



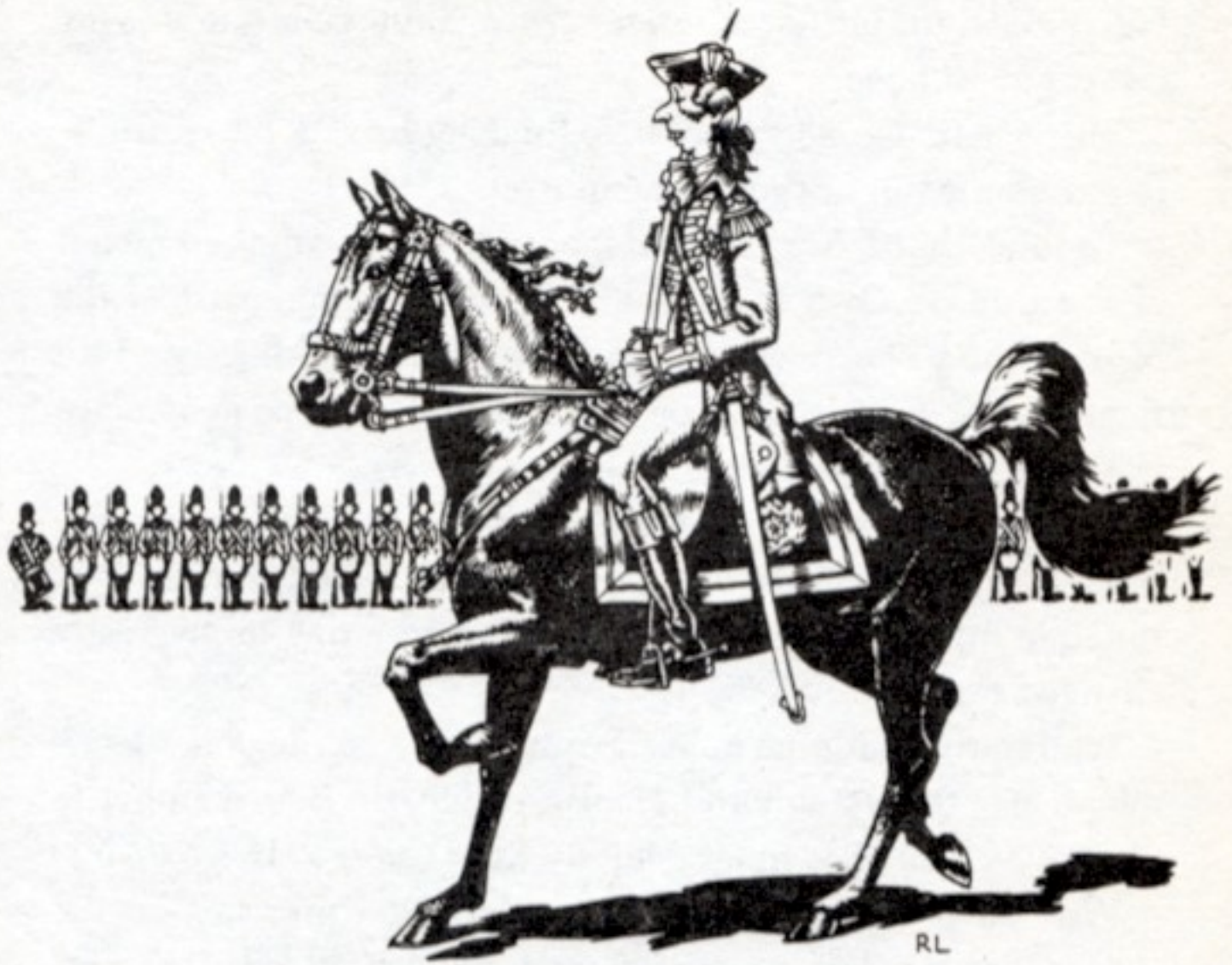
Mr. Revere and I

Being an Account of certain Episodes
in the Career of Paul Revere, Esq. as
Revealed by his Horse



Set Down and Illustrated by

ROBERT LAWSON



1. Pride of the 14th

How times and fortunes do change!

It is difficult for me to realize that I am at present leading a life of rustic simplicity in the quiet pasture of one Paul Revere, merchant, on the outskirts of the City of Boston — just an ordinary farm horse called “Sherry.” Not that I have any real cause

for complaint: my circumstances are most comfortable, my duties almost none.

But sometimes one cannot help thinking back, a bit wistfully, to past glories and bygone triumphs.

To think that I, Scheherazade, once the most admired mount of the Queen's Own Household Cavalry, onetime toast of the Mustardshire Fencibles, late pride of His Royal Majesty's 14th Regiment of Foot, should be reduced to such a commonplace existence is somewhat saddening.

Would that some understanding historian could relate my story fittingly, but there being none available I must make shift to tell in my own way the trail of events resulting in my vastly changed estate.

It all started with the imbecile, practically sacrilegious, determination of these stubborn Colonists to defy the sacred authority of our Royal and Sovereign Majesty King George III.

Well do I remember that Monarch's regal presence on the occasion of our last review before leaving England. It is perhaps true that he might have made a more impressive appearance if mounted on a spirited charger, instead of being encased in a wicker wheel chair with his foot propped up on a particularly hideous cushion. This was made necessary by a severe attack of gout, an ailment highly fashionable at the moment. Nevertheless, about his brow there glowed the aura of magnificence, as with a languid motion of the hand His Majesty acknowledged the march-past of our Regiment.

It was the most thrilling moment of my entire military career. I was curried and brushed to a satiny glow. My hoofs were



*Left^{nt} Sir Cedric
Noel Vivian
Barnstable*

freshly oiled, my mane braided with ribbons. My harness was saddle-soaped and rubbed, my brasses glittered. As I caracolled and stepped high to the blare of the band and the roar of the kettledrums, I feel sure there was no mount present more admired than I. Certainly there was none more filled with military ardor and pride in the glory of His Majesty's armed might.

On this memorable occasion my rider, and owner, was Lieutenant Sir Cedric Noel Vivian Barnstable, Bart., a Gentleman and Officer in the highest tradition of British Arms. My Lieutenant was the perfect picture of the ideal Military Man. Just turned

Here, straight from the horse's mouth, is the dramatic story of Scheherazade, the mare that changed the course of American history. Once a loyal member of the King's army and then destined for the glue factory, "Sherry" is saved by Sam Adams and enlisted by none other than Paul Revere. Thus Sherry becomes a true patriot and, with one important ride, helps lead the Sons of Liberty to victory over the British.

Full of Lawson wit and wisdom, this beloved classic presents a unique and unforgettable view of early American life and of Paul Revere's famous midnight ride.

Robert Lawson was born in New York City in 1892, and he died at his home, Rabbit Hill, in 1957. During his career, he illustrated and wrote more than fifty books for children. Among his most famous works are RABBIT HILL, BEN AND ME, MR. REVERE AND I, and the illustrations for MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS and THE STORY OF FERDINAND.

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Printed in the U.S.A.

\$6.99 **\$9.99 in Canada**
ISBN 0-316-51729-1



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