

Building a New Nation

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C H R I S T I A N L I B E R T Y P R E S S
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Introduction

*B*uilding a New Nation is an exciting collection of reading selections that picks up where *Finding a New Land*, Christian Liberty Press's fourth grade reader, leaves off. Children will experience important historical events from America's westward expansion in the nineteenth century until well into the twentieth century. Readers will learn about important people such as Davy Crockett, Clara Barton, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Adoniram Judson, and Booker T. Washington.

This colorful reader is designed to provide children with a better understanding of the growth of the nation through historical fiction, true stories, biographical accounts, American folk tales, and poetry. In addition to enjoyable and uplifting reading selections, this book provides students with vocabulary definitions, comprehension questions, and additional activities at the end of most selections.

Parents and teachers will be able to use the textbook questions to assess their students' reading comprehension. Along with this reader, we have developed an accompanying teacher's manual to help instructors by providing answers to the reader's questions. In addition, there is a *Student Exercises* workbook that allows students to take a deeper look at certain reading selections. Finally, we have created a set of tests to help parents and teachers further evaluate their students' understanding of the stories.

We are confident that students will find this well-illustrated book to be both enjoyable and informative. More importantly, we trust that it will help them to gain a better understanding of how the events and personalities during the development of America affected the lives of young people many years ago.

May God bless you and your students in the use of *Building a New Nation*.

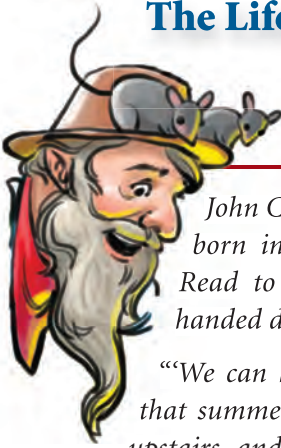
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Unit 1

American Tales

Johnny Appleseed: The Life of John Chapman

Carolyn Bailey



John Chapman was a real farmer who was born in Massachusetts in the late 1700s. Read to find out why his story has been handed down from generation to generation.

*“We can hear him read now, just as he did that summer day, when we were busy quilting upstairs, and he lay near the door, his voice rising **denunciatory** and thrilling—strong and loud as the roar of wind and waves, then soft and soothing as the balmy airs that quivered the morning-glory leaves about his gray beard. His was a strange eloquence at times, and he was undoubtedly a man of genius,” reported a lady who knew him in his later years.”*

There was once a farmer who had worked in the fields all his life. Every year he had plowed and planted and harvested, and no one else had raised such fine crops as he. It seemed as if he needed to only touch the corn to have it yellow and ripen upon the ear, or lay his hand upon the rough bark of a tree to be sure that the blossoms would show and the branches hang low with fruit.

After years and years, the farmer grew to be an old man. His hair and beard became as white as the blossoms on the pear trees, and his back was bent and crooked because he had worked so hard. He could only sit in the sunshine and watch someone

else plowing and planting where he wanted so much to plow and plant. And he felt very unhappy because he wished to do something great for other people, and he was not able, for he was poor.

One morning he got down his **stout** cane from the chimney corner, and he slung an empty bag over his crooked old shoulders, and he started out into the world because he had thought of a good deed that even an old man could do.

Over the meadows and through the lanes he traveled, stopping to speak to the little wild mice or the crickets or the chipmunks, who knew him—all of them—and were never afraid when he went by. At every farmhouse he rested and knocked at the door and asked for—what do you think?—just a few apples! And the farmers had so many apples that they were glad to give some of them away, and the old man’s bag was soon full to the very **brim**.

On and on he went, until he left the houses far behind and took his way through the deep woods. At night he slept upon a bed of moss out under the stars, with the prairie dogs barking in his ears and the owls hooting in the tops of the trees; and in the morning he started on his way again.

When he was hungry, he ate of the berries that grew in the woods, but not one of his apples—oh, no! Sometimes an Indian met him, and they walked along together; and so, at last, the old man came to a place where there were wide fields, but no one to plant them, for there were no farms.

Then he sat down and took out his jack-knife, and began carefully cutting the core from every apple in his bag. With his stout cane he **bored** deep holes in the earth, and in every hole he dropped an apple core, to sleep there in the rain and the sun. And when his bag was emptied, he hurried on to a town where he could ask for more apples.

Soon the farmers came to know him, and they called him old Apple-seed John. They gave him their very best apples for seed—the Pound Sweets, and the Sheep’s Noses, and the Pippins,



and the Seek-no-Farthers. They saved clippings from the pear trees, and the plum trees, and the peach trees for him; and they gave him the corner of the **settle** that was nearest the fire when he stopped with them for a night.

Such wonderful stories as he told the children of the things he had seen in his travels—the Indians with their bright blankets and feathers, the wolves who came out of the wood at night to look at him with their glaring eyes, the deer who ran across his path, and the shy little hares. He also shared the Gospel with young and old alike. No one ever wished Apple-seed John to travel on the next morning, but he would never stay. With his bag over his shoulder, his clippings under his arm, and his trusty cane in his hand, he hurried on to plant young orchards by every

river and in every lonely pasture. Soon the apple seeds that had been asleep when Apple-seed John had dropped them into the earth awoke and arose, and sent out green shoots, and began to be trees. Higher and higher they grew, until, in the wind and the sun, they covered the ground with blossoms, and then with ripe fruit, so that the entire empty places in the country were full of **orchards**.

After a while old Apple-seed John went to live with the angels, but no one ever forgot him; and the children who knew him, when they had grown to be grandfathers themselves, would sit out under the trees and say to each other: "This orchard was planted by Apple-seed John."

Vocabulary

denunciatory: accusing or condemning

stout: sturdy; strong

brim: the edge of the bag

bored: dug

settle: bench

orchard: a planting of many fruit trees

Comprehension Questions

1. Why did John Chapman decide to travel and plant orchards?
2. Here are some quotes that you might relate to John Chapman's life. Choose one and explain how it relates.

Happiness is a by-product of an effort to make someone else happy. ~Gretta Brooker Palmer

Pleasure is spread through the earth in stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find. ~William Wordsworth, 1806

He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has. ~Henry Ward Beecher

3. John Chapman was a real person, but the legend of Johnny Appleseed, which contains some truths and some exaggerations, has been handed down from generation to generation. Why do you think the legend of Johnny Appleseed became so popular?

Extension Activity

Imagine the government has appointed you to create a holiday named “John Chapman Day.” Write a short plan for such a holiday. Why should people celebrate this day? What should they do to commemorate or celebrate?

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Round River

James MacGillivray

*The following story is called a tall tale. Tall tales are humorous stories that contain unbelievable events. This tall tale is about Paul Bunyan, an imaginary American **lumberjack**. It is told from the point of view of a fellow lumberjack on Paul Bunyan's crew.*

What! You never heard of the Round River drive? Don't suppose you ever read about Paul Bunyan, neither? And you call yourselves lumberjacks?

Why, back in Michigan, that's the one thing they asked you, and if you hadn't at least "**swamped**" for Paul you didn't get no job—not in no real lumber camp, anyway. You Idaho yaps may know how to ranch all right, but it's Maine or Michigan where they learn to do real **drivin'**—cept' Canada, of course.

You see, back in those days the government didn't care nothin' about the **timber**. It was there for the takin'. The first thing you did was find yourself a good runnin' stream. Then you just pile the logs up right next to it. Come springtime, you tumble the logs into the river and float 'em down to the **mill** fer sellin'. You was bound to strike either Lake Huron or Michigan, and it made no difference which, 'cause logs were the same price whichever, and there was always mills at the mouth of the stream to saw 'em into boards.

So Paul, he found himself the Round River drive—course he didn't know it was called the Round River then. He gets the bunch together, and a fine layout he had. There was me, Dutch Jake, Fred Klinard, and Pat O'Brien—"P-O-B"—and Saginaw

Joe, the McDonalds—Angus, Roy, Archie, Black Jack, Big Jack, and more. There was 300 men all told.

Canada Bill, he was the cook. He had two helpers who would skate round our gigantic stove with hams tied to their feet, greasin' the lid for the hotcakes. It went fine for a while till one morning "Squint-Eyed" Martin, the chore boy, mistook the gunpowder can for bakin' powder. The helpers had just done a double figure eight when Joe **commences** to flap on the batter. Good thing the explosion went upward so it saved the stove. But we never did find those helpers...

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We'd placed our camp on the river's bank, and we commenced to cut down as many of them trees as was humanly possible. Of course, we had the help of Babe, Paul's blue ox, too.

We'd shoot for the timber on all four sides. One day we comes across some deer. "Forty-Four" Jones was buildin' the slide that rolled the logs into the stream, and he liked **game**. He didn't saynothin', but I knowed he had an idea. Sure enough, Jones gets up early next mornin' and he caught the deer comin' down to drink, and he starts the logs comin' down that slide and kills more than 200 of 'em. We had venison steak all winter, which went well with the pea soup.

What pea soup? Well, you see, we'd brought in a whole wagon load of peas, and the wagon broke and dumped the whole mess over into some nearby springs. The driver came in sorryful like, expectin' Paul to fire him right then and there. But Canada Bill, he says to Bunyan, "It's all right, Paul, them is hot springs." So he puts some pepper, salt, and a big hunk of pork in the springs, and we had pea soup to last us the whole job.

That Round River ox-team was the biggest ever heard of, I guess. They weighed 4,800 pounds. The barn boss made them a buckskin **harness** from the hides of the deer we'd killed, and

the bull cook used them haulin' dead timber to camp for wood supply. But that harness sure upset them oxen when it got wet. You know how buckskin will stretch?

It was rainin' one mornin' when the bull cook went for wood. He put the strap on a nice sized log and started for camp. The oxen pulled all right, but that harness got to stretchin', and when the bull cook gets into camp, why the log wasn't there at all. He looks back, and there was the strap of that harness, stretched out in long lines disappearin' 'round the bend of the road, 'most as far as he could see. He's mad and disgusted like, and he jerks the harness off and throws the strap over a stump. Pretty soon the rain clears up. The sun come out, dryin' up that harness, and when the bull cook comes out from dinner, there's his log, hauled right into camp.

They was big trees that Bunyan lumbered that winter, and one of them pretty near made trouble. They used to keep a competition board hung in the **commissary**, showin' what each gang sawed for the week, and that's how it happened.

Dutch Jake and me had picked out the biggest tree we could find, and we'd put in three days cuttin' with our big saw. We was gettin' along fine on the fourth day when lunch time comes, and we thought we'd best get on the sunny side to eat. So we grabs our **grub can** and starts around that tree. We hadn't gone far when we heard a noise. There they were—Bill Carter and Sailor Jack sawin' at the same tree! It looked like a fight at first, but we **compromised**, meetin' each other at the heart on the seventh day. They'd hacked her to fall to the north, and we'd hacked her to fall to the south, and there that tree stood for a month or more, clean sawed through, but not knowin' which way to drop 'til a wind storm came along and blowed her over.

You should have seen the big men that Bunyan put on the landin' that spring when it was time to roll them logs into the river. All six-footers, and 200 pounds weight. Nothin' else would do, and the fellows that didn't come up to the regulations was tailed off to do other smaller jobs.

The river was runnin' high, and Bunyan was sure that we would soon hit either the "Sable" or Muskegon River, and he cared not which, fer logs would get the same price just about anywhere. We run on the river for two weeks, makin' about a mile a day when we struck a deserted camp that had been a lumberin' camp that must have been almost as large as Bunyan's from the signs on the banks. This was **peculiar**, for we didn't know of another lumber camp so nearby.

We drove along for another two weeks and hits another lumber camp, deserted like the last one, and Paul begins to get mighty upset, for he sees the price of logs fallin' with all this lumberin' on the one stream.

Well, we sacked and pulled them logs for three weeks more, and blamed if we didn't strike another camp. Then Bunyan gets wild! "Boys," he says, "if we strike any more of them camps, logs won't be worth thirty cents a thousand, and I won't be able to pay you off. Let's camp and talk it over," he says.

So we hits for the deserted shacks, and turnin' a corner, who was there? Those two helpers that had been blown up months ago, and at their feet was the hams! Then we knowed it was Round River, and we'd passed our own camp three times.

Did we ever locate the camp again? Well, some years afterwards, Tom Mellin and I runs a line west and we runs into the old camp one last time. But the stream had gone dry, and a fire had run through that country makin' an awful slashin', and those Round River logs was nothin' more than charcoal.

Vocabulary

lumberjack: a person who cut trees down for lumber

swamped: cleared small trees and shrubs away to make way for a road

drivin': a way of moving logs using a river's current to move them downstream to sawmills

timber: trees that have been cut down

mill: a building used for sawing logs

commences: begins; starts

game: meat from a hunted animal; in this case, deer

harness: the straps and fastenings by which an animal pulls a load

commissary: a store that provides food and supplies to workers

grub can: a can used to hold a worker's lunch

compromised: reached an agreement

peculiar: strange

Comprehension Questions

1. In your own words, explain what happened to the cook's assistants.
2. In your own words, explain how the men came to have pea soup.
3. Why did Paul Bunyan get upset when he thought he saw other lumbering camps?
4. Explain why the men kept coming across their own lumber camp.
5. This tall tale attempts to be humorous. What do you think was the most humorous part of the story?

Extension Activity

Imagine what would happen if Johnny Appleseed met Paul Bunyan. Write your own tall tale. Use the story planning sheet on page 1 of the Student Exercises booklet.