

HISTORY

**CAPTIVATING REAL LIFE STORIES
AND EVENTS FROM THE INDUSTRIAL
REVOLUTION TO THE PRESENT**



R O S S T A N N E R

History

*Captivating Real Life Stories and Events from the
Industrial Revolution to the Present*

Message from Ross and Matt

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Introduction

I want to thank you and commend you for downloading the book, “History:

Captivating Real Life Stories and Events from the Industrial Revolution to the Present”

Most of the time, when you sit down with a book of history, you are going to be reading about men. Men who win wars and men who lose wars. Men who create empires, and men who destroy empires. Men who author great works and design great machines that change the course of the world.

The thing is, half the people in the world are women. What about them? Women have also done a lot of creating, and destroying, authoring, and designing, right alongside the men; but unless they were queens, like Elizabeth I of England, or Catherine the Great of Russia, or notorious villainesses like Jezebel or Mata Hari, you don’t hear as much about them.

Nevertheless, women have been there all along, doing things that made a difference. This book is about eight of those women who were born and lived in the time between the beginning of the Industrial Revolution until the present day:

Mary Wollstonecraft (1759-1797), whose short life rode the leading edge of a wave of change, and who can rightfully be called the world’s first feminist.

Ada Lovelace (1815-1852), a mathematician whose father was poet/adventurer George Gordon Lord Byron, who called her approach to formal thinking “poetical science,” and who is credited with writing the world’s first computer program.

Harriet Tubman (ca. 1822-1913), the fifth of nine children born to plantation slaves in Maryland, who risked her life to gain freedom for herself and her family, who fought and spied for the Union during the American Civil War, and whose image will soon grace the American \$20 bill.

Margaret Knight (1838-1914), who had to drop out of school when she was twelve years old, and never went back, and yet became one of the most successful inventors of her age.

Nancy Wake (1912-2011), who once said that when men have to go off to war, “I don’t see why we woman should just wave our men a proud goodbye and then knit them balaclavas.” So during World War Two she learned to shoot, and spy, and fight hand to hand, and then jumped out of an airplane into occupied France.

The Mirabal Sisters: Patria (1924-1960), **Minerva** (1926-1960) and **Maria Teresa** (1935-1960). Some stories don't get to have a happy ending. This is one of them.

Thanks again for downloading this book, I hope you enjoy it!

Chapter 1

Mary Wollstonecraft

This “first feminist”—she would not have called herself that, because it is a twentieth century phrase—was born in London in 1759, the second of seven children. The family was comfortably off in its early years, but that changed. Wollstonecraft’s father, Edward John, was a farmer who apparently thought he was cleverer than he really was, and who lost much of the family’s modest wealth through foolish investments. He was also an abusive drunk who beat his wife.

Wollstonecraft stayed in the family home until she was nineteen, apparently in part to protect her mother and younger sisters. It is said that she was in the habit of sleeping in front of her mother’s bedroom door to keep her father out when he came home from the pubs.

When she was nineteen, Wollstonecraft left home and went to work as a lady’s companion, returned to care for her mother, who was dying, and then left again, and moved in with the family of a close friend, Fanny Blood.

After a couple of years, faced with the need to make a living, Wollstonecraft, two of her sisters, Everina and Eliza, and Fanny decided to go into business for themselves. They started a school in the village of Newington Green. Things started well, but then Fanny got married. She also became ill, and her new husband decided a change of air would help. He took her to Portugal, and Wollstonecraft followed in order to help care for her friend. Fanny died shortly thereafter, and in the meantime the school fell apart.

Wollstonecraft then tried her hand at being a governess, going to work for a family in Ireland. That job lasted for about a year, and it was during that time that she began to think seriously of herself as a writer and, in fact, put her first two books together: “*Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*,” and “*Mary: A Fiction*.”

“*Thoughts*” was an early peek at the author’s growing belief in something that was heretical at the time—that women should be as well educated as men, that their intelligence should be respected, and that they should be taught a marketable skill in order not to be economically at the mercy of men. That was radical talk in an era where even such intellectual icons as Jean-Jacques Rousseau were arguing that the only education a woman needed was to learn how to please men.

“*Mary*” also offers a look at the author’s view of life. It is a sad tale of a woman trapped in a loveless marriage who tries, and fails, to find peace and happiness in other relationships, but goes back to her husband in the end.

After the year in Ireland, Wollstonecraft returned to London, determined to make her living with the written word. She honed her skills in German and French to the point that she could work as a translator. She reviewed novels. Most of all, she became political, identifying with the new democratic and radical movements of the age. She had her first brush with fame in 1790 when she penned a pamphlet called “*Vindication of the Rights of Men*.” This was an ardent defense of the

French Revolution, a call for democracy and an end to monarchy. It was also a call for an end to economic injustice: “The tyranny of wealth is still more galling and debasing than that of rank,” she wrote, and also, with a sidelong glance at the ease with which the poor could be taken in, “Taxes on the very necessities of life, enable an endless tribe of idle princes and princesses to pass with stupid pomp before a gaping crowd, who almost worship the very parade which costs them so dear.”

That pamphlet also gave Wollstonecraft a taste of the kind of sexual injustice that led her to her feminist convictions. “*Vindication of the Rights of Men*” was first published anonymously, and was a major success. The first edition sold out in three weeks. A second edition did not do well at all, for a simple reason—it had her name on it. The response became negative almost immediately. The consensus was that women had no business thinking and having opinions.

Wollstonecraft shrugged that off as best she could, and kept on writing and making a living. Then, in 1792, she crossed the English Channel to see what was going on in post-revolutionary France, and her life took a major turn, ultimately for the worse. She met and fell in love with an American expatriate named Gilbert Imlay.

There is a popular belief that men marry their mothers, and women marry their fathers. Wollstonecraft didn’t marry Imlay. She wanted to. He didn’t. But he does seem to have been a lot like her father—emotionally abusive, and financially irresponsible. He had moved to France to escape the consequences of a string of failed land speculations in Kentucky.

Wollstonecraft became pregnant and had a daughter, Fanny. Imlay left Paris for London, and Wollstonecraft followed, but he continued to refuse to marry, and in fact never acknowledge Fanny as his daughter.

In the meantime, Wollstonecraft was continuing to write, and during this time penned the piece that is her best known work: “*Vindication of the Rights of Women*,” a passionate call to arms in the defense of women’s right to justice and equality.

“I do not wish women to have power over men,” she wrote, “but over themselves.”

And, “Taught from infancy that beauty is women’s sceptre, the mind shapes itself to the body, and roaming round its gilt cage, only seeks to adorn its prison.”

Despite her jaundiced views, however, she remained an optimist. She kept writing, and began a new novel, “*Maria: or, The Wrongs of Women*,” which was not finished at the time she died. She and a man who had been a friend for a number of years, William Godwin, became lovers, and Wollstonecraft became pregnant again. Godwin did not believe in marriage, and had argued strongly against it in one of his pieces, “Political Justice,” but agreed to a wedding in this case so the child would be legitimate. He and Wollstonecraft did, however, agree to live in separate houses.

The result of the pregnancy was a daughter, Mary, who eventually married a poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and became a well-known writer herself. Just about everyone knows at least one of her books, “*Frankenstein*.”

Sadly, Wollstonecraft would not live to enjoy her daughter's success. Although the birth went well, and young Mary emerged healthy, her mother's placenta became infected. The infection progressed to septicemia, and Wollstonecraft died ten days later.

After her death, Godwin, who wrote to a friend, "I firmly believe there does not exist her equal in the world," penned a biography in an effort to keep her memory alive. Unfortunately, the work focused more on Wollstonecraft's personal life, with its romances, affairs and escapades, than it did on her thoughts and ideas. As a result, the Mary Wollstonecraft that the world read about appeared more libertine than intellectual. It has only been in more recent decades that people have begun to recognize her for the nonconformist, free-thinking feminist that she was.

It is interesting to wonder where her writing might have taken her had she lived longer. She was strong willed, a fighter, and, ultimately, an optimist who believed, in her own words:

"The beginning is always today."

Chapter 2

Ada Lovelace

Augusta Ada Lovelace was the daughter of a famous man, writer-poet-adventurer George Gordon Lord Byron—the Lord Byron of “She walks in beauty, like the night.” Lovelace never knew her father, however. He divorced her mother, Annabella Milbanks, a month after her birth, left the country three months later, and only returned as a corpse. Byron had once written, “Adversity is the first path to truth,” but for him it proved to be the path to death. He went to Greece to fight in that country’s war for independence from the Ottoman Empire, contracted an infection, and died at the age of thirty-six.

Annabella was left to raise her daughter alone, and apparently was not keen on the idea. There appears to have been no real bond between the two—in one letter Annabella refers to her daughter as “it”—and Lovelace’s grandmother Judith was the primary parental figure through much of her childhood. At the same time, Annabella did her best to erase Byron from the virtual family tree. She saw him as immoral, probably insane, and essentially a bad seed. She worried that the seed had been planted in her daughter, and did everything she could to keep it from sprouting. Byron was seldom if ever mentioned; Lovelace was twenty years old before she even saw a portrait of him. Annabella worried over and criticized every unconventional behavior that her daughter evinced, and also got her friends to, in effect, spy on the girl and report back. In later years Lovelace referred to them as “the Furies.”

On the positive side, Lovelace’s mother, who was herself an accomplished mathematician, pushed her daughter deeply into the study of mathematics and science, apparently in the hopes that the mental discipline would counter what she feared was her daughter’s genetic inheritance from Lord Byron. She may have managed to convince Lovelace of the need for that as well. At one point Lovelace wrote to a friend, “I find that nothing but very close and intense application to subjects of a scientific nature now seems at all to keep my imagination from running wild...”

Lovelace was sickly as a child, and often not able to be very active, and this probably led her to focus that much more on mental activity. That focus became more intense when she contracted measles, which left her paralyzed and essentially bedridden for close to two years. There was one bright spot during that period; Lovelace met, through family friends, mathematician Charles Babbage, who became a lifelong guide, mentor and companion. Much of her later work involved working with Babbage.

When she was nineteen, Lovelace married William, Baron King, and went from being Ada Byron to Ada King. Shortly afterwards, King was granted the title of Earl of Lovelace. Ada King then took on the name she is generally known by, Ada Lovelace. The couple had three children. Anne, the oldest, was an artist and horse breeder. Many modern lines of Arab horses come down from the breeds she developed, and her sketchbook is in the British Library. Byron, the second

child, was an officer in the British Royal Navy. He deserted overseas, made his way back to England, and went to work in a shipyard. When he was twenty-six he inherited the estate of his grandmother Annabella, but died two years later. The youngest child, Ralph, inherited the Lovelace title, and lived the life of a gentleman, climbing mountains, and traveling.

From early on, Lovelace felt a need to understand things, to penetrate beneath the surface. Her father had been no great believer in science and technology. "There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion," he once wrote, only half in jest. As a member of the House of Lords he had strongly defended the Luddites, who despised the growing technology of the day, believed that machines would be the end of human dignity, and who often destroyed those machines to make their point.

Lovelace, on the contrary, had a deep faith in the power of science, and especially of mathematics. As a teenager, she designed and drew the plans for wings, convinced that the proper dimensions and mechanisms would get her off the ground, although she never went past the design stage. As an adult, she was convinced that a proper understanding of mathematics could uncover life's deepest mysteries.

"The intellectual, the moral, the religious seem to me all naturally bound up and interlinked together in one great and harmonious whole," she wrote.

But she also inherited at least some of her father's romantic nature. "Imagination is the Discovery Faculty pre-imminently," she writes. "It is that which penetrates into the unseen world around us." She at times referred to herself as a poetical scientist.

Another aspect of Lovelace's personality may also have come down from Byron. She was an inveterate gambler, and, combined with her belief in the wonders of mathematics, it got her into serious trouble. Like so many gamblers before and after her day, Lovelace believed you could beat the odds, and devised a system to do that. She and some friends took her system to the tables, and she suffered heavy losses. Her husband wound up having to bail her out of debt.

When Lovelace was seventeen, a family friend introduced her to a man who would become a mentor and lifelong friend. Charles Babbage was a well-known mathematician who devoted much of his life to inventing machines that could perform mathematical operations. The day they met he had with him an example of one of his calculators, and Lovelace was hooked. From that point on she spent as much time as she could, in between having and raising children, working with Babbage on his ideas and his machines.

Babbage's first major design was a calculator, he called it the Difference Engine, that was run by a hand crank and was meant to do complex mathematical operations. The original version was made of wood, and Babbage was never able to create a functioning version in metal, despite spending several thousand pounds on the effort; the metalworking technology of his era was not up to the task. The machine was finally built, but not until the next century. Working from Babbage's original plans, staff at the Science Museum in London managed to create a functioning Difference Engine. It took them from 1989 until 1991 to get the job done.

Babbage went on from there to design what could be thought of as the first computer. Where the Difference Engine was essentially a calculator, this new machine, which he called the Analytical

Engine, was based on the same mathematical logic as the contemporary general purpose computer. The idea was that the user could input an algorithm—a proto-program—and then input data, and come up with results. The data were to be input using punch cards, just as was done in the early decades of modern digital computers.

Once again, the machine was never built, but the design was accepted by other mathematicians and scientists. In 1840 Babbage gave a talk in Italy about the Analytical Engine. An Italian engineer, Luigi Menabrea, who would later become the first prime minister of Italy, transcribed the lecture.

Lovelace took on the task of translating Menabrea's transcript into English, but she didn't stop at that. She added detailed notes on the concepts behind the Analytical Machine. Her notes were considerably longer than the transcript of the talk, and included a mathematical algorithm for calculating complex numbers known as Bernoulli numbers. You could use her algorithm to input raw numbers and come up with answers.

In effect, what Lovelace had written was a computer program—the world's first.

Lovelace was also convinced, probably correctly, that the logic that the Analytical Machine was based on could be used for more than number crunching.

“Suppose, for instance, that the fundamental relations of pitched sounds in the science of harmony and of musical composition were susceptible of such expression and adaptations, the engine might compose elaborate and scientific pieces of music of any degree of complexity or extent.”

Today, we are familiar with computer-generated music, whatever we think of its esthetic quality; but it seems Lovelace was there first.

It is interesting to ponder where Lovelace's mathematical mind and analytical talents might have taken her had she lived longer. She developed uterine cancer and died when she was thirty-six. Ironically, her father, Lord Byron, was the same age when he died. She was buried, at her request, in the plot next to his, which may well have been a parting slap to her mother.

Lovelace's reputation endured past her death. She is seen today as the person who wrote the world's first computer program. The British Computer Society presents an award in her name annually. The primary computer language used by the United States Department of Defense since 1980 is called Ada.

But then she might have predicted that. As she once wrote, “That brain of mine is something more than merely mortal, as time will show.”

Chapter 3

Harriet Tubman

Harriet Tubman was born Araminta Ross, the daughter of slaves on a plantation on the Blackwater River in eastern Maryland, and went by the nickname Mintie as a child. She was the fifth of nine children. The exact date of her birth is not known; in later life she herself gave different dates at different times—1820, 1822 and 1825 on various widow's pension forms. Her death certificate lists 1815, and her gravestone carries the date 1820. Tubman herself probably never knew for sure just when she came into the world. The birth of a slave in the southern United States was not a noteworthy event.

In the odd world of southern slavery, Tubman's family might be seen as part of the upper echelon of slaves. Her father, Ben Ross, was a timber foreman, so while he was a slave, he was also the boss of slaves who worked under him. Her mother worked as a family house servant. Both of them were thus a rung above the slaves who worked in the field.

As a child and adolescent, Tubman herself frequently worked on other plantations, a common practice at the time. She later recalled one of those jobs:

She was sent to another plantation to be nursemaid to a newborn baby. Her job was to watch over the baby as it slept and make sure it was not disturbed. If the baby woke and cried, Tubman was beaten. She said that some days she got whipped three or four times.

Another time, at a different plantation, she was nearly killed when another slave, a boy, angered his overseer. The overseer threw a heavy lead weight at the boy. The weight missed the boy, but struck Tubman in the head. She recovered, but suffered headaches and seizures for the rest of her life. During the seizures she appears frequently to have had hallucinations, which she was convinced were visions sent to her by God.

Often, when plantation owners decided they had more slaves than they needed, they typically sold a few to other slaveholders. At one point, the owner of Tubman's plantation decided it was time to sell Tubman's youngest brother, Moses. The boy's mother was having none of it. Tubman later told a biographer that when the plantation owner and the would-be new owner came to take Moses away, her mother grabbed an axe, blocked their path and told them, "You are after my son, but the first man that comes into my house, I will split his head open." Moses stayed, and the men left.

It was a rare act of successful defiance for a slave, and must have been a striking object lesson for Tubman, one that would bear fruit years later when she decided, as an adult, that it was time to strike out and find freedom.

At that time in eastern Maryland, close to half the blacks were actually free, having been granted freedom, known as manumission, by their owners. In 1840, that happened to Tubman's father,

Ben. A previous owner died, his will manumitted Ben, and the manumission was enforced even though Ben had a new owner by then—just another aspect of the bizarre system of American slavery. Legal freedom meant that Ben could no longer be bought or sold, but it made no difference otherwise. Ben kept working for the plantation, overseeing the timber, and living life as usual; but the seeds of the idea, that it was possible to be free, continued to grow in his daughter's mind.

Tubman discovered years later that a previous owner of her mother had manumitted her in his will, which meant that technically both of Tubman's parents were free, and so were all of their children.

In 1844 Tubman married a free black, John Tubman, and took his name. At that time, she also decided to change her first name, and Araminta Ross became Harriet Tubman, the name she would be known by for the rest of her life.

In the meantime, plantation life went on. But in 1849, that changed. The plantation's owner died, his widow decided to sell off all the family slaves, and Tubman made a decision that would change her life. As she told a biographer years later:

“I had reasoned this out in my mind; there was one of two things I had a right to, liberty or death. If I could not have one, I would have the other.”

In the fall of that year she and two of her brothers, Ben and Henry, left the plantation in the dark of the night and headed north, hoping to avoid the dogs that slave hunters used to track escapees. Before they had gone far, however, Ben and Henry lost their nerve and turned back. Afraid of going on alone, Tubman returned with them, but before long her desire for freedom grew stronger than her fear of the dogs and hunters, and she headed north again, moving in the dark with the stars to guide her, hiding in the daytime, until she reached the first part of what was known at the time as the Underground Railroad. This was a loose collection of people—farmers, storekeepers, housewives, and others—who were opposed to slavery and who helped escaping slaves, sometimes at great risk to themselves, move north to the free states. For the slaves, the magic words were “Follow the drinkin' gourd,” the Big Dipper, the constellation with the pole star at its tip. Go north to freedom.

Tubman followed that star, with the aid of members of the Underground Railroad, until she crossed the state line into Pennsylvania, which was a free state.

Years later she would describe how that felt:

“When I found I had crossed that line, I looked at my hands to see if I was the same person. There was such a glory over everything, the sun came like gold through the trees, and over the fields, and I felt like I was in heaven.”

But the rest of her family was not, along with all the other slaves in Maryland and the other southern states. Tubman settled in Philadelphia and took odd jobs to support herself, but her family's lack of freedom was always in her mind, and it was not long before she headed south again to help them travel to freedom. In the next few years she made frequent trips back, collecting family members and other slaves who were ready to risk the journey north. She did this in the winter, when the nights were longer, because the Underground Railroad was definitely

a night-time operation. She timed her trips to start the northward journey on a Saturday evening, knowing that notice of the slaves' escape would not hit the newspapers until the following Monday, giving her and her charges time to get a little farther north before the hunt began.

One person who never made the trip with her was her husband, John Tubman, probably because he was already a free man, so that the North had no real attraction for him. He continued to work in Maryland until 1867, when he got into an argument with a white man. The argument turned violent, and Tubman was killed.

In 1850, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Act, which made it a crime for anyone, even those living in the free states, to help a slave gain freedom. After that, Tubman guided many all the way to Canada, including her parents, Ben and Rit, who settled in the town of St. Catharines in Ontario.

The legend is that Tubman guided hundreds of slaves to freedom. The more modest reality is that she made the round trip to eastern Maryland and back about thirteen times, and managed to bring seventy people—family members and others—to freedom in the North. Most would say that was amazing enough, guiding people from point to point, avoiding dogs and slave hunters, keeping her charges at her side, keeping their morale up, and leading them north to freedom. And she was proud of the accomplishment, at one point even bragging on herself a little, saying that she was a conductor on the Underground Railroad for years, and “I never ran my train off the track, and I never lost a passenger.”

One of the connections that Tubman made as she guided people north was William Seward, who was at that time a U.S. Senator, had before that been governor of New York, and who was an active and determined abolitionist—although today he is probably best known for negotiating and signing Russia's sale of the Alaska Territory to the United States. Now that is recognized as a master stroke of diplomacy; then it was known as Seward's Folly.

In 1857, Seward and his wife gave Tubman possession of a two-story brick house on the edge of the town of Auburn, New York. Two years later, the Swards sold the house to Tubman, and it became her headquarters and home, and a place of at least temporary asylum for many of the fugitive slaves that she guided north.

When the American Civil War came in 1861, Tubman apparently expected President Abraham Lincoln to declare an end to slavery right away, but the Emancipation Proclamation wasn't made until January 1, 1863, and until then Tubman was not happy with what she considered Lincoln's procrastination.

“God won't let master Lincoln beat the South,” she is reported to have said, “until he does the right thing.”

Disappointed or not, Tubman was soon involved in the war effort. She started working as a cook, and then a nurse, at a U.S. military camp, cooking and also going into the countryside to find and prepare herbal remedies for ailing troops. She was not paid for this, but she managed to bring in a little money for herself by baking pies and making root beer to sell.

Later she worked as a spy and scout for the U.S. troops, getting information on Confederate troop dispositions. She went along on at least one combat operation, on the Combahee River in South Carolina, guiding three gunboats up the river on a mission to disrupt Confederate supply lines. The gunboats were accompanied by men of the 2nd South Carolina, a unit of black troops. The mission succeeded militarily, and also resulted in the liberation of more than seven hundred slaves, who were taken aboard the gunboats and taken into U. S. territory and freedom. It was also on that mission that she met a soldier, Nelson Davis, whom she later married.

Tubman was not paid for her war work, unless you count the money from pies and root beer. Finally, in 1899, she was granted a pension of \$20 a month, which she had until her death, but she always had to struggle financially, even after achieving a degree of fame for her achievements. In 1897, she was invited to Boston, where a reception was to be held in her honor. She had to sell a cow to pay for her train fare.

Tubman struggled financially for the rest of her life, but stayed active, surrounded by friends and family. She became involved in the women's suffrage movement, working with suffrage leaders like Susan B. Anthony and Susan Howland, making speeches around the Northeast. The talks she gave opened her listeners' eyes to what it was like to be a black, female slave in the antebellum South and she became a strong voice in those early days of what eventually would become the civil rights movement in the United States. Despite the fact that she never learned to read or write, and never lost her heavy Southern dialect, she was considered an effective speaker, and was frequently in demand. In 1896 she was the keynote speaker at the inaugural meeting of the National Federation of Afro-American Women.

In 1903, Tubman donated part of her land in Auburn to the African Methodist Zion Episcopal Church on the condition that the land be used to build a home for old and impoverished black people. It may be that she was thinking of her own future when she did this. Her health, never perfect at best after the head injury she had suffered as a girl, began to deteriorate more rapidly, and in 1911 she herself moved into that home. She died there in 1913.

Today Tubman is recognized for her courage, her native intelligence, and her leadership. She never presented herself as anything special; she was just doing what she saw as right, and as God's will. She was not highly religious, but took the existence of a God for granted. When she prayed to him, it was not for success or happiness, but merely "to make me strong and able to fight."

Tubman will soon have one more victory. The new \$20 bill will carry her portrait on the front, replacing Andrew Jackson, who was the seventh president of the United States and also a slave owner. His face will move to a smaller space on the back of the bill, next to the image of the White House. There can't be any doubt that, if Tubman had her way, Jackson would not be there at all. As she once said of slavery and slave owners:

"Never wound a snake. Kill it."

Chapter 4

Margaret Knight

In the early nineteenth century, as the Industrial Revolution began to spread from Europe and make its way across the Atlantic, it settled happily into the New England states, especially Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. This was a time when most people still farmed, and farming was hard in the far Northeast. The terrain was steep, the soil stingy, and the rocks everywhere; but what New England had in abundance was rivers and brooks rushing down from the mountains and spilling into the bays.

Water turned wheels and those wheels generated power, in the early years primarily for grinding grain and sawing timber. Then, as industrial technology progressed, mills and factories started popping up. Mills and factories needed people to work in them. New England had people, most of them on farms that offered only meager livings, and so those people began to send their children to work in the mills and factories. Mostly, they sent the girls, and either kept the boys at home to dig up the rocks and plant the crops, or into the woods to cut timber.

Margaret Knight was one of those girls. She was born on a farm near the town of York, Maine, in 1838, and had two brothers, Charlie and Jim. Knight was bright, apparently mechanically precocious from early on, and was more interested in tools than pots and pans. She spent much of her time making kites and toys for her brothers and her friends.

When she was twelve, her father died, and she had to drop out of school and find work to help support her family. She never finished her formal education, but wasted no time putting her mind to work. Her first job was at a cotton mill in Manchester, New Hampshire, and before a full year of work was done, she came up with her first invention. She was in the plant when a co-worker was injured when a shuttle flew off the mill loom and the machine kept running. Knight came up with a gadget that automatically put the brakes on a machine when something malfunctioned or anything got caught in the loom. The design wound up being copied and used in looms all over New England, but Knight never saw any money from it. The idea of having it patented had not occurred to her.

Knight stayed at the New Hampshire mill for several years, and then moved on to other jobs. She was working at a paper bag plant in Springfield, Massachusetts, when she got the idea for a machine that led to her first patent and set her on the path to becoming one of the best known inventors of the age.

Paper bags at that time looked more like large envelopes. Knight began to play with the idea of a bag with a flat bottom, and realized that shaping such a bag by hand would take forever, so she began sketching out the design for a machine to make the bags. Six months later, the idea had moved from sketches to a wooden prototype that cut the paper, folded it, and then glued it, all with the turn of a crank. It worked, and Knight managed to make a thousand bags with it.

She took the prototype to a machine shop in Springfield and created a version made of iron. She tinkered with it a little more, then took the device to Boston and enlisted the help of two machinists there to fabricate a final version. Then she applied for a patent.

The patent was rejected. It turned out that another machinist, Charles Annan, who had been observing the work in Boston, had stolen the design, applied for a patent, and received it.

Knight took Annan to court. She went at it with the same vigor and determination that she applied to everything else. She brought in witnesses, including the Boston and Springfield machinists who had worked with her, as well as several years' worth of drawings and plans, all dated, to bolster her case. Charles Annan's argument mainly amounted to the notion that a woman could not have the intelligence and knowledge to come up with such a complex idea.

Annan lost. Knight got her patent and went on to start a paper bag company of her own. Her bags quickly spread everywhere and became the standard. It made her name as an inventor. Queen Victoria even gave her a medal; apparently even a queen needs a good paper bag now and then. The bag you put your groceries in today is essentially the same bag that Knight invented. The thousands of machines that churn them out in countries all over the world do things faster, of course, and have more bells and whistles, but the basic design is pretty much the same.

Knight went on to design and invent things for the rest of her long life—a paper feeding machine, a machine for cutting and assembling shoes, a special tool for drilling holes in concave and cylindrical surfaces. In later life, as automobiles became more common, she designed rotary engines. She was commonly referred to as a female Thomas Edison. Overall, Knight wound up with more than two dozen patents to her name, although none of them had the same impact as her paper bag machine.

While Knight's work gave her fame, it never made her a fortune. When she died, her estate was valued at \$275.05.

Chapter 5

Nancy Wake

There is a story that when Nancy Wake parachuted into Nazi-occupied France in the spring of 1944, she got tangled up in a tree, and when the head of the local resistance unit pulled her down he said, “I hope all the trees in France bear such beautiful fruit this year,” to which she replied, “Don’t give me that French shit.”

That tale may be apocryphal, but it goes with the reputation she earned during the war, and even before it, as a quick-witted, adventurous, and courageous woman who knew what she wanted—and what she didn’t.

Wake was born in New Zealand, the youngest of six children. When she was two, her father moved the family to North Sydney, Australia, and then almost immediately took himself back to New Zealand, leaving his wife and children to fend for themselves.

Wake lived at home until she turned sixteen, then left and found work as a nurse. When a relative left her a few hundred pounds, she took off for New York, stayed there for a while, and then went on to London, where she began to develop her skills as a writer and reporter. She apparently learned well, and by the time she was eighteen she was in Paris working as a correspondent for the Hearst newspaper chain. While she was doing that, she got her first taste of Nazi mentality when she did a story in Vienna, and saw firsthand the violence that was being inflicted on the Jewish people in that city.

In 1939 Wake married a French businessman, Henri Edmond Fiocca, and settled into a comfortable life in Marseilles, on the south coast of France. That pleasant existence only lasted a few months, and then World War Two began. Wake and her husband immediately got involved. Early in the war, Wake served as a nurse and ambulance driver in Belgium, fleeing back to Marseilles after Dunkirk. She and her husband joined a network of resistance fighters there, buying and setting up a safe house, and helping soldiers and airmen trapped by the fall of France, guiding them over the Pyrenees to Portugal, from where they could ultimately get back to England.

Initially, Vichy, France, of which Marseilles was a part, was technically a separate state from that part of the country occupied by Germany. But when the Allies invaded North Africa, the Germans occupied the rest of France. The *maquisard*, the French resistance fighters, continued to maintain their escape network, and Wake was one of their most successful operatives. She was credited with saving more than two hundred stranded pilots and soldiers. The Germans called her the White Mouse, and ultimately put a price on her head of five million francs.

Then, in 1943, the network she and her husband worked for was betrayed. After several botched tries, Wake managed to get across the mountains into Portugal, and then on to England. Her husband stayed behind, and was captured and tortured, and eventually shot. Wake did not learn of his death until after the war.

It wasn't long before Wake was back across the English Channel again. She was recruited by the British Special Operations Executive and went through a period of intense training—spycraft, communications, hand-to-hand combat, firearms—and then climbed into an airplane, flew across the Channel, and parachuted into the Auvergne, in the mountains of central France, where she was assigned to be the liaison person for the local resistance unit. Her job was to manage and coordinate the cash, arms, and supplies airdropped by the Allies.

Wake was there for the rest of the war, and she did not limit herself to her assigned liaison duties. She fought and went on raids against German installations. Once, she crept up on a German guard and killed him with a karate chop. She had been taught that during her Special Operations training, but said later that she was actually surprised that it worked. She earned a reputation for fearlessness, and also for ruthlessness. At one time, her *maquisards* captured a young girl who had been spying for the Germans. The men were reluctant to kill her because of her sex. Wake told them that if they weren't willing to do the job, she would do it for them. Shamed, they carried out the execution.

In later years she would say, "I was not a very nice person. And it didn't put me off my breakfast."

After the war, Wake was awarded the George Medal for Bravery, the U.S Medal of Freedom, the *Medaille de la Resistance*, and the *Croix de Guerre*, but she seems to have had a hard time finding a peacetime calling. She said herself that postwar life was "dreadful because you've been so busy and then it all just fizzles out." She returned to England and worked for a while for the British Air Ministry, then went back to Australia.

In Australia she tried a run for political office and lost, and in 1951 she returned to England. She went back to work at the Air Ministry as an intelligence officer, and in 1957 she married a Royal Air Force officer, John Forward.

Wake and Forward moved back to Australia in the 1960's where she tried another run for public office, but with no more luck than the previous time. Forward died in 1997, and four years later Wake went back to London one last time. She lived there until her death at the age of 98, and at her request, her ashes were scattered over the mountains of the Auvergne.

Chapter 6

The Mirabal Sisters:

Patria (1924-1960) Minerva (1926-1960) Maria Teresa (1935-1960)

If you live in a country that is run by a corrupt, violent dictator, you may decide to choose between two options—stay there, or get out and go to live somewhere else. If you decide to stay, you still have two choices. Do you follow the advice that former U. S. Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn used to give to new members of Congress when they first came in—if you want to get along, go along—or do you join the opposition to the dictator and work to take him down? If you opt to join the opposition and work to bring the dictator down, one of two things will then occur, but the choice there will be up to the dictator and his people, not you. Either you will live, or you will die.

The Mirabal sisters, Patria, Minerva, and Maria Teresa, faced those choices. They were born in the Dominican Republic, a country that takes up the eastern two thirds of the Caribbean island of Hispaniola. The Republic of Haiti takes up the rest of the island. After independence from Spain, Haiti actually controlled the entire island until 1844, when the Dominican Republic was established as an independent nation, following a period of armed conflict.

The country went back and forth between periods of peaceful progress and internal strife. The United States actually occupied the country and ran its government for eight years, from 1916 to 1924. Then, in 1930, an army colonel named Rafael Trujillo managed to win a rigged election and became president. He stayed in power until 1961, part of the time as president, rest of the time as the power behind the throne, until some of his own troops assassinated him.

Over those years, Trujillo earned a reputation as the most vicious, corrupt, grandiose dictator in the history of Latin America. He also became one of the wealthiest; his fortune at the time of his death was estimated to be eight hundred million dollars—a lot even today, and a huge fortune at that time. When Trujillo wanted something, he took it. If persuasion, coercion, or bribery failed to work, murder would.

Trujillo was racist as well. Although he himself was a quarter Haitian, he despised his black fellow islanders, and expressed his fear of the “darkening” of his country. It distressed him that a number of Haitians actually lived on the Dominican Republic side of their mutual border, so in 1937, on the pretext that some of them were stealing cattle and crops, he sent troops into the area with machetes to kill them off. The troops stayed for six days, and when they left, somewhere between seventeen thousand and thirty-five thousand Haitians were dead. No one knows the exact number.

Trujillo’s violence was matched by his grandiosity. He had the country’s capital, Santo Domingo, renamed Ciudad Trujillo—Trujillo City. The country’s tallest mountain, which is in

fact the tallest in the Caribbean, was *La Pelona Grande*, the Big Bald Mountain, before Trujillo showed up. He changed the name to *Pico Trujillo*. He had other villages named after himself or his relatives over the years.

This was the toxic terrain that formed the country the Mirabal sisters grew up in. There were actually four sisters, but one of them, Belgica Adela, who was second oldest, avoided any involvement with groups opposing Trujillo, and managed to stay alive. She had mixed feelings about her sisters' fate. At one time she said, "I blamed them for putting themselves in danger," but on another occasion she said she "Wanted to be a part of it all as well. But I didn't have the heart or the willpower." She wound up raising her sisters' six children.

The sisters were raised in a comfortable middle-class home in the central part of the Dominican Republic. Their parents were farmers, raising crops and cattle. In addition to the farmland, they had a machine shop, a coffee mill, a rice mill, and a small meat market. By the standards of the time, they were well off. Neither of the parents had much in the way of formal education; the mother, Chea, had almost none, but they were believers in education for their daughters, which was unusual at that time. Three of the sisters finished college.

Patria, the oldest, was born on the anniversary of the Dominican Republic's declaration of independence. Her first name came from that. She was considered the artistic one in the family, and loved to paint and draw. She was sent to a Catholic school, as all of her sisters would be, but dropped out of school and got married at seventeen. She and her husband, Pedro, had four children, one of whom died in infancy.

Minerva was considered the brainy one in the family. She learned to read at an early age, and was reciting French poetry by the time she was seven. She graduated from the University of Santo Domingo with a degree in law, but never practiced. She had become an outspoken critic of Trujillo by that time, and was not allowed to obtain a law license. She became more radicalized over the years, and was a supporter of communism and a fan of Fidel Castro in the final years before her death. She married after college and she and her husband, Manuel, had two children.

Maria Teresa also attended the University of Santo Domingo, and graduated with a degree in math. She later married and had a daughter by her husband, Leandro.

Minerva became involved in the opposition to Trujillo early on, and got her husband involved after their marriage. Maria Teresa started becoming involved during a period when she was living with Minerva. Most of their energy went into meeting with others who were opposed to the Trujillo regime, writing pamphlets, and spreading the word about individuals who were murdered by Trujillo's people. It was enough to catch the dictator's attention, and they were jailed on more than one occasion. Minerva continued to be the more deeply involved of the two, and belonged to an undercover group that hoped to overthrow Trujillo. Her code name in that group was *Mariposa*, Spanish for butterfly.

In 1959, a group of men who had left or been exiled from the Dominican Republic attempted to mount an invasion. They called themselves the Dominican Liberation Movement, and invaded in three groups. About fifty men flew into the mountain town of Constanza on the June 14. Six days later another hundred and forty-four men split into two launches and hit the beaches at the towns of Maimon and Estero Hondo on the north coast of the island. Most of the invaders were from

the Dominican Republic, but the group also included men from other Caribbean countries, and even two from the United States.

Within a week or so, the invading force, if such a tiny group could be called that, was defeated. All of those not killed in the fighting were imprisoned, tortured, and executed. Trujillo's people also began killing others who were believed to be involved in the abortive uprising. Patria witnessed some of those killings, and at that point joined her sisters in the effort to overthrow the dictator. They helped form a new group that called itself the Fourteenth of June Movement.

The leaders of that movement met again in January, 1960, to put together plans for another uprising. Maria Teresa and her husband Leandro were a part of the group. It turned out that they had been betrayed. Trujillo's people swarmed into the farmhouse where they were meeting and arrested all of them. Then they started arresting everyone in sight.

The mass arrests created an uproar in the Dominican Republic and everywhere else. Even the Catholic Church protested, long with ambassadors from the United States and other countries. The Organization of American States officially condemned Trujillo.

He backed off. First, he freed all the women who had been placed in prison. That quieted things down some, but not enough, so shortly after that, he freed most of the men, but not the Mirabal sisters' husbands—Manolo, Pedro, and Leandro. They were seen as ringleaders and kept in prison. All three men were initially held in jail in their home town of Salcedo. Then Minerva's husband, Manolo, and Patria's husband, Pedro, were transferred to a prison in Puerto Plata, on the north coast of the island.

On the evening of November 25th, 1960, Minerva, Patria, and Maria Teresa were returning from a visit to the Puerto Plata prison. A crew of Trujillo's men waylaid them in the mountains, pulled them and their driver from the car, and clubbed them to death. Then they put the bodies back into the car and pushed it off a cliff to try to make it look like an accident.

No one in the country was fooled, and people were outraged, in and out of the Dominican Republic. It was the beginning of the end for Trujillo, although he seems not to have thought so. If anything, he escalated. He decided he had a bone to pick with Venezuelan president Romulo Betancourt, and sent agents to Venezuela to try to assassinate him. The effort failed, Trujillo sank deeper into trouble with other Latin American countries, and in 1961 a group of his own troops assassinated him. After he was dead, one of his officers admitted that the Mirabal sisters had been murdered.

Still, there was not much acknowledgement of the fact for many years. After Trujillo's death, one of his supporters, Joaquin Balaguer, stepped into his shoes and ran the country until 1996.

The picture is changing now. The country has a democratically elected government, and is doing well socially and economically. Trujillo would be galled to know that Dede Mirabal's son, Jaime, served as a vice president, and Patria's son, Nelson, was one of his aides. Minerva's daughter, Minou, has served as deputy foreign minister.

An obelisk that Trujillo had raised to celebrate the renaming of the capital city, which by the way is called Santo Domingo again, is now covered with murals of the Mirabal sisters.

Salcedo Province, which was their home turf, is now Hermanas Mirabal Province.

The \$200 Dominican Republic bill has a large portrait of the sisters on its face, and a picture of their family home on the back.

So maybe all is well that ends well, but the people who loved them would probably rather have the Mirabal sisters home again.

Conclusion

The women whose stories are told here come from different eras, different environments and different parts of the world. Life led them to follow different paths to the things they ultimately achieved.

Their cultures were different. The Mirabals lived in a country dominated by traditions and rooted in the centuries-long dominance of Spain and the Roman Catholic church. Mary Wollstonecraft and Ada Lovelace grew up in an England of class distinctions and firm separation of the wealthy from everyone else. Margaret Knight lived in a New England state that was moving from rural to industrial, and Nancy Wake lived in a different kind of frontier country, wild and woolly Australia, a place that began existence as a British penal colony. Harriet Tubman was a slave, with everything that implies.

Some of these women were wealthy. Ada Lovelace was born into the comfortable world of English nobility, with all of its advantages, as well as its less obvious disadvantages. The Mirabal sisters were raised in comfortable middle class homes. Mary Wollstonecraft's life began that way, but changed for the worse. Margaret Knight and Nancy Wake were born poor and grew up in families that struggled to make ends meet. Harriet Tubman lived in a land where she could not own anything, not even her body.

They differed in education as well. All but one of the Mirabal sisters had college degrees; their parents saw to that. Mary Wollstonecraft and Ada Lovelace had formal schooling and tutoring from early on. Nancy Wake got most of her formal training and education after she ran away from home at the age of sixteen. Margaret Knight had to drop out of school at twelve and get a job to help support her family; and Harriet Tubman never learned to read or write.

They had different relationships with their parents as well. The Mirabal sisters had a loving family and supportive parents, as did Margaret Knight, but Nancy Wake and Ada Lovelace never knew their fathers, nor were they close to their mothers. Mary Wollstonecraft knew her father all too well, especially when she was protecting her mother and sisters from his violent, drunken rampages. Harriet Tubman's parents, slaves or not, helped her believe in freedom, and in herself.

But even with the differences, these women had something in common; each of them lived in a time of political, cultural, and social turbulence.

Mary Wollstonecraft was a child of two revolutions—the American and the French. The old European order of aristocracy and autocracy was fraying around the edges, and the idea of democracy was beginning to touch people's minds and hearts.

Ada Lovelace woke up to the coming of more and more powerful machines, and the exciting ideas of Darwin. For Margaret Knight in America, it was an age of invention, the telegraph, and telephone, and electric light, and, of course, her revolutionary paper bag maker.

For Nancy Wake, it was an era of decision between the forces of democracy and those of despotism, a time to put up or shut up, and Wake had never been inclined to shut up for anyone or anything.

And Harriet Tubman was born at a time when abolition was beginning to become an idea that touched more and more people, and would lead to a divided nation and a bloody civil war.

The Mirabals grew into adulthood at a time when the countries of Latin America were beginning to realize, or at least hope, that it might be possible to get out from under the economic and political dominance of their huge neighbor to the north, the United States, whose overbearing presence in the hemisphere had once led Mexican president Porfirio Diaz to lament, “Ay, poor Mexico. So far from God, and so close to the United States.”

Another thing they had in common was a willingness, maybe even an eagerness, to take risks. Whether it was getting into the face of traditionalists to air their ideas, guiding fugitive slaves through the dark woods of Maryland, jumping out of airplanes into Nazi country, or defying a dictator, they did what they thought they had to do.

Former Texas governor Ann Richards once said something that might be a fitting way to close. She was talking about the famous dancing pair Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

“After all,” she said, “Ginger Rogers did everything Fred Astaire did. She just did it backwards and in high heels.”

Fair to say, the women in this book were pretty good backwards dancers.

I hope this book was able to help you to get to know some remarkable people you might not have been familiar with.

If you have enjoyed this book, please be sure to leave a review and a comment to let us know how we are doing so we can continue to bring you quality ebooks.

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Thank you and good luck!

Preview of Forgotten History

Introduction

I want to thank you and commend you for downloading the book, “Forgotten History: Captivating History Events that Have Been Forgotten”

This book contains a variety of historical events covering the span from the turn of the common era through to WWII. Within this book is a record of events once forgotten or previously unknown that have helped shape history and the world we live in today.

History holds the key to understanding the present. Our past explains where we have come from and where we are heading. Although humanity can determine the steps it will take in the future, history often shows us the cycles that humanity repeats. A wise student will see these cycles and learn from them in order to better shape the future.

How can we know our history and what shapes us if we have forgotten great historical events and occurrences? To fully understand where we come from and what we have achieved, both great and devastating, we need a more holistic history book.

This book attempts to fill in some of those blanks. The historical events listed in this book are not all that have been forgotten, but it is one step closer to fitting the missing puzzle pieces into our already grand puzzle.

Do you want to know when the first peace treaty came into play?

What about the strange disappearances in the 1500s?

Do we really know everything about WWI and WWII?

With history channels focusing predominantly on WWI and WWII, we are losing out on the rich history of the previous eras, not to mention some unknown events within the World Wars.

This book holds the key to unlocking a world of forgotten events and moments. Think of it as a photo album of your parents’ and grandparents’ childhood. This is a moment where you can peek into the past with great excitement, anticipation, and wonder.

Thanks again for downloading this book, I hope you enjoy it!

Chapter 1: Late BC to Early AD Years

During the late BC years and early into the beginning of the AD years, history would see some of its greatest land conquests, its first peace treaty, and a failed attempt at conquering Germania which would define history to this day.

These are the years where foundations were laid. With the focus being more on modern history thanks to history channels, we are often left oblivious to the importance of historical foundations.

As with any good building, your foundations set the precedents for latter events and ways of life. In this chapter I am going to begin our journey of forgotten historical events by looking at our foundations. We will start with the Battle of Kadesh and progress through to the time of the Roman Empire.

Battle of Kadesh (1275 BC)

After a failed attempt at forming an alliance with Egypt, the Hittite Empire, under the leadership of Subbiluliumas, persuaded Egypt's main stronghold in Syria, Ugarit, to ally with them. So began the advances of the Hittites toward Egypt.

By the time Sety I arrived on the scene, Egypt was eager to recover their lost stronghold. As a result, Sety I targeted the Eleutheros Valley, ideal for marching armies due to its level terrain. Kadesh was key to controlling the valley.

The stage was set. All that was needed was an Egyptian pharaoh driven with ambition and youthful arrogance. It was as though the gods were playing a game of chess.

Egypt saw the succession of Rameses II, who was a fine general and leader, not to mention the most well-known pharaoh of Egyptian history, but his ambition often ran rampant, straining resources.

Meanwhile, Muwatallish, Hittite King, was more subdued, preferring to defend his country and rising to action only when necessary.

The gods continued their chess game. Rameses made the first move. He separated his army into four parts before targeting Kadesh. Hittite spies were sent to intercept Rameses with false information under the guise of Bedouins. Rameses bought into it.

On and on the war raged, seeing around 6,000 chariots plus infantry warring against each other. Each empire faced multiple losses and consequences. Eventually, the two kings decided that enough was enough.

Around 1259 BC, Rameses and Hattusilis drafted a peace treaty, the first of its kind. To seal this treaty, Rameses married Hattusilis' daughter. The treaty contained an agreement of mutual military assistance, security for the Hittite Empire if problems arose in Hattusilis' succession, and terms regarding fugitives.

In the end, the gods realized that they were well matched in their chess game, thus they concluded the game a draw.

Pax Romana (27 BC to 180 AD)

Julius Cesar was murdered; his adopted son Octavian, soon to be known as Augustus, rose to power over the Roman Empire. By this time, countless revolts, riots, and chaos characterized the Roman regions, causing much stress to their people.

Augustus, perhaps still pained at the loss of his father or outraged at the betrayal against his family through the murder of his father, took drastic measures to secure his empire.

So the Pax Romana, also known as the Roman Peace, was born. For the next 200 years, the Roman Empire would enjoy thriving commerce, economy, arts, and architecture. Social order and border patrols were installed. Finally, Roman citizens could sleep at night knowing that their country would not be overtaken with invasions or turned inside out from internal disputes. Peace reigned in the internal regions of the empire.

Although this era holds the word peace in its title, it was not as peaceful as it seems. Augustus decided that the Roman Empire needed to be expanded. Conquest after conquest ensued. Roman culture and influence began to integrate into the ancient world as the Balkans were overtaken and attempts were made to subdue Germania. Throughout the Pax Romana, the Roman Empire became an empire so large it rivaled that of Alexander the Great.

In 69 AD, the “Year of the Four Emperors” occurred causing an interruption in the civil order of the Pax Romana. However, this was a minor setback, and the peace continued.

Due to his conquests and ability to ensure order within the Empire, Augustus was revered and worshiped as a god. This birthed the Imperial Cult which brought about the reverence of the Caesars as gods until their death.

For the next decades and centuries, Augustus’ successors were able to continue the era of peace.

Arminius’ Unsuccessful Attempt to unify Germania (9 AD)

Germania was a wild, savage territory, marked with endless forests and aggressively savage warriors. Void of any city life, rudimentary in many ways, one may wonder why the Roman Empire would want to conquer such terrain.

Perhaps it was an ego boost. After all, conquering Germania would extend the Roman Empire to what is now the Soviet borders. The Romans would occupy almost all of modern Europe. One person stood in their way. One man, armed with Roman insight and military strategy, was about to change the course of history. This man was Arminius.

Arminius was an Austrian child sent to Roman custody. He was trained and raised in Roman customs and military ways. Eventually, Arminius became a Roman commander with an unquenchable hate for all that was Rome.

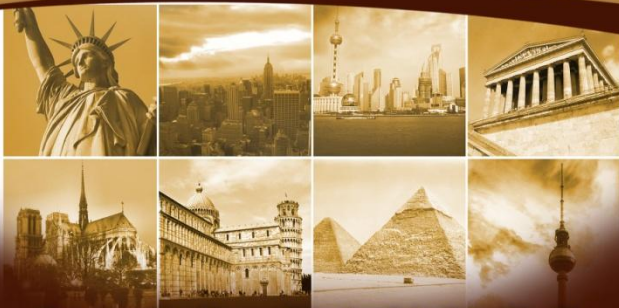
With his hatred raging within him, Arminius was determined to unite the Germanian tribes against Rome in a rebellion. He succeeded in uniting the tribes.

The year of 9 AD swung round. It was time for the Battle of Teutoberg Forest. With his savage allies in place, Arminius led an ambush against the Roman army, murdering around 20,000 men. Rome was devastated at the massacre of a large portion of their army. Arminius died at the hands of his own rival members.

Although Rome got a slow yet brutal revenge, the Battle of Teutoberg Forest left a bitter taste in its mouth. Rome never attempted to conquer Germania again. It was not economically worthwhile. Germania had little to offer them, and no cities meant Rome would have a large task of implementing Roman order and governance. Rome stayed within its borders. While Arminius' established The Rhine, which continues today.

FORGOTTEN HISTORY

**CAPTIVATING HISTORY EVENTS
THAT HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN**



R O S S T A N N E R

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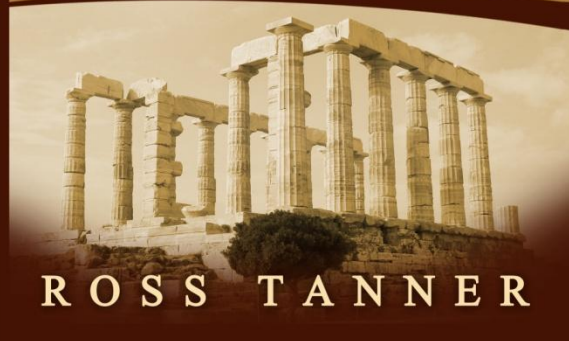
Did you know that Zeus loved many women, both goddesses and mortals? Did you know that he turned himself into golden rain for one damsel who was locked away in a tower, and turned himself into a swan for another beauty? Did you know that he kidnapped one young princess, which led to her brother founding the city of Thebes? And did you know that, to protect his own power, Zeus swallowed his first wife, just as Cronus had swallowed his own children in a previous age?

Greek myth is full of fascinating tales of Titans and Olympian gods. Some of it makes us wonder if there might be some hint of truth behind those stories, no matter how outrageous they may sound. What parts of those stories were merely symbolic and what parts were literal?

This book contains a brief, but unconventional look at the Titans and Olympian gods of Greek mythology. Brief, because a thorough treatment of these legendary super beings could take thousands of pages. Unconventional, because digging for truth is far more interesting than reciting old stories which have little relevance to us today. Attempting to reveal some semblance of truth brings the stories to life. It gives them relevance to our modern world.

GREEK MYTHOLOGY

**CAPTIVATING STORIES OF THE
ANCIENT OLYMPIANS AND TITANS**



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