



# THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

1832 — 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,  
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

VOLUME XLIV

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NUMBER 4

## An Alger trio

*Part Two: Horatio Alger, Jr.,  
John Townsend Trowbridge  
and Louise Chandler Moulton*

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## Carl Hartmann

*The Horatio Alger Society's  
'Most Valuable Player'*

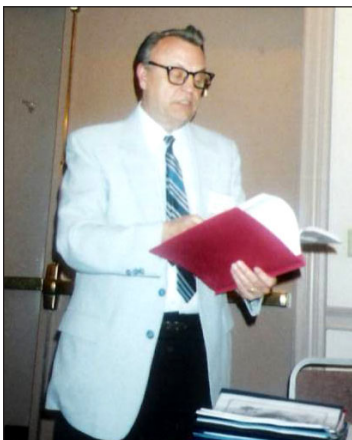
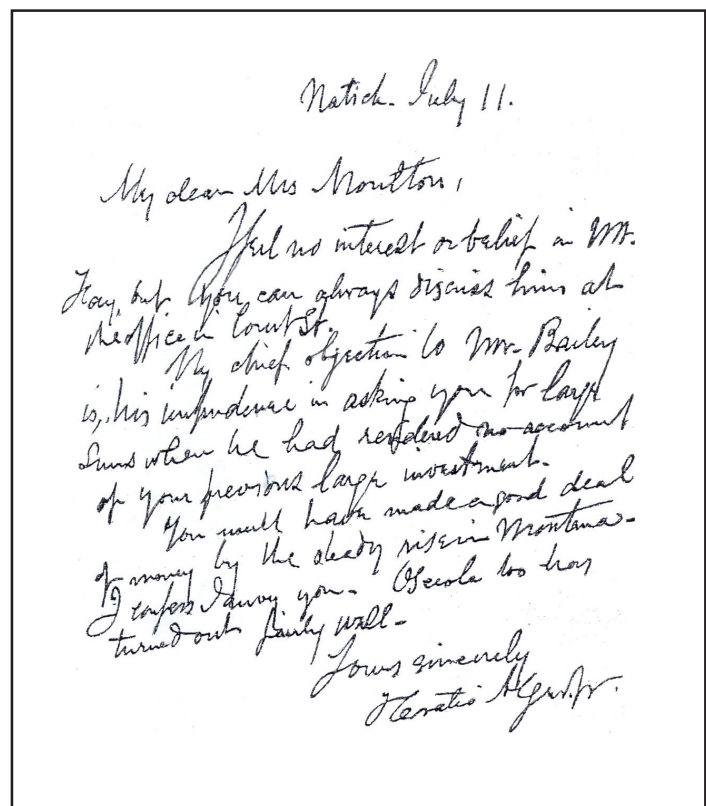


Photo courtesy of Bernie Biberdorf, 1991

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**An 1898 letter from Horatio Alger to Louise Chandler Moulton.**

From the J.T. Trowbridge papers, Department of Manuscripts, Houghton Library,  
Harvard University. Permission acknowledgement on Page 7.

*A previously unpublished story  
by renowned author Capwell Wyckoff:*

## Drumbeat at Trenton

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## President's column

Hot enough for you? Here in Nevada, we just finished two weeks of 100-plus temperatures. Nevadans like to say blistering temperatures are good — keeps the asphalt moist. Ha, ha, ha.

I recently heard from Stanley Hartmann, Carl Hartmann's son. It felt good to be able to offer condolences directly to Carl's family. Carl was one of the many Horatio Alger Society members to make a special point of welcoming Janice and myself to the H.A.S. at our first convention (1994, Grand Rapids). Thank you, Carl, for your graciousness to us and your tireless support of the Society ... rest in peace.

I am currently revamping the H.A.S. Internet site. The first notable change will be the addition of a link to enable new and continuing members to pay their yearly H.A.S. dues on-line via PayPal. I may fully describe the process in a separate **Newsboy** article, but I will say now that the payment process will require the payee to open a separate browser to log in to PayPal — a direct link to PayPal would be too insecure. I've seen other Web sites use this same approach.

This capability might also be extended to allow both members and non-members to make tax-deductible donations to the **Strive and Succeed Award**.

Other pending changes will be a members-only area where we can store non-sensitive documents like the prospective convention host's guidelines. I'd love to have an H.A.S. membership directory on-line, but as I cannot guarantee its security, we'll have to give it a miss.

Another possible change would be to re-add a guest book. We did this before and it was useful, but experience has shown us that a guest book requires maintenance.

I've long known that we could do much more with the H.A.S. Web site than we currently do. While I was working in the corporate world, I never had time to fully explore the Web site's capability. Now that I do have more time, please send me your suggestions for improving our Web site.

Janice and I took our first opportunity to play tourists in our new location by visiting the gold-mining ghost town of Bodie. Bodie is just over an hour from our house. The site is maintained in a state of "arrested decay" by the State of California Parks. We took a guided tour of the stamping mill. This gave us a real sense of Bodie's purpose and day-to-day life, and we heartily

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## HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

*To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — youngsters whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and inspired hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans for generations to come.*

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Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255**.

**Newsboy** is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography. You are invited to visit the Horatio Alger Society's official Internet site at [www.ihot.com/~has/](http://www.ihot.com/~has/)

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The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send ads or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047. E-mail: [hasnewsboy@aol.com](mailto:hasnewsboy@aol.com)

# Carl Hartmann

## An H.A.S. legend remembered

By Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)  
Executive Director

Steadfast. Dedicated. Respectful. Judicious. Composed. These are a few attributes that come to mind when I think about Carl Hartmann but, undoubtedly, there are many others.

Carl joined the Horatio Alger Society in 1964 — during the nascency of our organization — and remained a member for the rest of his life. In the beginning, it quickly became clear that the rapid turnover of officers made it difficult to operate the Society in an efficient manner. Filing of tax returns, new member follow-up, reminding members of when their dues were payable, ordering supplies and so forth became impractical when a new president was elected every two years.

In order to rectify this situation, the Board of Directors proposed to the members attending the New Haven (Conn.) convention in 1968 a new position — Executive Secretary — to solve this problem. The Society's president at the time, Max Goldberg, appointed Carl to an initial three-year term. Of course, Carl went on to occupy this position skillfully for nearly 30 years until his retirement in 1994.

Carl's even temper and devotion to the goals of the Society were particularly well-suited with the duties of this position. Whenever there were disputes or disagreements within our ranks, everyone looked to Carl for his sage advice and thoughtful responses. He never failed us.

When I took over for Carl in 1994, I was initially apprehensive about my duties. Although I had most recently held the position of president, Carl was the "force behind the throne," so to speak, who actually did all the work. I spoke to Carl many times during my early tenure and he always had the right answer for my problems. I think I can safely say that without Carl's unwavering dedication, it is unlikely that the Horatio Alger Society would have survived.

Carl also held other positions in the Society — president, director, *Newsboy* editor, to name a few. I recall that for several years we were without an editor, so Carl pitched in and made sure that *Newsboy* was mailed out on time. He solicited articles and stories for each issue, proofread all of the contents and arranged the mailing. I remember that some of the most interesting articles about Alger and his life appeared during his time as editor. The *Newsboy* editor is without question



**Carl and Jean Hartmann at the 1991 convention.**

Photo courtesy of Bernie Biberdorf

the most difficult and time-consuming job in the Society, but Carl selflessly took on this task in addition to his other responsibilities.

Carl also was responsible for raising several thousand dollars for the **Strive and Succeed Award** recipients through his efforts in producing the Alger Series Cup Plates. All of this was done through Carl's initiative and with his own funds. Again, nobody had to ask Carl to do this.

When Carl transferred the society files to me more than 12 years ago, I was impressed with the copious amount of correspondence he maintained on behalf of the Horatio Alger Society. There were countless letters to new members, prospective members, libraries, educators, businessmen — all promoting the Horatio Alger Society and our mission. It seemed like Carl was working full-time for the Society. He was our biggest supporter and ambassador.

Although it's really difficult to acknowledge and honor the hard work of someone like Carl, we did try. Carl was the recipient of the **Newsboy Award**, **Richard Seddon Award**, **President's Award** and the **Luck & Pluck Award** on three occasions.

The **Luck & Pluck Award** is given to the member who "served the Society in an outstanding manner during the previous year." Perhaps Carl should have received this award every year, but he would have none

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## Editor's notebook

In this issue we honor the late Carl Hartmann (PF-102), who joined the Horatio Alger Society in 1964 and was instrumental in keeping this organization on a solid path for his nearly three decades as Executive Secretary.

My first convention was "Collected in Columbus" in 1983, and although I'm sure I was introduced to him during registration, or at Thursday night's get-together at the Old Spaghetti Warehouse, my first real impression of Carl was the excellent slide show he gave on Friday evening describing the production the previous year (1982) of the official 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary Alger Cup Plates, a personal project of his which over the years raised a considerable sum for the H.A.S. treasury.

The half-hour presentation on the inner workings of the Pairpoint glass factory on Cape Cod, displayed color photos of the engraver meticulously creating the metal dies depicting Alger heroes, such as "The Newsboy," or "The Young Circus Rider." The talk illustrated how a glob of molten glass, in a selection of colors, was pressed into the molds, followed by a final hardening process in an annealing oven.

Just a few years ago, Carl donated a bunch of his remaining stock of cup plates for the annual auction, and unfortunately, little was said at the time about the dedication and personal funds Carl put into this project. Those of you who purchased one or more of the cup plates now possess a personal remembrance of Carl Hartmann.

By the way, the 1983 convention was Carl's 19<sup>th</sup> consecutive, dating back to 1965, by far the most having been attended by any member at the time. He kept at it for at least another decade before illness began to restrict his ability to travel long distances.

I got to know Carl a lot better when he turned the editorship of *Newsboy* over to me in mid-1991. I drove over to Lansing, to the machine shop in North Larch Street, where he managed the front office. I thought I was just going to pick up a few files and back issues of *Newsboy*, but he turned over enough material to fill the trunk of my car and the back seat as well!

Included were the huge scrapbooks compiled by former editor and H.A.S. historian Jack Bales, several sealed cartons from The Wayside Press containing copies of Ralph Gardner's soft-bound *Road to Success* book, and a whole bunch of file material, which I have been able to draw upon over the past 15 years. A key acquisition were the editor's copies of *Newsboy* (bound into

## President's column

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recommend a visit by any of you who make it out our way.

We also spent a day boating on Lake Tahoe, which is about 30 minutes from our home. The vast expanse of water, combined with towering forests and mountains, create one of the most beautiful locations we have ever seen. The Washoe Indians consider Tahoe a sacred place, and it is hard to disagree with them. If you make it out our way, we know you will appreciate a visit to "Big Blue."

I hope all of you are enjoying a pleasant and productive summer, and are beating the heat.

Your Partic'lar Friend,  
Michael Morley  
1891 Colt Lane  
Gardnerville, Nevada 89410  
Phone: (775) 265-3063  
E-mail: has@ihot.com

several volumes by the legendary Frank Schott), dating back to the very first mimeographed issues edited by Forrest Campbell.

I visited Carl several times at the machine shop prior to his retirement in the early 1990s, in order to save him the trouble of shipping the bulk *Newsboy* copies to me in Illinois. In fact, until I began using desktop publishing with the January-February 1992 issue, Carl had the type set in Michigan, and he and Jean continued to stuff the envelopes and mail out the final few 1991 issues. He introduced me to the folks at Colonial Printing, just across the parking lot from his business, and when we would go to lunch, his main question was always, "Bill, *why* don't you collect Alger?"

At every convention, Carl was the ideal "Partic'lar Friend," someone who made new members immediately comfortable in his presence. You have probably already read the tributes on Pages 3, 5 and 6 (which are much more articulate than these rambles). Simply put, there may never be another gentleman quite like him — but we'll always have the memories.

I want to close with a deeply felt appreciation to Bernie Biberdorf (PF-524), who provided the photos of Carl Hartmann used with our tributes in this issue. Also, on Pages 12-14 you will find a second batch of digital snapshots from the 2006 Omaha convention, which were taken by Wendy Sipes, and John Juvinall's daughter, Juanita Durkin.

A heartfelt "thanks" to you all!

# Carl Hartmann

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of that. This award was renamed the **Carl Hartmann Luck & Pluck Award** in his honor shortly after his retirement.

Carl once told me that he appreciated the accolades bestowed upon him, but he never sought them. That's true to form of his modest and unpretentious manner. We will miss Carl greatly, but will revel in the knowledge that his dedication and accomplishments will carry us forward.



**Carl and Jean Hartmann at the head table during the 1991 annual banquet, with that year's convention host Bernie Biberdorf.** Photo courtesy of Bernie Biberdorf

## 'A true cornerstone member of our Society'

By Bernie and Marcy Biberdorf (PF-524)

Carl was indeed a true cornerstone member of our Alger Society. His nearly 30 years of dedicated and devoted service as Executive Secretary will continue to have a lasting impact on all of us.

For his efforts Carl, as you may recall, was awarded the **Carl Hartmann Luck and Pluck Award** (which had just been renamed in his honor) at the 1994 convention

in Grand Rapids. In his acceptance remarks, Carl said: "Over the past 30 years this is the nicest group of people I've worked with." He continued, "And I think book collectors are great!"

These remarks show the true unselfish character of the man. He will be missed; he truly was our "Partic'lar Friend." Our prayers and condolences go out to his spouse, Jean.

## 'Literally, the glue that held the Society together'

By Brad Chase (PF-412)

The phone rang one day in the middle '70s and Carl Hartmann's voice said: "Hi, Brad, Jean and I are up in Springfield at the Holiday Inn and wondered if you and Ann are free for dinner?"

After checking with Ann, and without hesitation, I said: "Sure, we'd love to see you both and will meet you at the restaurant there in 30 minutes."

Now, that restaurant was literally on top of the Inn, circular in shape and rotated so a person inside could see all of Springfield, Mass., in one revolution. What a delightful evening we had; just four Alger friends talking about current people in the Society and mulling over issues of interest to the organization. No pressure, no books for sale or trade, just four people who obviously liked each other, casually dining as Springfield floated by our window.

I can never think about the early days of the Horatio Alger Society during the 1960's, and for decades after, without pleasant images of Carl and Jean instantly com-

ing to mind. I include Jean here in this tribute to Carl because they were always together, always the couple. Jean was Carl's strongest supporter, his rock as well as his soul mate. At Alger conventions for years, their participation usually highlighted most of the sessions. You don't think of Carl without Jean.

Carl had something that is, unfortunately, very rare these days: he was just a nice, solid guy. Even though I think I knew him well, I knew little about his background, his Alger collection, his family and personal world other than Jean, or his vocation or social life in Lansing, Michigan.

I worked very closely with Carl on many Horatio Alger Society projects dating back to the early 70's, and our time was usually focused on the issues at hand. As far as I witnessed, he had no secret agenda, no personal ambitions within our organization and never had any disagreements, that I knew of or heard about, with

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## Carl Hartmann

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anyone. This latter characteristic is particularly amazing, recognizing that we've had some really different personalities to deal with over the years who have chosen membership with us. Carl was the same to all: even, steady, pleasant, friendly, courteous, respectful and, most especially, interested in you and your individual interests and as they related to the Society. His agenda was the Society.

Carl was, literally, the glue that held the Society together for well over 30 years. I think he held most every position in our organization, in good times and bad, and performed brilliantly following his concept and principles of what the Society should try to be. He kept it alive during the 60's and nourished it in the 70's and 80's, eventually backing off the last couple of decades to let the new wave of Horatio Alger and series collectors flourish. But, he was always ready to step in if needed to help in any way he could.

For decades he was the foundation of the organization as Secretary/Executive Secretary, carrying out all those little administrative things that no one knew had to be done. He even became editor of *Newsboy* briefly when circumstances warranted. He established a solid base for the good ship Horatio Alger Society and has left it afloat and in excellent shape. We are indeed lucky and indebted to him for leaving us such a legacy.

Recently, Ann and I were traveling by that hotel building in Springfield and we talked fondly about that delightful evening many years ago when we met Carl

## *'The nicest person I've ever met'*

By Jerry Friedland (PF-376)

Carl and I were friends for more than 30 years and the nicest person I've ever met. Together with Jean, they were the happiest couple I've ever known and were blessed with a close and loving family. They are so very proud, and rightfully so, of their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. As for me, I loved the guy.



**Carl Hartmann, with Luciana and Bob Bennett at the 1995 Corning convention.** Photo courtesy of Bernie Biberdorf

and Jean there. The rotating restaurant is gone now, and it's a different hotel. But it is the memory that counts. It is one of our most favorite memories of Carl and Jean that still linger with us — a very precious memory that we own and luckily will always have.

## *'One could not ask for a stronger mentor or a better friend'*

By Jack Bales (PF-258)

I was just 17 years old when I joined the Alger Society in December 1968. Within just a few weeks after I sent in my check, the Society's secretary, Carl Hartmann, wrote me a letter of welcome. With that brief note, there began a correspondence that spanned well over three decades.

Quite frankly, I've always believed that if it had not been for Carl, there would be no Alger Society. After Forrest Campbell retired as *Newsboy* editor in the early 1970s, Carl assumed the dual roles of both secretary and editor. He kept everything running smoothly, and I tried to help out by guest-editing a few issues of *Newsboy* during my summers off from college.

But what I remember most about Carl was his unswerving support of me when I became editor. Of course, it was only natural that not everyone would like every one of my issues. I remember receiving several disapproving letters after publishing an issue about

Alger's short stories, with the cover featuring a caricature of Alger in boxers (I think the article was titled something like, "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Horatio Alger's Shorts.") The response was even more negative when I published some scholarly research on Alger's career in Brewster.

In all cases, Carl was steadfast behind me. "You are the editor," he would write me, "and you are the boss." One could not ask for a stronger mentor or a better friend.

I was fortunate to have been active in the Horatio Alger Society during the organization's formative years. Ken Butler was a good, good man, as were Les Langlois, Paul House, Herb Risteen, and a few of the other founding and early members of the 1960s.

Carl Hartmann was also one of these select few, and my memories of him and of his lovely wife Jean remain vivid and strong. I'm very lucky.



# An Alger Trio

## *Part Two: Horatio Alger, Jr., John Townsend Trowbridge and Louise Chandler Moulton*

By Peter C. Walther (PF-548)

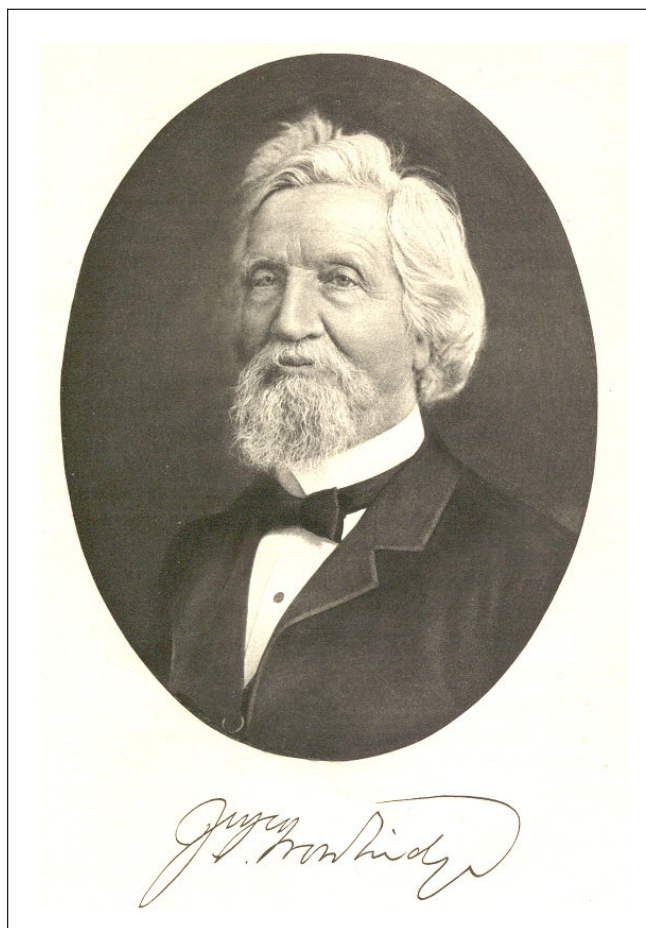
When we want to find out something about a famous person we usually have recourse to the literary dictionaries, biographies and the multi-volumed encyclopedic reference works, which are found on the shelves of many libraries throughout the land. If, for example, Horatio Alger is our interest we seek out the Alger entries in whatever books may be available to us, and the hunt is on.

If we're lucky enough, the biographies, if there are any, provide further detailed bibliographies which permit digging even deeper into our subject matter, in spite of the fact that locating some of those sources may prove to be quite a challenge. If on rare occasions autobiographical material is available, however unreliable it may ultimately prove, we enjoy a wider field of research in which to play. And on even rarer occasions we unearth surviving manuscripts in the nature of journals, diaries, scrapbook entries, letters, etc. which are priceless in the data they disclose, if we only know where to seek them out.

Having said all this how often do we overlook yet another area: the active researching of contemporary figures "outside the box" who may have left documented evidence of personal encounters with our individual resulting from social, business or personal interactions and which bring into focus an aspect of our subject that we would otherwise have left unexplored.

For example for many years I have suspected a tenuous friendship between William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") and John Townsend Trowbridge, and to that end I have been attempting to fill in such blanks as present themselves. In all likelihood they were at the very least aware of the existence of the other: both were contemporaries, both were writing for the same Boston weeklies in the 1850s, Trowbridge contributed extensively to *Student and Schoolmate* during Adams' editorship in 1860 and 1861, both resided in Boston and

*The four letters quoted herein are part of the J.T. Trowbridge papers, call number bMS Am 2019 (120), in the Department of Manuscripts at Harvard University's Houghton Library. Permission has been granted for their use in this article by the Houghton Library, Harvard University.*



**John Townsend Trowbridge**

From *My Own Story, with Recollections of Noted Persons*. Frontispiece. Boston and New York, 1903: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

both had lucrative contracts with the same publishing house, Lee and Shepard, between the 1860s and the 1890s.

Trowbridge mentions a close friend that he had but, intentionally or otherwise, sidesteps the disclosure of his identity. It could of course have been almost anyone in the Boston literary arena, yet somehow I have always wanted it to be Oliver Optic. Maybe it was. In point of fact he attended Adams' funeral service on March 31, 1897 and I would like to think they enjoyed each other's company over the years. However, that is all another story, I'm afraid.

There exist a number of archival institutions throughout the United States which hold good primary Trowbridge material, and Houghton Library at Harvard is one of them. Houghton was supposed to house the William T. Adams papers, according to the entry by Carol Gay in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, but it has turned out to be a simple case of scholarly fraud which the staff at Houghton had determined and which I had suspected for some time. Moral: Don't believe

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# An Alger Trio

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everything you read in the *DLB*.

In dealing with my disappointment, I needed another ready stimulus and so I scouted out some of the Trowbridge material that I knew was there. I figured as long as I was in the reading room I might as well not waste my time, instead of realizing later that once I had arrived back in New York I would have missed a rare opportunity for unique research.

As expected, I turned up nothing by William T. Adams but discovered items whose existence I was totally unaware of. Much to my utter surprise I discovered a short sequence of letters by Louise Chandler Moulton to John Townsend Trowbridge among the Trowbridge papers which contained quite amazingly a currently unreported letter (at least by the Algerians anyway) by Horatio Alger. As you will see, this correspondence represents a triangle, not a lover's triangle of course, but a triangle nonetheless in which Alger admittedly comes off second best and receives something of a pen lashing.

If Alger is your hero, then you might be chary of reading the following. Whether or not you particularly like what you read, I think you will certainly find all this quite interesting. As inferred above, we are distilling a personality through the eyes of what I regard as two reliable sources, and the pathetic final few months of Alger's life come alive for us in a way we would never otherwise have suspected.

I expect those of you who are reading this need no introduction to J.T. Trowbridge. He has often been classed as a writer of high-class juveniles (whatever that may mean) and his literary pedigree was noteworthy: a valued contributor to the *The Atlantic Monthly*, as well as *St. Nicholas* magazine, not to mention business relations with the prestigious Boston publishers Ticknor and Fields and Houghton, Mifflin, to name just two.

He ran with the big boys: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe and many others. He left behind a valuable autobiography, especially significant in his dealings with the Boston press of the 1850s and 1860s (*My Own Story*; Houghton, Mifflin And Company, 1903). Neither Horatio Alger nor William T. Adams is detailed in its pages, and for us that is most lamentable. Nonetheless, it makes fascinating reading and is highly recommended and belongs on your bookshelves.

Trowbridge died in 1916 at an advanced age respected as a man of letters and venerated as a prolific author of both prose and poetry. My great aunt told me many years ago that one of Trowbridge's most famous

poems, if not his most famous, "Darius Green And His Flying Machine," was common reading fare at the turn of the last century and was to be found in many readers.

Louise Chandler Moulton (1835-1908). On the other hand, has not survived an earlier popular reputation and may be a name unreckoned with today. She also wrote for the weeklies of the period in her very early years. Trowbridge himself elaborates:

"In the autumn of 1853 there came to Boston a Connecticut girl of eighteen, with a portfolio of sketches in prose and verse by 'Ellen Louise,' which she was offering to editors in advance of their appearance in a book. The poems were the dewy buds of a talent that was afterward to find its fullest flowering in sonnets remarkable for their tender feeling and sustained melody; while her conversational and other personal and social gifts were prophecies (could one have read them aright) of the unique sphere of influence she was to fill in Boston and London society during these later decades. Her graceful girlish contributions were, as I remember, readily taken by editors; one of whom — quite too readily, some of us thought — while accepting her articles, got himself accepted by the writer, and Ellen Louise Chandler became Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton," (*My Own Story*, pp.188-189).

The marriage Trowbridge references was to William U. Moulton, editor/publisher of the *True Flag* or *Boston True Flag* as it is sometimes called. The *True Flag*, it should be noted, was one of the many Boston weeklies whose pages were filled by the hundreds of columns with the works of John T. Trowbridge, Horatio Alger and William T. Adams, all writing under pseudonyms.

So certainly Moulton himself, if not his wife, too, was known to this trio of writers during the 1850s. I would like to add that in the last years of her life, Mrs. Moulton donated to the American Antiquarian Society the first two yearly bound volumes of *The American Union*. Thank you Mrs. Moulton.

Enough prevarication ... and on to the Alger case. The Louise Chandler Moulton material at Harvard's Houghton Library contains eight letters to John Townsend Trowbridge dating from 1861 to 1907, with one enclosed letter to Moulton from Alger. I wish to transcribe the pertinent letters at this time and reference them in some detail as we go along, with some general notes and conclusions appended at the end. It would be helpful to set the scene at each juncture as much as I can reconstruct it. There exist quite a few gaps in the chronology, which is why I think it important to clarify each item as it appears. The personal observations are of course entirely my own.

Three letters will be quoted in full from the Moulton-Trowbridge correspondence. Here is the first:



July 12

Dear Friend,

I went to see Fay, the other day, and mentioned your name, and he said he would be glad to serve any friend of yours. I told him I wanted to know if The Copper King sales were genuine. He said they certainly were. And he showed me certificates, just like my own, and offered me over a thousand shares for ten cts. per share. He has since sold them for 9 cts. So the "favour" Mr. Alger has done me is to get me in for paying \$800.00 for what I could now get for less than \$300.

I wrote Mr. Alger about my interview with Fay, and I enclose you his reply. Destroy it when you've read it. I have no use for it.

For a college graduate, he is the most utterly uncivilized human creature I have ever encountered. To tell me he had "done me a favor," which I repaid "with abuse and insult" is — funny. I shall lose, through him, \$1,800.00, which is somewhat serious.

I hope you are enjoying your summer. Florence and her husband arrived a week ago today, to settle the business of the estate. It is a weary affair, and when I shall get out of Boston, Heaven only knows. I am really very ill — and too blue for words — but always,

Cordially Yours,  
L.C.M.

The "Fay" mentioned at the beginning might well be Oscar Fay Adams, and the settling of the estate could refer to the death of her husband. Florence was their only child. Mrs. Moulton and Alger apparently exchanged hard words if the reference to "abuse and insult" can be credited, but the circumstances under which it occurred are lost. The envelope containing this letter addressed to Trowbridge at his summer quarters in Kennebunkport, Maine, survives and is postmarked July 12, 1898 and so a specific dating for all this correspondence is possible. And Trowbridge did not destroy Alger's letter as per Mrs. Moulton's instructions.

Now follows Alger's letter referred to by Moulton, and written by him exactly one week and one year before his death.

Natick, July 11.

My dear Mrs. Moulton,

I feel no interest or belief in Mr. Fay, but you can always discuss [this with] him at the office in Court St.

My chief objection to Mr. Bailey is, his impudence in asking you for large sums when he had rendered no account of your previous large investment.

You will have made a good deal of money by the steady risen Montana. I confess I envy you. Osceola too has turned out fairly well.

Yours sincerely,  
Horatio Alger, Jr.

Not much of a letter, I suppose, yet it would seem to suggest that our Mr. Alger might have played the stock market. If there existed any ill will between Alger and Moulton there is certainly no indication of it in this letter. Alger seems openly honest and friendly, even supportive after his own fashion. The identity of "Mr. Bailey" is not known.

The next letter in the sequence is postmarked February 21, 1899, and is written to Trowbridge in his suburban home in Arlington, outside Boston.

28 Rutland Square  
Boston. Feb. 21

My dear Friend,

Why have you not come to see me all these many months? I have wanted to see you. I am writing now to ask your advice. I enclose a letter from Mr. Alger, from whom I have not heard before since I saw you. I want you to read it, and return it, and tell me whether you would leave it unanswered, or would you answer, as follows:

Dear Mr. Alger,

*I am sorry to say that I have no money to lend, and could only lend any by selling out stocks that pay good interest, and which I do not wish to sell.*

Yours very Truly,  
Louise C. Moulton

I can either send a letter like this, or I can leave his letter unanswered, or could say more, and refer to the \$1,000 I lost in Bishop's Piano Co., through his recommendation of Bishop, and the other \$1,000 I have tied up in the Copper King, in which I invested on his recommendation. I think after his impertinent letters to me, which I sent you to read, his asking this loan of me is, to say the least, cheeky. I have a great mind not to answer his letter at all, but I do want to know what you would do in my place.

Yours as ever,  
Louise Chandler Moulton

[P.S.] "A thousand dollars is a small sum," he says. Well, I shall not lend it to him, even though he has dreamed that it would benefit me!!! I hear Alger is very feeble, looks as if he could never "get well."

Mrs. Moulton waxes wroth. She is very angry at the bad advice she felt she received from Alger as it inconvenienced her financially. It is to be regretted that Trowbridge did not retain this other Alger letter as well, as it does not form part of the Moulton collection. He evidently returned this one to Mrs. Moulton, and it has now disappeared.

Mrs. Moulton was apparently quoting passages from these "impertinent letters," and we don't know how  
(Continued on Page 10)

# An Alger Trio

(Continued from Page 9)

many Alger sent, or in fact how many Trowbridge ultimately had access to. Moulton refers to them in the plural. The letter written by Alger and quoted above is anything but "impertinent," and so it would be most enlightening to have read the other letters Moulton mentions. In what set of circumstances were they placed that Alger was in a position to *offer* investment advice to Mrs. Moulton? And it would further seem that Alger's credibility level was at one time substantially higher than it was in the early days of 1899, since Moulton took the bait and ran with it.

Here is the third and final letter, also sent to Trowbridge in his Arlington home. The envelope is postmarked February 24, 1899:

Friday Morn.

My dear Friend,

Thanks for your kind letter, and its suggestions about the unaccountable Alger. After his insolent letters to me, which you saw, and after his getting me in for the absolute loss of \$1,000, and the probable loss of another \$1,000, his cool request for a loan seems almost insane, but I am disposed to pity him, for a man who saw him lately told me that he looked so ill, and seemed so weak, that he felt sure he couldn't live long. If he were in need of the comforts of life, I would certainly contribute to a fund to help him, but with all his books he can hardly be in need, and if he were, he must have long-time friends, on whom he has far more claim than on a very slight acquaintance like myself. But I'm afraid my silence won't silence him. We'll see.

I have wondered why I did not see you for so long. Perhaps you will be moved to come in, this pleasant day and tell me. You know I am always to be found on Friday afternoons, and if some other day suited you better, we could make an appointment.

Yours as ever,  
L.C.M.

What we sorely lack for this study are the "insolent" letters Moulton mentions again. Once more, the subject of Moulton's initial contact with Alger comes up and one's curiosity is whetted as, if their friendship was "slight" as she affirms, in what manner then did their paths originally cross? If they hardly knew each other, then the scenario of Alger approaching her with "Say, Mrs. Moulton, do I have a deal for you!" carries little weight. If it was done through the medium of letters, then how unfortunate we are that we do not have access to them.

In *The Lost Life Of Horatio Alger, Jr.*, the authors, Gary Scharnhorst and Jack Bales, report that Alger, according

to a letter written to Irving Blake dated February 2, 1897, was writing or dictating as many as thirty letters per week to literary friends, one of whom was Louise Chandler Moulton (p.143). Might that have been the genesis of their association? If their contact was through the intervention of a third party (Mr. Bailey?) then that makes somewhat more sense.

Most vexing of all is the loss of any letters Trowbridge had written to Moulton; according to the above letter he surely wrote one and possibly more, and his opinion of Horatio Alger would carry weight with scholars and collectors alike. It is intriguing to speculate on whatever his "suggestions" might have been concerning the "unaccountable" Alger.

What we seriously lack for this line of inquiry are any of Trowbridge's responses to Mrs. Moulton's pleadings. Whatever Trowbridge's thoughts on the subject, he has carried them to his grave.

Alger here is not to be perceived as the villain. I question Mrs. Moulton's judgment. Alger was certainly as free to dispense advice as anyone else, and Mrs. Moulton as free to act upon it or not as was her choice. If she wanted an informed investment opinion, why did she seek out Alger (or Alger seek her out, for that matter?) instead of consulting any legal firm which could assist her?

Moulton got her fingers burned, but it was her own fault as she made a conscious decision based on whatever "advice" Alger gave her. Why she had to go crying to Trowbridge is quite a mystery; he is the dupe in this whole affair and should never have been brought into it. Did she crave a sympathetic ear? She should have gone to an investment broker and swallowed her losses as best she may. Maybe she did at some later date, who knows?

There may have existed a whole earlier preamble to this Moulton-Alger-Trowbridge activity of which we are unaware. Moulton and Trowbridge were certainly on comfortable enough terms that she could address him with such requests for help and advice as involved her personal portfolio. Her line about a "slight acquaintance" with Alger suggests that they may indeed have never even met personally.

The primary sources for this material can be found in three locations. There are Louise Chandler Moulton letters, not only at Houghton, but also at the American Antiquarian Society and the Library of Congress. All three collections were canvassed for this study, and no other data came to light on any further correspondence of interest to me, relating not only to Horatio Alger but to A. K. Loring, William T. Adams as well as Trowbridge. Nothing. In the Library of Congress there is a smattering of further letters from Trowbridge to Moulton but nothing relating to the subject here enlarged upon.

Researching the Trowbridge collections may prove more fruitful, but I warn you: his handwriting is quite difficult to decipher. There are many sites to dig for Trowbridge material. A cache of letters, for example, is at the Eisenhower Library at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Some day maybe someone will investigate these various holdings and unearth a possible mother lode of information, which would carry us from the speculative to the definitive. If there exist Alger letters to Trowbridge, they have probably been located long ago; it is the Trowbridge correspondence with others that may suggest further lines of inquiry, but those individuals have to be identified largely by informed guesswork. I was lucky in what I unearthed, and maybe others would be lucky, too.

Did Trowbridge and Alger enjoy a friendship, however distant or casual? As early as 1866 Trowbridge accepted Alger's story "How Johnny Bought A Sewing Machine" for *Our Young Folks*. But, of course, this is hardly conclusive. According to the Blake letter cited

above, Alger was also writing to John T. Trowbridge as well as to Moulton.

In the 1970s or 1980s I remember coming across a reference to Alger in his last years. He apparently was listless and tired but was admiring the drive and enthusiasm of Oliver Optic, who was still managing to churn out books as energetically as ever. A short time later, a retraction was printed in which this reference of Alger's had been misquoted: he was not referring to William T. Adams at all but to J.T. Trowbridge. I thought I saw it in *Newsboy*, but I may be mistaken. If any Partic'lar Friend has a longer memory than mine and can help me out I would appreciate it.

As we close, please keep in mind one basic truth: we all need to believe in our heroes. They need us, as much as we need them; never let your faith waver. I embrace mine with a passion.

---

*Coming in Part Three:* Joseph H. Allen, William T. Adams, Student and Schoolmate and The Brewster affair.

## BOOK MART

For trade (1-for-1) only. Four Hurst miniature-format Algers:

### 1. *Bound to Rise*

Cover design: Newsboy stepping out with his left foot and selling newspaper to man in top hat, with trolley and people in background. Condition VG.

### 2. *Do and Dare*

Cover design: Boy entering office and stepping out with his right foot; man at desk; scene viewable through window is of office buildings. Condition: VG-minus. This book has no damage.

### 3. *Facing the World*

Cover design: Man standing outside Beer Hall, pointing to young boy leaning against metal post, gesturing to boy to scam. Condition: VG.

### 4. *Chester Rand*

Cover design: Office scene, same as #2, above. Condition: Poor, because of a vertical 1.25-inch wide section of the cover which has been torn off and pasted back on. Rest of book is in good shape.

*Please send possible trade candidates, with a good cover description, to Rolfe Chase at the following e-mail address: [RolfeKitty@aol.com](mailto:RolfeKitty@aol.com)*



# 2006 convention flashback



**Milt Ehlert and Angelo Sylvester get together in the hospitality suite.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes



**Gaylene and Lee Switzer at the annual banquet.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes

**Ken Broadie joins Jeanette and Bob Routhier for dinner at Sam and Louie's New York Pizzeria.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes

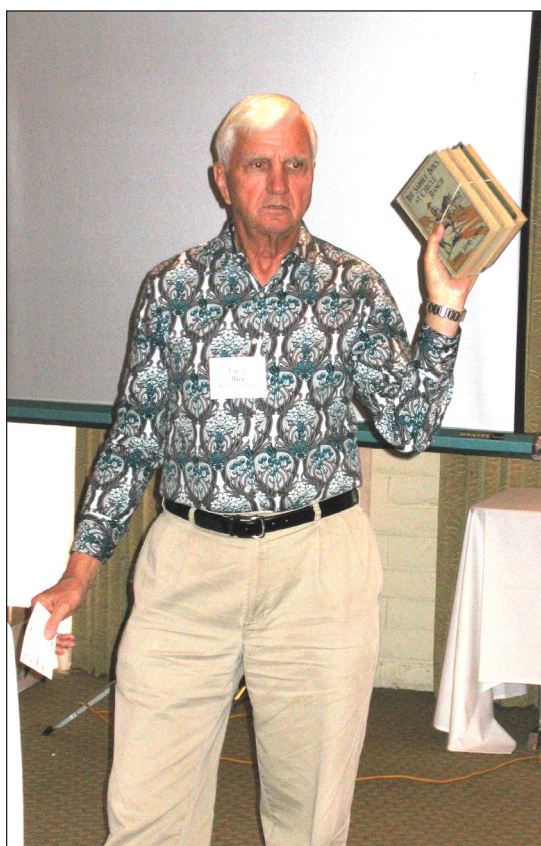






**The Chases, from left — Ann, Kitty, Rolfe and Brad — enjoy Friday's lunch in the atrium lounge of the Omaha Doubletree Guest Suites.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes



**Larry Rice asks for an opening bid on three boys' series books during the annual H.A.S. auction.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes



**Departure day at the Omaha Doubletree Guest Suites (yes, it was raining).**

Photo by Juanita Durkin



# Annual award winners



**Milt Ehlert, co-host of the 2005 Grand Rapids, Mich., convention, receives the *Carl Hartmann Luck & Pluck Award* from Executive Director Rob Kasper.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes



**Gordon Huber receives the *Richard Seddon Award* from last year's recipient, Mary Ann Nyberg.**

Photo by Wendy Sipes



**Linda and Art Smitter hold their *Carl Hartmann Luck & Pluck Award*. Also honored as co-hosts of the 2005 convention but not present were Carol Ehlert, Maybelle and Dave Yarrington, and Chris and Doug DeHaan. Also unable to attend the 2006 convention was *President's Award* winner Bernie Biberdorf.**

Photo by Juanita Durkin



**Bill Gowen is presented the *Newsboy Award* by outgoing Horatio Alger Society President Bob Routhier.**

Photo by Juanita Durkin



# Wyckoff's 'Drumbeat at Trenton'

By Frank W. Quillen (PF-1035)

Capwell Wyckoff is now recognized as a most gifted author of fiction for boys. During the late 1920s and throughout the '30s, he wrote such series as the Mercer Boys and the Mystery Hunters, as well as several non-series novels of mystery and adventure.

Later, under the name of A. Capwell Wyckoff, he turned to writing religious novels for an adult audience. Unknown to most of his readers, he was employed as a Presbyterian missionary, working in the Appalachian Mountains, and later as pastor of a church in the town of Columbia, Kentucky. In 1951 he died of a heart attack. He had not yet reached the age of fifty.

As an admirer of Wyckoff's work, I was unaware that he had written short stories and plays, until in May 2004 I received in the mail a treasure trove of copies of the manuscripts of Wyckoff's brief works. These were sent to me by my friend David M. Baumann. He had received them from Wyckoff's daughter, Virginia "Ginger"

Chapman, with whom we both had been in correspondence.

Some of these stories had been published during the 1940s in such periodicals as *Boys' Life*, *Pioneer for Boys*, and *The Open Road for Boys*. Even more interesting to me, however, were some unpublished manuscripts. Of these, the most ambitious was an exciting and suspenseful story concerning the American Revolution and Washington's crossing of the Delaware.

To the best of my knowledge, that story, "Drumbeat at Trenton," is seen in print here for the first time. Included with the story's manuscript was a regretful letter of rejection by G. S. Ernst, Associate Editor of *The Open Road for Boys*, the periodical to which Wyckoff had submitted it. This letter, dated Sept. 29, 1949, reads in part as follows: "We found your story, 'Drumbeat at Trenton,' quite engrossing, but we are overstocked in stories and so must return it."

Fortunately, we now have the opportunity to savor this story. Enjoy!

## Drumbeat at Trenton

By A. Capwell Wyckoff

The figure in the dusk slid behind a stout tree like a flash, but the sentry had seen him. Up went the musket in the hands of the man on guard, pointed unerringly at the black bole of the protecting tree.

"Come out from behind that tree, whoever ye be. And come with yer hands free of that gun!"

From behind the tree came a sudden laugh, but the skulking figure did not move. "Could that be Tansy Price I'm hearing? If it be, I know letter than to take chance with that firearm. There's none better shot in all the colonies!"

The sentry in front of the Three Daggers Tavern dropped his musket, though he was not entirely off guard. "What man knows my name in these parts? Show yourself, and I'll hold my fire, unless ye trick me!"

The young man behind the tree came out with a bound. He was dressed in the plain homespun of a Pennsylvania farmer lad, and in his cold-reddened hand he carried his gun. A powder horn was slung over his shoulder, and there was a wide belt with a knife in it, girded around his heavy coat. A three-cornered hat, powdered with the light snow, was clamped firmly to his head. He was long-faced, tight-lipped, and had keen, alert eyes.

"Faith, and it's Ellis Raney!" exclaimed the sentry, grasping the newcomer by the hand, and lowering his musket completely. "Where came ye from, lad?"

"From home, yonder way seven miles," Ellis Raney answered, gesturing toward the west, where the last streaks of light lingered briefly. "I'm on my way to join General Sullivan's command. It's good to see you, Tansy Price. I mind me how we fought side by side in the retreat through New Jersey. Affairs at home needed my attention, but; now that they are settled, it's back to the army I've come. Where is Sullivan?"

"Four miles ahead, lad. And Washington's not far off, and there is action a-brewing. I'm here with a patrol, scouting the country for spies. The others hug the fire inside, whilst I freeze out here, on the watch, but relief comes often, Captain Haskins promised me."

"The winter has been bitter," Ellis nodded, rubbing his hands briskly. "How goes the war, Tansy? We had rumors at home that things be dark, indeed."

"Aye, lad. The picture is a black one. We have it that Lord Cornwallis is so sure the war is over that he has shipped his luggage aboard a vessel to return home. Our army freezes and starves, while the British and the dirty Hessians loll in comfort in New York and Trenton, entertained by the Tories. Grant, who is in command of Cornwallis's division, flaunts it about that he can march anywhere in the Jerseys with a corporal's guard. The end may not be far off, Ellis."

Ellis drew his greatcoat tighter around his throat and

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## Drumbeat at Trenton

*(Continued from Page 15)*

prepared to be off. "The last shot has not been fired yet, Tansy. I'll go by the turnpike and rejoin my regiment."

He motioned toward the tavern being swallowed up in the swift darkness. "It's little you'll find in the Three Daggers, I'm thinking. Jason Trow is a Tory, but he looks to his own welfare and meddles not with things which don't concern him. I suspect the place is empty except for him and his family."

"And a Bucks County schoolmaster who teaches close by," Tansy amended.

Ellis looked at him keenly. "There is no school close by, Tansy Price. The unsettled times would not permit it. And I know of no schoolmaster. It would be best for your captain: and men to keep their mouths tight closed."

"We're safe enough, lad," Tansy returned, lightly, blowing on his hands. "The innkeeper set his deaf and dumb daughter to wait on us at the table, so there's no harm done."

He bent closer to Ellis and sank his voice to a whisper. "The word is that we're going to strike Trenton, where General Ball and his Hessians lay. We'll yet fight side by side and strike another blow for Liberty, Ellis."

But Ellis appeared not to be listening to the last part of Price's information. "What say you about Trow's deaf and dumb daughter, Tansy? Jason Trow has no girl who is afflicted!"

In the darkness Ellis could just the New York rifleman grow tense. "But lad, we all saw him speak to her by signs, for she could not mar. And when one of our men spoke to her, she shook her head!"

Ellis came to a swift decision. "Tansy, arrest me and take me before your captain. Tell him I came by whilst you were on watch, and you want me questioned. That's what you should have done, if it wasn't that we had fought together in Washington's army."

"Sure, lad. And you say that the girl's not deaf and dumb?"

"No, Tansy. This family I know well. If the innkeeper takes my part, 'twill be plain he wants to be rid of me, for we've not been overly friendly. I'm in your hands, friend Tansy. Here, take my gun, so you may look the part of my captor."

"Glad I'll be for any excuse to get in to a warm fire." the New York frontiersman acknowledged, and they marched into the graystone inn, with Ellis a step in the lead.

As they swung open the heavy door, pleasant light and warmth swept around both American soldiers. It was a big square room, with a huge fireplace at one end, in which there was a blazing fire. Behind a counter directly ahead of Ellis stood Jason Trow, a sullen-looking, thick-set individual. Seated at a long table in front of the fire were five Continental soldiers, one of whom was a captain in a faded blue uniform. Empty plates and mugs showed that they had been eating and drinking. At sight of Price and Ellis, they all sprang to their feet.

Ellis's eyes took in every detail, and Jason Trow's evident

surprise and consternation was not lost upon him. Nor was Jason's quick motion to Janie Trow, who was coming in from the inn kitchen with a tray of ale for the soldiers.

Imperiously, her father signalled her to withdraw and she silently backed out of the room.

"Well, Tansy Price, what have we here?" Captain Haskins demanded. One of the soldiers reached out to take Ellis's weapon out of Tansy's hand on motion from the New Yorker.

"A lad that had better be questioned, Captain Haskins. Be passed by as I was on guard, and I like not the way he jumped behind a tree and tried to escape without being seen."

Captain Haskins fastened piercing eyes on Ellis. "What do you say for yourself, lad?"

"Only that I be Ellis Raney, on my way to join Sullivan's command. As to my leaping behind a tree, it seemed the wisest thing to do when I came upon a man with a musket."

Ellis turned toward the innkeeper, who was an interested spectator. "Ask Jason Trow about: me. Well he knows who I am."

The captain swung around toward Trow. "How now, innkeeper, speaks the lad the truth?"

Jason came out from behind the counter. "He does indeed, captain. It is Ellis Raney, from the Middle River valley." He favored Ellis with a fawning smile. "He's a good lad, and loyal to the colonies."

Captain Haskins appeared satisfied. "You are a free lad. We meant you no harm but is necessary to examine everyone."

Tansy spoke up. "Captain, by your leave. Ask the young man to sit at the table a moment with us. He has news we may need to know. And like myself, he has need of something hot, after stirring around in the cold air!"

"Very well, come sit with us, Raney." The captain turned briskly to the innkeeper. "Send in your girl to wait on us, the one we had before. Timkins, take your post outside until I send you a relief."

Timkins downed his remaining ale and went outside to mount guard. The others seated themselves at the heavy table and Jason went toward the kitchen door. The continentals bent their heads close together.

"Talk fast, Ellis," Tansy urged.

"Tansy Price and I have soldiered together, captain; he knew me well he brought me in here," Ellis began. "Something's amiss here this night, because Jason Trow has no girl who is deaf and dumb! Heard she any of your talk?"

"None of any consequence," the captain replied. "Once when Washington was mentioned, I mind me that she turned back, as though to fix something on the table."

He made a gesture as though to arise, but Ellis's hand shot out and restrained him.

"Wait, Captain. See if he sends us the girl. He dares not, because I would call her by name. He would very willingly be rid of me, I know. What of this schoolmaster staying here?"

"The man is in his room, upstairs. We saw very little of him, but he was here in the taproom when we first came in. To my

questions about the man, Jason Trow told me that he teaches hereabouts."

"I have heard nothing of any such man in the time I have been home," Ellis contended. He glanced toward the kitchen door. "The girl comes, but not the one who waited upon you before."

The captain's glittering eyes commanded his men. "Be ready to jump when I give the word. "It is my opinion we had better look that schoolmaster over, and search his room."

Captain Haskins leaned back in his chair and the men stopped talking. A tall, thin girl came to the table, carrying a tray with steaming mugs on it. As she put the first cup down, Haskins glanced at her in surprise.

"How; now, this is not the lass who waited on us before!" he exclaimed. He made a commanding gesture toward the innkeeper. "We want the afflicted girl!" he declared, loudly. "Where is she, innkeeper?"

Jason came from behind the counter, rubbing his hand nervously. "My good wife tells me she has fallen ill with a headache, and has gone to her roan on the top floor," he explained. "This lass can serve you as well as the younger one."

Ellis stood up, pushing his chair back. "Jason Trow, when had you a girl deaf and dumb? And shy would you pretend her to be afflicted, unless there's some mischief afoot? Captain, this all bears looking into!"

Haskins and the other men leaped to their feet. "Fetch me candles, innkeeper! I would look in on your schoolmaster and ask him a few questions. You, lass, go get that sister with the headache and bring her before us. We'll get to the bottom of all this without delay."

Jason Trow darted a bitter look at Ellis as he went to the kitchen for candles. The tall girl was shaking as she took a taper from the counter and started up the stairs at the end of the taproom. Ellis added a word of warning.

"The back door had best be watched, Captain. There are stairs that lead up from the kitchen. And that lass may go by the schoolmaster's room and give him the signal to fly!"

Tansy grasped his musket and broke into a sprint. The back of this inn shall be my poaching ground," he said, and vanished into the kitchen. "Where is that husband of yours?" they heard Tansy ask.

"He has gone to the storage room to fetch candles," Jason Trow's wife replied.

Captain Haskins picked up the candle on their table. "We dare not wait for the slow inn keeper," he declared. "Come with me, Raney. Berry, Moss and Owens, search the downstairs. We know not what may be in this den of snakes!"

There was one other candle in the room and Ellis snatched it from a wall socket and followed the captain up the broad stairs, while the continentals scattered to search the downstairs rooms. The atmosphere became colder as Ellis and Haskins mounted the

steps, and the upper hall was as cold as a cave. They could see their breath where it steamed out above the candle flames.

The rooms on the second floor were empty and there was no light anywhere.

"Gone," began the captain, when a shot from the rear of the inn broke the silence. With one accord Haskins and Ellis ran to the window and threw it open. The sound of horses' hoots on the hard ground reached them.

"What goes on down there?" the captain shouted.

Timkins came into a patch of faint light from the back kitchen window. "Someone took to horse, captain. I fired toward the barn."

The captain whirled away from the window. "That will be the teacher, taking to his heels," he cried. "Let's get hold of Jason Trow and see what the rascal can tell us."

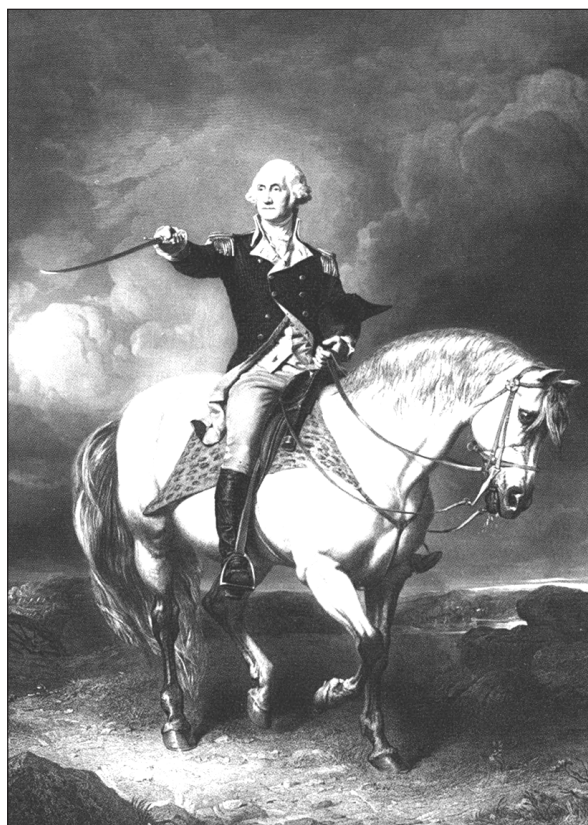
They ran down to the big, dimly lit kitchen, where they found Tansy arguing with a thin-

faced woman who was not a bit over-awed by the rifleman. "I told you no lie," she was saying. "My husband went into the storage room., where the candles are kept."

"Yes, madam, and right out a little secret door, made for just such purpose!" Tansy stormed. "Look, captain, where the bird escaped the trap."

There was a square room opening off one side of the kitchen, a room lined with shelves am furnished with odds and ends. A candle, left there by the innkeeper, burned on top of a great barrel. Under a shelf a smaller barrel had been pulled away from the wall, revealing a narrow door, opened to the chill night air.

"So perhaps it was my host who just rode away in a great hurry!" the captain exclaimed.



**General George Washington receives a salute from his troops on the Trenton battlefield.**

*(Continued on Page 18)*



## Drumbeat at Trenton

*(Continued from Page 17)*

Timkins joined them in the storage room, his hat and shoulders sprinkled with snow. "Two there were rode oft, captain. We should have investigated the stable in the first place."

Haskins turned to his men. "Search the tavern well, but do no damage to anything." When his soldiers had scattered, the captain turned to Ellis. "It would be best that we leave here as soon as possible," he said. "No telling when our scurvy innkeeper will return, with a brace of Tory lads at his back. Can you guide us to a place where we can sleep without freezing? My men need rest."

"The country is well known to me," Ellis nodded. "You shall find good shelter this night. Captain, I would look over that schoolmaster's room, in the hope of finding something of value."

But although they searched the old tavern thoroughly, nothing at any value was found. On the top floor Janie whipped them with her tongue, while her older sister stood silently by.

"You be no gentlemen, to search a lady's room," she cried. "His Majesty's soldiers would do no such thing, but of course I can expect naught else from upstarts who ape their betters!"

The captain shook his head and grinned at Ellis. "To think that I pitied the lass, whom I thought she was deaf and dumb!" he said. "'Tis as sharp a tongue as ever anyone possessed!"

The patrol left the Three Daggers, and Ellis led them a mile away to a large farmhouse whose owner he knew well and whose loyalty to the patriot cause was unquestioned. The house was dark and it took some knocking to arouse the farmer, but after he and Ellis had exchanged remarks, the man dressed and admitted them to a large room on the lower floor.

"No beds do I have for all of you," Farmer Emery said. "But we'll bring in hay from the bam and you'll sleep well enough. Have some of your men bring in wood, captain, and a fire will soon warm the room."

When the men were warm and bedded down for the night, Ellis told Farmer Emery of their experience at the Three Daggers. The old man shook his head.

"Ah, we've long expected that spies got their information there," he said. There is many a stranger about the place, and Jason Trow is a strong Tory, encouraged by red-coat gold. Far the good of our cause, he needs to be captured. 'Tis my hope he knows nothing of what is happening by the river."

"What is it, farmer?" Haskins demanded.

"I know not, except that General Washington is gathering a large force at McConkey's Ferry, perhaps to attack Trenton. 'Twill be a bold move, for there are fifteen hundred Hessians and some British light horse stationed there. Other than that I know nothing. I must need to get back to my bed. In the morning we will have hot food for you by daybreak"

The patrol managed to sleep without interruption, and before daybreak Mrs. Emery and her four girls had served them a heartening meal. They had all forgotten what day it was, until Mother Emery gave a home-made rag doll to the smallest child.

"'Tis Christmas, and a child should have some trinket," she said.

"Christmas!" Captain Haskins exclaimed. "A good or an ill day for the colonies. In Trenton the Germans will be drinking and feasting and gaming splendor and comfort."

"It is very likely that Washington feels this is the very day to strike them," Ellis observed.

With warm thanks for the kindness shown them by the farm family, the patrol left and set out to rejoin the army. Pushing rapidly across the country, they finally came upon the outposts and were directed to the regiments they sought. Captain Haskins and Ellis had a final word.

"It's sorry I am that the Tory slipped us, lad. Maybe we'll yet run across him."

"Perhaps it was my fault, captain. I should have told you to seize the man and look around later. But milk that's spilt can't be picked up readily."

Even before he learned anything, Ellis could see that big preparations were underway. What little baggage the continentals had was being packed, and cannons were being dragged to the riverbank. The day was stormy and bitter cold, and the Delaware filled with floating ice. The Jersey shore looked forlorn and deserted.

Ellis found Sullivan's command and his own regiment. His former mates in arms were glad to see him. He found Grant Morgan, who had fought with him throughout the Highlands campaign, warming himself over a small fire at one end of a barn. Grant's uniform was worn and faded, and he had a white cloth tied around his head, held in place by his hat. The entire army was ragged, and blood from broken feet and miserable shoes was to be easily traced on the snow.

"Glad I am to see you still with the army, Grant," Ellis said. Morgan, who had come out of New England, was always threatening to leave when his period of service was over. Grant shook his head and held his hands over the fire.

"My enlistment runs out on the first of the year, friend Ellis," he said. "And then it's back to my farm in Massachusetts I'll be going. Only a madman can believe that our arms will be victorious." He lowered his voice. "Take this thing Washington plans for tonight. Saw you the Marblehead boatmen coming into camp?"

"Aye, and they are the same stout lads that ferried us out of Brooklyn, on the retreat from Long Island," Ellis nodded. "So we strike across the Delaware!"

"True, and 'tis a hare-brained scheme. The river is full of floating ice. Talk's flying cheap; but 'tis said that Washington and Sullivan will cross here and march nine miles down river to attack. General Ewing, with the Pennsylvania militia, is to cross below Trenton and cut off escape from the south, securing the bridge across the Assanpink. Gates and Cadwallader are to cross and fall upon Count Donop at Bordertown. Oh, it's a grand plan, if the Hessians and British don't hear of it and if we even live to cross that swirling river!"

"It would put new hope into the heart of the colonies," Ellis

exclaimed, his eyes kindling with excitement. "When do we fall upon Trenton?"

"At midnight. The German hirelings will be drunk an off guard. When is your enlistment over, friend Ellis?"

"When the war is over, Grant. When freedom comes, and a new and strong nation is born on these shores."

A sergeant came running into the barn. "Men wanted to move the cannons to the river!" he shouted. "Stout lads, on the double quick!"

Ellis spent the rest of the day working toward the coming night attack. As nightfall approached, the weather became worse. Snow and sleet joined the bitter cold to harry the little army, and the river showed its teeth in the form of jagged floes of ice. The whole operation was late, and it was evident that midnight would come and pass before the troops were marshalled on the Jersey shore.

Tansy Price came with a message from Washington to General Sullivan, and he paused to pass on the intelligence to Ellis, where the young militiaman stood by the river bank, awaiting his turn to embark. "A messenger just came from Gates' division," he said.

"He disobeyed orders, went off to Baltimore to see the Congress and try to replace Washington, leaving his command to Cadwallader. And now, Cadwallader is afraid he can't cross the river because of the ice. And now Washington's going ahead, stout heart that he is."

A barge shot in to the bank, skillfully handled by the Marblehead boatmen. Cold, shivering Continental soldiers stepped down onto the vessel, treading carefully so as not to slip in the slush. Ellis took his place with them.

"See you in Trenton!" he whispered, and Tansy grinned and loped back to McConkey's Ferry.

It was a rough trip across the dangerous river, and the boatman fought off the ice cakes which threatened to crush the barge. Men were holding their hands under knee joints to warm them, and faces were averted from the sleet. Few words were spoken.

On the Jersey shore they lanced and were greeted by the news that two soldiers had frozen to death. As the army poured across, Sullivan began to organize his force.

The first hint of a gray dawn was on the face of the sky when the lines were formed for the march on Trenton. Washington led his long column to the upper Pennington road, and Sullivan started his along the riverbank. They would reach the Jersey village about the same time.

The anxiety now was that broad daylight would overtake them before they reached the town. The men swung along rapidly to keep up their blood circulation. Sleet dampened their guns, and Sullivan sent a messenger to tell General Washington that his weapons were almost useless. He received the reply, "Use your bayonets."

The miles fell behind the silent, ghostly army, and they knew that the village where the dreaded Hessians were quartered was close at hand. Daylight came on relentlessly.

"Never was I so cold in my life," Grant complained.

"You'll soon have action aplenty," Ellis comforted him. "Look, there's the lower town!"

"And a sentry see us!" Grant exclaimed, as something like a shock



**General Washington assembles his men and artillery after his famous crossing of the Delaware River on the eve of the Battle of Trenton.**

went through Sullivan's command.

At first, the sentry was speechless, as though he had been dreaming. Then he found his voice. "Heraus! Heraus! Der feind! Der feind!" ("Turn out! Turn out! The enemy! The enemy!") A sharp musket blast dropped him, just as a group of sentries rushed out at a low stone house.

"Advance and fire!" General Sullivan commanded, and the rattle of the guns which could still be used was heard by Washington's division on the upper road.

All over the village the Hessian drums beat to arms, blood-quicken sound on the frozen air. Five hundred British light horse fled south and escaped. Washington's forces merged with Sullivan's, and Forest's battery of six cannon opened fire in dull thunder. The Hessian General Rall rallied his men in an orchard east of town, but by a

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## Drumbeat at Trenton

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quick flanking movement General Hand threw a cordon of riflemen to the rear of the Germans. Ball, mounted on his horse, led a charge, and a moment later fell mortally wounded.

Ellis found himself next to Tansy Price, down on one knee and firing into the ranks of the advancing Hessians. It was almost unbelievable when he saw the hired soldiers of His Majesty begin to throw down their arms and call for surrender. After months of retreat, this was a thrilling moment.

A single Hessian officer on the edge of the orchard detached himself and fled toward a lone farmhouse. Ellis grasped Tansy by the arm.

"Tansy, bring him down, good shot that you are!"

Tansy shook his head. "My gun is too wet," he cried. "We must run him down, lad!"

The two Continentals broke into a dead run after the fleeing officer. The Hessian reached the farmhouse a good way ahead of them but he seemed to have trouble getting in. Someone



**Washington leads the Continental Army against the Hessian encampment during the Battle of Trenton, on December 26, 1776.**

was holding the door, seeking to bar him out. The officer gave a great leap against it and broke through.

Tansy and Ellis were right: on his heels, dashing through the half-open door. In the hall a strange sight met their eyes. The Hessian captain had Jason Trow on the floor, hands about his throat in an effort to choke him. Ellis dragged him off, while Tansy let out a lusty shout.

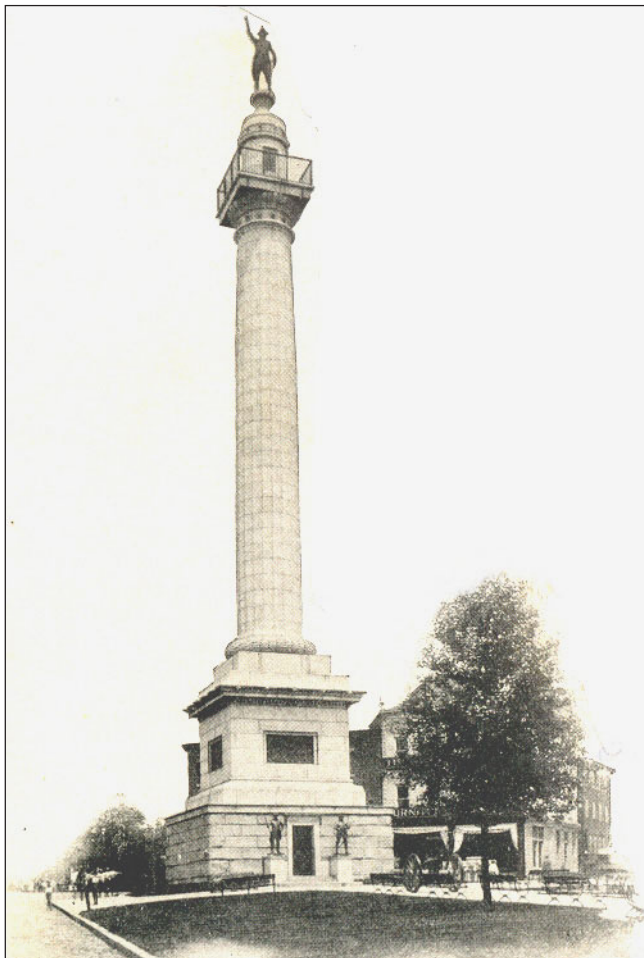
"Faith, and 'tis the schoolmaster of the Three Dragons! And our innkeeper liked it not when his Hessian crony wanted shelter in his hideout, especially when he saw us hot on his heels. Up, my lads, and we'll hustle you under guard!"

Much as Washington would have enjoyed staying in Trenton, he knew it was unsafe. The British in the posts along the Delaware would now be roused in earnest. The battle had been a glorious victory. Close to one thousand prisoners, twelve hundred guns, six cannon, stores of great value, and the flags or the defeated Hessians made a rich prize.

The same storm was raging as they ferried back across the river that evening. Upon returning to their old camp, they learned that General Stirling and half of his men had been disabled by the formidable weather.

Ellis; seated in the barge crossing the Delaware, felt a great happiness. The dreaded Hessians had been encountered and beaten, and a warm fire of encouragement would creep throughout the disheartened colonies, nerving men to fight on.

"Just as you said, friend Ellis, my enlistment is going to be until the last redcoat is driven from our shores, and a new, strong nation is born. After what we did this good day, there can be nothing less than victory!"



**The Trenton Battle Monument.**

*Historic illustrations were chosen by the editor to enhance the enjoyment of Wyckoff's story. The engravings of Washington and Trenton battle scenes came from Web sites. The photograph of the Trenton Monument is from *The Real America in Romance, Vol. IX; Stars & Stripes, The Age of Independence*. Edwin Markham, editor; William Wise and Co., 1912.*