountains across the isthmus. "Instead of taking money to build a canal," he said, "I would conduct a four-track air line railway across the continent from Chesapeake Bay to San Francisco. I would have the line as straight as possible and also do away with all possible grades. I would have the road under government control and would arrange that the tracks could be used by all railroads upon the payment of the least sum which would meet operating expenses. Such a road would not only develop our country, but would make a canal unnecessary."

History of Missionary Work.

Rev. Dr. Wilson of East Orange, N. J., has compiled a history of the home missionary work of the Presbyterian church for the past 100 years, which will be issued at the centennial celebration of the home board.

Love is the great type-feature of divine likeness.