

813-P 132

*The*  
**TREE OF LIBERTY**

BY ELIZABETH PAGE

廈門大學  
圖書館藏書

RINEHART & COMPANY, INC.

*New York*

68518

*Toronto*

TO  
MY EDITORS

### AUTHOR'S NOTE

Although use has been made of three famous names because of what they stand for in American life, the branches of the Howard, Peyton and Humphreys families here depicted, and in particular their physical characteristics, are entirely imaginary. No liberties have knowingly been taken with historical characters except in assigning a New York partner to Samuel Slater. Actually his enterprise was financed entirely in Rhode Island.

## CONTENTS

### PART I

#### THE FERTILE SOIL

*January 1754 to August 1755*

CHAPTER	PAGE
1. WHICH INTRODUCES A YOUNG FRONTIERSMAN AND HIS FAMILY	3
2. IN WHICH MATTHEW GOES TO SCHOOL, GAINS A FRIEND AND SUFFERS A LOSS . . . . .	15

### PART II

#### DIVERGENT ROOTS

*November 1759 to May 1776*

3. IN WHICH MATTHEW PARTS WITH HIS MOTHER AND PLANS TO GO WEST . . . . .	41
4. IN WHICH A YOUNG LADY NEAR WILLIAMSBURG CHANGES HIS PLANS . . . . .	62
5. WHICH DEALS WITH THE BEGINNING OF A FAMILY AT ALBEMARLE HALL . . . . .	88
6. IN WHICH MATTHEW GOES TO THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES AT WILLIAMSBURG AND PLUNGES INTO A FIGHT . . . . .	111
7. IN WHICH WAR BREAKS OUT AND JANE HOPES TO POSTPONE A STRUGGLE . . . . .	132

### PART III

#### THE HOT-BED

*October 1776 to April 1783*

8. WHICH SHOWS WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE LINES IN WILLIAMSBURG, AND HOW CHILDREN GROW UP . . . . .	153
9. IN WHICH MATTHEW WELCOMES HIS SONS TO THE ARMY AT MORRISTOWN AND JAMES MEETS COLONEL HAMILTON . . . . .	178
10. WHICH SHOWS HOW PEYTON GOES WITH LAFAYETTE TO NEWPORT AND WHAT HE FINDS THERE . . . . .	193

11. IN WHICH MATTHEW BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH HIS ELDER SON AND TAKES A LEAVE OF ABSENCE . . . . .	208
12. IN WHICH PEYTON LEARNS SOMETHING HE WILL NEVER FORGET IN MARYLAND AND HAS A TALK WITH GOVERNOR JEFFERSON IN VIRGINIA . . . . .	222
13. WHICH HAS TO DO WITH SURRENDERS OF ONE KIND AND ANOTHER NOT FAR FROM YORKTOWN . . . . .	239
14. IN WHICH THERE IS A WEDDING, A PLOT AND A TREATY OF PEACE . . . . .	259

## PART IV

## THE UNTRIMMED TANGLE

*June 1783 to January 1789*

15. IN WHICH THE ARMY IS DISBANDED, MATTHEW AND JAMES COME BACK TO WILLIAMSBURG AND AN IMPORTANT DECISION IS MADE . . . . .	279
16. WHICH DEALS WITH OTHER IMPORTANT DECISIONS AND THE RETURN TO ALBEMARLE HALL . . . . .	299
17. WHICH SHOWS WHAT PRECEDES A WEDDING AT ALBEMARLE HALL AND WHAT FOLLOWS A DEATH AT ELM HILL . . . . .	313
18. IN WHICH MATTHEW AND HIS NEIGHBORS BECOME INVOLVED IN DIFFICULTIES . . . . .	338
19. IN WHICH ALL MATTHEW'S PLANS MADE IN RICHMOND GO WRONG AND HE RECEIVES A LETTER FROM JAMES . . . . .	356
20. IN WHICH A MONSTROUS CHANGE IS PROPOSED AND MATTHEW TAKES ISSUE WITH JAMES . . . . .	369
21. IN WHICH MATTHEW JOINS PATRICK HENRY IN A FIGHT AND LOSES . . . . .	386

## PART V

## THE PRUNING

*October 1789 to May 1797*

22. IN WHICH JAMES MAKES A DISCOVERY AND HAS A TALK WITH HAMILTON IN NEW YORK, AND JEFFERSON COMES HOME TO VIRGINIA . . . . .	409
23. IN WHICH JAMES HAS A FLING WITH A JENNY, FINDS A HOUSE FOR HIS BROTHER AND CONDUCTS AN INTERVIEW UNDER DIFFICULTIES . . . . .	432

# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER

xi  
PAGE

24. IN WHICH MATTHEW UNWITTINGLY INFLICTS AN INJURY, SPENDS AN EVENING WITH HAMILTON AND A BRIEF HOUR WITH JEFFERSON . . . . .	453
25. WHICH DEALS WITH A TRIP TO OHIO, AN ELECTION IN VIRGINIA AND A DEATH . . . . .	466
26. WHICH PURSUES THE INFLUENCE OF MARY'S DEATH ON JANE, MATTHEW AND MARGARET . . . . .	492
27. WHICH SHOWS HOW A REVOLUTION IN EUROPE CAN EXTEND THREE THOUSAND MILES . . . . .	511
28. IN WHICH PEYTON AND ADRIENNE ARE BROUGHT NEAR TO DISASTER AND JANE INTERVENES . . . . .	527
29. WHICH SHOWS WHAT HAPPENS IN PHILADELPHIA WHEN JEF- FERSON RESIGNS AND IN THE WEST WHEN HAMILTON EM- BARKS ON DISCIPLINE, HOW JAMES PROSPERS IN NEW YORK AND WHERE HIS PROSPERITY LEADS HIM . . . . .	547
30. IN WHICH JAMES EXPLAINS TO JANE, JANE DISCOVERS HER GRANDCHILDREN AND MATTHEW FAILS WITH GEORGE NOR- TON . . . . .	576
31. IN WHICH JAMES FOR THE FIRST TIME QUESTIONS HAMILTON'S JUDGMENT . . . . .	601

## PART VI

### THE MUTILATION OF THE TREE

*June 1797 to February 1801*

32. WHICH SHOWS HOW A THREAT OF WAR CAN BE USED . . . . .	627
33. IN WHICH TOM AND ADRIEN LEAVE THE COLLEGE IN NEW YORK TO GO HOME TO PHILADELPHIA, AND TOM FINDS IN VIRGINIA A LEADER HE CAN TRUST, A TASK TO HIS LIKING AND SEV- ERAL 'COUSINS . . . . .	649
34. WHICH SHOWS THE WAY IN WHICH A DANGEROUS MAN CAN BE ARRESTED . . . . .	681
35. WHICH DEALS WITH AN INDICTMENT AND WHAT JAMES DOES ABOUT IT . . . . .	704
36. WHICH SHOWS A TRIAL AND WHAT IT DOES TO ADRIEN . . . . .	720
37. IN WHICH JAMES GOES TO NEW YORK, TOM GOES TO STAUNTON AND MARGARET GOES TO AN ASSEMBLY BALL . . . . .	747
38. WHICH SHOWS HOW JANE BECOMES UNEASY AT ALBEMARLE HALL AND TERRIFIED AT RICHMOND, AND WHY SHE TAKES TOM TO WASHINGTON . . . . .	778

39. IN WHICH JANE FINDS NOTHING TO REASSURE HER IN WASHINGTON AND A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION RESULTS IN A TIE	803
40. IN WHICH A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED AND JANE PONDERES ON WHAT HAPPENS WHEN NATIONS BREAK UP . . . . .	829

PART VII

SYMMETRICAL GROWING

*March 1801 to October 1806*

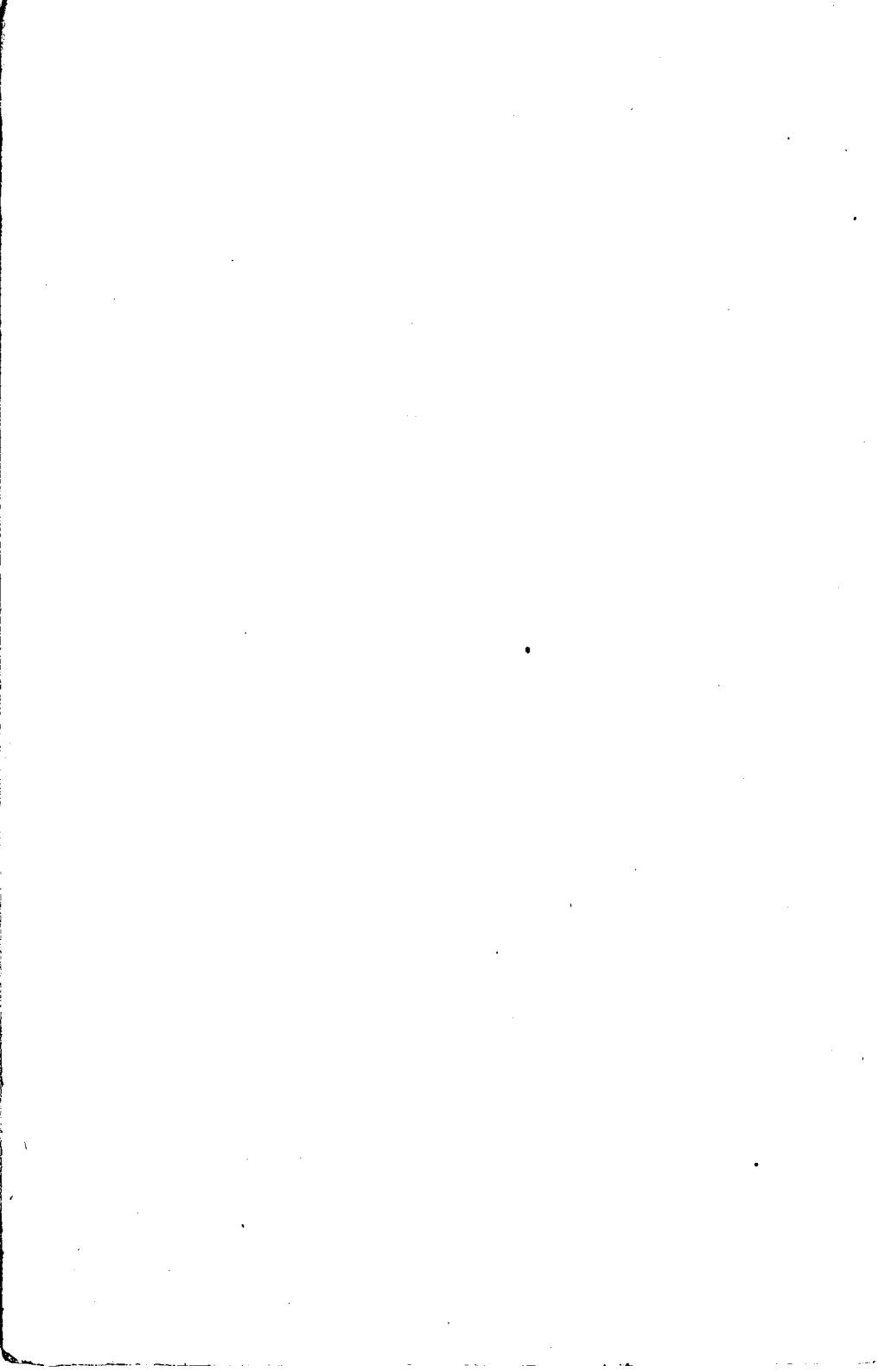
41. IN WHICH MR. ADAMS LEAVES TOWN EARLY, JUDGE MARSHALL ADMINISTERS AN OATH AND MR. JEFFERSON DELIVERS AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS . . . . .	857
42. IN WHICH TOM AND MARGARET AT ALBEMARLE HALL UPSET SOME PLANS THAT THEIR GRANDPARENTS HAVE MADE . . .	867
43. IN WHICH MATTHEW MAKES TWO VISITS TO WASHINGTON WHERE HE FINDS A POLICY OF TOLERATION IS LESS DANGEROUS THAN IT SEEMED FROM ALBEMARLE HALL . . . . .	881
44. WHICH CONTINUES THE ACCOUNT OF THE SECOND VISIT TO WASHINGTON WITH JAMES REPORTING ON A SYSTEM THAT WORKS AND JANE REFUSING TO BE CONVINCED . . . . .	901
45. IN WHICH JANE ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE ADRIEN AND PRECIPITATES A CATASTROPHE . . . . .	911
46. WHICH DEALS WITH JANE'S DESPAIR OVER NEWS THAT COMES TO ALBEMARLE HALL AND WHAT PEYTON AND ADRIENNE DO ABOUT IT . . . . .	928
47. WHICH SHOWS HOW JANE SHAKES HANDS WITH AN OLD FRIEND, AND HOW MATTHEW AND SHE GO TO OHIO AND WHAT THEY FIND THERE . . . . .	947
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	974
BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . .	977

*PART I*

THE FERTILE SOIL

*January 1754 to August 1755*





## CHAPTER 1

### *Which Introduces a Young Frontiersman and His Family*

FOR half an hour Matthew had known by the gleam of his mother's cap through the window that she was at work at her loom, and for half an hour he had been chopping steadily, swoop up, down smash, swoop up, down smash and a rending crack as the fibers of the wood gave way. Another stick now. And another. There was a kind of pleasure in it; but just the same when the white blur disappeared from the window beside him, he drew a sigh of relief and sat down on the stump that served him for a chopping block, rubbing the sleeve of his fringed hunting shirt across his forehead. It was hot work splitting wood, even in January.

He relaxed into a comfortable position, his hands, large and awkward with the unbalanced growth of twelve years, hanging slack between his knees, his eyes following a trail from where it appeared beyond the corner of the cabin up to the farthest edge of the clearing. He followed its direction through the forest by the faint line of the ravine, up, up, to the sag of Rockfish Gap where the sunlight slanted through the Blue Ridge from the west. Likely he knew every storm-blasted tree on that slope with all the times he had looked at it, watching for Uncle Reuben. He knew that trail. He always used it.

But watching was no use now. No one e'er came from the West in January. Uncle Reuben was surely dead. He must be, for a fact. Matthew scanned the snowy trail with an ache in his throat. When he was man-sized he would go through that gap, and if e'er he found the Injun who had touched Uncle Reuben, he would—He clenched his fists with such a jerk that a lock of red-gold hair, already loosened by his chopping, fell forward over angry gray eyes. Impatiently he pulled off the thong that should have held it in the club at the back of his head, and tied it in again savagely.

At the movement the young red hound, Snuff, lying in limp boredom on the back step, rose, stretched and came hopefully forward, and Matthew, his attention diverted, stooped for a bit of bark. He sent it sailing toward the pup, but Snuff dodged expertly and the missile brought up with a clatter against the door. Instantly his mother's voice sounded.

"Matthew Howard! What are you doin'?"

"Tyin' my hair," he answered defensively.

The cabin door opened and her face appeared. There was laughter in her brown eyes.

"A queer way is that—there for even you to tie your hair." Her gaze swept his unfinished task. "Why, Matthew, think shame on you! There's a great heap of that wood not chopped yet!"

Her voice reproached him. Without a word he got up, set a length of wood on end on the stump, and raised his ax in a back-swing that whistled with energy; but at the crest of its curve the ax poised, then sank until its handle rested on his shoulder.

"Mammy! Mammy!" he cried in shrill excitement. "Look there!"

Even before the ax which sailed from his hand could strike quivering into the stump, he had covered the distance down to the trail, and was tearing up the hill, shouting as he ran. With a wild hope to set her heart pounding, Susan Howard seized her cloak from its peg and followed. On the trail from the gap where the heavy forest growth fell back, she made out a man with a pack on his back and a laden horse behind him, a man in deerskins with a long-barreled musket on one arm, who was waving a coonskin cap in answer to Matthew's welcoming whoop. For Susan the earth whirled, then steadied to stillness again, with this man's figure as its center. Reuben, safe after all this time! When she reached the two, her brother pulled one arm from Matthew's straining embrace, and drew her to his side.

"Lord keep us, Susie," he drawled, and happiness, as she remembered it always had, gave almost a lilt to his speech. "This—here is what folks would call a welcome. Hit is, for a fact. Hit well-nigh makes up—" he hesitated and his eyes darkened, "—for everythin'," he finished lamely.

"You've had ne'er trouble?" Her fingers tightened on his arm.

"I've had ne'er trouble myself, Susie, but I've seen a God's plenty." Then his brown face wrinkled with fun, and he struck Matthew a thump on the chest. "Look at this—here young sprig, just the right size for to fit in a saddlebag when I left, and now moughty-nigh big enough to lick me. What manner of growin' victuals you been feedin' him, Sis?"

Refusing to be distracted, Susan might have questioned him further if Sarah had not arrived at this moment like a small whirlwind, her yellow braids and her kerchief awry and her brown cloak flying. She was running as boldly as any boy, followed at a distance by little Ellen, and Susan shook her head at the sight, anxiety for her brother submerged in shame for her daughter.

"Here comes a hoyden, Reuben."

Stooping with outstretched arms her brother met the headlong rush and lifted the youngster high in air before he hugged her, and Sarah, flinging her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek to his. They were a pair of children, the two of them, children with mischievous, laughing eyes.

"No fear, Susie," Reuben was saying. "Sarah, she'll ne'er be a hoyden when she's woman-sized. All is, you must give her time to grow."

"Ellen's afeared," Sarah crowed with a ripple of laughter as soon as Reuben had set her down. Skipping at his side she pointed out her little sister, poised where the path met the trail. "She's right frightened like you was a stranger, Uncle Reuben. She can't mind your face like I do."

Susan sighed. Would Sarah never learn what was fitting? Even Matthew knew better than to act like this.

"Ellen's only frightened because she's a teensy tad," he asserted stoutly. "Against you give her time—"

Susan held out a hand.

"Come along, Ellen," she called. "You've no right to be afeared. Come along!"

Wonder and fear struggled for a moment in Ellen's wide dark eyes, but then the balance in her mind evidently dipped toward panic for she turned and scampered to the cabin for shelter.

"She's e'er been powerful shy," Susan apologized.

"Better shy than brazen," said Reuben. "She favors you, Susan, the sweet witch."

Susan nodded absently. She was hoping that Reuben had not seen Matthew making a face at Sarah. It was a mercy that Sarah was content this time to lift her chin in silence and look away. At least they were not aiming to spoil Reuben's home-coming with a quarrel, and the bustle of arrival would distract their minds. By the time the mare had been bedded and the packs carried indoors they were ready to settle down peaceably at the fire. When Reuben took a place on the settle Sarah curled up beside him and Matthew dropped down cross-legged on the hearth at his feet, both children intent only on their uncle. Even little Ellen was venturing out from the shadows by the loom to peer around the settle's arm. With an easy mind Susan drew up her stool, a green stick in her hands to poke the logs together for a friendly blaze.

"There's somethin' to be said for the settlements," Reuben remarked as he stretched his legs with a sigh of comfort. "Folk can have windows to let in the sun. I've been in a land of loopholes, Susan, and this pleasures me." His gesture took in the whole cheery

room, from the stair mounting to the loft in one corner, over to the bed with its blue and white cover opposite and the dresser holding ranks of shining pewter to reflect the squares of sunlight on the floor. "Five glass windows and two doors! Hit's like bein' in the open. Only warmer."

"Hit's true we don't need e'er a loophole, but there's other troubles to beat us down, Reuben. The land hit's wearin' out. Tobacco comes up poorer each year. I don't know what we would do iffen the menfolk didn't hunt."

"And ride to the Gap o' nights, mayhap?" suggested Reuben.

Susan smiled.

"That, too," she said.

"I can shoot now, Uncle Reuben," Matthew broke in as if he felt it was important to change the conversation.

Reuben turned his head.

"You could shoot when I left. All is, can you hit anythin'?"

"I can hit a hangin' hick'ry shell, every time."

"Matthew!" admonished Susan.

"Well, most every time."

"There's three that I mind he's hit," she amended dryly. "But he's a master hand to snare rabbits and quail. James has no need to mess round with e'er small game now. Matthew keeps us supplied as soon as any man."

The sight of her son open-mouthed at the unexpected praise made her smile.

"You'll catch a fly in your mouth one of these days, Matthew," she told him and Sarah laughed.

With a glare at them both Matthew jumped up to seek the west window where he could look out on that gap in the hills, and Susan's eyes following him with affectionate amusement suddenly focussed on the lengthened shadows.

"My blessed mercy!" she cried. "Hit's growin' late. James said this mornin' did he find good wood he mought camp up there, but he'd ne'er give over jawin' iffen he missed a night with you, Reuben. Matthew, do you find your pap— Why, hark at me! I never in all my time heard such a poor makeout of a woman! Mayhap he's up Whiteside's Creek, mayhap on Pounding Branch, or e'er one o' the creeks. Naught but a bird could find him."

"I lay I can find him, mammy," cried Matthew, seizing his coat. "I'll have him here time you get the little girls laid to sleep."

As he dodged out the back door Matthew reflected with satisfaction that this parting shot at Sarah was a good one. It ought to put her in her place. She was nothing but a little girl who must be laid to sleep, while her brother rode out on a man's business. He

backed his black colt out of the stable. He'd show Uncle Reuben what a fine woodsman his nephew had become. "Naught but a bird could find him." He'd show them. At a scrambling gallop he set off down the trail along Virgin Spring Branch. A flying glance took in the unbroken snow at Whiteside's Creek crossing. No one had turned off there; but he must hurry if he would reach the forks before sundown. He leaned forward against the colt's neck, coaxing him to greater speed.

The sun had set but a gray light still shimmered from the snow when he drew rein at the point where the trails divided. Slowly he circled the intersection, stooping from his saddle to scan the trampled crossway. The old mare had loosened a shoe on her off front foot, and presently he picked up her track, as easy to read as a book, leading up Pounding Branch. Now finding his father was easy.

His mother was indeed just tucking Sarah and Ellen under the patchwork quilt of their trundle bed, pulled forward from beneath the hanging side of the big bed's blue and white cover, when Matthew flung open the cabin door, and his father, ducking his head to avoid the lintel, crossed the floor in three strides to take Uncle Reuben by the shoulders.

"Reuben! Reuben! Solid and safe, and no hair gone from your head. What kept you all this endurin' time?"

Uncle Reuben cocked his black head. Matthew thought his father looked a giant beside him.

"There's soup in the pot and bowls on the table, James. Against you've ate, you and Matthew, I'll spin my tale."

Having secured supper for his father and himself, Matthew drew up his own stool and Snuff came to rest a bony head on his knee. Absently he fed the dog, scarce heeding what he did. He was watching his uncle and his mother. One of the packs had been opened that she might select a fur. Silky skins were shaken out, mink and muskrat, fox, otter and beaver, bobcat and a tawny pelt that they said was a painter. Matthew's mother spread this last across her knees.

"Here's one would look handsome did we hang it on the wall above your mammy's chest, James," she declared, burying her fingers in its depths. "And on cold nights hit would be a fine cover for the girls."

Matthew thought the red-gold fur was just the color of his father's hair. His mother's hair now—his eyes sought the heaped up furs—his mother's hair was like that otter skin, dark and gleaming—Ellen's, too—but there was nothing in all that pile as dark as Uncle Reuben's hair— With a jerk he caught his nodding head. Uncle Reuben was talking of Ohio, making a map in the ashes he

had swept out on the hearth for the purpose. Determined to keep awake Matthew leaned forward to look and listen, but his thoughts would wander. Overlapping valleys of the western mountains led to a world of forest and rivers with uncouth names, the Youghiogheny, the muddy Monongahela rushing over stones, the Allegheny, sparkling clear, and the wooded curves and islands of the Ohio. Some day he aimed to go there.

"This Ohio Company now," his father was saying, "that Colonel Fry and young Fairfax and the rest have gotten up, they have some land over there?"

"A right-down promise-land, James, a great scope of country on the east side of Ohio, spreadin' from the mountains to the Great Kanawha. But hit's got a right to be cleared."

"Cleared? Why, surely the settlers—"

"Hit's not the trees I have in my mind."

Then there was talk of Indians, naturally friendly, made restive and uneasy by the French.

"Hit's so, for a fact," Reuben declared. "And hit's passed the bounds of talk. I've seen them with my own eyes. In the grass I lay last fall-o'-the-year and counted eight canoeloads of provisions and a hundred men, paddlin' up the stream and singin' their outland songs. They were hundreds of miles east of where they had e'er lawful business, and indeed they had ne'er lawful business could call for such numbers."

"Is there lawful business for them in the Ohio country, Reuben?" asked Susan.

"I thought Virginia was reachin' to the Mississippi," cried Matthew, wide awake now.

"It is, son," Reuben jerked his thumb over his shoulder at his musket leaning against the wall, "and there's my argument to prove it. All is, the French were usin' the Wabash and the Ohio when first we came into that country, as their road from the Great Lakes and Canada to their plantation of Louisiana at the Mississippi's mouth. Whilst they journeyed like traveler-men hit seemed ne'er a harm to let them pass."

"What way we let the Iroquois go down Shenandoah Valley to their business with the Injuns of Carolina?" suggested James.

"Just like. We knew they took out fur, apter than not, but the country was large, and they few. God knows, there's fur enough for all."

"But now, Reuben," insisted James, "when they're messin' with the Injuns?"

"Now we've a right to clear the varmints out. I'd think shame to tell you how I snuck along our own Ohio at night like hit was a

enemy river, keepin' myself darklin' under the leaveses with my packs by day, and here and yon leavin' the river to relay my load for days up into the hills, lessen I'd pass their camps. Skulkin', hidin', travelin' twenty miles round to get one mile forwarder, and devil's work to look on at every Injun village-place. Hit was no wonder winter caught me, for hit was beyond mortal power to hurry. Never since I was borned have I seen such sleet and rain as this December brought, and the cold was fitten to hone a knife. Hit was turn-o'-the-year afore I won to Shannapin's town at the forks here where the Allegheny joins the Monongahela."

He laid the point of his stick on his map, and stared about at the three intent faces.

"I'd seen a plenty of murdered Injuns, and at Logstown I'd heard of Ottawas goin' through with white men's scalps and a captive boy they'd brought from somewhere on the south branch of the Potomac. I asked in my mind was the country ahead as dangerous as what I'd just won through. Mought be I had ne'er ventured the pass alone, only at Shannapin's I met up with Major Washington."

"Is that the young surveyor-person was in the Valley for Lord Fairfax, a year or so agone?" asked Susan.

"That's the one, just come back from up near the Lakes where he'd carried a letter from Governor Dinwiddie tellin' the commander of those French parties to clear offen the king's land. He had a answer letter, but he thinks the French will ne'er a one leave of their own will, so he's picked out a moughty good place for a fort for our own selves, by Shannapin's town on the point of land between the two rivers. Hit will be fairish hard work to fortify the back, but the rivers protect the front. In the pass we met a train of seventeen horses carryin' stores and materials for it, and families goin' in to settle. That's where we can overpass the French. We have settlers for to garrison our forts."

"But I have it in mind you said the Ohio is not fitten yet for settlers, Reuben."

"Not yet, James. But against we clear out the French hit will be safe enough. The Injuns are friendly, iffen they're let alone. And, man, the land there is for the takin'! Good, honest land that gives a rich reward for the workin'. Not like this-here."

James nodded gloomily.

"This land is about wore out. Seems like the soil can't rear good tobacco now. Every year the inspector-persons throw out more leaf to be burned, and they take well-nigh all the sellin' tobacco for quit-rents and tithes. A man works all year and government takes the harvest, seems like."



"There's ne'er a government thief on the Ohio yet, and mayhap we can keep them from comin' that side the mountains to take the livin' from honest men."

"Hit would pleasure me to live in that place, Reuben, away from government men." Susan's tone was wistful, and James looked at her quickly.

"What way could we get a start?" he queried. "We've ne'er a wagon. And there's quit-rents to pay whilst the land is bein' brought to the harvest. And fees beside, for they won't take surveyin' papers now. A man must have a grant, and Colonel Jefferson says the governor is fixin' to charge a pistole just to put the king's seal on the grant."

"A pistole!" cried Susan, aghast. "Why, that's more than sixteen shillin's!"

"Where'd he get such a dunce notion as that?" asked Reuben.

"Told the burgesses hit was years now they've been payin' it in New York."

"New York! What's that to do with Virginia?" Reuben's snort was compact scorn. "The men in Cathay grow pigtails that reach to their knees, they tell me. Have we to match that, too? Never since I was borned have I e'er heard such tomfoolery!"

"So Colonel Jefferson says. The great families of the Tidewater are sendin' Mr. Randolph to England to tell the king and lords hit's a poor way to draw settlers to a new country."

"Hit is, for a fact! They in New York may be fools enough to pay such a fee. They show powerful small spirit, seems like. But the Virginia burgesses would ne'er give consent to such taxin', James, let king and lords say what they will!"

"Still I'd need what-for to pay quit-rents, and I tell you ne'er a shillin' can I put by. Last fall-o'-the-year, against they'd taken the taxes out of the warehouse receipt for the cask I rolled down to Richmond, I had fourteen shillin's and a few coppers to reach all the clothin' I needed for the family. Matthew can scarce mind when he's had a pair of shoes."

"I'd sooner have moccasins anyhow," declared Matthew, "or go barefoot."

"That's how you talk, but hit's not fitten you shouldn't have shoes. I don't know what way to take out of it, Reuben, whilst the land grows poorer all the time, but I have it in mind there's no use dreamin' of the Ohio."

Matthew said nothing, but he lifted his chin. Some day he aimed to go and take them all. He was growing big, Uncle Reuben had said. He felt a muscle in his arm surreptitiously. The folks might not have so long to wait after all. It was a thought to hug