

**A LOYAL LITTLE RED-
COAT: A STORY OF
CHILD-LIFE IN NEW YORK
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO**

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A loyal little red-coat: a story of child-life in New York a hundred years ago by Ruth Ogden & H. A. Ogden

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RUTH OGDEN & H. A. OGDEN

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HAZEL'S CALL ON COLONEL ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

See Page 76.

A LOYAL LITTLE RED-COAT

A Story of Child-life in New York a Hundred Years Ago

BY

RUTH OGDEN *pseud. of Ida*

Author of "His Little Royal Highness" and "Courage"



Fourth Edition

WITH OVER SIXTY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

H. A. OGDEN

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PREFACE.

IN the introductory chapter of "The History of the People of the United States," Mr. McMaster announces as his subject, "The history of the people from the close of the war for Independence down to the opening of the war between the States." It seems at first thought improbable that a history excluding both the Revolution and the Civil War should prove in any great degree interesting, but the first twelve pages suffice to convince one to the contrary. With consummate skill in selection and narration, Mr. McMaster has brought to light information of a singularly novel character. Impressed with this unlooked-for quality, it occurred to me that here was ground that had not been previously gone over—not, at any rate, in a story for children. "A Loyal Little Red-Coat" has been the outcome. Whether I have succeeded in transferring to these pages aught of the peculiar interest of the history remains to be seen. This much may be said, however, that every historical allusion is based upon actual fact. The English Circus, the Captain's letter, Harry's Prison-Ship experiences, Alexander Hamilton's successful defence of a Tory client, the treatment of the Bonifaces at the ball—all find their counterpart in the realities of a century ago. For much of the minor historical detail I am indebted to those rare and quaint old volumes, carefully treasured by our historical societies, which make possible the faithful recounting of the story of bygone days. In my attempt to reproduce the child-life of a time so far removed, I have probably been guilty of some anachronisms. If, however, I have woven a page of history into a story that, by any chance, shall interest the children, for whom it has been a delight to me to write it, I shall be sincerely grateful.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RUTH OGDEN.

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A LOYAL LITTLE RED-COAT

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A LOYAL LITTLE RED-COAT.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ALBANY COACH.



HAZEL BONIFACE was a Loyalist, which means that she was a hearty little champion of King George the Third of England, and this notwithstanding she lived in America, and was born there. It had happened to be on a crisp October morning of the year 1773 that Hazel's gray eyes first saw the light, and they no sooner saw the light than they saw a wonderful red coat, and just as soon as she was able to understand it, she learned that that red coat belonged

to her papa, and that her papa belonged to King George's army. So, after all, you see it was but natural that she should have been a little Loyalist from the start, and quite to have been expected that she should grow more and more staunch with every year.

Now it chanced one midwinter afternoon, when Hazel was

about six years old, that she came into the city—that is, into New York—on an errand with her father, and that she stood for a while watching a merry party of boys, who were having the jolliest sort of a time coasting down Powder House Hill, and skating on the clear, crystal ice of the Collect. The Collect and Powder House Hill! You never heard of them, did you, and yet may have lived in New York all your life; but you may believe the little New Yorkers of those days knew them and loved them.

The Collect (though where it got its name no one knows) was a beautiful sheet of water connected with the North River by a creek crossing Broadway, where we now have Canal street, and the hill where the Powder House stood was one of the pretty heights that bordered it. Wouldn't some of the little people who live in that crowded part of the city to-day be surprised to know, that only a hundred years ago ponds and hills took the place of the level city streets, and that a boy could start way over east of Broadway, skate under the arch at Canal street, and then strike out across the broad Lispenard meadows straight to the North River? But those boys of the olden time, who were spending their short afternoon holiday there on the ice, were exactly like the boys of to-day, in that they were cutting up the very silliest sort of capers. Hazel, however, thought it all very funny, and longing for the time when she should have a pair of skates of her own, wondered if that boy with the pretty name—that boy the other boys called Starlight—would teach her how to use them. And so one time when he came gliding her way she called out, quite to the surprise of her father, whose hand she stood holding, "Will you teach me how to skate when I grow old enough, Starlight?"

"Bless your heart, yes," came the answer, as soon as the finest little skater that ever buckled skates on the Collect could put the brakes to his winged feet, "but you must tell me your name, so that I shall know you when you grow up."

"Hazel, Hazel Boniface," she replied; "and is your name really Starlight? It's a beautiful name."

"Yes, Starlight's my last name; my other name is Job; that isn't so pretty, is it?"

"I should think not; I shall always call you just Starlight."

And Hazel had been true to her word, and had always called