HISTORIC BOYHOODS

{ILLUSTRATED}

HISTORIC BOYHOODS

{ILLUSTRATED}

By

Rupert Sargent Holland

Author of "The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island,"
"The Blue Heron's Feather," and "Peter Cotterell's Treasure" etc.

Illustrated by Murat Ukray

ILLUSTRATED &

PUBLISHED BY

E-KİTAP PROJESİ & CHEAPEST BOOKS



www.cheapestboooks.com

Copyright, 2014 by e-Kitap Projesi

Istanbul

ISBN:

978-625-6014-13-8

Copyright© Printing and publication rights belong to the author's & Publisher's own restriction, using and working. According to the law of intellectual and artistic works, without permission in part or in whole not re-produced or re-published. Welding can be done by showing short excerpts..

ABOUT AUTHOR



Rupert Sargent Holland (**1878-1952**) was an American author. His works include: **Historic Boyhoods** (1909), **The Boy Scouts of Birchbark Island** (1911), **The Boy Scouts of Snowshoe Lodge** (1915) **and King Arthur and The Knights of the Round Table**. "A privateer was leaving Genoa on a certain June morning in 1461, and crowds of people had gathered on the quays to see the ship sail. Dark-hued men from the distant shores of Africa, clad in brilliant red and yellow and blue blouses or tunics and hose, with dozens of glittering gilded chains about their necks, and rings in their ears, jostled sun-browned sailors and merchants from the east, and the fairer-skinned men and women of the north."

* * * * *

PREFACE (ABOUT THE BOOK)

HISTORIC BOYHOODS (1909)

This book, re-edited and illustrated by e-kitap projesi and published again in ebook format. In this book, telling that Boyhood stories of the Most famous persons in the world, and so These 21 famous persons lay out from Christopher Colombus –The pre-founder of the America- to Otto von Bismarc.

For example: "When he was sixteen Napoleon and his best friend, a boy named Desmazis, were ordered to join the regiment of La Fère which was then quartered in the south of France. Napoleon was glad of this change which brought him nearer to his island home, and he also felt that he would now learn something of actual warfare. The two boys were taken to their regiment in charge of an officer who stayed with them from the time they left Paris until the carriage set them down at the garrison town. The regiment of La Fère was one of the best in the French army, and the boy immediately took a great liking to everything connected with it. He found the officers well educated and anxious to help him. He declared the blue uniform with red facings to be the most beautiful uniform in the world.

He had to work hard, still studying mathematics, chemistry, and the laws of fortification, mounting guard with the other subalterns, and looking after his own company of men. He seemed very young to be put in charge of grown soldiers, but his great ability had brought about this extraordinarily rapid promotion. He had a room in a boarding-house kept by an old maid, but took his meals at the Inn of the Three Pigeons. Now that he was an officer he began to be more interested in making a good appearance before people. He took dancing lessons and suddenly blossomed out into much popularity among the garrison. Older people could not help but see his great strength of character, and time and again it was predicted that he would rise high in the army."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Historic Boyhoods {Illustrated}……**1**

About Author……...**5**

Preface (About the Book)……...**6**

Table of Contents……**7**

Chapter I……...……..**11**

CHRİSTOPHER COLUMBUS……..……11

Chapter II……...**21**

MİCHAEL ANGELO……...21

Chapter III……**33**

WALTER RALEİGH……...33

Chapter IV……**44**

PETER THE GREAT……...44

Chapter V……...**53**

FREDERİCK THE GREAT……...53

Chapter VI……**64**

GEORGE WASHİNGTON……64

Chapter VII……**75**

DANİEL BOONE……75

Chapter VIII.....**85**

JOHN PAUL JONES……85

Chapter IX……**94**

MOZART……...94

Chapter X……**105**

LAFAYETTE……105

Chapter XI……**116**

HORATIO NELSON……..116

Chapter XII……..**127**

ROBERT FULTON……127

Chapter XIII……**136**

ANDREW JACKSON……136

Chapter XIV……**148**

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE……148

Chapter XV……..**160**

WALTER SCOTT……160

Chapter XVI……**170**

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER……170

Chapter XVII……...**180**

JOHN ERICSSON……..180

Chapter XVIII……..**189**

GARİBALDİ…….189

Chapter XIX…….**199**

ABRAHAM LİNCOLN……..199

Chapter XX……..**209**

Chapter XXI……...…….**220**

OTTO VON BİSMARCK……220



HISTORIC BOYHOODS

{Illustrated}

BY

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island,"

"The Blue Heron's Feather," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Murat Ukray {e-Kitap Projesi}





THE FLEET OF COLUMBUS "NEARING AMERICA"

CHAPTER I

CHRİSTOPHER COLUMBUS

A privateer was leaving Genoa on a certain June morning in 1461, and crowds of people had gathered on the quays to see the ship sail. Dark-hued men from the distant shores of Africa, clad in brilliant red and yellow and blue blouses or tunics and hose, with dozens of glittering gilded chains about their necks, and rings in their ears, jostled sun-browned sailors and merchants from the east, and the fairer-skinned men and women of the north.



The Boy of Genoa: 1446(?)-1506

Genoa was a great seaport in those days, one of the greatest ports of the known world, and her fleets sailed forth to trade with Spain and Portugal, France and England, and even with the countries to the north of Europe. The sea had made Genoa rich, had given fortunes to the nobles who lived in the great white marble palaces that shone in the sun, had placed her on an equal footing with that other great Italian sea city, Venice, with whom she was continually at war.

But all the ships that left her harbor were not trading vessels. Genoa the Superb had many enemies always on the alert to swoop down upon her trade. So she had to maintain a great war-fleet. In addition to this danger, the Mediterranean was then the home of roving pirates, ready to seize any vessel, without regard to its flag, which promised to yield them booty.

The life of a Genoese boy in those days was packed full of adventures. Most of the boys went to sea as soon as they were old enough to hold an oar or to pull a rope, and they had to be ready at any moment to drop the oar or rope and seize a sword or a pike to repel pirates or other enemies. There was always the chance of a sudden chase or a secret attack on a Christian boat by savage Mussulmen, and so bitter was the endless war of the two religions that in such cases the victors rarely spared the lives of the vanquished, or, if they did, sold them in port as slaves. Moreover the ships were frail, and the Mediterranean storms severe, and many barks that contrived to escape the pirates fell victims to the fury of head winds. The life of a Genoese sailor was about as dangerous a life as could well be imagined.

On this June morning a large privateer was to set sail from the port, and the families of the men and boys who were outward bound had come down to say good-bye. The centre of one little group was a boy about fifteen, strong and broad for his years, though not very tall, with warm olive skin, bright black eyes, and fair hair that fell to his ears. His name was Christopher Colombo, and he was going to sail with a relative called Colombo the Younger who commanded a ship in the service of Genoa.

The young Christopher had always loved to be upon the sea. Among the first sights that he remembered were glimpses of the Mediterranean in fair and stormy weather, the first tales he had heard were stories of strange adventures that had befallen sailors. His home had sprung from the waves, its glory had been drawn from the inland sea, the great chain of high mountains at its back cut it off from the land and the pursuits of other cities. Christopher thought of the sea by day, and dreamed of it by night, and was already planning when he grew up to go in search of some of

those strange adventures the old bronzed mariners were so fond of describing.

The boy's mother and father kissed him good-bye, and his younger brothers and sister looked at him enviously as he left them with a wave of his hand and went on board the ship. The latter was very clumsy, according to our ideas. She rode high in the water, with a great deck at the stern set like a small house up in the air, and with a great bow that bore the figurehead of the patron saint of the sea, Saint Christopher. Her sails were hung flat against the masts and were painted in broad stripes of red and yellow. She was very magnificent to look upon, but not very seaworthy.

The marble of Genoa's palaces dropped astern. The ship was sailing south, and under favoring breezes soon lost sight of land. Constant watch was kept for other vessels; any that might appear was more apt to be an enemy than a friend, because Genoa was at war then with many rivals, chief among them Naples and Aragon. Ships had been sailing constantly of late from Genoa to prey upon the commerce of Naples, in revenge for what the Neapolitans had once done to Genoa.

Colombo the captain was fond of his young kinsman Christopher, and at the start of the voyage had him in his cabin and told him some of his plans. The captain said he had orders to sail to Tunis to capture the Spanish galley *Fernandina*. The galley was richly laden, and each sailor would have a large share of booty. The boy listened with sparkling eyes; this would be his first chance to have a hand in a fight at sea.

The winds of June were favoring, and Colombo's ship soon reached the island of San Pietro off Sardinia. Here the captain went ashore to try and learn news of the *Fernandina*. He found friendly merchants who had word from all the Mediterranean ports, and they told him that the galley was not alone, but accompanied by two other Spanish ships. Colombo was a born fighter, and this news did not frighten him. The more ships he might capture the greater would be his own share of glory and of prize money.

When the captain told his news to the sailors on his return from shore, there was great consternation. The men had no liking to attack two fighting

ships besides the galley. At first they simply murmured among themselves, but the longer they discussed the desperate nature of the plan the more alarmed they grew. By the time that the ship was ready to sail southward from Sardinia they had determined to go no farther, and sent three of their leaders to speak to Colombo.

The captain was with Christopher studying a map of the Mediterranean when the men came before him. They told him that they positively refused to sail south and insisted that he put in at Marseilles for more ships and men. Colombo saw that he could not force them to sail farther, so, with what grace he could, he gave his consent to alter the course.

The men left the cabin, and after a few minutes' thought the captain spoke to the boy. "Christopher," said he, "bring me the great compass from its box near the helmsman's stand. Bring it secretly. The men should all be on the lower deck making ready to sail. Let no one see thee with it."

The boy left the cabin and climbed the ladder to the great poop-deck at the stern where the helmsman had a view far over the sea. He waited until no one was about, and then quickly took the compass from its box, and hiding it under the loose folds of his cloak, brought it to the captain. He placed it on the table. Then he fastened the door so that none might enter.

Colombo opened the compass-case, and drew a pot of paint and a brush toward him. The boy watched breathlessly while the captain painted over the marks of the compass with thick white paint, and then on top of that drew in new lines and figures in black. He was changing the compass completely.

When the work was done Christopher bore the case back to its box as secretly as he had taken it. Then Colombo went out to the sailors and gave them orders to spread sail. It was rapidly growing dark as they left the coast of Sardinia.

At sunrise, when Christopher came on deck to stand his watch, he knew that their ship must be off the city of Carthagena, although all the crew supposed they well on their way to Marseilles. Not long after, as they were drawing nearer to the shore, the lookout signaled a vessel. She was soon

seen to be flying the flag of Naples. Fortunately this ship was alone at the time, and the sailors were not afraid to attack her.

Orders were quickly given to sail as close to her as possible, and preparations were made to board her. The other ship seemed no less eager to engage in battle, and in a very short time grappling-irons were thrown out and the ships were fastened close together. Then a fierce combat followed between the two crews as each in turn tried to scale the sides of the other vessel.

A sea-fight in the fifteenth century was fought hand to hand, each ship being like a fort from which small attacking parties rushed out to climb the other's battlements. When men met on the decks they used sword and pike and dagger just as they would have on shore. Fire was thrown from one ship into the rigging and sails of the other, and flames soon caught and greedily devoured the woodwork of the boats. It was wild work; the blazing sails, the broken cheers of the men, the fierce struggle over the two decks.

Christopher fought bravely whenever chance offered, but the captain kept him close to his hand to carry messages. It soon appeared that the enemy were the stronger, and they bore the Genoese back and back farther from their bulwarks and across their decks. As the enemy gained a foothold they held torches to everything that would burn, and soon Colombo's ship was wrapped in fire and the only choice seemed to be between surrender and jumping into the sea.

A burning rope fell from a mast and set fire to Christopher's cloak. He tore the cloak from him. He saw that the Neapolitans must win and he had no desire to be carried off to Naples as a prisoner. The flames were gaining fast as he leaped to the rail on the free side of the ship, and dove overboard. He came up free from the wreckage and found a long sweep-oar floating near him. With that support he struck out for the shore of Africa, only a short distance away. His first sea-fight had nearly proved his last.

Self-reliance was the corner-stone of this young mariner's character. He could take care of himself on whatever shore he was thrown. He landed on

the beach of Carthagena and told the story of his adventures to the group of sailors who crowded about him on the sands. There is a strong sense of comradeship among seamen, and so, although none of the men who heard the boy's tale were from Genoa, they fitted him out with dry clothes and found enough money to keep him in food and shelter.

There he stayed for some time, waiting until some Genoese bark should put into port. Meanwhile he was very much interested in the stories the seafarers of all lands told to people who would listen to them. Again and again he heard mariners wondering whether there might not be a shorter passage to the rich Indies of the East than the long overland route through China. The question interested him, and he took to studying it with care.

One day an old sailor on the beach told him of his voyages in the western ocean, and how once his ship had come so close to the edge of the world that but for the miracle of a sudden change in the wind they must certainly have been carried over the side. The same bearded seaman told Christopher many other curious things; how he had himself seen beautiful pieces of carved wood, cut in some strange fashion, floating on the western sea, and had picked up one day a small boat which seemed to be made of the bark of a tree, but of a pattern none had ever seen before.

Then, and here his voice would sink and his eyes grow large with wonder, he told Christopher how men who were explorers were certain that somewhere in that unsailed western sea, just before one came to the edge, was an island rich in gold and gems and rare, delicious fruits, where men need never work if they chose to stay there, or if they came home might bring such treasures with them as would put to shame the richest princes of all Europe. It was said that there one caught fish already cooked, and that there people of great beauty lived, with dark red skins and wearing feathers in their hair.

"And is no one certain of this?" asked Christopher, his eyes wide with excitement. "Not even the men who have found the African coast and the isle of Flores?"

The old sailor shook his head. "Nay, nay, boy. The wonderful island lies so close to the world's edge that 'tis a perilous thing to try to find it."

"Still," said Christopher, "'twould be well worth the finding, and some time when I'm a man and can win a ship of my own I'm going to make the venture."

But the sailor shook his head. "Better leave the unknown sea to itself, lad," said he. "A whole skin is worth more to a man than all the gold of King Solomon's mines."

"Is it true," asked the boy after a time, "that there are terrible monsters in the Dark Sea?" That was the name given in those days to the ocean that stretched indefinitely to the west. "I've seen pictures of strange creatures on ships' maps, but never saw the like of any of them."

"No, nor would you be likely to, lad," said the sailor, "for such as see those monsters don't come back. But true they are. A great captain told me once that part of the Dark Sea was black as pitch, and that great birds flew over it looking for ships. You've heard of the giant Roc that flies through the air there, so strong that it can pick up the biggest ship that ever sailed in its beak, and carry it to the clouds? There it crushes ship and men in its talons, and drops men's limbs, armor, timber, all that's left, down to the Dark Sea monsters who wait to devour the wreckage in their huge jaws. Ugh, 'tis an ugly thought, and enough to keep any man safe this side the world."

"In some places fair, in some dark," mused Christopher. "It would be worth sailing out there to find which was the truth."

"Where would be the good of finding that if you never came back, boy?"

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. "Just for the fun of finding out, perhaps," he said.

A month later Christopher saw a galley flying the flag of Genoa enter the harbor. When the captain came on shore the boy went to him, and telling him who he was, asked for a chance to go as sailor back to Genoa. The captain knew the boy's father, Domenico Colombo, and gave Christopher a place on the galley. She was sailing north, homeward bound, and a few days later, having safely avoided all hostile ships and storms, the galley came into sight of the beautiful white city in its nest against the hills.

It was a happy day when the young sailor landed and surprised his father and mother by walking in upon them. News of Colombo's defeat by the ship of Naples had come to Genoa, and Christopher's family had given him up as lost.

But narrow as his escape on that voyage had been, such chances were part of the sailor's life in that age, and Christopher was quite ready to take his share of privation and danger with his mates. It was only by weathering such storms that he could ever hope to be put in charge of rich merchantmen or to command his own vessel in his city's defense. So he sailed again soon after, and in a year or two had come to know the Mediterranean Sea as well as the back of his hand.

Captains found he was good at making maps, and paid him to draw them, and when he was on shore he spent all his time studying charts and plans, and soon became so expert that he could support himself by preparing new charts. Yet, in spite of all his study, he found that the maps covered only a small part of the sea, and gave him no knowledge of the waters to the west. There he now began to believe the long-looked-for sea passage to the East Indies must lie.

Christopher grew to manhood, and then a chance shipwreck threw him in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. The Portuguese were the great sailors of the age, and the young man met many famous captains who were planning trips to the western coast of Africa and about the Cape of Good Hope.

Some of the captains took an interest in the sailor who made such splendid maps and was so eager to go on dangerous exploring trips, and they brought him to the notice of the King of Portugal. One of them,

Toscanelli, wrote of the young Christopher's "great and noble desire to pass to where the spices grow," and listened with interest to his plans to reach those rich spice lands by sailing west.

The ideas of Columbus seemed too visionary to most princes, and it was years before he was able to persuade the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, to grant him three small ships and enough men to start upon his voyage. But on August 3, 1492, he finally set sail from Palos, in Spain.

All the world knows the history of that great voyage, of the tremendous difficulties that beset Columbus, how his men grew fearful and would have turned back, how he had to change the ship's reckoning as he had seen his cousin change the compass, how he had sometimes to plead with his men and sometimes to threaten them.

In time he found boughs with fresh leaves and berries floating on the sea, and caught the odor of spices from the west. Then he knew he was nearing that magic land of riches sailors dreamt of, and thought he had found the shortest passage to the East Indies and Cathay. That would have been a wonderful discovery, but the one he was actually making was infinitely greater. Instead of a new sea passage he was reaching a new continent, and adding a hemisphere to the known world.

Such was the result of the dreams and ambitions of the boy born and bred in the old seaport of Genoa.

CHAPTER II

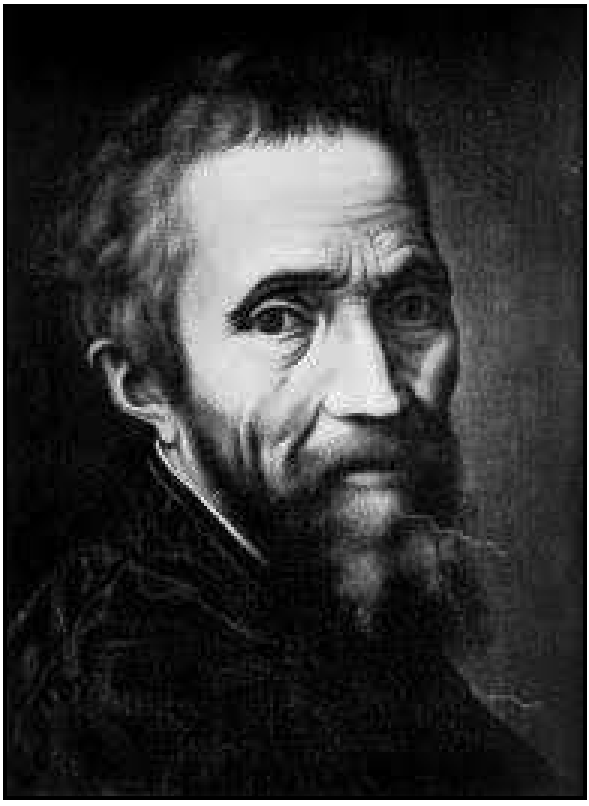
MICHAEL ANGELO



The Boy of the Medici Gardens: 1475-1564

The Italian city of Florence was entering on the Golden Age of its history toward the end of the fifteenth century. Lorenzo, called the Magnificent, was head of the house of Medici, and first citizen of the proud Republic. He was himself an artist, a poet, and a philosopher; he loved the beautiful things of life, and had gathered about him a little court of men of genius.

Florence at that time was also a great business city, and among the prominent merchant families was that of the Buonarotti. Ludovico Buonarotti had several sons, and he had named his second child Michael Angelo, and had planned that he should follow him in trade. Fortunately for the world, however, the boy had a will of his own.



Even while he was still in charge of a nurse, and was just beginning to learn to use his hands, he would draw simple pictures and paint them whenever he had the chance. His father had little use for a painter, and sent the boy to the grammar school of Francesco d'Urbino, in Florence, thinking to make a scholar of him. There were, however, many studios in the neighborhood of the school, and many artists at work in them, and the boy would neglect his studies to haunt the places where he might see how grown men drew and painted.

Watching the artists, young Michael Angelo soon formed a lasting friendship with a boy of great talent a few years older than himself, by name Francesco Granacci. This boy was a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo, a very great painter. The more Michael Angelo saw Granacci and his work in the studio the more he longed for a chance to study painting. He could think of nothing else; he begged his father and uncles to let him be an artist

instead of a merchant or a scholar. But the father and uncles, coming from a long line of successful merchants, treated the boy's requests with scorn.

Michael Angelo was determined to be an artist, however, and finally, though with the greatest reluctance, his father signed a contract with Ghirlandajo by which the boy was to study drawing and painting in his studio and do whatever other work the master might desire. The master was to pay the boy six gold florins for the first year's work, eight for the second, and ten for the third.

The young Buonarotti found plenty of work to be done in his master's studio. Besides the regular day's work he was constantly painting sketches of his own, and trying his hand at a dozen different things. His eye and hand were most surprisingly true. Time and again the master or some of the older students, coming across the boy at work, would be held spellbound by his skill.

One day when the men had left work the boy drew a picture of the scaffolding on which they had been standing and sketched in portraits of the men so perfectly that when his master found the drawing he cried to a friend in amazement, "The boy understands this better than I do myself!"

There was little in the world about him that this boy failed to see. He soon painted his first real picture, choosing a subject that was popular in those days, the temptation of St. Antony. All kinds of queer animals figured in the picture, and that he might get the colors of their shining backs and scales just right he spent days in the market eagerly studying the fish there for sale. Again the master was amazed at his pupil's work, and now for the first time began to feel a certain envy of him.

This feeling rapidly increased. The scholars were often given some of Ghirlandajo's own studies to copy, and one day Michael Angelo brought the artist one of the studies which he had himself corrected by adding a few thick lines. Beyond all doubt the picture was improved. It was hard, however, for the master to be corrected by his own apprentice, and soon after that the boy's stay in the studio came to an end. Fortunately his friend Granacci had already interested the great patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, in the