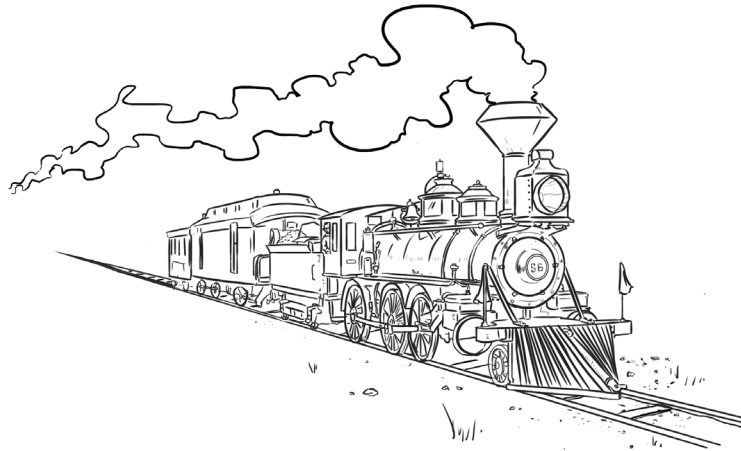


*Adventures on the American Frontier*

# Men on Iron Horses

Part Two

William Brown  
Rides the DeWitt Clinton



A Royal Fireworks Production

Royal Fireworks Press  
Unionville, New York



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This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

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Royal Fireworks Press  
P.O. Box 399  
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Unionville, NY 10988-0399  
(845) 726-4444  
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email: [mail@rfwp.com](mailto:mail@rfwp.com)  
website: [rfwp.com](http://rfwp.com)



ISBN: 978-0-89824-745-9

Printed and bound in Unionville, New York, on acid-free paper  
using vegetable-based inks at the Royal Fireworks facility.

Publisher: Dr. T.M. Kemnitz  
Editor: Jennifer Ault  
Book and cover designer: Christopher Tice  
Audio and narration: Christopher Tice

In the year 1831, the locomotive was brand new in America, but it was quickly becoming popular. Already, iron horses were being made to pull trains in many of the states along the Atlantic Ocean.

Up in New York state, a railroad just for the iron horse had been built from the city of Albany to the city of Schenectady. On August 9th, almost everyone in Albany was at the tracks to see the start of the first passenger train in the state.

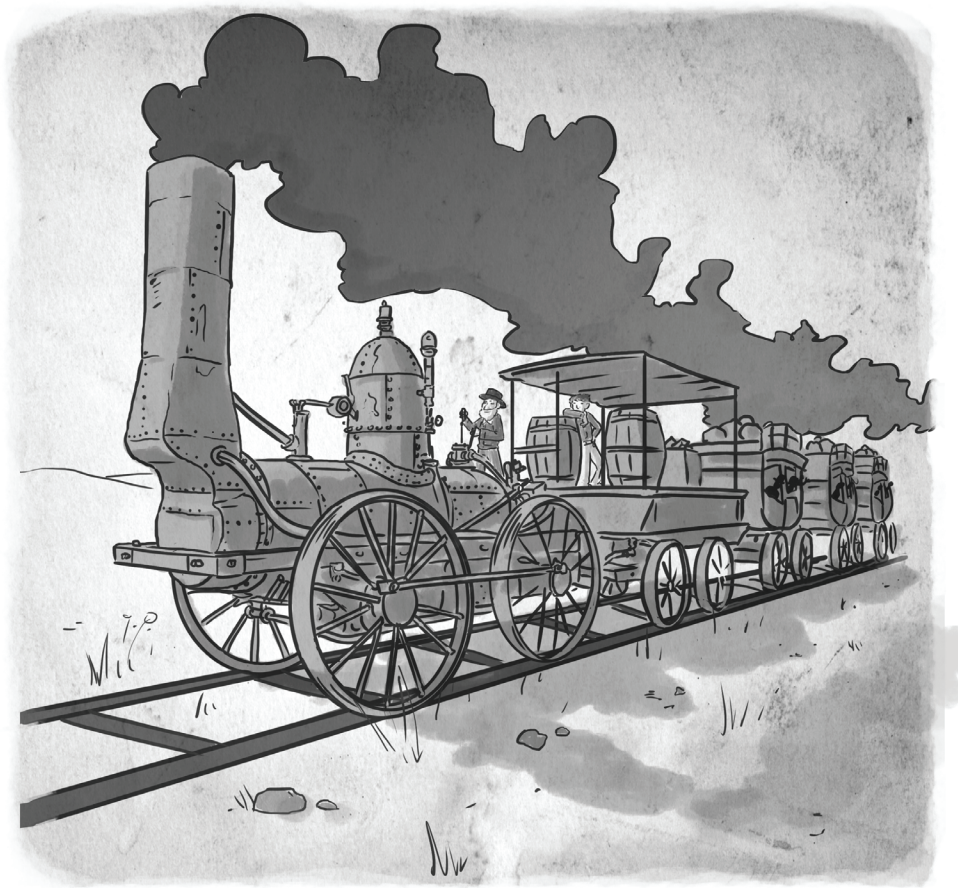


“You may take your seats, ladies and gentlemen!” called the captain of the little train. He was the man who, a few years later, would be called the conductor.

The crowd of people pushed toward the little train of cars. But they kept away from the locomotive, which was named the *DeWitt Clinton*.

“I don’t trust that thing,” one man said. He eyed the tall black smokestack, the boiler with its bouncing valve on the top, the pipes and rods, and the red-hot firebox.





Behind the locomotive was a small car that carried wood and water, called the tender. The engineer took a chunk of wood from the pile on the tender and threw it into the firebox. Then he tested the steam pressure.

“Sh-ooo-sh!”

The man who had been looking over the locomotive jumped back so quickly that he stepped on the toes of the man behind him.

When he could speak, he said, “I beg your pardon, sir. That locomotive is not to be trusted.”

“I quite agree with you,” said the man whose toe had been stepped on. He stood on one foot and gently rubbed the hurt foot on the back of his leg.



“There’s the governor!” someone cried.

The train captain was showing a well-dressed gentleman to a seat in the car behind the tender. That car, and the two behind it, looked like the stagecoaches that were usually pulled by horses.

“Right in here, Your Honor,” the captain said. He held open the door in the side of the car as the governor of New York state climbed in. He was followed by the sheriff, the bank president, and other important men of Albany.