

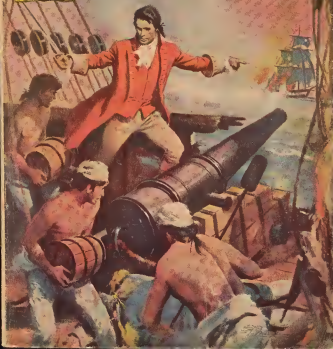
CLASSICS
Illustrated

Featuring Stories by the
World's Greatest Authors

**THE MAN
WITHOUT
A COUNTRY**

Edward Everett Hale

No. 63 15¢



Build Your Own Library

Collect and preserve
your copies of



CLASSICS *Illustrated*

in an attractive,
permanent binder.

Handsome, durable, made to last a lifetime of handling. Each binder holds 12 books securely. Each is covered in beautiful, brown simulated leather and is richly imprinted in gold on both cover and backbone. Simple instructions make binding possible in a matter of minutes.

Get yours NOW. \$1.00 each postpaid. (\$1.50 in Canada) Fill out the coupon below or a facsimile and mail NOW! TODAY!

GILBERTON COMPANY, INC.
Dept. S, 101 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Herewith is \$_____ Please send _____ binders, postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____
(Please print)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED . . . Number G2 . . . F-114844 issued by GILBERTON COMPANY, INC., 101 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. Copyright August 1965 by GILBERTON COMPANY, INC. in the United States and all foreign countries. Reproduction of any material in any manner whatsoever is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



I noticed it in an obscure corner of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863—the announcement that Philip Nolan had died on board the U.S. corvette *Levant*. Now there is no need for secrecy any longer, and it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be a man without a country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the Legion of the West, as the western division of our army was then called. He was in New Orleans, at Fort Adams, when Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition there in 1805.

Who is that young fellow over there?

His name is Philip Nolan



Burr talked to Nolan, took him on a voyage for a day or two in his flat-bottom boat, and, in short, fascinated him.



For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan.

Come on, Nolan, how about some high-low-Jack?

No, thanks. I have a letter to write.



The poor boy wrote and rewrote.

Is he still writing that letter to Burr?

Yes. I don't know why he bothers. Burr never answers.



But one day Burr came down the river again.

I wonder what he is up to. There are rumors that he is building an army.

I heard he wants to set up a nation separate from the United States.



It was a great day for poor Nolan, for Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him.

Mr Nolan, would you be good enough to take me out in your skiff tonight? I have heard of your cotton-wood trees and would like to see some.



By the time the soil was over, Nolan was enlisted, body and soul.

I know I can count on you.

Yes, Mr Burr. I would follow you anywhere, sir.



From that time, though he did not yet know it, Nolan lived as a man without a country.



What Burr meant to do, I know no more than you. But when the grand catastrophe came and Burr was tried for treason, some of the lesser fry in the distant Mississippi valley got up a string of court-martials on the officers there



Nolan was brought before the court and its president, Colonel Morgan.



You are charged with treason against the United States. (ai) have you not been fed by the United States for all the years you have been in the army?

Yes, sir



And has the United States not given you the uniform you wear and the sword by your side?

Yes, sir.



And have you not sworn on your faith to be true to it?

Yes, sir.



The trial dragged on. Finally...

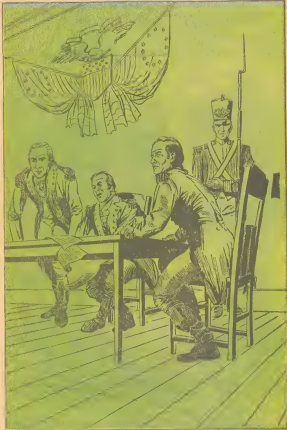
Have you anything you wish to say to show that you have always been faithful to the United States?



Wash tried out in a fit of frenzy.

Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!





Old Colonel Morgan was terribly shocked, for he and half of the officers on the court had served through the Revolution and had risked their lives for the very idea Nolan carried in his madness

The court will recess in my private room.



Colonel Morgan returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet

Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you shall never hear the name of the United States again



Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. The whole room was hushed dead as night.

Mr Marshal, take the prisoner to New Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there

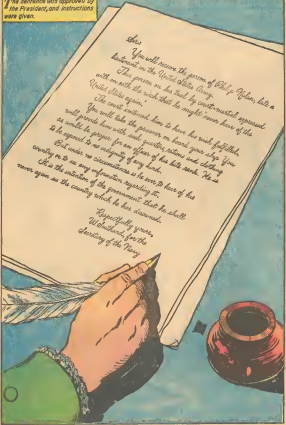


The prisoner was taken out of court

Mr Marshal, see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner, now or aboard ship. You will receive your written orders this evening



The sentence was approved by the President, and instructions were given.



them

You will receive the person of Philip Nolan, late a
 lieutenant in the United States Army.
 This person on his trial by court-martial expressed
 with me with the wish that he might never hear of the
 United States again.

The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.
 You will take the prisoner on board your ship. You
 will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing
 as would be proper for an officer of his rank. He is
 to be exposed to no indignity of any kind.
 But under no circumstances is he ever to leave of his
 country or to see any information regarding it.

It is the intention of the government that he shall
 never again see the country which he has deserted.

Respectfully yours,
 W. D. Washburn, for the
 Secretary of the Navy

Nelson was put on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise.

If we have him at mess with us, we will not be able to talk of home or of politics.

We shall have to take turns inviting him to dinner. The rest of his meals he can eat alone.



What about his mixing with the men?

We can't permit it unless an officer is with him, and the men are forbidden to speak of home.



I believe the sight of him will do the men good. They will see what it is to be without a country.



Nelson chose to wear a regulation army uniform, but he was not permitted to wear the army buttons.

Why does he wear plain buttons?

Army buttons have the initials and insignia of the country on them.



Sometimes the vessel lay in port for months

May Nolan go ashore, sir?

No. It is safer to keep her here.



His time hangs heavy. May we lend him books?

Yes, if they are not published in America, and make no allusion to it.



Nolan got almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship

Will you go over these papers before I give them to Nolan?

All right.



Here's an advertisement for a pocket from New York, I almost overlooked it.

And it's right on the back of the story of Napoleon's last battle. Poor Nolan.



One day, on his first voyage, Nolan joined a circle of men who were reading aloud

Here is a new book, Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.



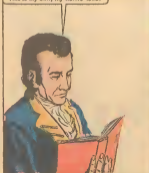
In his turn, Nolan took the book and read to the others

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said--



Nolan went on, unconsciously or mechanically:

"This is my own, my native land!"



He turned a little pale, but plunged on.

Whose heart hath never within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well--



By this time, the men were beside themselves. Nolan colored crimson and staggered on

For him no mistral raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self--



Here the poor fellow choked, started up and swung the book into the sea



He vanished into his stateroom and did not appear for two months. When he did...

Do you see anything different about Nolan?

He has lost the high tone he used to affect. He seems almost shy



At first he seemed to consider his imprisonment a force. Now he has the look of a heart-wounded man



When the ship was coming home, it made one of the Windward Islands and lay on and off for nearly a week.



The officers mean to have turtle soup before they come home.

But after several days, the Warren came to the same rendezvous.



She's outward bound-- probably to the Mediterranean.

One of the officers of his ship approached Nolan.



You are to get your things together. You are to join the Warren.

Nolan looked very bleak, for he had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that at that moment he was going "home."



Is there no going home for me-- not even to a prison?

So they took poor Nolan to try his second cruise. This was the first of some twenty such transfers, which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.



It may have been on that second cruise that Mrs. Graft, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. The Warren had been living a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet.

I think we should give a ball on board the ship.



It will be pretty crowded.

We will use some of the staterooms as well as the deck.



What about Nolan? We can't very well use his stateroom unless we ask him to the ball.

We had better ask the captain.



They went to the captain of the Warren.

You may ask him if you will be responsible that he does not talk with people who might give him information about America.



So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known. For ladies, they had one or two travelers and a nice bevy of English girls and maidens.



Different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, to be sure that nobody else spoke to him.



As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to splendid Mrs. Graff, whom he had known in Philadelphia.

I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?



I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr Nolan, but I will dance all the same.



This is a goddess! Now is my chance to find out something about the United States!

...



He began with her travels and Europe and Venus and the French. And then...

And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?



Hallel! Mr. Nolan! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!



And she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was.



The war came along soon after The ship *Ulysses* was then on was engaged in one of the great frigate duels with the English in which the navy was really baptized



It happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew.



As the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Holon with the rammer in his hand.



Just as if he had been the officer, he told them off with authority, but with that way which makes men feel sure all is right.

You, there, go to the cockpit with the wounded men. You three stay here with me.



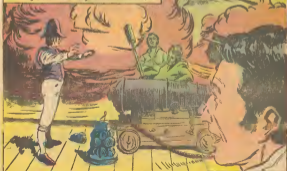
He finished loading the gun with his own hands and aimed it.



And there he stayed, keeping those fellows in spirits while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time.



He showed them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the row hands laugh at their own blunders.



When the gun cooled, he got it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship.

That's it, my lads



The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Holst touched his hat.

I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir



I see you are, and I thank you, sir. I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.

After the whole thing was over, the captain accepted the Englishman's sword on the quarterdeck. Then...

Where is Mr Nolan? Ask Mr Nolan to come here.



When Nolan came...

Mr Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today. You are one of us today, you will be named in the dispatches.



Then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan.

Put it on.



Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might.

I have not worn a sword since that infernal day of my court-martial.



The captain wrote a letter to the Secretary of War asking that Nelson be pardoned, but nothing ever came of it.

It seems as if they are ignoring the whole transaction in Washington.

Nelson's imprisonment carries itself on because there is nobody to stop it.



Time passed

I heard that Nelson was with old Porter when he took Nukuheva Island. He helped them for their battery all night.



He always did know a lot about fortifications and stockades. Remember, he was an artillery officer in the West before the court-martial.



It's a pity Porter did not leave him in command there. That would have settled the question about his punishment.



So the years went by, and Hobbs settled into a methodical life

How do you manage to keep busy, Mr. Noton?

I read just five hours a day. It does not do for anyone to read all the time, any more than to do anything else all the time.



Then I keep up my notebooks and scrapbooks on different subjects. That takes two hours. My reading and my notes are my profession.



Then, every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. Natural history is my diversion. The men help me by bringing me birds and fish, and sometimes centipedes and cockroaches.



Yes, I have heard that you are presently studying the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito.

I am trying to find out how they are able to evade us when we strike at them.



The rest of the time he talked or walked he always went aloft a great deal.



He taught the men to carve scraps of bone and wood

I'll give this sorry little girl when I get her... uh, when I see her again.



He was never ill, but if any other man was, he was the kindest nurse in the world.

Mr. Nolan, you know more than half the surgeons do.



Then, if anybody was sick or died, he was always ready to read prayers.

Nolan reads beautifully



My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed midshipman.

I wonder who the man in the blue coat is-- probably some sort of lay chaplain



We had him to dine in our mess once a week

Remember, nothing is to be said about him while Mr Nolan is here



I first came to understand about the man without a country one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board

We are sending an officer over to take charge of her.



After a few minutes, the man in the boat were sent back with a message. The captain came up to us

Can anyone here speak Portuguese?



*But none of the officers did.
Then Nolan stepped out.*

I shall be glad to interpret, if you wish. I understand that language.

Thank you, Mr Nolan.



The captain fitted out another boat for him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.



When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see

I've had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off to make them understand they are free, and I've put the chains on the rascals of the schooner's crew.

I've had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off to make them understand they are free, and I've put the chains on the rascals of the schooner's crew.



The Negroes swarmed all around the dirty deck. They addressed our officer in every dialect imaginable.



For God's love, is there anybody who can make these people understand something? I can't quiet them down.



Nolan stepped forward.

I can speak Portuguese.

These fellows have worked for the Portuguese and know a little of the language.



Tell them they are free and tell them that these rascals who enslaved them are to be hanged as soon as we get enough rope.



Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the men could understand, and they told their fellows. Then there was a yell of delight and leaping and dancing.



Now tell them I will take them to Cape Palmas



Not translated, but this did not answer so well. The slaves looked disappointed and began to speak.

What do they say?



The drops stood on poor Holzer's white forehead.

This man says, "Not Palmas." He says, "Take us home; take us to our own country; take us to our own haas; take us to our own children and our own women."



He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and this one that he has not heard a word from his home in six months.



I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved, nevertheless felt the fervent heat



Even the Negroes stopped speaking as they saw Nolan's agony, and the officer's almost equal agony of sympathy.

Tell them yes, yes, yes Tell them they shall go home!



After some fashion, Nolan said so. And then they all fell to blessing him.



But he could not stand it long

May I go back to the ship now, sir?

Yes, Nolan, go ahead



He beckoned me down into our boat and we lay back in the stern-sheets.

Youngster, let me show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country



If you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant to His own heaven.



Stick by your family, boy. Think of your home. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it. Rush back to it when you are free, as these poor slaves are doing now.



He pointed to the ship.

And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells



No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never let a night pass without praying to God to bless that flag.



Remember, boy, that behind officers and government and people, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy!



He was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion.

By all that is holy, I have never thought of doing anything else.



He hardly seemed to hear me.

Oh, if anybody had spoken up to me when I was your age!



We reached the ship, and afterward we became great friends. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, lent me books and helped me with my reading.



When we parted, I was more sorry than I can tell. I met him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged.



If he once committed a crime against the United States, he has long since atoned for it. His repentance is clear.

I'm sorry, sir, but we have no record of such a person.



Do you say that because he is a source of embarrassment to you now? Is it that you don't know what to do about him?

No, sir. There is no such man as Philip Nolan and there has never been such a man.



Nelson continued on one crisis after another. He never intentionally added to the difficulty of those who had him in hand. Occasionally, accidents did happen. One occurred just after Texas was annexed.

Should we get hold of Nelson's set of maps and take out of the map of the world and the map of Mexico?



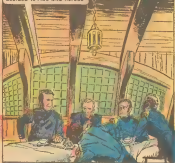
No, for if we do that, it will reveal what has happened.

Or he may think old Burr has succeeded, and Texas is an independent empire.



One night he was with us at dinner. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers had been on shore.

We had a fine time until we decided to ride wild horses.



That reminds me of an adventure I had when I was catching wild horses in Texas when I was still a boy.



He told the story with a good deal of spirit, so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant. It was broken by Nolan himself.

Pray, what has become of Texas? I thought it would come forward very fast. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for nearly twenty years.



Of course Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers. Two Texan officers looked grimly at each other.



Another officer had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. A fourth man was seized with a convulsion of sneezing.



And I, as master of the feast, had to reply

Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan



After that cruise, I never saw Nolan again. He kept on with his endless voyaging in one ship after another, for more than fifty years.

I see our passenger is the man without a country.

Yes, he should have been pardoned long before this.



The government failed to renew the order of 1802, and I believe every man who has had him in charge ever since has been tempted to let him go.

What would happen if someone did?



He might be called to account by the Navy Department for violating the order of 1802. Then, too, it would be possible for Nolan to bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who has had him in charge.



But what does the Secretary say? I am sure he has been pressed to release Nolan.

He says he has no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. In other words, if we succeed, we will be sustained; if we fail, we will be disavowed.



Some time after reading Nolan's death notice, I received a letter from a friend of mine, Danforth, who was with Nolan during his last hours

Dear Fred,
I try to find heart and
life to tell you that it is all over
with Nolan. I have been with
him on the voyage more than I
ever was and I can understand
wholly now the way in which
you used to speak of the dear
old fellow.

The doctor had been watching him carefully and yesterday morning came to see



Well, I went in his stateroom, and there the old fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly, but looking very frail.

I glanced around. The stars and stripes were above and around a picture of Washington, and Nolan had painted a majestic eagle with his foot clasping the whole globe.



Then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where he had a great map of the United States drawn from memory



Oh, Danforth, I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? There is not in this ship, there is not in America, a more loyal man than I.



There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now. I thank God for that, though I do not know what the stars are. Tell me something, tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!



I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before

Mr. Nolan, I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?



"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! He pointed to the stars on the flag.

"Tell me their names. The last I know is Ohio. I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi. But what are the others?"



"I told him the names in as good order as I could.

"Please take down my map and draw them in for me."



"I did the best I could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas.

"I am so glad. My cousin died there. See, I have marked a gold cross near where I supposed his grave was"



"Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon.

"I suspected it, because I have never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much."



"Then he settled down more quietly and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat.



"I told him about old Scott and Jackson, told him all I could think of about the Mississippi and New Orleans and Texas and his own Kentucky.

Who is in command of the Legion of the West?

A very gallant officer named Grant.



By our last news, he is about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg.

Where is Vicksburg?



"I worked that out on the map.

It is about a hundred miles above old Fort Adams.

It must be at old Vick's plantation at Walnut Hills. Well, that is a change!



I told you, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk. I told him of emigration; of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs; of inventions and books and literature; of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School.



All of a sudden...



Is that General Benjamin Lincoln's son? I met the old general once, when I was quite a boy.

 A close-up of an elderly man with white hair, wearing a blue shirt, looking slightly to the side with a thoughtful expression.

No, Abe is a Kentuckian, like yourself. I cannot tell you of what family he is from. He worked himself up from the ranks.

Good for him! I am glad of that.

 A man in a dark coat is speaking to a man in a blue shirt who is lying in bed. The man in blue is looking up at the speaker.

As I have breaded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.

 A close-up of the elderly man in the blue shirt, looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression.

Then I got to talking about my visit to Washington I told him about the Smithsonian and the Capitol and the statues and many other things



He enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lip.



Then...

Would you please bring me my book of prayer from that table? It will open at the right place.



*So I did. I knelt down and read,
and he repeated with me*



Darforth, I have repeated those prayers night and morning--it's now fifty-five years

 A man in a red suit is kneeling on a small rug in a bedroom. He is holding an open book and looking down at it. Behind him is a bed with a yellow blanket and a white pillow. To the left of the bed is a white dresser with two drawers. The room has light-colored wooden walls.

I will go to sleep now.
Look in my Bible when
I am gone

 A man in a red suit is standing at the foot of a bed. He is looking down at a Bible that is open on the bed. The room is dimly lit, with a warm orange glow from a lamp. The bed has a blue blanket and a white pillow.


*I went away but I had no
thought it was the end.*

 A man in a red suit is standing in a doorway. He is looking back over his shoulder towards a staircase. He is holding a small bag in his left hand. The room is dimly lit, with a warm orange glow from a lamp.


But in an hour...

I have been in to see Nolan. He has breathed his life away with a smile.



"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked this text:

'They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God' for he hath prepared for them a city.'



And on this slip of paper he had written...

Bury me in the sea; it has been my home and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear?

Say on it-- In Memory of
Philip Nolan

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.
He loved his country as no other man has loved
her, but no man deserved less at her hands.

The End

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



"The Man Without a Country" appeared in the December, 1863 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Soon after it was published, its author, Edward Everett Hale, discovered that the story had a life of its own. He began getting mail from people who said they had seen Philip Nolan or known him at some time. Hale was rather surprised, since he knew that Philip Nolan had never existed.

In 1888, Hale wrote: "I have heard that at one bureau of the Navy Department they say that Nolan was pardoned, in fact, and returned home to die. At another bureau, the answer to questions is that though it is true an officer was kept abroad all his life, his name was not Nolan. A lady in Baltimore wrote me, in good faith, that Nolan had two widowed sisters residing in that neighborhood.

"With all these suggestions the reader need not occupy himself. I can only repeat that my Philip Nolan is pure fiction. I remembered, when I was collecting material for my story, that in General Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, is frequent reference to a business partner of his of the name of Nolan, who, in the very beginning of this century, was killed in Texas. Whenever Wilkinson found himself

in rather a deeper bog than usual, he used to justify himself by saying that he could not explain such 'or such a charge because 'the papers referring to it were lost when Mr. Nolan was imprisoned in Texas.'

"Finding this mythical character in the mythical legends of a mythical time, I took the liberty to give him a cousin, rather more mythical, whose adventures should be on the seas. The story passes on ships which had no existence, is vouched for by officers who never lived. Its hero is in two or three places at the same time."

Edward Everett Hale was born on April 3, 1822. He came from a distinguished family. His great-uncle was Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary War hero. Edward Everett, the uncle for whom he was named, was a famous speaker who became governor of Massachusetts, Secretary of State and United States senator.

Young Hale began his school career early — when he was two years old. He entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen.

Eventually, Hale became a minister. In 1856 he accepted a post with the South Congregational Church of Boston, where he preached for over forty years. During this time he wrote and edited many stories for adults and for children. Besides "The Man Without a Country," he also wrote "My Double and How He Outdid Me" and "Ten Times Ten Is One."

In 1903, Hale was elected Chaplain of the United States Senate. He died in Boston on June 10, 1908, at the age of eighty-seven.

BURNING THE PHILADELPHIA

"I have been ordered to take a crew of volunteers to burn the *Philadelphia*. I do not have to tell you that the mission is extremely dangerous. How many of you wish to join me?"

Lieutenant Stephen Decatur looked about him. In answer to his question, every single man aboard his ship stepped forward to volunteer.

For years, merchant ships of all nations had been attacked in the Mediterranean Sea by pirates from the Barbary Coast of North Africa. The pirates were feared as the best hand-to-hand fighters in the world.

Finally, the United States sent a strong fleet of warships to the Mediterranean. As the frigate *Philadelphia* approached the coast of Tripoli, it foundered on uncharted rocks. The pirates took over the vessel and imprisoned its crew.

When Commodore Edward Preble, commander of the United States fleet off Morocco, learned of the *Philadelphia's* fate, he realized that the frigate had to be destroyed. The *Philadelphia* was too badly damaged and too well guarded to be recaptured. Only a surprise mission to burn the ship might succeed. The mission would be very dangerous because it would have to be completed right under the enemies' guns. But if the *Philadelphia* were not destroyed, the pirates would refit her and turn her thirty-eight big guns on the Americans.

Commodore Preble chose Lieutenant Stephen Decatur to lead the mission. Decatur accepted his commission and had no trouble getting a crew. Earlier in the voyage, his ship had captured a Turkish ketch, a small sailing vessel. Since the ketch, renamed the *Intrepid*, was of Turkish construction, it could be easily disguised. Decatur hired a Sicilian pilot, Salvatore Catalano, and set out

in early February of 1804 to burn the *Philadelphia*.

Decatur, Catalano and eight or nine men stayed on deck disguised as Mediterranean seamen. Everyone else hid from sight. The men were crammed below decks with the powder and explosives which would fire the frigate.

On the evening of February 16, 1804, the ketch came in view of the *Philadelphia*. Repair crews were at work on the frigate, fixing the broken timbers. Someone hailed the little ketch.

Catalano answered, "We have lost our anchors. May we make fast to you for the night?"

Permission was granted. Ropes from the two ships were tied together. Then the wind shifted, and the anxious Americans aboard the *Intrepid* found themselves drifting directly in front of the loaded guns of the *Philadelphia*.

Suddenly, one of the pirates spied the half-hidden anchors of the *Intrepid*. He cried the alarm, "Americans!"

But it was too late. Decatur shouted, "Boarders away!" The Americans sprang from their hiding places and scrambled aboard the frigate.

The surprised pirates did not even fight. About twenty were killed, and the rest jumped overboard and swam to safety. Twenty minutes after the attack began the *Philadelphia* was ablaze.

The Americans jumped back into the *Intrepid* and started rowing swiftly. There was still danger of catching fire from the *Philadelphia*. Then too, the frigate's guns were loaded. When the flames reached them, they would explode.

Then the pirates' shore batteries began firing on the fleeing ketch. But the *Intrepid* escaped, hit only once. Not a single American was killed.

A SMALL CASE OF FORGERY

In 1777, an English reverend stood in a cart under a tree. He removed his hat and wig. A cap was pulled over his head and a noose placed around his neck. The hangman struck the horse. The cart lurched away.

The Reverend Doctor William Dodd had been hanged to death in London, England, for forging the signature of the Earl of Chesterfield to a bond for 4,200 pounds.

Dr. Dodd, the son of a clergyman, became a curate in 1751 at the age of twenty-two. By 1763, he was known as a writer, editor, anthologist and gifted preacher. He was appointed chaplain to the King of England, George III, and tutor to the godson and heir of the Earl of Chesterfield.

Dr. Dodd was admired by the fashionable set in his congregation. His sermons brought much applause. But Dr. Dodd was also known for his extravagant taste. He was always in debt.

In 1774, it was discovered by a high government official that Mrs. Dodd had used bribery to have her husband appointed to a wealthy church. In the face of ridicule, Dr. Dodd left England for Switzerland. Here, his former pupil, now the fifth Earl of Chesterfield, befriended him.

When Dr. Dodd returned to London, he was still in debt. He forged the name of his former pupil to a bond for 4,200 pounds. He then took the bond to a banker, who purchased it believing that Dr. Dodd was acting

for Lord Chesterfield.

However, the letter "e" in the word "seven" on the bond had a large blot of ink over it. Thinking this uncommon, the banker concluded that a new bond should be written. He prepared the clean bond and then took it to Lord Chesterfield to be signed. Lord Chesterfield was not shocked to learn that Dr. Dodd had forged his name to a bond. He simply disowned the bond.

The banker and his assistant got a warrant for Dr. Dodd's arrest and went to his house. When questioned by them about the bond, Dr. Dodd explained he needed money to pay his bills. He promptly returned most of the money and promised to repay the rest. He was assured by the banker and Lord Chesterfield that no charges would be brought against him.

However, since there had been a rash of forgeries in London, the Lord Mayor of London decided to prosecute Dr. Dodd. At the trial, Dr. Dodd did not deny the forgery. He claimed that he was being tried after he had returned the money and been assured that he would not be prosecuted if he returned it. The jury found him guilty but recommended mercy.

Unfortunately for Dr. Dodd, two brothers named Perreus had been hung for forgery the previous year. To all appeals for mercy in Dr. Dodd's case, the King replied, "If I pardon Dodd, I shall have murdered the Perreus." As a result, Dr. Dodd was hanged for forgery.

Classics Illustrated Junior

BEST LOVED STORIES FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FAIRY TALES



801 SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
 802 THE UGLY DUCKLING
 803 CINDERELLA
 804 THE RED SHOES
 805 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
 806 THE 3 LITTLE PIGS
 807 JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
 808 GOLDILOCKS AND THE 3 BEARS
 809 BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
 810 LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
 811 PETER RABBIT
 812 RUMPELSTILTSCHEN
 813 PINOCCHIO
 815 JOHNNY APPLESEED
 816 ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP
 817 THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES
 818 THE GOLDEN GOOSE
 819 PAUL BUNYAN
 820 THANKSGIVING
 821 KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER
 822 THE NIGHTINGALE

823 THE GALLANT KNIGHT
 824 THE WILD SWANS
 825 THE LITTLE MERMAID
 826 THE FROG PRINCE
 827 THE GOLDEN HAIR
 828 THE PINK PRINCE
 829 THE MAGIC SERVANTS
 830 THE GOLDEN BIRD
 831 RAPUNZEL
 832 THE DANCING PRINCESSES
 833 THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN
 834 THE GOLDEN TOUCH
 835 THE WIZARD OF OZ
 836 THE CHIMNEY SWEEP
 837 THE THREE FAIRIES
 838 SILENT NIGHT
 839 THE ENCHANTED FISH
 840 THE TINDER-BOX
 841 SNOW WHITE & ROSE-RED
 842 THE DORNEY & TALL
 843 THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS
 844 THE GOLDEN PHEASANT
 845 THE GLASS MOUNTAIN
 846 THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER
 847 THE WISHING TABLE
 848 THE MAGIC PEPPER
 849 SIMPLE KATE
 850 THE SINGING DORNEY
 851 THE GREEN EYE
 852 THE 3 LITTLE SWANS
 853 KING THUNDERBOLT
 854 THE ENCHANTED DEER
 855 THE 3 GOLDEN APPLES
 856 THE BUTTERFLY
 857 SILLY WIMP
 858 THE MAGIC PEARL
 859 THE JAPANESE GARDEN
 860 THE GOIL PRINCESS
 861 HANS HANDBUM
 862 THE ENCHANTED PONY
 863 THE WISHING WELL
 864 THE SALT MOUNTAIN
 865 THE SILLY PRINCESS
 866 CLEVER HANS
 867 THE BRASSIER SOLDIER
 868 THE HAPPY HOOBHOOD
 869 THE THREE GIANTS
 870 THE PEARL PRINCESS
 871 NOW WE CAN GO TO THE INDIANS
 872 THE DRUMMER BOY
 873 THE GENERAL BALL
 874 BRIGHTWOODS
 875 THE FEARLESS PRINCE
 876 THE PRINCESS WHO SAW EVERYTHING

ONLY 15¢ EACH ENDORSED BY EDUCATORS ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE, OR USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER BY MAIL. MAIL COUPON BELOW OR A FACSIMILE. PLEASE ADD 25¢ HANDLING CHARGE FOR EACH ORDER.

Gilberton Co., Inc. Dept. 5
 101 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Enclosed is \$_____ for the issues checked below plus 25¢ handling and postage cost.

801	809	818	824	834	843	850	858	864	874
802	810	819	827	835	845	851	859	867	875
803	811	820	828	836	844	852	860	868	876
804	812	821	829	837	846	853	861	869	
805	813	822	830	838	848	854	862	870	
806	814	823	831	839	849	855	863	871	
807	815	824	832	840	850	856	864	872	
808	816	825	833	841	849	857	865	873	

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Own the Greatest Stories by the World's Great Authors

CLASSICS *Illustrated*



1. The Three Musketeers
2. Ivanhoe
3. The Count of Monte Cristo
4. The Last of the Mohicans
5. Moby Dick
6. A Tale of Two Cities
7. Robin Hood
8. Les Misérables
9. Robinson Crusoe
10. Don Quixote
11. Big Boy Winslow
12. Sir Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
13. David Copperfield
14. Gulliver's Travels
15. The Handbook of Hairy Dicks
16. Hudibras
17. The Pardoner's Tale
18. Oliver Twist
19. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court
20. Two Years Before the Mast
21. Frankenstein
22. The Prince and the Pauper
23. The Masque of the Red Death
24. The Black Arrow
25. Lorna Doone
26. Mysterious Island
27. Typee
28. Jane Eyre
29. Twenty Years After
30. Swiss Family Robinson
31. Tom Sawyer's School Days
32. Stowaway
33. Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea
34. David Copperfield
35. Alice in Wonderland
36. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
37. The Spy
38. The House of the Seven Gables
39. The Man in the Iron Mask
40. John Bull
41. Tellers of the Sea
42. The Song of Hiawatha
43. The Prince
44. Black Beauty
45. Western Stories
46. Treasure Island
47. Benjamin Franklin
48. The Scottish Chiefs
49. John Cassin
50. Around the World in Eighty Days
51. The Pilot
52. The Grapes of Wrath
53. The Lady of the Lake
54. The Prisoner of Zenda
55. The Idiot
56. Anne of the Inn
57. Captain de Bergerac
58. White Fang
59. The Jungle Book
60. The Sea Wolf
61. Under Two Flags
62. A Midsummer Night's Dream
63. Man of Iron
64. Crime and Punishment
65. Green Mansions
66. The Coll of the Wild
67. David Copperfield
68. King Solomon's Mines
69. The Red Badge of Courage
70. Moby Dick
71. The White Company
72. Men Against the Sea
73. King Tom Back Alive
74. From the Earth to the Moon
75. Buffalo Bill
76. King of the Klondike Mines
77. Knights of the Round Table
78. Kit Carson
79. Wild Bill Hickok
80. The Minutemen
81. Frog and Cow
82. The War of the Worlds
83. The Get Low Incident
84. Melmoth
85. Captain's Captives
86. The Conquest of Mexico
87. The Dark Pilgrims
88. The Iron Mask
89. Benbow and John
90. Werewolf
91. Lead Jim
92. The Little Revenge
93. A Journey to the Center of the Earth
94. In the Rags of Terror
95. Do Jungle Trills
96. Castle Olegarius
97. Alexander Lincoln
98. Kim
99. Foot Man in the Moon
100. The Oracle
101. White Fox and Sword
102. Sea War
103. The Buccaneer
104. Off on a Comet
105. The Vegetarian
106. Missus by the Sword
107. Wild Animals I Have Known
108. The Invisible Man
109. The Conspiracy of Pontreux
110. The Snow of the North
111. The Conquest of Mexico
112. The Dives of the Hounded
113. The Conquerors
114. The Outlaws
115. Foot of the Gosh
116. Clowns
117. Below the Carpenter
118. Master of the World
119. The Conquest of the World
120. The Queen's Nightmare
121. Tigers and Teachers
122. Faust

ONLY 15¢ EACH ENDORSED BY EDUCATORS. ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE. OR USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER BY MAIL. MAIL COUPON BELOW OR A FACSIMILE. PLEASE ADD 25¢ HANDLING CHARGE FOR EACH ORDER.

Gilberton Co., Inc. Dept. 5
101 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Enclosed is \$_____ for the issues checked below plus 25¢ handling and postage cost.

1	22	47	68	90	120	140	156
2	23	48	69	91	121	141	157
3	24	49	70	92	122	142	158
4	25	50	71	93	123	143	159
5	26	51	72	94	124	144	160
6	27	52	73	95	125	145	161
7	28	53	74	96	126	146	162
8	29	54	75	97	127	147	163
9	30	55	76	98	128	148	164
10	31	56	77	99	129	149	165
11	32	57	78	100	130	150	166
12	33	58	79	101	131	151	167
13	34	59	80	102	132	152	168
14	35	60	81	103	133	153	169
15	36	61	82	104	134	154	170
16	37	62	83	105	135	155	171
17	38	63	84	106	136	156	172
18	39	64	85	107	137	157	173
19	40	65	86	108	138	158	174
20	41	66	87	109	139	159	175

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____