

BUNKER HILL BATTLE

MEMORABLE EVENT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

Where the American Patriot's Mettle Was Tested—Gallant Defense in Which the Revolutionary Heroes Showed Their Courage and Daring.

Fight on Breed's Hill.
 NE of those engagements in the revolutionary war which are so well known to the American people were made was the fight on Breed's Hill, which by common usage is known as the battle of Bunker Hill. The courage, heroism and bravery of those raw and comparatively untried troops when facing men who had won great victories over the best drilled armies of Europe, is something to marvel at. As the story of it is a tale which can never grow old, it is becoming to tell it now.

In the summer of 1775 the British soldiers were stationed in Boston under Gen. Gage, while the American forces were mostly gathered at Cambridge. Near the former city were two small heights connected by a ridge and known as Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill. The latter of these eminences, the Americans learned, the British intended to capture on the night of June 18 and afterward build a fort there, which should serve as a strong hold and a post of general observation.

This design of the British the Americans determined to frustrate, and on the night of June 18 a party of 1,000 men were sent to seize and fortify Bunker Hill under Col. Prescott. Gen. Israel Putnam with his force joined them, and, after some deliberation, it was decided to fortify Breed's Hill rather than the other mound. This they determined to do because Breed's Hill was nearer Boston. All that night the American soldiers toiled, but when daylight came their work was still uncompleted. Of course the first dawn revealed their work to the enemy and as soon as their design was discovered the British vessel Lively opened fire upon them. The other British shipping joined the Lively, the enemy's land forces were aroused and it was determined to give the Americans battle. Prescott was not alarmed, but kept his men diligently at work on their redoubt and dispatched a messenger to Cambridge for the rest of the American forces. Soon all the soldiery came up, but their number was pitifully small, not exceeding 1,500, which was little when compared with the British.

In order to surprise the Americans Gen. Howe and Pigot embarked their men on the Mystic river, intending to come up behind. In this he was foiled, for the Americans caught sight of him and immediately threw up breastworks, utilizing a stone wall and rail fence which were there, between which were packed a lot of new-mown hay. The enemy advanced upon Breed's Hill, pouring a heavy fire as they came; the Americans, however, had received orders not to fire until they could see the whites of the British eyes and so lay behind their defenses.

Repulsing the British.
 Up came the British in two wings and when they had gotten near the Americans the latter opened fire on them. Volley after volley was poured into their ranks, causing the greatest confusion. They pressed on; but still the Americans emptied their gun barrels, and finally the British became hopelessly discomfited and were forced to retreat. Howe rallied his men at once and his force, reinforced by 400 marines, pressed forward for a second attack. As before the Americans reserved their fire until the British were close upon them and then let it forth with the same deadly effect as at first. A third attack was made by Gen. Howe, now reinforced by Clinton, and the British pressed eagerly forward. The ammunition of the Americans was almost used up before this last attack, and now, after the British had come upon them for the third time, they found their supplies quite exhausted.

Still the British moved on once more to where the Americans were lying behind their breastworks. Nothing daunted, the little band of patriots rushed out upon the enemy, using their muskets as clubs, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. Bravely they fought and desperately, but the odds were too great, so, overcome by numbers, the Americans were compelled to retreat. This was done in good order. Warren, one of the brave commanders on the

American side whose influence and courage were instrumental in carrying on the defense, fell shot through the head while in retreat. Gen. Putnam endeavored to rally the retreating army, but in vain. The retreat continued across Charlestown neck, and many were killed by a heavy fire from the shipping and batteries; but the British did not continue their pursuit beyond this point. The loss on both sides was extremely unequal. Of the Americans but 150 were killed and missing, and 204 wounded, while the British numbered their killed and wounded as 1,050.

A picture is given of the Bunker Hill monument which now stands on Breed's Hill, a splendid memorial of this heroic struggle. It is a granite obelisk 221 feet high and can be seen from far and near. Lafayette laid the corner stone of it June 17, 1825, the anniversary of the battle, and Daniel Webster delivered one of his most eloquent orations on that occasion. The monument was finished in 1842 and the next year was dedicated, the President of the United States and his cabinet being present. On this occasion also Webster delivered the oration.

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AN OLD-TIME FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION



THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

Columbia, gem of the west,
 Peerless thou art, alone doth stand,
 A continent by freedom blest.
 Bright banners float o'er all thy land,
 From mountain peak to peaceful vale,
 From ocean depths to bubbling rill,
 We ever hear the same sweet tale
 Of peace on earth, to man good will.

Of all the nations of the earth,
 What one can such a record show
 Of purity and sterling worth
 Among her men of years ago?
 On history's page forevermore
 Their names shall blend harmoniously
 As those who opened wide the door,
 Freedom for all posterity.

Unfold our glorious flag once more,
 Ring out in clarion tones again,
 Amid the glare of cannon's roar,
 The nation's yearly grand amen.
 This day of days, alone it stands
 A priceless gem of lustrous hue,
 Secured to us by patriot hands,
 A loyal band to right e'er true.

The Stars and Stripes, long may they wave,
 Grand emblem of a land that's free,
 Might and oppression found one grave;
 Thereon was reared sweet liberty,
 And while the golden sunsets ray
 In radiance flash across the earth
 We'd offer up to God all praise
 For noble deeds that gave our Fourth.
 —E. Clifford Wadsworth.

A HOME-MADE FOURTH

THE boys in and about Barton expected every season to have a good time at Folly Farm, where they were sure to congregate on the Fourth of July to be entertained. Joe and Ernest Folly were more than ordinary boys, and the saying went the rounds that what they could not invent in the way of amusement was not worth seeing. These two farm boys prided themselves in doing very original things, and not infrequently they produced very astonishing results, especially to the young city boarders in the region. The last Independence show they gave the visitors decided was the best of all. It was a fine Fourth of July night, and everybody was in the best of spirits.

After it had become quite dark the older brother, Joe, announced that the first display upon the program for the evening would be a balloon ascension and a shower of dewdrops. Ernest brought out an armful of tissue paper of various colors, which proved to be a home-made balloon. They inflated it by means of a ball of candle wicking saturated with coal oil. The burning ball was held in a light wire frame and the flame kept from spreading by means of cardboard tube that had been thoroughly saturated with a strong solution of alum to make it noncombustible. The great paper sack soon filled with hot air by means of the tube, and began to get uneasy and anxious for an upward flight. "Let 'er go," cried Joe; and as he did so it was noticed that he placed a string which hung loose in contact with the flame. Away went the balloon and all the company watched it. It had reached an altitude of perhaps 200 feet when there came the so-called shower of dewdrops. The air beneath the ascending object became suddenly filled with flashing, sputtering, glowing lights.

This display continued for several minutes, a portion of the scintillating dewdrops rising with the balloon and others floating slowly toward the earth. "Splendid! Good! Beautiful!" were the expressions of the spectators.

The next scene on the program was the firing of a cannon by means of a teapot of water. The cannon itself had been made by the Folly boys. A two-inch auger hole was bored into a curly maple block; the wood had been cut into the shape of an iron gun, then some iron bands from the hub of an old wagon heated red hot were driven on and suddenly cooled. The expanded hot iron shrank down so as to bind the wood firmly, and after they had applied a coat or two of black paint they had a fine home-made cannon, but, of course, they had to be careful about overloading the piece. The improvised gun had been charged with powder and wadding, and lay upon the ground all ready for service. Joe took an old teapot, turned it over and lit it with a stick to show that it was empty, then placed it beneath the pump spout and filled it to the brim with water. After taking a swallow from

the spout he placed it near the cannon. His wand—a piece of broomstick—was passed several times over the tin vessel while a jargon of senseless words was spoken. Ernest meantime lighted a match and applied it to the water. Instantly a flame shot up, and placing a fuse from the teapot to the piece of artillery, the boys stepped back. A flash was followed by a loud report, and the assemblage shouted with wonder.

The third display was what the rural lads termed the "fiery serpent." Joe produced a long, ragged cloth object that looked something like a huge black snake with a wooden head and two irregular wings. After holding it up so that all could see it, he passed out upon the lawn into the darkness, followed by Ernest. Presently the spectators saw a glow of light; a crackling sound, and a peculiar whizzing followed; then a stream of fire mounted the air with marvelous speed. The fiery serpent flew skyward higher and higher, throwing out a brilliance that made the lookers on hold their breath. The sputtering, squirming reptile formed an arc, and after a long flight came hissing down to the earth.

The visitors were really amazed. "Three cheers for the Folly boys," cried Ben Slade, swinging his hat. The cheers were given right heartily, followed by a tiger.

Explanation.
 "Now, tell us how it was all done," they begged, and Joe explained.
 "The shower of dewdrops," he began, "was produced by attaching a lot of long fine threads to a wire rim at the base of the balloon, to which were fastened the strings taken from a lot of firecrackers, interspersed with little rolls of tissue paper containing wet and dry powder. Some of these became detached while burning and floated earthward, while others were carried on. A slow fuse kept those upon the threads from igniting until the balloon was well up from the earth."
 "But the firing of the cannon with a teapot of water?"
 "The old teapot contained a little coal oil, which I was careful not to turn out when upsetting the vessel. Of course it arose to the top when the water was put in, and was easily ignited."
 The boys laughed heartily. "That was a good one. Now what of the fiery serpent?"

"That was a mass of rags and cotton, very slightly dampened with benzine, and rolled into the form of a snake, but it contained also a lot of wet and dry powder. The serpent was attached to a crocheted stick, the end of which formed the reptile's head, and the branches the two wings. A stiff spring-pole was set firmly in the ground and then bent over and held by a catch. The croch was set aside the spring-pole at an angle of about 45 degrees, the serpent lighted and the spring-pole set loose. That threw the hissing reptile high in the air."
 "Bully!" cried impetuous Fred Bruster. Shout after shout sounded out on the night air as the large company of boys left Folly Farm thoroughly delighted with their home-made Fourth of July entertainment.

Fun at the Signing.
 When John Hancock affixed his, under and other circumstances, preposterous signature to the Declaration of Independence, he laughingly pushed the paper aside, saying: "There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles." Again, when Hancock reminded the members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin dryly remarked: "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else most assuredly we shall all hang separately." And stout Mr. Harrison remarked to little Elbridge Gerry that when the hanging came he would have the advantage of him, for he should be dead while little Gerry would be dangling around slowly choking.

And thus on that hot morning of the Fourth of July, 1776, amid the livery stable's buzzing flies, which the honorable gentlemen were vainly fighting with warring handkerchiefs, was given to the world the immortal Declaration of Independence.

A Fourth of July State.
 There was a small boy once living in Texas,
 Who bought a small cannon on purpose to vex us.

He poured in the powder, and said,
 "They'll be lucky
 If soon they don't hear from me there in Kentucky."

But the small cannon bust with such terrible fury
 That pieces—not peace—reigned from Maine to Missouri.
 And Johnny was blown, with other small boys,
 To a State which some persons pronounce Illinois.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

A Picture of an Old-Time Celebration in the Country.
 "Now, Billy, don't go near them anvils." "Sammy, will you stand back, or do you want to get blowed up?" And a stranger to boys and to the custom would have concluded that Sammy certainly did want to get "blowed up," for it was the regular complaint of the men in charge that there "wouldn't be a speck of danger if it weren't for the darned boys crowdin' in so."

This was at 4 o'clock in the morning of a Fourth of July, years ago, in a country village. The boys were hurrying toward the public square, where the anvils were located, barefooted and clad for the most part only in low linen shirts and jean pantaloons and buttoning the latter as they ran, for the affair was too important to be missed on account of a little informality in toilet. And close after them came two or three mothers with nervous warnings of caution.

The rising sun showed the whole population up, and in the country as far as boom of cannon or ringing of bells could be heard there was great excitement among the boys, each eager to get his breakfast and be off for the village. The men and women came in later if it wasn't a "good harvest day."

By 10 o'clock all the town was out, and so many from the country that the village contained 3,000 or 4,000 people. If the season had been very early "down on the sand barrens," a few watermelons were for sale, but not often. Of home-made beer, ginger cakes, currant pies, striped candy and the like, the sale was wonderful—a stand under every big tree. In the village grocery the big cheese was cut and regular customers invited to taste it. "Cuba six" cigars (six for 5 cents) were so plentiful that every boy could have one. The men gave way to unwanted generosity and whisky they had always with them—"20 cents a gallon, and that's the good." Shutting up the "groceries" they were not called "saloons" till near the war—would have provoked a riot.

The speaker gave "old England" a few vigorous whacks, piled the "subjects of foreign despotisms," congratulated his fellow citizens on their glorious freedom, and generally wound up with a statement that "but for our noble forefathers, who on this day so many years ago declared the colonies free and independent, we, fellow citizens, would have been the subject of a despotism, perhaps trodden into the mire of slavery and compelled to give one-third of all we possessed to the king and his soldiers."—Boston Post.

Valuable Souvenirs.



Victor—Are you planting potatoes on the old battle field, farmer?
 Farmer—These ain't potatoes; I'm just scatterin' a few bullets for th' Fourth of July excursionists.

The Prophecy of John Adams.
 The approach of another anniversary of our national birthday finds the whole country resounding with the note of preparation for its celebration. The prophecy of John Adams that the day would be ushered in by sound of cannon and ringing of bells and blazing of fireworks has been realized ever since that auspicious day when the old bell in Independence Hall first pealed in joyous tones the birth of a nation. Changes incident to our advanced age have brought a change in the modes of celebrating this great day, but the same patriotic spirit lives and breathes in all parts of the country and finds its own mode of testifying that patriotism.

His Busy Day.
 Cobble—I called on Dr. Probe to-day and the servant said unless it was very important he couldn't see me.
 Stone—Why not?
 Cobble—He is resting up for the Fourth of July.

Hit the Mark.
 Briggs—While I was on the piazza with Miss Lingerly last night her little brother threw a firecracker right into her lap.
 Griggs—He was aiming at you, I suppose.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

Rapid Strides Made by the University of Missouri—Bill to Pension Illinois School Teachers—Children Should Be Taught to Think.

Missouri University Building.
 No other State university in the country has made more rapid strides the last year than the University of Missouri. The faculty has been strengthened and enlarged; new buildings have been erected and the endowment has been increased. The seven new buildings stand in the form of a quadrangle on the campus, which occupies about thirty acres in the southern suburbs of Columbia, Mo. The main building stands on higher ground than the subordinate structures. Though built of plain material, and in style neither ornate nor extravagant, it is a comely structure, substantially built, conveniently arranged and sufficiently rich and fine in appearance to preside over the two rows of smaller buildings. Academic Hall is 320 feet long and 132 feet deep. It is three stories high above the basement, with a fourth story and dome in the center. The highest point of the dome is 185 feet above the pavement in front. It contains in the east wing an auditorium 74x114 feet, with a capacity of 1,400 seats. The west wing contains the ladies' apartments and a library 35x114 feet, with a capacity of 33,000 volumes. There are thirty-seven classrooms, eight lecture-rooms, four administration rooms, a ladies' waiting room and a calisthenic hall. The walls,



UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI'S NEW MAIN BUILDING.

ceilings and all floors in the lecture-rooms and corridors are fireproof. The contract price for this building was \$235,000.

Pensions for Teachers.
 Among the bills which passed the Illinois Legislature is one creating a pension fund for the benefit of school teachers and school employes in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants. The bill provides for the establishment of a pension fund by the deduction of 1 per cent a year from the salaries of all school teachers and school employes in cities of over 100,000 people. This fund is to be kept by the City Treasurer and managed by a board of trustees composed of the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools, and two representatives elected annually by the teachers and employes. All male teachers or employes who have served twenty-five years, or females who have served twenty years will be eligible for retirement on a pension of one-half their regular salary, but in no case

Learning the Letters.

Many teachers of the word method have overlooked the necessity of causing the child to learn the names of the letters, to recognize them at sight, just as they have learned to recognize words, and to name these letters in their established order. I think it has been assumed by some teachers that all the words of the language are to be learned just as the first two or three hundred are learned—on simple authority. Chinese fashion. It should be clear to the most inexperienced teacher that in the art of reading, as in that of walking, the child must be helped, but all to the end that he must finally learn the art of self-help.

The easiest and most direct means of teaching the letters of the alphabet is by causing the pupil to print words; for to print a word is to break it up into the elements (letters) and from the formation of these elements to the learning of their name, the step is direct and easy. It is often said, and no doubt with much truth, that by means of printing the child will learn the names of the letters almost unconsciously, but here, as in the learning of words, the teacher should furnish systematic help. As these names are purely arbitrary, they must be learned on mere authority.

In the line of systematic teaching words may be selected that contain special letters; certain words may be printed on the board, and then the letters named by the class; the letters may be arranged in their established order and then told by the class; and lastly, the pupil being provided with boxes of letters, they may reproduce words which have been assigned by the teacher. The last exercise is the characteristic employment of the pupil during this period. It should have been stated in an earlier place that capital letters should be employed wherever proper usage requires them, so that in the printing work here recommended, the pupil will learn the capital forms along with the ordinary forms.—W. H. Payne.

A Startling Climax.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier once received telegraphic dispatches from Lord Clarendon, our Ambassador in Paris, informing him of the great victory of the allies at the Alma, and these, says the Westminster Gazette, were being signaled to the fleet. Every telescope was fixed on the flagship as the news was reported. At the conclusion, while every eye was being strained at the bunting when it was run aloft, in the eager expectation of further details of the battle, as the flags broke the following message, much to the amusement of the whole squadron, was announced: "Lady Clarence Paget has a daughter." Lord Clarendon being a friend of Lady Clarence Paget's, had telegraphed the information, little imagining that the announcement would publicly be made to the whole fleet. It was for that reason that his eldest daughter, who is now married to Mr. Bentinck, received the name of Alma, like many other young ladies who were born that autumn.



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