

Is There Hope for the Future of America?

The Power of A Story



“The stories we tell literally make the world,” asserted Michael Margolis. “If you want to change the world, you need to change your story.”

During World War I, the French bravely fought back the invading Germans for four brutal years. Twenty years later, in World War II, France fell to Nazi Germany in six just weeks. What changed?

Much of the blame was placed squarely on the shoulders of the teachers’ unions who, in a spirit of pacifism and internationalism, had purged all of the schoolbooks of stories of the courage and self-sacrifice of their fallen heroes. Instead, the children were bombarded with stories of the horrors of war and the suffering of French and German alike.

How has our story changed?

C. Bradley Thompson a Professor of History and Political Science at Ashland University has spent several years studying the history textbooks used in America’s schools. He summarizes his research in his 1995 book, “The Strange Career of American History,” stating, “The American pageant was a grand story of epic scale and heroic accomplishment. In short, the history of America

was the history of freedom. Today, however, American history is something very different.”

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He went on to state that today our children are being taught, “the colonization of North America represents the greatest act of genocide in world history; that the Founding Fathers were racist, sexist, classist, homophobic, phallo- logo-Eurocentric bigots; that the winning of the American West was an act of capitalist pillage; that the so-called “Robber Barons” forced widows and orphans into the streets; that the greatest consequence of World War II was the liberation of the American housewife; that the greatest threat to American freedom was Senator Joseph McCarthy; (and) that hidden in the closets of most white Americans is a robe and hood.”

I have read the textbooks and I assure you, as heartbreaking as it is, he is not exaggerating. Feminism has played a major role in the changing

of our story. After all who else would think the liberation of American housewives was the greatest achievement of WWII?

A 2018 study found that two-thirds of millennials don't know what Auschwitz is and 4 in 10 millennials don't know 6 million Jews were killed in the Holocaust. I'm sure, however, they are very familiar with Rosie the Riveter. Do you see how our story has changed? If we don't know the past of our story then we are destined repeat the mistakes from it.

Professor Thompson concluded, "By debunking the principles and great deeds of the American past and by dethroning our most cherished heroes, today's college professors are destroying in our youth the natural reverence and patriotic attachment that is vital to the civic health of any regime...A nation that hates itself cannot last."

"Storytelling is the most powerful way to put ideas into the world today."
- Robert McAfee Brown

So, what is our story?

Two decades ago, I found a piece of our story. It was a book written by Mara Pratt in 1891. One of my favorite stories from the book is "The Capture of Fort Ticonderoga." The story tells of Colonel Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys. The courage and fortitude of Ethan Allen inspired me so much that I named my youngest son Ethan. The story goes as such...

In Vermont, called... the Green Mountain state, the men had formed themselves into a company under their colonel, Ethan Allen, and called themselves the Green Mountain Boys. On the morning of the very day of the meeting of Congress which made George Washington Commander in Chief, Ethan Allen, with a detachment of these volunteers, set out to surprise Fort Ticonderoga.

Allen in a voice like thunder, so his followers say, demanded the instant surrender of the fort. The commander, frightened, and only half dressed, threw open his door, saying, 'By whose authority do you'—But Allen broke in upon him with, 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress do I command you to surrender.'

No resistance was attempted; and so a large quantity of cannon and ammunition which the English had stored there, and which just then was so much needed by the troops at Boston, fell into the hands of the Americans, without the loss of a single man.

This is what our children were learning in school in the 1880's. One hundred years later, in the 1970's, I was learning about the great American melting pot. In 2001 my daughter was learning how to use tarot cards in her history class and my son was learning the importance of accepting alternate lifestyles in science. And we wonder why our society has degenerated into a culture of spoiled, selfish, confused adults with no motivation? It is because they've been told a different story.

The story is the most powerful motivator on the planet. Every war, every conflict, every action can be traced to the belief in a story—for good or for evil. Even Jesus understood the power of stories. He had only three short years to fulfill his mission on earth, and how did he spend those three years? Serving people and telling stories! And now those stories live on in the hearts and minds of our children—and in us. Even those who don't read the Bible or believe in God know and subscribe to the Gold Rule.

2020 has been an odd year to say the least. We wake up every morning to more news of coronavirus shutdowns, violence, looting, American Statues being ripped down and defaced and we wonder, how did we get here? How can American citizens destroy their country like this? It seems like it happened overnight. The truth is the groundwork was laid decades ago as our story has

been rewritten in the classroom, the media, and every facet of our society. Our changing story has led to a cultural revolution, initiated by politicians and perpetrated by our own youth.

This isn't the first time children have been used to overthrow a government. Hitler realized the power of capturing young hearts and minds with his Hitler Youth program declaring, "He alone who owns the youth owns the future."

Lenin, too, realized the power of indoctrinating youth. "Give me four years to teach the children," he contended, "and the seed I have sown will never be uprooted."

Mao Zedong was extremely successful in compelling youth to overthrow their government, using media propaganda to ignite a cultural revolution. The parallels of the Chinese cultural revolution and what's happening in America today is astonishing.

Mao Zedong rose to power as a communist revolutionary in China following WWII. Known as Chairman Mao, he became the founding father of the People's Republic of China which he ruled from 1949 until his death in 1976.

As the communist party grew, Mao began to feel his power threatened from within. To protect his position, Mao launched a scheme to consolidate his power and ensure control of the Chinese government. In 1966, Mao shut down China's schools and then rallied the nation's youth in a campaign to bring back the communist revolutionary spirit. Students throughout China began to revolt against their government leaders. They held mass demonstrations in the capital holding giant portraits of Mao, beating drums and shouting slogans at their perceived enemies—mainly the older generation.

Mao purposely created chaos and disorder to steer the direction of the movement. His "organic chaos" mobilized student-led riots on a path to destroy everything "old." He incited the youth to purge the "Four Olds" —old customs, old culture, old habits,

old ideas. Mao's famous "Little Red Book" full of his own quotations, was printed and millions of copies were distributed to youth like scripture for the revolution. Within months Mao created his own cult with millions of young followers.

He had completely changed China's story.

In a few short months, students formed a paramilitary unit called the Red Guard. They roamed China's cities attacking the older generation, who they determined weren't communist enough or were deemed dangerous to the movement. As part of their purge the Chinese youth destroyed historical sites and tore down statues. There were massive book and artifact burnings. The Chinese Cultural Revolution gutted the arts as well. A purge of the arts, led by Mao's wife, ensured all western influences were purged from Chinese society—western music, literature, movies and theater were all forbidden. If a piece of art had a hint of foreign influence, it was destroyed.

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In the end their purge killed an estimated 1.5 million people and as many as 20 million were tortured, put in prison and had their property stolen. In 1967, within the first year of China's cultural revolution, different factions of China's Red Guard started fighting with each other for dominance. With all the violent chaos, several Chinese cities were on the verge of anarchy. Mao flooded the cities with his army troops to restore order. It was a total meltdown of society. Ultimately, after a decade of death and destruction, and at least 1.5 million dead, Mao got the complete reboot of China that he wanted.

For the last four decades our American heritage has been systematically replaced with socialist

propaganda. The “purge” we are seeing in our country today is the result of our story being changed. Our children have been stripped of their very identity—their heritage, their history, their foundation. We can’t even count on the fact that we, as parents, know the truth of our story. How many of us have heard of the Great American Melting Pot, the Capture of Fort Ticonderoga, the courage of Hannah Hendee, the conviction of Patrick Henry? What else have we been denied? What else have we forgotten?

***The destiny of the world
is determined less by the
battles that are lost and won
than by the stories it loves
and believes in.
- Harold Goddard***

Facts and information just feed the brain, but stories, they go directly to the heart, and it is our heart not our brain that inspires our thoughts and directs our actions. Reviving the American story is vital to our national survival. Remember the words of Professor Thompson, “A nation that hates itself cannot last.”

Imagine, if we spent a little time reading stories like Ethan Allen to our children what a difference it would make. We may tell our children to have courage, but the concept of courage will mean nothing until we show them what it looks like. We may teach our children to pledge the flag, but it is just rote repetition unless they understand the story behind it. If we read stories that teach them why we stand for the flag, they will never question whether or not they should.

America’s future will be determined by the stories we love and believe in. If we have failed to tell our children the stories of what made America the light and hope of the world, then the battle for our freedom will be lost and the story we’ll be telling our children is what it was once like in America when we used to be free.

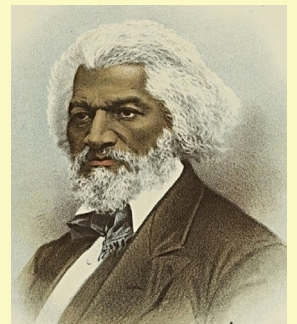
Meet Frederick Douglass

“Right is of no sex, Truth is of no color, God is the Father of us all, and we are all Brethren.”
– Frederick Douglass

Frederick Douglass was an American social reformer, abolitionist, writer, and orator whose work helped educate people about the horrors of slavery and helped move the abolitionist movement forward. Born into slavery around 1818, Douglass taught himself to read and write before escaping from slavery in 1838. In the early 1840s, he began attending meetings of the abolitionist movement and later became a national leader of the movement in Massachusetts and New York. Although he did not receive any formal education, Douglass penned several biographies and dozens of speeches, thus proving that black people were just as intelligent and talented. In his 1845 bestselling autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, which was influential in promoting the cause of abolition, he outlines his experiences as a slave. Even after the civil war, Douglass remained active in advocating for equality, liberty and human rights. He died in 1895 after suffering a heart attack.

Long after his death, Douglass continues to serve as an inspiration to those who fight for equality and a more just society. In that respect, here are some inspirational, powerful, and enlightening Frederick Douglass quotes and Frederick Douglass sayings to inspire you to always stand for what is right.

“The life of the nation is secure only while the nation is honest, truthful, and virtuous.”
– Frederick Douglass





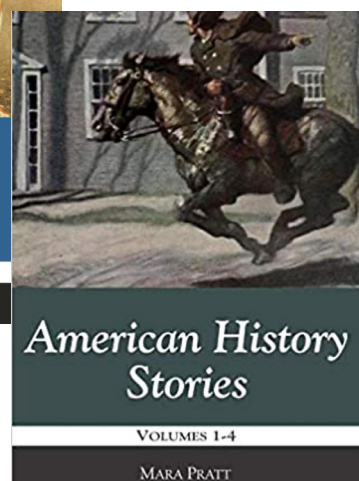
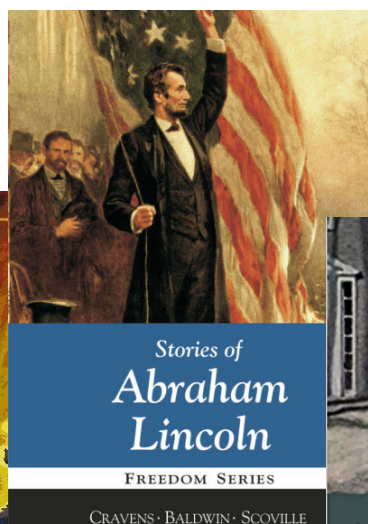
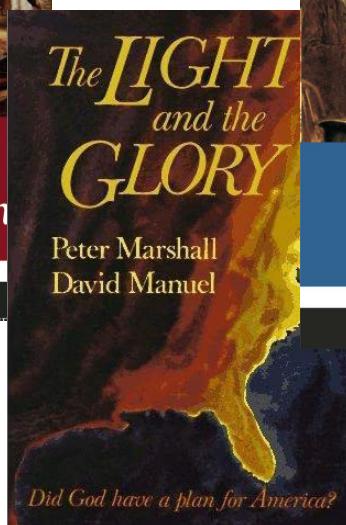
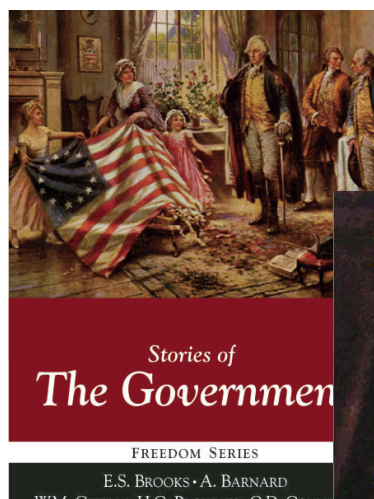
AMERICA

Share the Story!

The Moms for America team has collected some of our favorite stories to share in this issue. All of these stories were once included in Grammar School textbooks throughout America. Although the stories were well documented, they have been removed from most history books because they either don't fit the current political narrative or they contain religious or other content not desirable to textbook manufacturers today. But we can restore them.

These stories are an important part of our American history and culture. They need to be shared with our children and taught in our homes if we are to preserve the Story of America.

We hope you enjoy this collection of our favorite stories as much as we do. If you would like more stories like these, we highly recommend you order a copy of Mara Pratt's "American History Stories" through Moms for America Online Store. We also highly recommend *The Light and the Glory* by Peter Marshall and the Freedom Series from Libraries of Hope.





Hannah Hendee

Courage of A Mother

Hannah Hendee was an extremely courageous woman and well deserving of the title of heroine. In 1780, a messenger from the neighboring Vermont town where Hannah and her husband lived with their two small children came to warn them that Indians were raiding the area under the leadership of the British Army. Hannah's town was next in their path. Hannah's husband told her to take their young son and baby daughter to a neighbor's house and hide there until the raids were over. He then rode out to warn the next town. On the way to her neighbor's house, Hannah was overcome by a band of Indians who rode by and ripped her seven-year-old son, Michael, right from her hands.

Hannah, holding her daughter in her arms, immediately ran after the vicious mob that stole her son, but they were too fast for her. Resolute in her mission to rescue her son, Hannah followed the Indians' path of destruction and burning homes until she finally reached the British camp where they had originated. Hannah's son and several other boys were huddled together in the encampment surrounded by several Indians.

Hannah, upon finding the British officer in charge, walked up to him and demanded the

release of her son. The officer, Lieutenant Horton, explained that the boys were payment to the Indians and that they would not be killed but taken to Canada and trained to become Indian Warriors.

"No child will be able to endure the long trek back to Canada!" Hannah cried. "They will die before you reach there! Have you no mercy? Have the British become such savages that they murder children?" Hannah then pleaded, "Give me my son. Don't let him die."

Lt. Horton finally relinquished her son, but Hannah didn't stop there. After securing her son's safe release, Hannah looked around at the terrified, desolate group of boys and declared she would be taking them as well. When Lt. Horton protested, Hannah was steadfast and relentless in her determination to free and return every one of the boys who had been stolen from their families in the raids. Lt. Horton finally relented and allowed Hannah to take all the boys. Still holding her baby in her arms, Hannah pulled the small, scared, and crying boys in around her skirts and walked them back to the town where they were reunited with their families.



a Miracle at Boston

In October 1746, French Duke of d'Anville sailed for New England, commanding the most powerful fleet of the time. He had 70 ships with 13,000 troops. In fact, it was "the largest fleet ever to be sighted from American soil." They started for Boston. The Duke intended that they avenge themselves for the loss they had suffered in Louisburg. They planned to recapture Louisburg, Nova Scotia, and destroy [all the English Colonies] from Boston to Georgia.

The situation was bleak for the Colonists. They had no chance of matching the power of the huge fleet on their own. Massachusetts Governor William Shirley gathered all the men, ammunitions and supplies he could find. He then turned the situation over to the Lord by declaring the 16th of October, 1746 a Universal Day of Fasting. He would have everyone pray and fast for deliverance.

Everywhere men observed it, thronging to the churches. In Boston the Reverend Thomas Prince from the high pulpit of the Old South Meetinghouse, prayed before hundreds. The morning was clear and calm, people had walked to church through sunshine.

'Deliver us from our enemy!' the minister implored. 'Send thy tempest, Lord, upon the waters to the eastward! Raise thy right hand. Scatter the ships of our tormentors and drive them hence. Sink their proud frigates beneath the power of thy winds!'

He had scarcely pronounced the words when

the sun was gone and the morning darkened. All the church was in a shadow. A wind shrieked around the walls, sudden, violent, hammering at the windows with a giant hand. No man was in the steeple — afterward the sexton swore it — yet the great bell struck twice, a wild, uneven sound. Thomas Prince paused in his prayer, both arms raised. 'We hear thy voice, O Lord!' he thundered triumphantly. 'We hear it! Thy breath is upon the waters to the eastward, even upon the deep. Thy bell tolls for the death of our enemies!' He bowed his head; when he looked up, tears streamed down his face. 'Thine be the glory, Lord. Amen and amen!'

... All the Province heard of this prayer and this answering tempest. Governor Shirley sent a sloop, the *Rising Son*, northward for news ... she brought news so good it was miraculous — if one could believe it ... the whole fleet was nearly lost, the men very sick with scurvy, or some pestilential fever. Their great admiral, the Duc d'Anville, was dead.

A week later the news was confirmed by other vessels entering Boston from the northeastward. D'Anville was indeed dead; it was said he had poisoned himself in grief and despair when he saw his men dying round him. Two thousand were already buried, four thousand were sick, and not above a thousand of the land forces remained of their fleet. Vice-Admiral d'Estournelle had run himself through the heart with his sword. The few remaining ships, half-manned, were limping off to the southwestward,

headed it was thought for the West Indies.

Pestilence, storm and sudden death — how directly and with what extraordinary vigor the Lord had answered New England prayers! The country fell on its knees.... A paper with d'Anville's orders had been found, instructing him to take Cape Breton Island, then proceed to Boston

— 'lay that town in ashes and destroy all he could upon the Coast of North America; then proceed to the West Indies and distress the Islands.'"

Ten year old John Adams was in the church during this famous prayer and later declared, "That day, I became a patriot."



The Faith of Columbus

On August 3, 1492 a small fleet set sail from Spain. The entire fleet consisted of three small ships, the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria. The ships were small in size (less than seventy-five feet long and twenty-five across) and were typical of ships that sailed the Mediterranean Sea at the time. The three vessels were manned by a combined crew of eighty-eight men.

Instead of turning west, they travelled 700 miles south to the Canary Islands off the Northwestern coast of Africa. In that way they were able to catch the northeast trade winds, which would propel them all the way to the Americas. On September 6th, after restocking provisions and making repairs, they left the safety of the civilized world and headed west.

In order to convince the Queen Isabella of Spain to invest in the expedition, Christopher Columbus had promised the trip from the Canaries to the Indies would be a "few days". He believed that

Asia was only 2,400 miles away. But after the few days had past and they traveled further (as they believed) than man had ever sailed, the crew became increasingly uncomfortable. To lessen their fears, Columbus purposely reported the length of each day's voyage as shorter than they had actually traveled. Numerous false sightings of land also caused morale to suffer. By last week of September, the men could see their supplies diminish and it clear signs of mutiny were appearing among the crew. The spirit of adventure and the promise of shared wealth soon turned to whispered threats and grumbling.

On October 8th, the captains of the Nina and Pinta demanded a meeting. They insisted that the search for land be abandoned. Columbus agreed they would turn homeward if land was not found within 3 days. He also avoided complete mutiny of his own crew by agreeing to turn back after 2 or 3 days.

Columbus was resolute! Later, in a letter to the Spanish hierarchy, wrote, "Our Lord unlocked my mind, sent me upon the sea, and gave me fire for the deed. Those who heard of my emprise called it foolish, mocked me, and laughed. But who can doubt but that the Holy Ghost inspired me?" His quest for the voyage was also explained in his writings, "The fact that the gospel must be preached in so many lands in such a short time – this is what convinces me." Unwavering, yet running out of time, Columbus went to his cabin and, in his words, "prayed mightily to the Lord."

Finally, on October 11th, a little after midnight, crew members found a sprig of green with a tiny white flower floating in the water. Later a piece of floating board was discovered, then a little stick which appeared to have been carved into the shape of a man. Finally, at 2:00 AM on October 12th, under a moon slightly past full, a sailor called out, "Land! Land on the horizon!" The expedition led by Christopher Columbus had

discovered America.

Years later, when alone and frustrated, Columbus told of hearing a "Compassionate voice" that addressed him saying, "O fool, and slow to believe and to serve thy God...what did He do more for Moses, or for David his servant, than He has done for thee?"

Columbus had opened the doors to the most phenomenal spread of Christianity since the time of the early apostles and set the stage for the greatest nation in the history of the world. To us and generations to come, the words of Columbus continue to encourage us, "No one should fear to undertake any task in the name of our Savior, if it is just and the intention is purely for His holy service."

Note: more of this story can be found in "The Light and the Glory" by Peter Marshall.



the Heroism of Elizabeth Zane

In the autumn of 1777, the English decided to attack Fort Henry, at Wheeling, in northwestern Virginia. This was an important border fort named in honor of Patrick Henry, and around which had grown up a small village of about twenty-five log houses.

A band of Indians, under the leadership of one Simon Girty, was supplied by the English with muskets and ammunition, and sent against the

fort. This Girty was a white man, who, when a boy, had been captured by Indians, and brought up by them. He had joined their tribes, and was a ferocious and bloodthirsty leader of savage bands.

When the settlers at Wheeling heard that Simon Girty and his Indians were advancing on the town, they left their homes and hastened into the fort. Scarcely had they done so when the savages made their appearance.

The defenders of the fort knew that a desperate fight must now take place, and there seemed little probability that they would be able to hold out against their assailants. They had only forty- two fighting men, including old men and boys, while the Indian force numbered about five hundred. What was worse they had but a small amount of gunpowder. A keg containing the main supply had been left by accident in one of the village houses. This misfortune, as you will soon see, brought about the brave action of a young girl.

After several encounters with the savages, which took place in the village, the defenders withdrew to the fort. Then several Indians advanced with loud yells, firing as they came. The fire was returned by the defenders, each of whom had picked out his man, and taken deadly aim. Most of the attacking party were killed, and the whole body of Indians fell back into the near-by woods, and there awaited a more favorable opportunity to renew hostilities.

The men in the fort now discovered, to their great dismay, that their gunpowder was nearly gone. What was to be done? Unless they could get another supply, they would not be able to hold the fort, and they and their women and children would either be massacred or carried into captivity.

Colonel Shepherd, who was in command, explained to the settlers exactly how matters stood. He also told them of the forgotten keg of powder which was in a house standing about sixty yards from the gate of the fort.

It was plain to all that if any man should attempt to procure the keg, he would almost surely be shot by the lurking Indians. Despite this, three or four young men volunteered to go on the dangerous mission.

Colonel Shepherd replied that he could not spare three or four strong men, as there were already too few for the defense. Only one man should make the attempt and they might decide who was to go. This caused a dispute.

Just then a young girl stepped forward and said that she was ready to go. Her name was Elizabeth Zane, and she had just returned from a boarding-school in Philadelphia. This made her brave offer all the more remarkable, since she had not been bred up to the fearless life of the border.

At first the men would not hear of her running such a risk. She was told that it meant certain death. But she urged that they could not spare a man from the defense, and that the loss of one girl would not be an important matter. So, after some discussion the settlers agreed that she should go for the powder.

The house, as has already been stated, stood about sixty yards from the fort, and Elizabeth hoped to run thither and bring back the powder in a few minutes. The gate was opened, and she passed through, running like a deer.

A few straggling Indians were dodging about the log houses of the town; they saw the fleeing girl, but for some reason they did not fire upon her. They may have supposed that she was returning to her home to rescue her clothes. Possibly they thought it a waste of good ammunition to fire at a woman, when they were so sure of taking the fort before long. So, they looked on quietly while, with flying skirts, Elizabeth ran across the open, and entered the house.

She found the keg of powder, which was not large. She lifted it with both arms, and, holding the precious burden close to her chest, she darted out of the house and ran in the direction of the fort.

When the Indians saw what she was carrying they uttered fierce yells and fired. The bullets fell like hail about her, but not one so much as touched her garments. With the keg hugged to her bosom, she ran on, and reached the fort in safety. The gate closed upon her just as the bullets of the Indians buried themselves in its thick panels.

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The rescued gunpowder enabled the little garrison to hold out until help arrived from the other settlements near Wheeling. And Girty, seeing that there were no further hopes of taking Fort Henry, withdrew his band.

Thus, a young but brave girl was the means of saving strong men with their wives and children. It was a heroic act, and Americans should never forget to honor the name of Elizabeth Zane.

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Thomas Jefferson and the Innkeeper

This and similar stories can be found in “Stories of Great Americans” from the Freedom Series Collection available from Libraries of Hope.

When John Adams was president and Thomas Jefferson was vice president of the United States people did not travel very much because of the distance and rugged terrain. The roads were crooked, rough, and muddy. When people did travel, they went by horse or carriage. When they rode a horse, they carried saddle bags with their clothes and belongings. Often time their travels took them through mud and mire, exposed to wind and weather.

One day some men were sitting by the door of a hotel in Baltimore. As they looked down the street, they saw a horseman coming. He was riding very slowly, and both he and his horse were bespattered with mud.

“There comes old Farmer Mossback,” said one of the men, laughing. “He’s just in from the backwoods.”

“He seems to have had a hard time of it,” said another; “I wonder where he’ll put up for the night.”

“Oh, any kind of a place will suit him,” answered the landlord. “He’s one of those country fellows who can sleep in the haymow and eat with the horses.”

The traveler was soon at the door. He was dressed plainly, and, with his reddish-brown hair and

mud-spattered face, looked like a hardworking countryman just in from the backwoods.

“Have you a room here for me?” he asked the landlord.

Now the landlord prided himself upon keeping a first-class hotel, and he feared that his guests would not like the rough-looking traveler. So, he answered: “No, sir. Every room is full. The only place I could put you would be in the barn.”

“Well then,” answered the stranger, “I will see what they can do for me at the Planters’ Tavern, round the corner;” and he rode away.

About an hour later, a well-dressed gentleman came into the hotel and said, “I wish to see Mr. Jefferson.”

“Mr. Jefferson!” said the landlord.

“Yes, sir. Thomas Jefferson, vice president of the United States.

“He isn’t here.”

“Oh, but he must be. I met him as he rode into town and he said he intended to stop at this hotel. He has been here about an hour.”

“No, he hasn’t. The only man that has been here for lodging today was an old clodhopper who was so spattered with mud you couldn’t see the color of his coat. I sent him round to the planters.”

"Did he have reddish-gray hair, and did he ride a gray horse?"

"Yes, and he was quite tall."

"That was Mr. Jefferson," said the gentleman.

"Mr. Jefferson!" cried the landlord. "Was that the vice president?"

Shocked and realizing his mistake, the landlord called for his room-keeper. "Build a fire in the best room," he said, "put everything in tip-top order!"

The landlord scrambled through the hotel giving orders. "What a dunce I was Mr. Jefferson away,"

he said. "I shall give him all the rooms in the house, and the parlor too! I'll go right round to the Planters' and fetch him back."

So, the landlord went to the other hotel where he found the vice president sitting with some friends in the parlor. "Mr. Jefferson," he implored, "I have come to ask your pardon. You were so spattered with mud that I thought you were some old farmer. If you'll come back to my house, you shall have the best room in it—all the rooms if you wish. Won't you come?"

"No," answered Mr. Jefferson. "A farmer is as good as any other man; and where there's no room for a farmer, there can be no room for me."



Lydia Darrah Saves Washington's Army

Lydia Darrah was a Quaker woman and pacifist; whose home came to be occupied by British soldiers during a pivotal time in the Revolutionary War. One night, General Howe himself was to arrive at her home. Lydia was ordered to ensure everyone in her household was asleep before he came with only Lydia herself to quietly let him in and, at the conclusion of his business, quietly let him out again.

Knowing something was afoot, Lydia did as she was told but silently crept up to the door behind which Howe and his men had disappeared to talk. She listened in on their plans as they discussed how best to take General Washington and his army by surprise, perhaps destroying them all in the process. Nervous and afraid, Lydia went to bed and slept so deeply it took several attempts

before she woke to an officer ordering her to let General Howe back out of the house.

The next morning, Lydia received permission to grind wheat at the mill. Taking a bag of grain as cover, Lydia walked twenty-five miles to the nearest outpost of American Soldiers where she told the commanding officer all she'd heard. Grateful, the men replaced her wheat with flour to uphold her story and Lydia walked the twenty-five miles back to her own home.

Thanks to Lydia's brave and selfish act, Washington was more than prepared for the British when they arrived at White Marsh. With their plans ruined and nothing to fall back on, the British army turned and marched away without firing a single shot.