

**LIFE OF CAPTAIN NATHAN
HALE, THE
MARTYR-SPY OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION**

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Life of Captain Nathan Hale, the martyr-spy of the American revolution by I. W. Stuart

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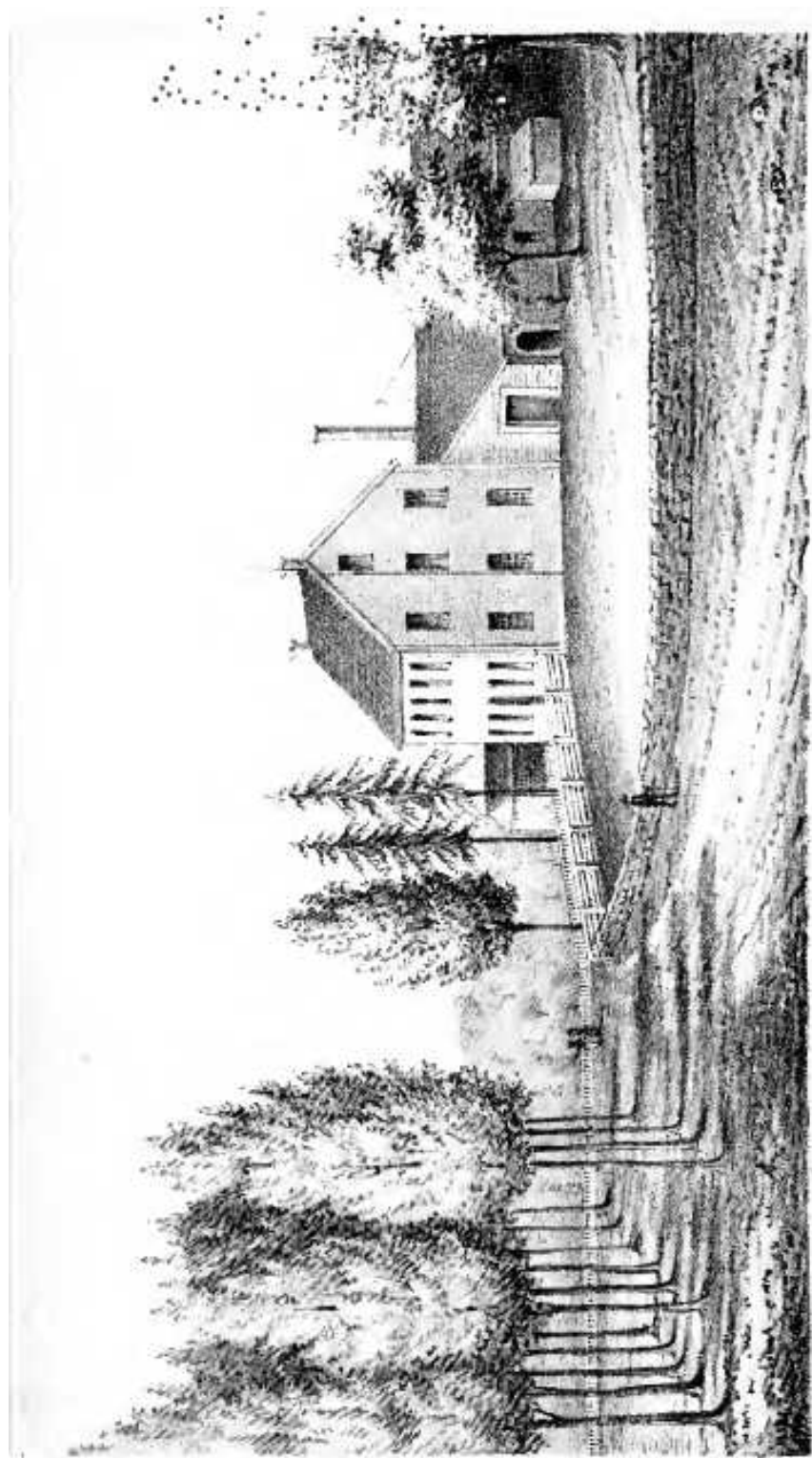
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I. W. STUART

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HALE, THE
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L I F E
O F
CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE

T H E
Martyr-Spy of the American Revolution.

BY I. W. STUART.

“ Thus, while fond Virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grade;
With Genius' libing flame his bosom glowed,
And Science lured him to her sweet abode;
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War;
In duty firm, in danger calm as eben—
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heav'n.
How short his course, the prize how early won,
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite gone.”

FRAS. DWIGHT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO
COLONEL CHARLES J. RUSS
IN MARK OF REGARD
FOR
HIS VALUABLE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE WORK
AND IN TOKEN
OF
PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP.

PREFACE.

"I do think it hard," wrote Stephen Hempstead, the friend and companion of the subject of the following Memoir, "that HALE, who was equally brave, young, accomplished, learned and honorable—should be forgotten on the very threshold of his fame, even by his countrymen; that while our own historians have done honor to the memory of Andre, Hale should be unknown; that while the remains of the former have been honored even by our own countrymen, those of the latter should rest among the clods of the valley, undistinguished, unsought, and unknown."

Most fully do we accord in sentiment with the patriotic remonstrant just quoted. It is indeed 'hard,' that a spirit exalted as was that of Captain Nathan Hale—that a life and conduct like his own, so pure, so heroic, so disinterested, and so crowned by an act of martyrdom one of the most galling and valiant on record—should not have been fitly commemorated, hitherto, either by the pen of history or of biography. His 'remains'—the dust and ashes of his body—of these no one can tell the place

of interment. For aught that any exploration can reveal, they may be now

"imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendent world—"

though, it is certain, they were first deposited somewhere within the circuit of the Empire-City of the Union—and thousands of gay-hearted mortals, at the present moment, daily and hourly, walk probably over the spot, 'not knowing where they tread'—and none can ever know until the Grave gives up its dead.

But this fact by no means excuses the silence of history about the youthful hero. Marshall, Ramsay, Gordon, Butler, Botta—not one word have they to say concerning him. Bancroft has not yet reached him. Hannah Adams just mentions him. Popular school histories merely allude to his fate. A brief sketch of him by the late J. S. Babcock, an author of Hale's native town, which is beautiful for the spirit in which it is written, but is comparatively barren of facts—meagre notices of him in Allen's Biographical Dictionary, in Pease and Niles' *Gazeteer*, and in Holmes' *Annals*—an Address before the Hale Monument Association by the late Hon. A. T. Judson, which embodies touching comment on Hale's character, and the closing acts of his career, but which does not assume to give the details of his life—these, and a succinct tale which appeared in the *New York Sunday Times* several years ago, together with a few paragraphs in Sparks' *Life of Andre*, and a few more in Thompson's *History of Long Island*—constitute, so far as we can ascertain, all that has been done in the way of biographical contribution to