

Sixth Grade Language Arts – Dictation

A Born Commander

The French were openly united with America now. There had been battles and a victory for Washington at Monmouth.

The advance guard was coming. The music was quiet now, but the drums were thumping to mark time for the marching feet. There was Timothy Allen, riding at the head of his men, the wind blowing through his bright hair. The lines of fighting men around him were thinner from their winter of hunger and from the battles which had followed; but they were true soldiers every one, with one will, one purpose, and one leader.

The little group of people who had hurried out of the inn drew closer together as though something in all of them had tightened with expectation. There was no need for them to tell one another that General Washington was coming.

Here he was at last, sitting on his tall gray horse with weary grace. Thin, hard, and worn he was, like his men. How could he be otherwise? Here was a man who was more than a great soldier. It was truly the light not of hope but of victory that shone on that tired face as the commander of them all went by, with the drums beating before him.

Cornelia Meigs, *Young Americans*

