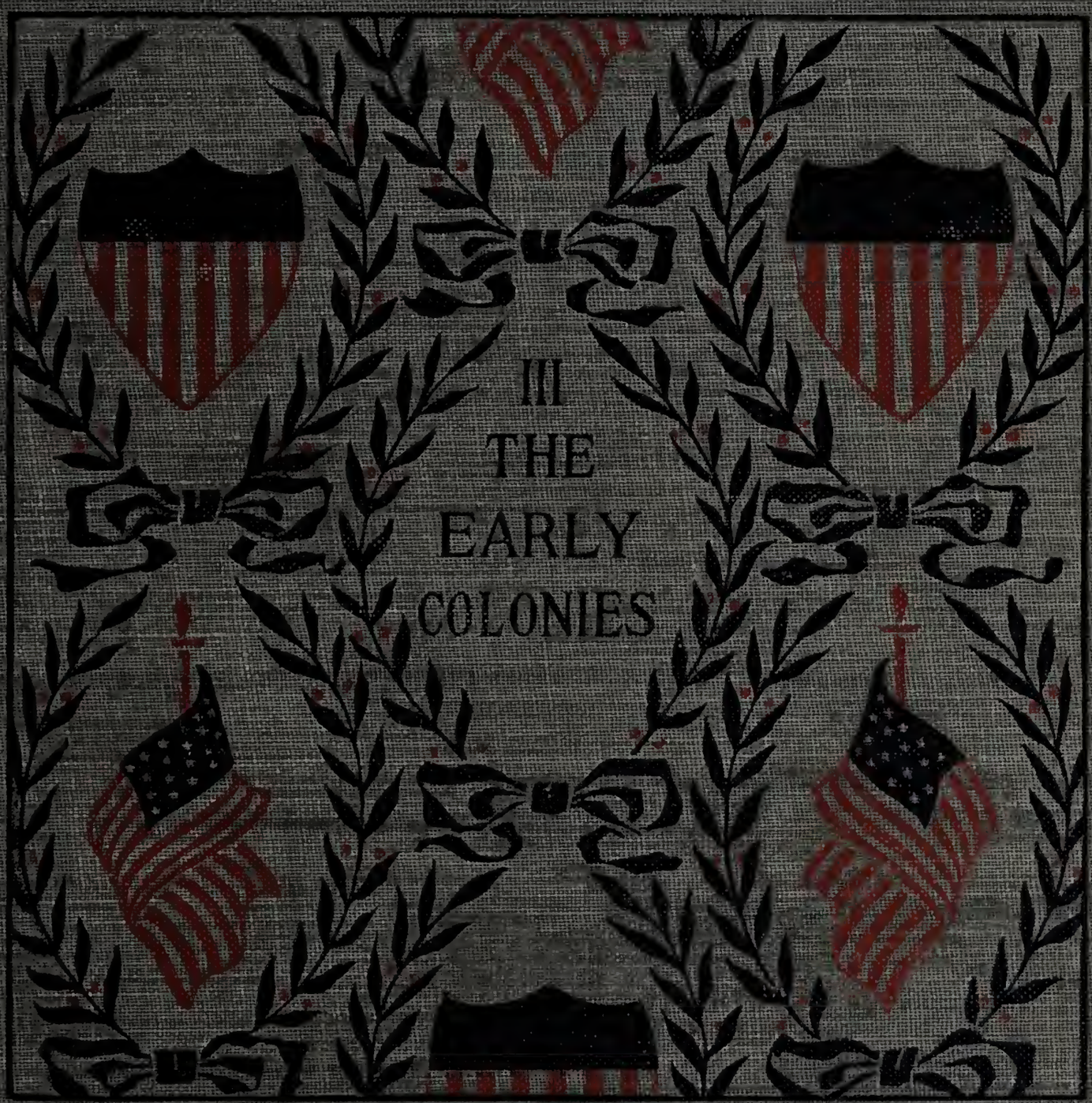
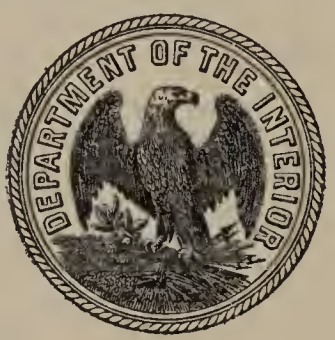
AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

MARA·L·PRATT



III
THE EARLY COLONIES

D·C·HEATH & CO·BOSTON



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St Lawrence R.
Lake Superior
C A N A D A
Quebec 1608
Montreal
NOVA SCOTIA
MASS.
Port Royal 1605
Lake Huron
Lake Michigan
Lake Ontario
NEW HAMPSHIRE
NEW YORK 1613
Albany
MASSACHUSETTS 1620
Plymouth 1620
Lake Erie
CONN.
R.I. 1630
New York
PENNSYLVANIA 1638
Philadelphia
NEW JERSEY 1618
MARYLAND 1634
DELAWARE
St.Marys 1634
River
Ohio
VIRGINIA 1607
Jamestown 1607
ROANOKE I.
NORTH CAROLINA
Cape Hatteras
Mississippi
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA 1733
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
St.Augustine 1565
FLORIDA
GULF OF
MEXICO
Cape Sable
THE COLONIES IN 1754

AMERICA'S STORY

FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

BY

MARA L. PRATT

IN FIVE VOLUMES

III. THE EARLY COLONIES

BOSTON, U.S.A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1903

AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN.

By MARA L. PRATT.

I. **The Beginner's Book.** History Stories for Second Reader Classes.

II. **Exploration and Discovery.** 1000 to 1609.

III. **The Early Colonies.** 1565 to 1733.

IV. **The Later Colonial Period.** 1733 to 1765.

V. **The Foundations of the Republic.**

Printed from large type. Fully illustrated from authentic sources. Bound in cloth, each volume containing about 160 pages.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers,

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

Preface.

America's Story for America's Children is intended to prepare for the regular study of history and to supplement it. With this in view, care has been taken to give prominence to the elements of life and personality and picturesqueness, so as to develop centres of interest which more advanced and systematic study will bring into proper relationship.

The books present in vivid and dramatic style a series of pictures of our past, which sacrifice nothing of historic accuracy, and are replete with elements that will attract and hold the interest of the learner.

The Beginner's Book has already introduced the third and fourth year classes to the picturesque and personal incidents connected with the leading events in our history, North and South and East and West.

In the second volume the stories of the great discoverers and explorers are related in systematic order. The pomp and pride of the Spanish, the good work of some of the monks, the simple life and customs of the natives, and the sturdy temper of the early English, Dutch, and French explorers, are all portrayed, and the pupil will carry to his later study of history a set of mental impressions which will greatly lighten his own work as well as that of his teacher.

The present volume, the third in the series, deals with the earlier colonial period, from 1565 to 1733. The hopes and

purposes of the early settlers, the hardships that they encountered, and their primitive modes of life, are clearly set forth.

The illustrations, upon which much thought and care have been expended, are from authentic sources. In some cases drawings after famous historical paintings have been made for the sake of their value in giving correct ideas of costumes and other accessories, but the main idea in making the illustrations has been to set before the reader the person, the place, and the thing described, so as to enable him to complete and round out the mental impression gained from the text.

The summary of the historical facts in connection with each chapter and a list of the authorities consulted, given at the end of each volume, not only serve to show how trustworthy are the stories in the books, but will enable the teacher who wishes to pursue any subject further to do so without the trouble of great research.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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1565.

You will remember that from the very beginning explorers tried to found colonies in the new world.

But something always happened to these colonies. Sometimes the white men left them because there was not enough gold; and sometimes they left them to make new trading stations. Sometimes the Indians killed the white men or drove them away. And so, up to the founding of St. Augustine, in 1565, no real settlement was made in North America.

Now during all these years since the discovery of the new world, there was in Europe great excitement over church questions. People quarrelled and even made war upon one another until many were forced to leave their country.

"They tell us," said Coligny, one of the great men among the French, "that in the new world the

land is rich, and the climate is warm. Let us go there and found a colony."

He fitted out an expedition. There were only two vessels, and they were small and awkward and tub-shaped; but they were manned by a bold crew and guided by a skilful pilot, Jean Ribault. On the first of May, 1562, they anchored off the coast of Florida, just at the mouth of a great river which was later named St. John's River.

It was a bright, clear morning, and the gleaming armor of the Frenchmen delighted the Indians who had come to meet the strange white men. There upon the shore the colonists knelt among the flowers and the ferns and thanked God for their happy voyage and safe landing.

The Indians watched the white men while they knelt. "They worship the Sun," they whispered to one another.

"Surely," said the colonists, "we have come to the fairest, pleasantest land in all the world." All day long they wandered up and down the beautiful shore and talked with the Indians. At night, however, the Frenchmen went back to their ships, and sailed farther up the coast. This little band had not come to colonize; for the wise Coligny had planned that first a voyage should be made and the best site for a fort be found. Later, the real colonists were to come and make their homes.

But so delighted were these Frenchmen with the

new land that, when Ribault went back to France, many of them begged to be allowed to stay to hold the little fort that they were already building.

A colony, therefore, was left on these sunny shores; but, unfortunately, most of the men were poor "gentlemen." That is, though poor in purse, they were born of high families and were unused to work. Such men, you see, could not make good colonists.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY.
From Sir Walter Besant's "Coligny."

They worked busily for a few weeks until they had finished the fort, then they began to search for gold.

"We ought first of all to plant corn," said some of the sailors who had remained with the gentlemen.

"By and by," answered the gentlemen; "first let us explore the country. The Indians will bring us corn."

And so the adventurous colonists left their work and went gold seeking. From tribe to tribe they roamed, and for a time the Indians feasted them and loaded them with gifts of fruit and corn.

One day they reached an Indian village just as the people were preparing for a great feast. The

men were smoking, and the women were sweeping a place for the dance.

"Welcome, welcome to our feast," said the chief.

The Frenchmen were very glad to be welcomed; but, alas, they were so greatly amused by the Indian customs that they forgot their French manners and roared with laughter at the strange things they saw. This so enraged the Indians that the chief shut his guests up in a wigwam and put a guard over them.

"Stay there," said he, angrily, "until the feast is over!" And there they stayed — all but one of them — like disobedient children, until the chief should be ready to set them free.

"It is a shame," said that one, "to lose this chance to see the savages at their feast." So he crept out from under the wigwam and watched the warriors and squaws while they danced and sang and ran like mad creatures around the open space.

But as weeks went on the colonists began to feel the pinchings of hunger. The Indians had been kind to them and had shared their corn with them; but every one knew that when at last there was no corn left, both white men and red men must starve.

"Farther south are tribes that have plenty of corn," said the Indians. "Go to them and fill your ships." Then the Frenchmen sailed down the coast until they found two Indian chiefs who generously gave them all the corn that they could carry.

"As long as our corn-fields yield," said these generous chiefs, "you shall share with us."

Meantime, however, the men were beginning to grow tired of their listless life. They longed for their own people and the homes which they had left in France.

"Let us get away," they said.

"Where shall we go?"

"To France."

"But we have no ship."

"Build one, then," said these homesick men. And they set to work.

Not one of them knew how to build a ship; but a ship they must have. They felled trees, hewed out the timbers, built the frame, and covered it with rough-hewn planks; they stuffed the seams with Florida moss and with pitch from the pine trees. The Indians made cordage for them. For sails, they sewed together pieces of their own clothing, bedding — anything that they could spare from their supplies.

This was a strange ship, indeed. Never before had its like been seen. The craft was frail; but the men were homesick, and to get across the ocean was their one wish. They were ready to drown rather than live longer in the forests of Florida.

For days the breeze was strong, and the little ship held bravely to her course; but by and by the breeze died away. The sails flapped idly; the

waters gently lapped the sides; the sun blazed down upon the decks.

Then the food began to give out. There were only twelve kernels of corn a day for each man. Then all the corn was gone, and, like Magellan's men, these voyagers ate the leather of their own shoes. The water, too, failed, and some of the men, crazed with thirst, drank the ocean brine and died. Then came a storm. How this poor, frail little vessel lived in the seething waters is a wonder; but live she did, and in time was heading again toward France.

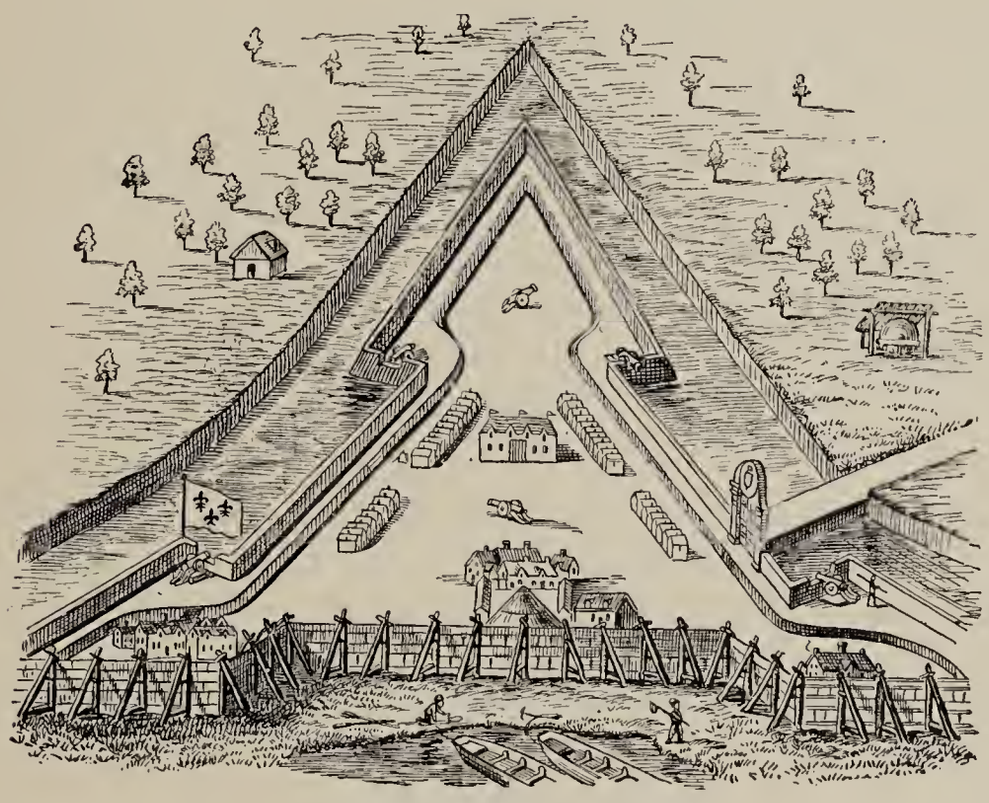
For days the men had no food. They grew weak and white and haggard. At last land appeared. The men staggered forward across the deck to look. Should they ever reach this land which seemed so near?

Fortunately an English vessel soon came in sight, and the Frenchmen ran up a signal of distress. Friend or foe, they cared little who saved them, if only they might reach land and food once more. The English vessel drew near, and the starving men were taken from their battered craft. "Bread! Bread! Give us bread!" they cried.

And thus ended the sad story of the first little band of French Protestants in America.

Two years later, a second fleet went out from France and reached the coast of Florida. When the Indians saw it coming they ran down to the

shore crying, "Antipola! Antipola!" which was their word of welcome. Then they brought fruit and corn and begged the French to come and look upon the stone pillar that had been raised by the men of the earlier expedition. The Indians had crowned it with evergreens and had laid an offering of corn at its foot.



FORT CAROLINE.
From De Bry's Voyages.

The Frenchmen set to work at once to build a fort. "We will name this Fort Caroline," said they, "in honor of our King." The great log foundations were laid; and every man, from the noblest to the lowest of rank, worked right heartily.

But soon troubles began to arise. The stores which they had brought were giving out; and no

ship with fresh supplies came. The men grew hungry and weak and sick. Few of them could hunt or fish, and there were only roots and sorrel for food.

"Such was the effect of this famine," wrote the French leader, "that our bones began to cleave unto our skin, so that most of the soldiers had their skin pierced through with them."

The Indians were less friendly and would give the poor white men no help. Sometimes they came down the river to sell their fish; but they would sell only at a very high price.

The Frenchmen, in despair, sent for help to an Indian chief whom they had once aided. The chief, however, was very sullen. He sent a little corn, but demanded that the Frenchmen aid him again in a war against his foes.

The white men came back and told this to their leader. All were disappointed and angry. "Let us march against him!" they cried. "Not *for* him but *against* him will we fight!" Without delay they made themselves ready and stealthily marched up the river, until they came to the Indian village. They took the Indians by surprise and seized the chief himself.

"Give us corn for your chief's ransom!" said the Frenchmen.

But the Indians did not trust the Frenchmen and refused to pay the ransom. "What does it

matter?" they said. "The Frenchmen will kill our chief when they have got the ransom."

These were indeed dark days for the little band of French colonists; and what might have been their fate had help not come we do not know. But fortunately help came; for one morning ships appeared outside the harbor. Moreover, they were French ships, and when they signalled "France," the poor half-starved colonists went down to the shore crying:—

"Ribault! Ribault! Ribault!"

Soon Ribault, with three hundred men, women, and children, landed and entered the fort. But a few hours later, even in the midst of their rejoicing, the French were terrified by the coming of the dreaded Spanish ships.

The Spanish commander entered the harbor and, sailing alongside Ribault's fleet, demanded, "Who are you?"

"I am Ribault," was the answer.

"And whence do you come?"

"I come from France."

"And why are you here on Spanish ground?"

"I bring soldiers for the French fort. And who are you?"

"I am the commander of this Spanish fleet, and I have come to destroy all Frenchmen whom I may find. Such is the command of my king."

The battle was on. Cannon were fired from the

Spanish ships and answered from the French. The French were obliged to take to the open sea. The Spanish ships followed; and they fought till darkness came upon them. Then the Spaniards turned upon the fort. But the Frenchmen had drawn up in battle array, and the Spaniards found it safer to sail away and make their settlement farther down the coast.

This settlement Ribault soon planned to attack. "We will go," he said, "by sea; and we shall surprise these Spaniards in their camp." So away his fleet sailed, and one morning at dawn the Spaniards were indeed surprised and terrified to see the French fleet in their own harbor. But a storm arose, the winds howled, and the waters lashed the shores. No boats could land in such a sea.

Then a bold thought came to the Spanish leader. "Sirs," said he to his officers, "we are safe from these ships so long as such a sea is on. Let us march to Fort Caroline and destroy it while the French ships are here waiting to attack us."

The officers agreed, and the Spanish army marched away, through rain and wind. In two days they reached the hill looking down upon the little French fort. It was a miserable little fort. No sentinels were on guard; and all was quiet within.

"Santiago! Santiago!" the Spaniards cried, and with this shout they rushed upon the fort.

Too late the French trumpeter saw them coming.

At the sound of the trumpet a dozen wretched, half-starved men hurried to the gates, but they could not resist the attack. Then followed a cruel slaughter — it could not be called a battle; men, women, and children were butchered, and the fort was burned to the ground.

When the report of this reached Europe, there was great joy in Spain; but in France the people were filled with anger.

"The colony was within our territory," said the Spanish.

"The territory is our own," the French answered. "It was discovered by us a hundred years ago."

"It is ours," the Spaniards insisted. "It was explored by Ponce de Leon and De Soto."

Soon a French fleet was on its way to Florida to avenge the wrong done by the Spanish.

In the meantime, the Spaniards had rebuilt and garrisoned Fort Caroline, and had strengthened their first fort at the place which they had now named St. Augustine. Besides, they had built two other forts near by on opposite sides of the river.

When the ships drew near, the Indians were sullen and angry, but when they saw that the new-comers were French, and that they came to fight the Spaniards, their faces grew bright and they danced, and yelled, "Antipola! Antipola!"

"Have you come to fight the Spaniards?" they asked.

"We have; and will you help us?" said the French.

Then the savages danced and whooped in their joy, for they hated the Spaniards; and in three days the tribes for miles about were gathered ready to set out against the foe.

Silently they crept through the forests till they

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, AS FOUNDED BY MENENDEZ.

Pagus Hispanorum as given in Montanus and Ogilby.

were in sight of one of the Spanish river forts. "Look," said the French. "These are the robbers who have stolen our land. There are the butchers who have killed our people." Then the French leader gave the signal, and in a second the whole force of French and Indians burst upon the Spanish fort.

There was no escape. Up the walls the Indians

climbed like cats. The French, sword in hand, fell upon the Spaniards, and in an hour not one was left.

On the opposite side of the river stood the other little fort. Dragging the boat up along the shore, eighty French soldiers crowded into it and rowed across. The Indians, meantime, had crossed and were already attacking the fort. The Spaniards, panic-stricken, fled, but only to find themselves confronted by the French, who poured their shot into the fugitives. Only fifteen of this garrison were spared; and these the French took prisoners.

"Come, now," said the French leader, "we must attack Fort Caroline itself." So on toward the fort he led his men. The Spaniards at Fort Caroline were alarmed and sent out half their force to learn what was happening. The French hid in the morass until the Spaniards were close to them, then they rose and poured in their fire at short range. The Spaniards fell back in dismay, and before the smoke cleared away the French were upon them with their swords.

When the Spaniards who were still in the fort saw the fate of those who had gone out, panic seized them, and they fled to the woods. There the Indians lay concealed. Now was their chance to avenge the years of Spanish cruelty, and right well did they do their work, for not one Spaniard escaped them.

Thus did the French avenge the Spanish wrong to France. This done, they sailed away, leaving the Spaniards in St. Augustine in peace.

"We came not to take the country," said they, "else we should have attacked the St. Augustine colony, too. We came only to avenge the wrongs of France; and that done, we now return to our king."

THE CITY GATE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

XV. Santa Fé.

1582.

It might seem that Coronado's ill success would have put an end to further explorations in New Mexico.

He had proved the falseness of the golden dream of the Seven Cities, and he had learned to his sorrow how poor a city Quivera was. But for all that, there were men who still longed for adventure, and who still dreamed of gold which might be found in these northern lands.

First, a Portuguese marched with a small force into the country which Coronado had explored. These pushed on into the plains and disappeared, and not for a long time did any one know what happened to them.

Some years later, Oñata, a Spaniard, marched up into New Mexico; and it was he who learned from the Indians the sad fate of the Portuguese leader. He had reached Quivera; but while returning, the Indians had plotted against him. One night, when his force lay asleep on the grassy plains, the Indians fired the grass on all sides so that there was no escape. The camp was burned, and every man but one perished in the flames.

The white men could not always be sure of the truth of Indian stories; so Oñata went to the place where the soldiers were said to have perished, to see if this were true.

The great plain stretched as far as the eye could reach, and in that place to which the Indians directed him, Oñata found skeletons of horses, and pieces of armor such as the Portuguese wore. The soldiers had perished as the natives said. But for all this Oñata began to plant a colony.

"There are mines here," said he; "and we will work them." Oñata was wiser than the Spaniards were, and he did not expect to find cities of gold and mountains of silver. He had worked in the mines of Mexico, and he knew he must dig if he would find silver and gold.

At San Gabriel he made his first colony. Here a few houses and a church were built. The Indians looked upon this church with great awe. To them the service, the lights, the incense, the cross-bearers, the chanting, and the friars in their robes were strange and wonderful.

Oñata treated them kindly. From the first he would allow no cruelty to them. "It will be best," said he, "to keep their good-will. They must not be frightened. They must not lose their trust in us."

The natives, on the other hand, soon learned that the Spaniards could teach them much that was good

for them to know. "They can teach us to raise more corn in our fields," the Indians said. "They can teach us to build better houses. They can make us well when we are sick. They can teach us better ways to fight our enemies."

Soon the Spaniards and the natives became the best of friends; for each had much to gain from the friendship of the other. The colonists were delighted with their new country. The air was

A City of the Hills.

From "The Marvellous Country," by S. W. Cozzens. Boston, 1873.

health-giving because New Mexico is so high above the sea level; the soil was rich because it is in a great valley; the broad plains were filled with game, and the rivers were filled with fish.

As soon as his colony was well settled, Oñata began again to explore. He sent one party eastward into the land of buffaloes, and another westward in search of Quivera. When these soldiers came back they told of a line of wigwams seven

miles long, built close together for protection against the buffalo herds.

Oñata himself went forth to attack a tribe of Indians who dwelt in a fortress so strong and so high that it seemed as if no foe could get possession of it. These Indians invited him into their home meaning to kill him while he slept; but

An Indian Granary.

Oñata learned of their plot, and attacked their stronghold with such force that they fled in terror.

When Oñata returned to San Gabriel, he found the colony he had left so happy and prosperous in a wretched condition. The colonists were the kind of people who need always to be led and guided. Left to themselves, they had grown lazy and idle, and quarrelled with one another. There had been a

drought, and the corn harvest had failed. The troops had robbed the Indians of their corn, and now both colonists and Indians were suffering from famine. Some of the colonists had gone back to Mexico; and many of the friars had given up their missions.

But Oñata was not to be discouraged. He set every man to work again. The friars went back to their missions, the people grew prosperous again; and it was at this time, in 1605, that the colony was moved from San Gabriel, and Santa Fé was founded.

For three years all went well in the new colony. Then Oñata returned to Mexico; and a new governor was sent in his place. From the beginning this new governor was cruel to the Indians. He was a greedy man, and while the priests were working for the good of the natives, he wanted only their gold and silver.

The priests had taught the Indians that now they belonged to the great king; and that the great king would protect them from their foes as he protected his own people. But when this new governor came, the Indians began to lose faith in what the priests had told them.

"These Spaniards take our gold; they steal our corn; they forbid our dances; they destroy our altars," they said. Then the tribes banded together to attack Santa Fé. But the Spaniards, learning of their plan, seized and hanged forty of the leaders.

Ten years passed. The Spaniards grew more and more cruel, and the natives hated them more and more. Again a plot was formed. "We will wait until Easter week," the Indians said. "Then, when all the people are in church, we will swoop down upon them and slay them, priests and all." But again the plot was discovered, and the leaders were hanged.

One governor after another came to the colony; but each proved less friendly to the natives and more greedy for their gold. At last the Indian tribes for many miles around held a meeting. "We are all slaves to these Spaniards," they said; "one tribe alone can do nothing. Let us, then, whether our tribes have been friends or foes, band together and go against our enemies."

They did so, and formed a union of the tribes with Popi at its head. This Indian chief was a great orator, and could arouse his people with his words. They feared him, for they believed that he was gifted with greater powers than men, and that the Evil One taught him his secrets.

It was no wonder that they thought these things of him; for when he called the chiefs to his cave, he would cover himself with phosphorus so that he shone with a white light. From the ends of his fingers and toes flames seemed to burst forth, and he would make his hair snap and crackle.

"It is the spirits," he would say to his terrified

people. "Spirits tell me to warn you against the Spaniards. They tell me to urge you to war. Let all tribes join against these Spaniards! Sweep down upon them! Burn them! Slay them!"

For four years Popi worked with his people, urging them to rise against the Spaniards, and little by little the tribes made ready. One day runners were sent out by Popi. They carried to the chiefs of all these tribes a rope of palm leaf tied into knots which showed the number of days before the great uprising. Death was threatened to all who refused to join with Popi. Even his own son was slain because he proved unfaithful to the cause of his people.

At this time there were five hundred Spaniards in Santa Fé, and five hundred other Spaniards scattered in little villages on the neighboring plains. There were a few soldiers in the town and two cannon. But there was little powder, and the Spaniards were not well prepared for an attack.

Popi first attacked a little outlying town. Soldiers, priests, women, and children were slain, and the dead bodies burned with the town. Then the angry Indians fell upon the other towns. The sad tidings of these attacks upon the villages north, south, east, and west soon reached the Spaniards in the little capital at Santa Fé.

Hastily the governor built up a small fortress. The women and children were hurried into it. The

soldiers took their places bravely at their posts. On, on came the natives, destroying villages and slaying the people as they swept nearer and nearer. One morning three tribes appeared before Santa Fé. They took possession of the church and the houses of the city, and awaited the coming of their allies.

The governor tried to make peace with them, but the Indians only yelled and howled. He sent them

A City of the Plains.

From "The Marvellous Country," by S. W. Cozzens. Boston, 1873.

a peace flag of white, but they returned him a war flag of red.

Every day more and more savages arrived. The plains were covered with them. The food and water supplies were cut off, and the Indians crowded around the walls ready for the signal to attack.

All this time the provisions within the fort were growing less, and there was great suffering. Some were already dying of starvation; and hardly a hundred soldiers were able to fight.

"There is but one hope for us," said the governor, "and that is in escape."

A forlorn hope was this; but death was certain if they remained in the fort, and it might as well be faced on the march.

At sunrise, a little band of Spaniards marched out from the fort; and to their joy and surprise the Indians did not try to stop them. Instead, the savages turned upon the city and plundered it. They burned the church, broke the sacred images, put on the priestly robes, and ran yelling up and down the streets. They danced their old war dances and made offerings to the Indian gods. Then they went down to the river to wash away their Christian teachings. They built a pueblo about the plaza of the town and took possession.

The Spaniards had grown wealthy in Santa Fé and were by no means willing to give up their town; so without loss of time a force of soldiers was sent from Mexico to occupy it again. The commander of this force was a fearless soldier, and he led his forces straight on up to the very walls of Santa Fé.

Meantime runners were sent out in every direction, and the Indians gathered again to resist the newcomers.

Early in the morning the battle began, and raged all day long. Not until nightfall did the Indians retreat, although they well knew that they were no

match for the trained and daring Spanish soldiers. In the darkness of the night they gathered their slain and retreated, carrying with them the bodies of the dead. Then the Spaniards marched in and took possession of the city; and so it was that Santa Fé became again a Spanish town.

XVI. Port Royal.

1605

France had been talking for a long time of founding another colony in the new world. "We ought to gain control of the St. Lawrence," the wise merchants said. "Cartier has discovered it, and it belongs to us. But if we build no trading posts along its banks the English or the Spanish may take it from us."

Samuel de Champlain.
After the woodcut by Roujat.

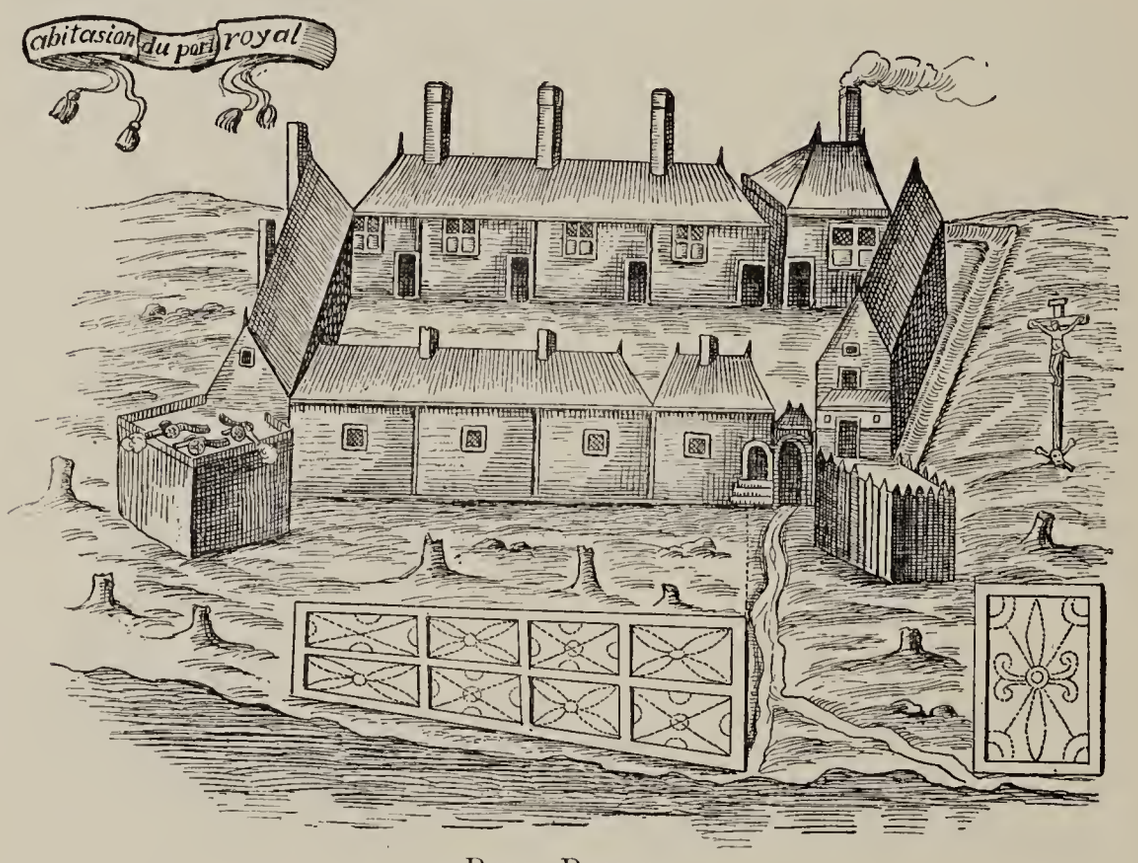
"That is very true," said the king. So he decided to send out a colony, and all went to work again heartily to make the colony a strong and successful one.

"It was the first of June," wrote Champlain in his journal, "when we sailed into the little harbor of Port Royal. And truly, it is the most pleasant place I have yet seen in this country."

It was indeed pleasant. There were wide, grassy meadows and dense forests; there were cascades of

water; and there were mountains high against the sky.

"Let us make this our home and stay here forever," said the French. Soon a rough fort was built at the mouth of the river, and preparations were made for the coming winter.



PORT ROYAL.

From "Les Voyages du Sieur Champlain." Paris, 1613.

"And now I will go back to France," said Poutrincourt, one of the leaders of the expedition, "I will go back to France and tell the king what a beautiful home we have found."

So well did Poutrincourt tell his story to the French king that another fleet was fitted out for him, and many people begged to be taken to the

new colony. Poutrincourt gathered with him many carpenters and masons and workers in iron, for he knew that these would be needed in the colony.

"And now," said Poutrincourt, when he reached the colony again, "we must build a larger and stronger fort. So to work, my brave men, to work!" The men caught the brave spirit of Poutrincourt, and soon they were all hard at work upon the new fort.

"There must be no freezing, no starving, when winter comes on," Poutrincourt would say to his men. And the men were always ready with their cry: "Long live Poutrincourt! Long live Poutrincourt!"

Now there was in the colony another man as cheery as Poutrincourt. This man was a singer and a maker of verses. He laughed and sang all the day long. His courage never failed; and if the men grew discouraged and homesick, the singer was always ready with a funny story or a song.

"Truly, no one could be sad where this man is!" wrote Poutrincourt to his friends in France.

One day even Poutrincourt himself was a little heavy hearted. Supplies were running low and not so much as a rabbit had been snared for days and days. He had spent the whole day in the forests and was returning at night without any game. As he came in sight of the fort, behold all the men came rushing down to meet him. They shouted

and yelled and danced about like Indians on the war-path. They were dressed in all the old Indian rags and blankets and feathers that they could find.

"Long live Poutrincourt!" they shouted. "We are the sea gods!"

Then they seized upon Poutrincourt and bore him upon their shoulders to the fort. Over the gateway of the fort the men had placed the coat of arms of France and of the Poutrincourt family, and the gateway itself was wreathed in laurels.

"Truly!" said Poutrincourt in his journal, "I did forget my sorrows which were indeed hard to bear at the time. For it was as if I were a hero borne home by my people through a gate of triumph. And then and there I made vows to do my best for these men who were in my care."

One day the singer invented a new way to amuse the people through the winter.

"Let us make ourselves into a good-time committee," he said. "Each man shall serve one day. Each man shall try to make his day the very jolliest of all."

"Long live the singer! Long live the singer!" shouted the colonists.

So fifteen men were chosen for the "good-time committee," and the singer agreed to serve for the first day.

"For this one day," said he, "I will serve you as if you were my guests."

At breakfast he began to amuse his guests. All manner of games were played. Songs were sung, and stories were told. The friendly Indians, too, were invited to the feast; and as the winter went on none proved better story tellers than the Indian guests. There seemed to be no end to the wonder-

How Champlain and his Men caught Their Game.

From "Les Voyages du Sieur Champlain." Paris, 1583.

ful legends they could tell of their own people. Day after day the great logs blazed in the fireplace; songs of La Belle France were sung; and all the men — red and white — smoked their pipes.

When the day's good time was at an end, the master for the day would take off his velvet collar

and place it upon the neck of the man who was to serve the next day, and with low bows he would thank the guests for their kind good-will.

But one day there came a French vessel into the harbor. How rejoiced the colonists were to see it! It had come from France and brought news from home. Alas, the news it brought was sad news.

"We come," said the captain, "to tell you that France has taken back the charter for this colony. You are to leave this fort and return to France."

"But the spring has just come!" the colonists cried. "And we are ready to lay out our fields of corn and to plant our vineyards."

"Never did our bay look so beautiful," wrote Poutrincourt, "as this morning when the ship came into the harbor. The whole country was a gleam of verdant glory." But there was only one thing to be done. They must obey orders and go back to France.

As the colonists sailed away the Indians crowded to the shore. "Come back! Come back!" they said. "And they wailed and moaned as if we were their very own people," said the singer when he reached France.

"Come again! Come again! We will take care of the fort till you come again!" were the last words the Frenchmen heard as they sailed out of the harbor.

As soon as the colonists reached France, Pou-

trincourt went to the king and told him what a mistake he had made in giving up this colony at Port Royal. He told him how rich the lands were and how fine the climate was. He told him of the snug warm fort that had been built; and of the good-will of the Indians. So a new charter was made; and in a few months Poutrincourt again sailed back to Port Royal with his colony.

There stood the fort. Not a stone had been touched. And within, everything was just as it had been left.

"We promised to keep it for you," said the Indians, their faces shining with joy to see their friends once more.

"You have been very good to take care of our fort, and we thank you," said Poutrincourt to the chief; and he gave him presents of beads and gay blankets such as Indians loved to wear.

Poutrincourt brought with him a good priest to teach the French religion to the natives. The natives loved the French and so were ready to listen to their teaching. In a very short time the chief himself was christened by the priest and given the name of Henry — the name of the French king.

"You are the king of your people, and Henry is the king of my people," said the wise priest. "So I give you the name which my king bears." This delighted the heart of the old chief, and very soon he brought his squaw to be christened too.

"Give her a name," the old chief said. And the squaw was given the name Marie, which was the name of the French queen.

Henry and Marie were very proud of their new names. They strutted up and down the village teaching them to the people, until every warrior and every squaw hurried to the priest to get a new name. It was not very long before every native in the village had received the name of some great person of the court of France.

By and by a church was built, and a grand mass was read before the natives. They looked on, awe-struck, at the priestly robes, the solemn music, the candles, and the altars. The chanting seemed strange and wonderful, and the low, sweet sounds charmed their ears.

"It is the Great Spirit," they whispered among themselves.

Such, then, was the founding of Port Royal by the French. For a long time it was a struggle to keep the colony alive. It was never an easy life, even though the Indians were friendly and the climate was pleasant. But these French colonists were brave and earnest. They loved their beautiful new home, and in time their colony prospered and spread over a great part of the island.

XVII. The Virginia Colony. — I.

1607.

For a long time after the discovery of America it seemed likely that Spain would rule the whole continent. More than that, she was gaining such wealth from her new lands that she was fast becoming the most powerful country in all Europe.

She was now able to keep a strong navy, for she had the money to build a large fleet of war vessels and was able to keep a large and powerful army. With her mighty army and navy it was easy for her to take possession of the new country and to control the seas that lay between.

Already she was beginning to say, "Spain rules the sea." And if any other nation objected to her claim, she would answer, "Come and take the control from us if you can," for she well knew that no country had ships enough to fight against her, and she thought the other nations were afraid of proud Spain.

England's navy at this time was neither strong nor large, and for that reason English ships had kept away from those parts of the new world that Spain claimed. It was true that the English Cabots

had explored as far south as Carolina — possibly as far south as Florida; but it was of little use for England to push a claim against Spain unless she could meet Spain with a navy equal to her own.

By and by there came a change. Holland — as proud as she was small — began to wage war with Spain. Now Holland could not meet Spain in pitched battle either on land or sea; but she could pick off a Spanish vessel here and there. In this way she kept worrying Spain for forty long years; until at last Spain, large as her navy was, began to feel the loss of so many ships.

At last the men of the court of Spain looked into the matter. They counted up the ships that Holland had destroyed in these forty years and the money it had cost to keep a watch on that rebel country.

"It is surprising how much harm Holland has done! But it is because England is helping her. England is the real foe!" they said.

So at last Spain went to work determined to bring this trouble to an end and to punish England.

"Let us have no delay," said the men of the court; for they were angry that little Holland had been allowed to worry the great kingdom of Spain. Spain had at this time other reasons for war with England, and she meant now to destroy both countries together.

The finest fleet that ever sailed the seas was at once fitted out. There were one hundred and

thirty-four war-ships, carrying twenty-five hundred cannon and thirty thousand men.

"This is our Invincible Armada," said Spain. And no one could blame her if she did boast a little: for so fine a fleet as this was a glory to any nation.

Queen Elizabeth of England.

Straight up into the English Channel, then, the Invincible Armada sailed. "We will show England that Spain's rights are to be respected," the Spanish commanders said.

There was great excitement in England when the news of the Spanish Armada reached there. Queen Elizabeth called together the wisest men of

the court, and they began at once to fit out a fleet to attack the Invincible Armada when it should enter the English Channel.

Now if the Spanish commander had known the channel, it may be that the battle would have gone better for his ships. But before he dreamed what was happening, the English had caught his ships

THE SPANISH ARMADA IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

From a contemporary print.

in a narrow part of the channel and penned them in so that their numbers were of little help to them.

Then followed a great naval battle. The English won a notable victory, and the Spanish ships that were not destroyed were driven into the unknown seas of the north. Many of them were wrecked by a tempest on the shores of Iceland. The others drifted about, sometimes frozen in, sometimes driven

before the fierce gales. At last, after months of suffering, fifty-three only of this splendid fleet came back to Spain to tell the sad story of defeat.

This was a terrible blow to Spain; and afterward her power on the sea was never so great as it had been. The power of England, however, grew greater.

She now dared to send her ships even into Spanish waters, and soon she claimed a share in the wealth of the new world.

Already, even before the defeat of the Invincible Armada, England had begun to talk of colonizing.

There was sad need for her to do so, for many of her people were idle. Great poverty had fallen upon the working people because Europe had discovered the art of weaving wool. The news of the discovery and of the great demand for wool spread over England, and every farmer wished to raise sheep that he might have wool to sell to these weavers across the channel. The result was that the landowners of England stopped tilling their farms and turned them into pasture lands.

"Why bother with planting and harvesting," they said, "when we can sell wool at so high a price?"

This was a sad thing for the laborers, for where hundreds of workmen had been employed to plant and weed, to harvest and thresh and store away, now only a few were needed to tend the sheep upon the hillsides. And so it was, that at this time Eng-

land was overrun with hopeless, helpless, starving men who could get no work to do.

Then the question was asked, "What can be done with these poor people?" And the answer came, "Colonize. Send them away."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
After the picture in the collection of the Duchess of Dorset.

"But where can we colonize?" said the court of England. "Spain claims the entire coast of the new world."

"Very likely she does," answered Queen Elizabeth, "but England heeds no claim that is not based upon possession!"

This was a fine bold speech to make; but Queen Elizabeth often made fine bold speeches.

"Our queen speaks wisely," said the gallant men of the court. And at once plans for colonization were begun.

One of the men who was foremost in pushing forward these plans was Sir Walter Raleigh.

"We must make these people wish to go to the new world," he said. "And the only way to make them wish to go, will be to give them a generous charter."

"You are right," said Queen Elizabeth. And the charter was made giving the colonists all the rights that they had as free men and natives in England. They were to be governed by their own laws, and to make any laws they wished if only these did not conflict with those of England.

Surely, no charter could have been more generous than this; and plenty of men were willing to sail to America. With high hopes Sir Walter Raleigh sent his first ships to the new world.

Raleigh's intention had been to found a colony in Florida, but it chanced that the captains of the vessels — Amidas and Barlow — anchored off Roanoke Island. This island they found to be very beautiful. The red cedars were tall and straight, and there were forests of large trees. Fruit and grain were everywhere; and best of all, the natives seemed eager to welcome and willing to help the white men.

"Win-gan-da-coa! Win-gan-da-coa!" they cried.

"What beautiful clothes you wear! What beautiful clothes you wear!"

"Why not found a colony here?" the captain asked.

The captains determined to return to England

SHORES OF THE SOUND, ROANOKE ISLAND.

After a sketch from nature.

and report their decision. The queen was delighted when they told her about the beautiful island.

"And what shall we name the colony?" she asked.

"We had thought it might be well to name it Win-gan-da-coa," said Amidas and Barlow.

"Indeed," said the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, "but it would be far better to name this colony Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, our Virgin queen."

Soon Raleigh sent his ships across the water again; and this time they carried a hundred English people who meant to stay and found a colony.

The Indians who had been so kind and helpful, seemed less pleased when they found that the white men had come to stay. It was very pleasant to have them come for a visit and bring gay beads and bright-colored blankets; but when they came to build homes for themselves it was a very different thing.

Before long, the Indians began to plot to drive these white men away. It may be that they were wise enough to see that it would be a sad thing for them when the country was taken by the white men, and that it would mean ruin to their corn-fields, their forests, and their homes. It may be that they had heard of how the Spaniards farther south had treated the Indians.

Whatever they thought, they tried to get rid of the Englishmen by telling them of great gold-fields in the west. "At the head waters of the Roanoke River," they said, "there are great rocks of gold. The waters fall over a wall of gold, and near the source of the river there is a city with walls of gold."

In those days Europeans seemed willing to believe any story, however wonderful, about the new world. And so, instead of going wisely to work to make homes for themselves, the colonists

began to look for this wonderful city of gold. Meantime their provisions gave out. They had planted no corn, so there was no harvest. The Indians had grown unfriendly and would no longer share their corn with them. There seemed to be nothing but starvation before them. Many died, and even the strongest grew weak and ill.

THE INDIANS SEE THEIR TREES CUT DOWN.

But one morning an English ship hove in sight. "We are near the island of Roanoke," said the captain. "Let us make a morning call upon the colonists there."

This vessel was a war-ship and had captured twenty Spanish ships and two hundred and fifty cannon. She had attacked two Spanish islands,

and had even dared to put in at the Spanish town of St. Augustine. Because of their good luck the captain — who was no other than Sir Francis Drake — and his men were in fine spirits this morning, when they called upon the English colonists at Roanoke.

Never were callers more welcome. The poor colonists dragged themselves down to the water to meet them and tell their sad story. "There is but one thing to do," said Drake. "You must leave this island and go back to England with us."

Although this attempt to colonize had been such a failure, Raleigh sent out another company of people to America. "This time," said he, "let us send families. The men will be more likely to make homes and plant corn-fields when there are women and children who must be cared for."

The second colony, then, was a colony of families, sent out under the care of a wise leader, John White.

"It is useless to go back to Roanoke," said Raleigh, "now that the Indians are unfriendly. Land, rather, on the shores of the Chesapeake." The vessel, however, was to stop at Roanoke on its way to Chesapeake and take on board a guard that had been left there. In due time the ship sailed into the harbor, and its people were glad to set foot on shore again; but hardly had they landed when the vessel hoisted sail and left the colonists on the

island. In vain they shouted and signalled to the ship. The pilot would not look. He said afterward that he did not see. It was certainly very strange.

"What can we do?" asked the colonists. "We have only this little convoy left."

How the Colonists built their new Homes.

"There is but one thing we can do; and that is to stay just where we are. There is no choice," said John White.

"We may as well go to work, then, build our fort, and make ourselves comfortable and safe." So the colonists set bravely to work, and in a few days the fort was built and the people were housed.

"And now," said the bold White, "I will go to

England for help. Keep peace with the Indians, if possible, till I come back. If it should happen that you are driven from this place, leave some sign. Carve in the trees the name of the place to which you mean to go. Keep the colony alive if you can."

When White landed in England, he found the country stirred up with the news of the coming of the Invincible Armada. "The Armada is coming! The Armada is coming!" was all the people could talk about.

The queen was busy fitting out ships to attack the Spanish fleet, and could not take time to listen to the story that White had to tell. Besides, every vessel, great and small, was needed to meet the Armada. Even White's little convoy was seized upon and fitted up for the fight.

"But the colonists will be killed by the Indians," White pleaded. "They will starve."

Twice Raleigh tried to have a ship sent out; but even he could not succeed in sending them any help. Once a vessel was made ready, and was about to sail when the naval captain seized upon it, saying: "We need every boat that can sail the waters. England must be defended." Of course this was true; but it was hard for John White to wait when his people needed help so much.

At last came the battle with the Invincible Armada. We know the result and the glorious victory for England. Hardly had the smoke of

battle cleared away, when John White was given a vessel to go to the relief of his colony. Four long years had passed. John White dared not think of the things that might have happened to his people in that time.

It was a long voyage across the ocean. It seemed to White that never had a vessel sailed so slowly. But at last the American coast was in sight, and there lay the island. Would the colonists come down to the shore? Had they held out against the Indians? Alas for John White's hopes! Something was wrong. He knew it as the vessel neared the shore. When the salute was fired, no one answered. There was no sign of life. The fort was in ruins; the houses were gone.

White and his men hurried to land. "They were to carve the name on the trees," White said. "Surely they would not forget to do that. And if there was distress, they were to carve a cross below the words." The men hurried from tree to tree. "Here it is! Here it is!" one man cried. "C-R-O-A-T-O-A-N-S."

"Yes, there is the word, and there is no cross below it," said White. "Let us take courage. It may be they have gone to the village of the Croatoans."

"But they may have been driven away. Perhaps they had no time to carve a cross," said the men. White looked at the word. It had been carved

in great haste — there could be no doubt of that. "It may be," said White. "Still, let us hope for the best."

So the men went up and down the island, searching for the lost colonists. First, they went to the village of the Croatoans. "Where are our people?" White asked. And he gave the Indians presents to show them that he was friendly.

But the Croatoans would not tell. They said that they did not know.

"But you must know!" White insisted. "Tell us and we will give you beads and blankets." But the Croatoans only shook their heads and said, "We do not know."

Then White went to the other tribes. But these, too, declared that they knew nothing about the colonists. Again White offered presents if they would tell. But they still shook their heads and said: "We do not know. We do not know."

And so at last John White went back to England. Raleigh's second attempt to colonize America was a sad failure; but even now he was not discouraged. "The day of colonizing in America is but just begun," he used to say. "I shall yet live to see the English nation rule the ocean and possess America."

The Virginia Colony. — II.

Although Raleigh still believed in colonization, he now saw that no one man could plant a colony with success. "This will have to be done by the English government," he said. And he planned to make Queen Elizabeth see how grand a thing it could be.

There was a man in England, named Richard Hakluyt, who knew more about the new world than any one else in Europe; for he had read all that had ever been written about it. He had followed all the explorations and discoveries with great care, and had made maps of this new world.

"I will go to Richard Hakluyt," said Raleigh. "He is the man to write a letter that will influence the queen."

He persuaded Hakluyt to help him, and got him to write a letter to Queen Elizabeth in which he gave all the reasons that he could think of for colonizing. These were his reasons: —

1. When there are colonies of our own in America, it will be easier to drive away the Spaniards from the fishing-grounds.

2. It will be easier to capture Spanish ships as they come out from the Gulf of Mexico.

3. The colonies will serve as stations from which to search for the short route to India.

4. The colonies will make a market for England's goods.

5. The colonies will pay duties upon the goods we send them. This will bring money into England.

6. America will be a place to which we may send our poor people.

Queen Elizabeth was pleased with this letter. The wise men of the court, also, were pleased. Anybody could see that the reasons were good. And so in a little time all England was talking of the colonies that were to be founded in America.

Ministers preached about them, the statesmen made speeches about them; and many of the poor people clamored to be allowed to go. Such wonderful stories were told of the new country that the poet of the day wrote a long poem about it. Here is one stanza of the poem: —

"Britons, you stay too long!
Quickly aboard bestow you!
And with a merry gale
Success you will entice!
To get the pearl and gold!
And ours to hold — Virginia!
Earth's only paradise!"

Perhaps you think that is strange poetry, and you are right, but it was in keeping with the times, and it suited the people so well that they sang it every-

where. The newspapers quoted it, and the ladies of the court recited it; and it made the people all the more eager to go to this wonderful land across the sea.

It was twenty years after the loss of the Roanoke colony that a vessel was again fitted out and another company of English people set sail for America. After a long and tedious voyage, they reached the mouth of a river.

"Why not settle here? It seems a good place. We will name this the James, in honor of our king!" said the people, for Queen Elizabeth had died, and King James was now on the throne.

Here they landed and built their fort, which also they named the James. When the colony became a town, it was named Jamestown.

"We must have a church," said these good people. So the men fastened a board across from one tree to another and stretched a sail above it, and here in his simple pulpit Robert Hunt, the minister, preached his first sermon to the people.

As soon as the fort was built and the people had a safe protection, some of the men went out to explore. Up the river they found an Indian village. The chief of this village was Powhatan, and the tribe was called the Powhatans.

The white men were wise enough to take with them beads and bright-colored cloths, and when they came to this village they made presents to the

Indians, who were very glad to receive the strangers as their guests.

But although the Powhatans were friendly, there were other tribes who meant to make the explorers as uncomfortable as they could. Before they re-

JAMESTOWN.

After the sketch made by Miss C. C. Hopley about 1857, showing the ruined church.

turned to the fort one man was killed and others were wounded.

"Why did you not shoot these Indians?" said the men of the fort when the explorers came back.

"Wait till you meet these savages yourselves," said the men. "They lurk in the tall grass; they hide behind trees. You cannot see them, and before you know it, they are close at hand and their arrows are flying."

"Are you sure these Powhatans have not deceived us?" asked the captain of the fort; for already he had caught sight of savages around the fort. "Are you sure that these are not the Powhatans that are even now attacking us?"

However, in a few days the chief of the Powhatans himself came to the fort and said: "These Indians that are lurking about in the tall grass and woods are foes of ours. They hate us. They burn our villages. If you will join with us we will kill them."

The captain, however, was unwilling to engage in a war. There was only food enough in the fort to last fifteen weeks, and he wished to go back to England. Even though he should start at once, he could not get to England and back in less than twenty weeks. So the men were put on short rations, and he hurried away.

"I will make all the haste possible," he said as he sailed away.

This was one of the hardest times in all the history of the Virginia colony. Sometimes the colonists were able to spear a crab or a fish from the river; but food was so scarce that in a few weeks fifty of the men had died. And of those that were alive not one was able to work — all were so weak and ill.

During all this time the Powhatans were friendly to the white men; but one day, when John Smith went up the river to explore, he was captured by

the brother of the Powhatan chief and carried away a prisoner.

"You have kidnapped our warriors!" the Indians grumbled. "You have carried them across the big water. Therefore we will slay you."

In vain did Smith try to explain. "It was not I," he said. "You will not slay me for what another has done."

But Oppecancannough, the chief, would not listen. He did not wish to hear. He did not care whether John Smith was the robber or not. Revenge upon the white people was what his heart was set upon.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

From the picture in the map in his "Description of New England."

"You must prove that this is the man before you slay him," said Powhatan; for he was more just and honorable than his brother. So Oppecancannough was forced to take Smith before the warriors of his tribe, and to each one he said, "Is this the man that kidnapped our warriors?" The warriors all said: "No, this is not the man. This man is short. The kidnapper was tall."

But Oppecancannough would not give his prisoner up so easily. He carried him back to Powhatan; and for a long time the two Indian chiefs talked together. The more they talked the more angry Oppecancannough became. He shouted and yelled; he made wild gestures and leaped high in the air. John Smith wondered what all this meant; but he could only listen and wonder.

However, it was soon plain that Oppecancannough had persuaded his brother to agree to Smith's death, for Powhatan ordered a block to be brought and the prisoner to be laid upon it. When the block was brought, Powhatan himself sat by the great fireplace and watched it all. He was dressed in a suit of raccoon skin, with tassels of raccoon tails hanging from his shoulders. The painted squaws gathered around the chief, waiting for the prisoner to be brought in.

Then Oppecancannough gave Smith a form of trial, but it was only a mock trial. At every word Oppecancannough said, the warriors nodded their heads and grunted. This meant, "We agree with all you say." At last Oppecancannough finished his speech. Then the great block was dragged out into the middle of the space, and Smith was bound and laid upon it.

The warriors whooped and yelled. The squaws danced and shrieked. "Truly," wrote Smith in his book, "I thought my last time had come."

Then the slayers came, armed with their clubs. They took their places on either side of the doomed man, and all was still. The Indians

From "A General History of Virginia," by Captain J. Smith. London, 1626.

waited for Oppecancannough to give the signal. But suddenly — just as Oppecancannough was about to raise his hand — Pocahontas, the child of Powhatan, sprang up and rushed toward the

prisoner. She threw herself across him and cried to her father to save him.

Now Pocahontas was the pet child of Powhatan. Moreover, he had been persuaded against his will to have the white man killed. So he said, — and he was glad to say it, — "It shall be as you will, Pocahontas."

POCAHONTAS.
In the English costume of the time. From the famous portrait in Booton Hall, Norfolk, England, painted shortly before she died.

Oppecancannough's face was black with anger. His eyes flashed. "I will have my revenge! I will have my revenge!" he muttered to himself. And years later he did have his revenge. But for a time there was peace, and the Indians gave the white men corn.

"You shall henceforth be as my own son," Powhatan said to John Smith.

But after a while even Powhatan began to grow sullen.

"You white people have come here to stay?" he asked one day.

"Yes," said the governor of the colony.

"Smith told me that you were only waiting here for the white bird to come and carry you back to your home. He told me that you were driven on

this shore by the cruel Spaniards, and that you would go away very soon."

The colonists had nothing to say to this. They had, indeed, told this story to keep the Indians quiet until the fort could be built in which they should be able to protect themselves.

Powhatan was angry. Oppecancannough, too, lost no chance to stir his brother's wrath against the white men. The winter was coming on, and the corn was low. "Something must be done," the people said. So Smith set out again to the village of the Powhatans.

"We will not sell corn to you," said the Powhatans; and nothing that Smith could say would make them change their minds.

"Trouble is brewing for us," thought Smith as he went back to the fort, and he was not mistaken.

Trouble was indeed brewing, and so fast did it come that Smith was sent to England for help. There were now five hundred people in the colony; and there was corn enough for only half that number. Already there had been frosts and snows. The colonists were compelled to keep close to their cabins and even to burn their palisades to keep from freezing. So terrible was the suffering from hunger that every death was counted a gain; for then there were less people to share the food.

All this suffering Oppecancannough watched with

a glad heart. "Our revenge is coming. Our revenge is coming," he muttered to himself.

By and by the last basket of corn was gone, and roots and herbs were all the food the colonists had. Of the five hundred, only sixty were alive; and these were so sick and weak that they could hardly drag themselves about.

One day an English vessel with food for the colonists hove in sight. Help had come at last! But when the captain saw the poor, sick, starving colonists he said: "It is useless to leave these men here. We must give up the colony and go back to England." Then the few that were alive were carried on board, and the ship started down the river.

"And they call this 'Earth's Paradise'!" thought the captain as he looked upon the half-dead men.

Was Virginia never to be colonized? Surely, it seemed so; but just as the ship was nearing the mouth of the river, another ship was seen in the distance. What could she be? Was she a Spanish ship? And had she come to attack the colony? Or — yes, it was an English ship. As she came nearer her flag could be seen. The English colors were flying from the masts.

Soon the two ships were lying side by side. "We have come with a shipload of provisions for the colony," said the captain.

"What shall we do? Shall we go back to Eng-

land? Shall we tell the king that again the colony is a failure?" said the colonists. "Never!" said they at last. The two vessels turned and went up the river and dropped anchor at the same old Jamestown landing. The people landed, and the fort was regarrisoned. "Praise God," said the good chaplain, "the Jamestown colony is saved."

"The white men have come back, and they have many new brothers," said the angry Indians.

By and by Powhatan died, and Oppecancannough became the chief. "Now," said he, "we will rid ourselves of these white men. But let us first pretend friendship for them; for we are not ready to attack them yet."

So Oppecancannough tried to win the friendship of the colonists. This was not an easy task, for they well knew how he had plotted against them. But Oppecancannough was patient. He often carried corn to the fort, and more than once he defended the colonists from other Indian tribes. But this was only to deceive them, for what he really wanted was to get permission to go in and out from the fort. "When I can do that," he thought, "I can learn where the fort is strong and where it is weak; I can learn the habits of the colonists; and when it will be best to fall upon them."

Then Oppecancannough began to stir up the tribes in the country round about. He travelled from village to village and called the Indians to-

gether for midnight councils. Often, while the colonists lay sleeping in their fort, Oppecancannough was working for their destruction. Night after night in the depths of the forests he crouched near some council fire and urged the Indians on to war against the white men.

"Do you not see," he would say, "that these white men are stealing our corn-fields and are taking our best and most fertile lands? Do you not see that by and by we shall have no hunting grounds for our own people? Do you not see that they are pushing farther and farther up the river? Soon there will be no land and no fishing ground left for us and our children."

At last the time came when Oppecancannough was ready to attack the white men. Runners were sent in all directions, and in a few hours the forests were filled with warriors. The plot worked just as Oppecancannough had planned. None of the white men suspected danger. They were at work in their fields, some of them at quite a distance from their homes. Even the gates of the fort were left unlocked.

When all was ready, Oppecancannough gave the signal. Out from the forests the warriors rushed, their tomahawks in hand; the air was filled with whoops and yells. At the head of the band Oppecancannough himself danced and shouted: —

"Kill the white men! Kill the white men!"

First these bloodthirsty savages fell upon the men in the fields; then they attacked the houses and butchered the women and children. Then they waved the scalp-locks over their heads, shouting: "Kill the English! Kill the English!" And wherever the fight was thickest, there Oppecancannough was sure to be, urging his warriors on.

A Colonial Fort or Blockhouse.
(Exterior.)

It was a terrible massacre, cunningly planned and boldly carried out. Soon half the colony was slain. The little homes were smoking ruins, and only those were left alive who had escaped into the fort.

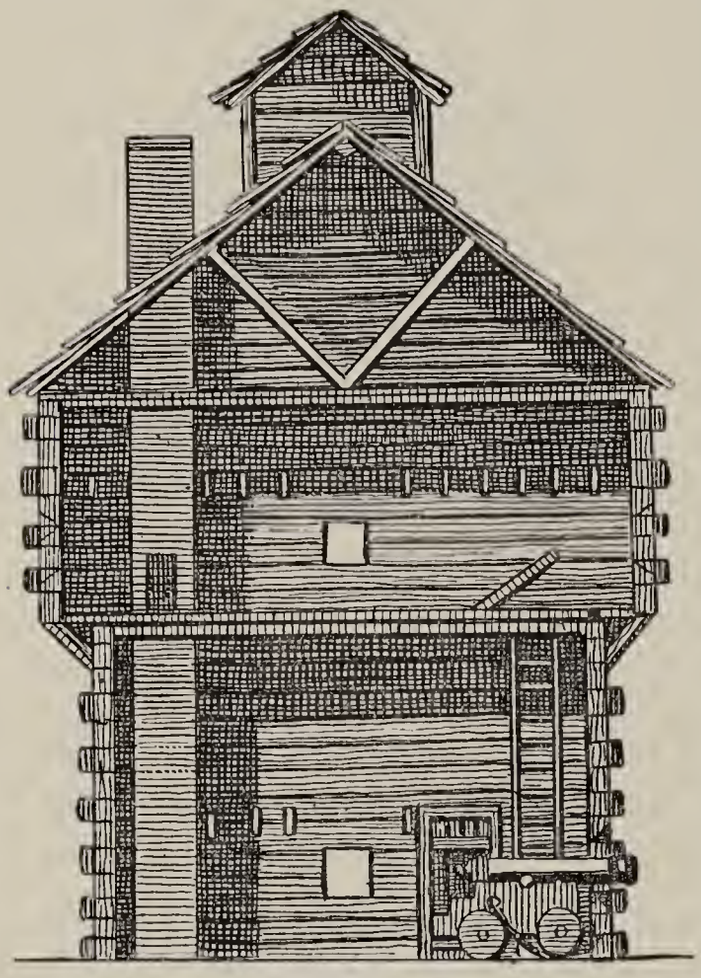
Oppecancannough did not dare to attack the fort. So he gave the signal for the scalp dance, and away the warriors ran with wild yells to the forests to celebrate, in their own savage way, the victory over the English settlers.

The few colonists who had escaped gathered in council. "What is to be done with Oppecancannough?" asked the leader of the council.

"There is but one thing to be done. He must be killed. The colony will never be safe while he lives."

To this the colonists agreed. Oppecancannough must die.

Then they sent messengers and called the chiefs together for a council. "Let us have a talk," said they to the chiefs, "and see if we cannot make some treaty of friendship."



A Colonial Fort or Blockhouse. (Interior.)

The chiefs fell into this trap as readily as if they themselves had not just made the same plot. On the day set for the council, they came into the fort. Oppecancannough himself was at their head. In the midst of the council the signal was given, and the white men fell upon the Indian chiefs. A frightful slaughter followed, for the chiefs were unarmed, and there were more white men than Indians.

Oppecancannough, however, with a few of the other chiefs, escaped.

"Does he bear a charmed life?" the colonists wondered.

Oppecancannough was mad with anger. Revenge! revenge! was now the one thought of his life. He talked of revenge by day and dreamed of revenge by night.

The years passed on. The colony was growing stronger every day, and it was not so easy to attack the colonists now. Still Oppecancannough was never discouraged and never ceased to watch. "Our time will come. Our time will come," he would say to his people.

Sometimes his warriors grew impatient, but Oppecancannough always held them back. "Do I hate these white men less than you?" he would say. "Then wait, wait! Our time will surely come!"

Meantime Oppecancannough was growing old. Already he was so feeble that he must be carried from place to place on a litter. Still he never ceased to watch the Englishmen. At last one day he called his people to him and said: "Send out runners. Call the tribes together. Tell them that Oppecancannough says the time has come."

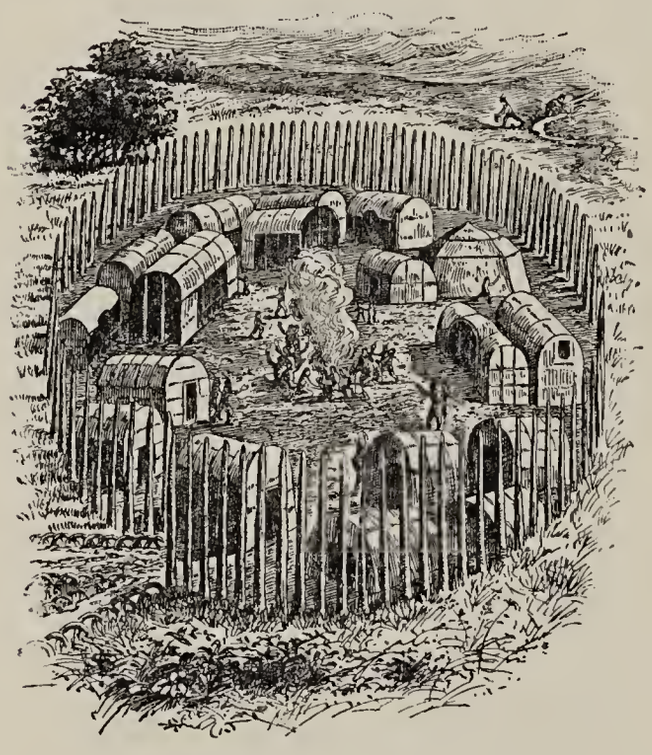
Again the colonists were taken by surprise. For two days the savages swept up and down the frontier, killing the people and burning the villages. Not for an hour did they stop to rest. "On! On! On!" yelled Oppecancannough from his litter, for he was not able to lead his warriors in the fight.

"On! On! On! Revenge! Revenge! Re-

venge!" And his warriors, still faithful to their leader, answered with yells and whoops.

Not until the morning of the third day did the governor of the colony, with a company of armed men, come to the rescue of the frontier.

When Oppecancannough saw the soldiers he knew that the massacre was at an end. But to the last minute he cried: "Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! The white men have burned our villages. They have killed our chiefs. They are stealing away our hunting grounds." And not until Oppecancannough himself was taken prisoner did the savage warfare cease.



PALISADED INDIAN VILLAGE.
Algonkin village of Pomeiock, on Albemarle Sound, in 1585. After John Wyth, copied in Morgan.

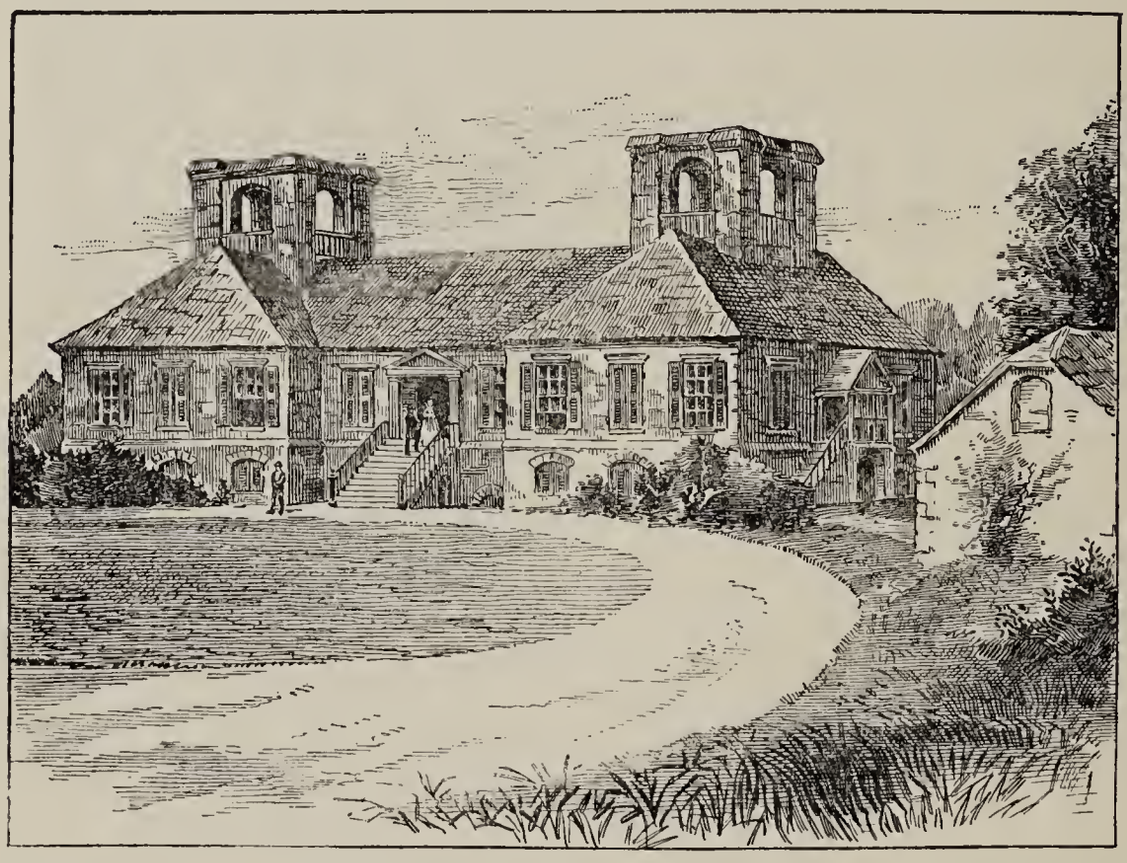
"Guard him well," said the governor. "Let no harm come to him. Bear him — just as he is, on his litter — to Jamestown." But one white man could not restrain his hate when he saw the old Indian chief. "We have suffered enough from this savage," he said; and pushing his way through the crowd, he shot the old man as he lay upon his litter.

"Lift me up! Lift me up!" the chief gasped. Then for a moment his strength came back to him. "So you have captured me at last," he sneered; "but, O paleface governor of the Englishmen, had I captured you as you have captured me, I would not have made a show of you — as you — have made — of me."

Then the old chief fell back upon his litter — dead. His last words were words of hate to the white man. And he died, glad that he had been given the strength to say them. For such was the lifelong hatred of Oppecancannough for the white men of the Virginia colony.

XVIII. Queer Customs of the Colony.

From this time the colony grew and flourished. By and by men of wealth came over to it, and great plantations were laid out and fine towns were built.



An Old Virginian Mansion.
Stratford, the Home of the Lees.

These rich men built comfortable mansions; they had slaves to work for them, and lived quite as they had lived in old England.

Now English laws were very strict in those days;

and since these Virginia people came from England, they brought over the same laws that England had. These laws seem strange to us now; but we must remember that the world has grown wiser since those early times.

A Dining-room in a Virginia Mansion.
From "Some Colonial Mansions." Philadelphia, 1890.

Except in the towns there were not many churches in Virginia. That was because the plantation homes were so far apart. So in many plantation mansions one room was kept for a place of worship. There a preacher, in robe and surplice, preached and read the English church service. The hymns were sung and the chants were

chanted, just as in a real church; for the Virginians were very devout church people.

Everybody in Virginia was required to go to church on Sunday. There were heavy fines for those who dared disobey. If a person was absent once from church, he had to pay a fine of one pound of tobacco. If he was absent twice he had to pay fifty pounds of tobacco. Or if he had no tobacco to pay his fine with, it was quite likely he would be set in the pillory or in the stocks for a whole day at a time. Sometimes he would be made to work on the plantation like a slave; and sometimes he would be made to wrap himself in a sheet and so stand in disgrace throughout a church service.

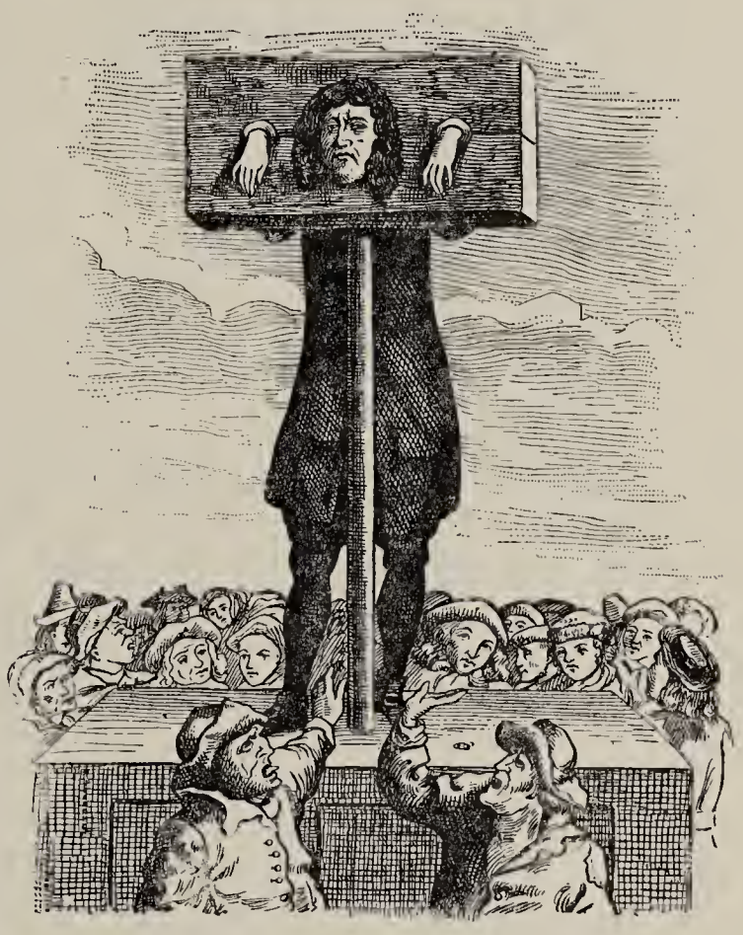
But there were laws for the minister as well. In those days there was no money in the colonies, and the people exchanged their goods with each other. This was the only way to buy and sell. The minister's salary was paid in this way, and every man in the parish was made to give his share in pigs, sheep, tobacco, or corn. One law said that every twentieth pig or calf born in the parish should belong to the minister; but if the minister failed to do his part of the work, then his salary should be taken from him. If he was absent for two months, he should lose half his salary; if he was absent for four months, he should lose it all.

There were other curious laws. For example, if a colonist was quarrelsome, he or she was taken to

the town pump to be ducked in the water. Sometimes the quarrelsome one was taken to the river and put on the "ducking stool," as it was called.

A scold was punished by the "gag." This was put on over the face, and the scold was made to stand with it all day long in the public square.

Often wrong-doers were whipped. Sometimes they were put in the pillory. Sometimes they were even tarred and feathered.

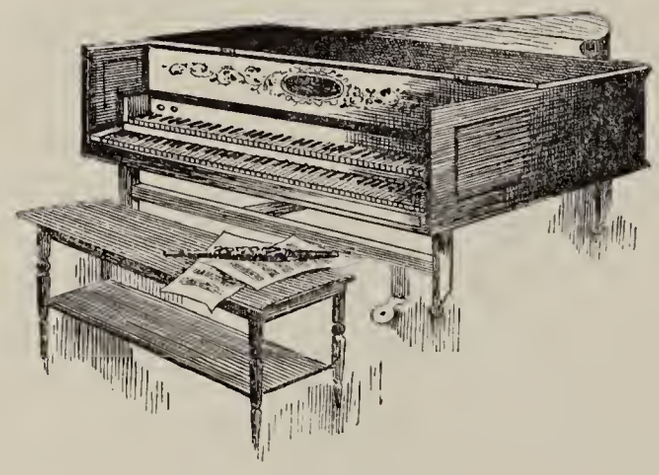


The Pillory.

But though the laws were so severe, the Virginians were a happy people. They liked to dance; and balls and parties were their delight. In winter the parties began in the early evening and lasted till early morning. The out-of-town young lady would dress herself for the party and then ride into town on horseback with a slave alongside to see that no harm came to his fair mistress.

Her hair was a sight to behold when it was ready

for a party. It was built up as high as the hairdresser could possibly build it; and the more like a tower it looked, the more in fashion it was. Sometimes, when there was to be a great party, and the hairdresser was very busy, the ladies had to have their hair done up the day before the party. Then they had to sit up all night to keep their hair from getting out of order. Often the ladies kept their hair in place for several days after the hairdresser had done it up for them; and some who were very careful used to boast that they could keep their hair in fine order for two weeks after a party.

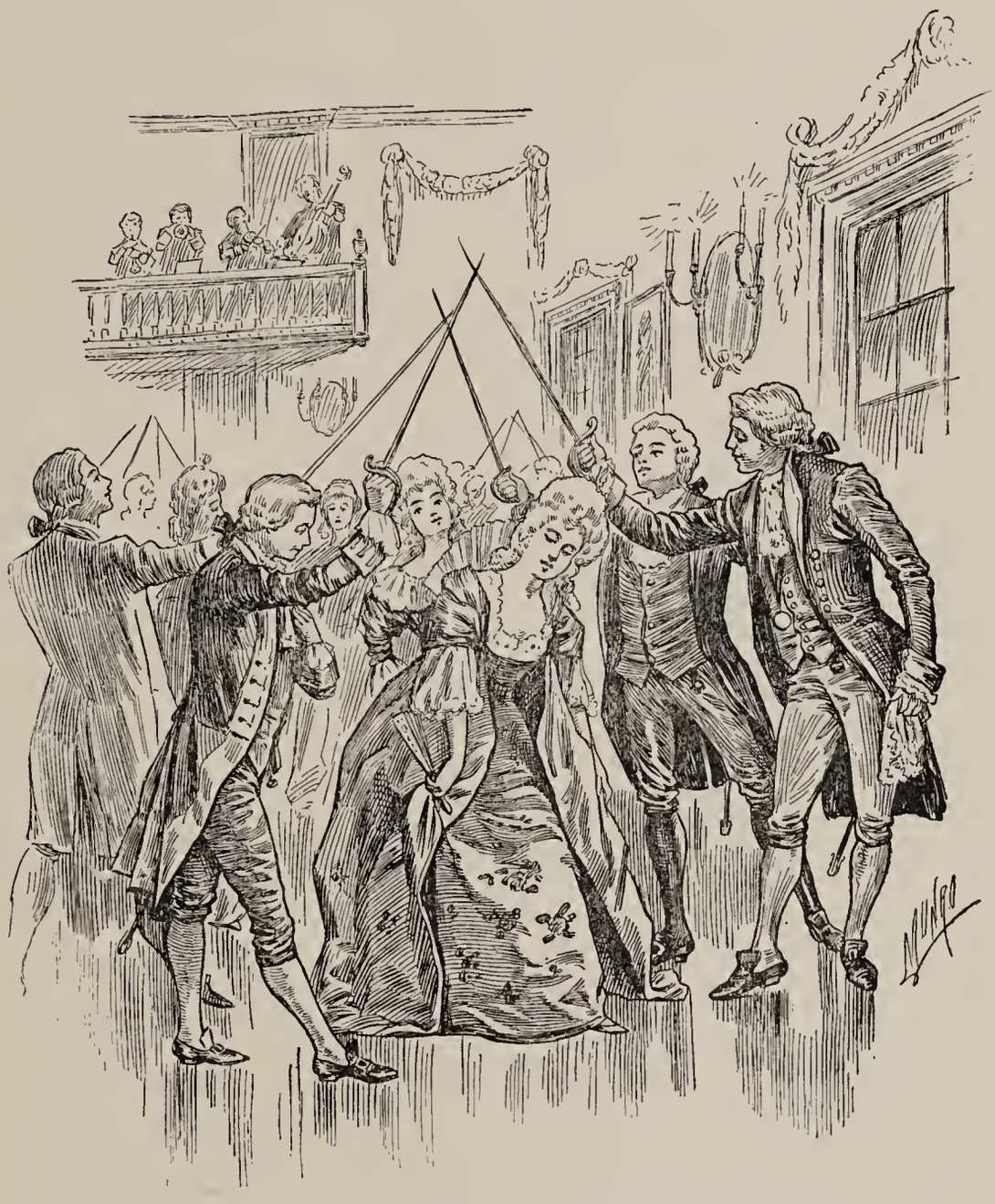


An Old Harpsichord.

But you should have seen the plantation owners in their homes. In the morning a squire would appear dressed in a velvet or silk cap and a morning jacket. These, however, he changed later in the day for an elegant hat and coat trimmed with gold lace.

In the evening the dress of the planters was gorgeous to behold. Then they wore coats of flowered silk or velvet, trimmed with gold lace. They wore also silver buckles at their knees and on their shoes. Silver ornaments glistened from their coats and waistcoats; rich old lace hung from their wrists.

They wore huge wigs which were powdered and braided down the back or put into queer little wig-bags.



A Ballroom Scene in a Virginian Mansion.

The ladies of these plantation homes were no less elegant in their evening dress. They had gowns of rich flowered silk and velvet. A high ruff stood

up at the back of the neck, and they wore a great deal of beautiful soft lace at the throat.

During the day, however, they dressed in much simpler gowns. They always wore dainty little caps of fine lace upon their heads; for to go about, even in one's own home, without a cap was very shocking indeed. No real Virginia lady would have thought of such a thing.

For street wear these Virginia ladies had wonderful bonnets. You would hardly think there could be bonnets so strange and so unbecoming; but they were the fashion, and quite likely our fashion will look just as odd a hundred years from now.

THE BONNET LIKE A MUSKMELON.

Of these street bonnets there was one kind called the muskmelon bonnet, and it was rightly named. It was quilted, and the quiltings went round and round like the lines of a muskmelon. The bonnet was well wadded with cotton, so that the silk puffed out between the quiltings, and there was a wire to keep the bonnet out around the face.

The bonnet for summer wear was made of thin silk and was not wadded with cotton. It was

shirred and puffed, and like the muskmelon bonnet it stood out from the head as big as a basket. Oddest of all was a string fastened to the front to keep the bonnet up in place; then the wearer had only to pull the string and up came the bonnet like the top of a buggy. If she wanted to look around, she let the string go and the whole big basket-bonnet fell back to her shoulders.

The common peasant people dressed much more simply than did the plantation ladies. Indeed, there were dress laws in the colony, and a poor man was not allowed to wear gold laces even if he could buy them.

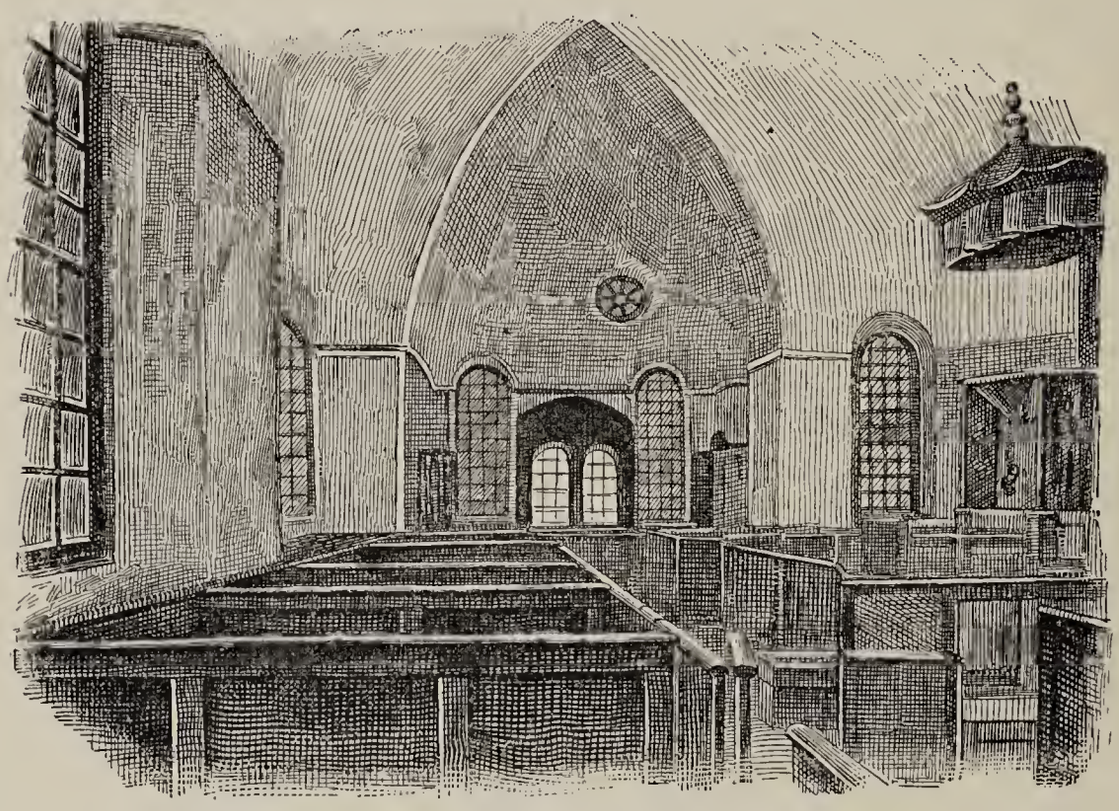
The working-men wore red or green baize jackets and leather breeches. Often they wore leather aprons to signify that they were workers at trades.

"How should we know," said the people, "who were the rich and who were the poor, if all were allowed to dress alike?"

On Sunday the working-men were allowed to change their checked shirts for white ones. Then they greased their boots and put brass buckles on them. They called themselves now in the very height of fashion, for this was all the change they were allowed to make.

The plantations were so large in those days, and there were so many slaves to work in the fields, that each plantation was like a little village in

itself. There was the big house where the master lived. Then there were the houses where the white servants lived, and the cabins for the negro slaves. There was always a large stable, for these rich planters were fond of fine horses. Besides these, there were long sheds to cure the tobacco in, and



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.
From "Some Colonial Mansions." Philadelphia, 1897.

great storehouses for the cotton, and mills where the corn was ground. Each plantation had its blacksmith, its carpenter, and its cobbler.

There were no public schools in the Virginia colony, for the plantations were so far apart that each rich planter had his own teachers for the children. George Washington, we are told, had one of

these teachers, for whom his father gave five pounds of tobacco.

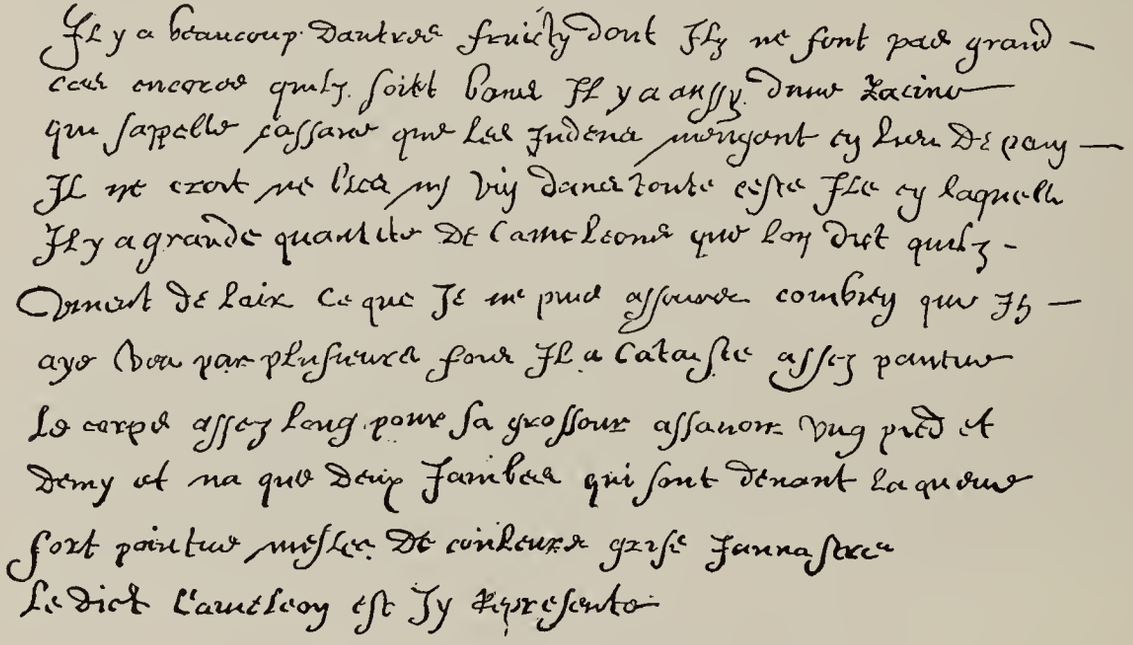
But Europeans were coming over to America in large numbers now. They had settled in many other places up and down the coasts since the days so long ago when Walter Raleigh first tried to found a colony in Virginia. So let us hurry away to some of these other colonies and see who has come to America while we have been visiting in these fine old plantation homes.

A Southern Homestead.

XIX. Quebec.

1608.

In the quaint little French town of Dieppe there is an old, old manuscript, of which the people are very proud. So very careful are they of this manuscript that they will not let you take it in your hands,



Part of Champlain's Manuscript.

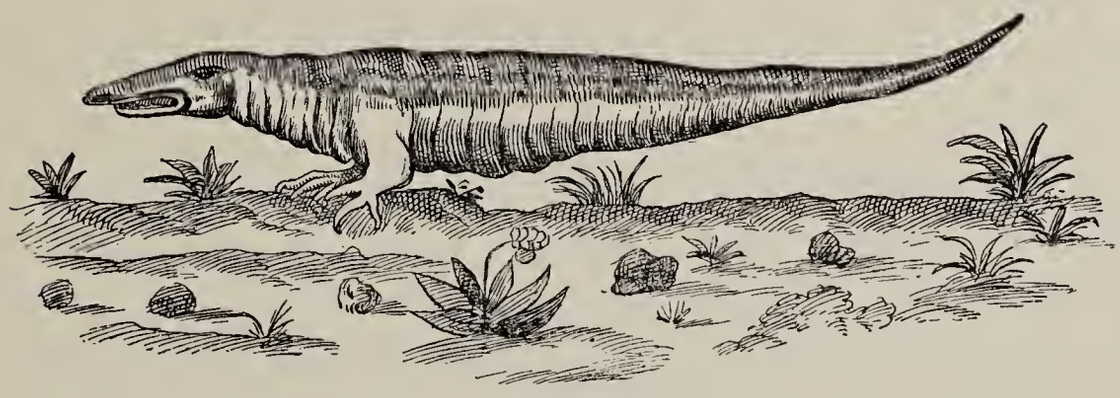
A brief narrative of some of the most remarkable things that Champlain saw on the voyage he made to the Western Indies in 1591 to 1602.

for it is the journal that Champlain, one of the greatest of French explorers, wrote when he explored the new country across the sea.

This manuscript is written in a very stiff handwriting which was the fashion in those days. You

would perhaps like the pictures better than the writing. There are sixty-one of them in the manuscript, all highly colored.

Besides pictures of the harbors which Champlain entered, there are maps of the islands which he visited. Upon these maps are drawn pictures of the birds and beasts and fishes that Champlain saw.



THE CHAMELEON.
As pictured in Champlain's manuscript.

On one page there is a picture of an Indian feast and dance; on another, a picture of a priest flogging the Indians because they would not come to church; on another, a fire with six Indians being burned in it.

Besides these there are pictures of queer animals, — a chameleon with two legs; a griffin with a head like an eagle, wings like a bat, and a tail like an alligator; and many other strange creatures.

Champlain does not say he saw animals like these. He only says that the Indians told him that there were such animals farther west.

Champlain had been a great traveller. In one

of his earliest voyages he visited Panama. He knew that the Europeans longed to find a short route to the East Indies; and indeed, he himself was in search of it at the time. When he looked at this narrow strip of land called Panama, he said, "No more direct route will ever be found than this. A canal should be cut through this isthmus."

And now, three hundred years later, people are again saying this very thing. Do you suppose a canal will ever be cut through?

It was with the first band of Port Royal colonists that Champlain sailed from France, but he did not stay long at Port Royal with them. As soon as the colonists were comfortably settled, he went on up the river St. Lawrence. He saw the same great cliff that Cartier had seen, and the same Indian village at the foot of Montreal (Mont Royal).

"It is even more beautiful than Cartier said," exclaimed Champlain. Then he sailed back to France, told the king, and urged him to send out a colony.

"The country is fertile and beautiful," he said to the king; "and, besides, it is rich in furs. It ought to prove a source of great wealth to France. But we must command the river, or we can never be sure of our possession. All nations will be free to sail up the river unless we do something to prevent them.

"A fort ought to be built, — many forts, — then

the river is ours. And not only shall we then control the fur trade, but we can explore farther west. The river is large, and it may be the northwest passage to the Indies."

For the European merchants, you see, had not given up the hope that a passage through the continent might yet be found. Some of the merchants were so interested in this that they cared nothing

The First View of Quebec.

for the fact that a great continent had been discovered.

"What do we care for great continents?" they said. "What we want is a way to get our goods back and forth from India."

It was, then, to build forts that Champlain made his next voyage up the St. Lawrence.

"No place can be better for our first fort," he said, "than this cliff at Quebec. It is a fort itself;

for in case of attack, how easy it would be to pour down from its top volleys of shot upon the foe."

So here Champlain set to work. In a few weeks many little wooden buildings were built, and Quebec was founded.

For a time all went well, but one morning one of Champlain's men came to him and said, "The men are plotting against you. They mean to kill you and to give the town over into the hands of the Spaniards."

"And who is the leader of the plot?" asked Champlain.

"Duval."

"Send him to me."

Then Duval came — his face white, his knees trembling so that he could hardly walk. There could be no doubt of his guilt, and he was tried and condemned to die. Soon Duval's body was swinging lifeless from the hangman's noose, and later his head was placed on a pole on the roof of the highest building. After this the men had little desire to make plots against their determined leader.

But when the autumn came, Champlain was anxious that the success of the colony should be reported to the French king. Moreover, further supplies would be needed in a few months.

And so, with as small a crew as could sail the vessel, Champlain sent her forth for France, and with twenty-eight men remained himself to hold the fort.

As long as the autumn weather lasted, Champlain and his men were comfortable and well. But by and by sickness came upon the little colony. Day after day the men died; and when the ship came back, there were only eight of Champlain's brave men alive.

Glad, indeed, was this little band of men to see the ship again. As soon as Champlain could place the colony in the hands of the captain, he himself made ready to look for that still mysterious northwest passage.

Now, during the winter a young chief had come to Quebec to see what these white men were like. And when Champlain showed him the guns and the cannon, this young chief yelled with delight.

"Oh, great white men!" he cried, "join with my people against the Iroquois. They hate us. They are always fighting us. Never yet have we conquered. But with guns!" And the chief's eyes danced as he laid his hands upon the cannon. He shook his befeathered head, and threw his tomahawk high in the air, so excited was he at the thought of victory over the Iroquois.

Now Champlain did not know that the Iroquois were the strongest Indian tribe in the new country. He did not know that there were five nations joined together, and that they were the terror of all the other tribes, north, south, east, and west.

So he reasoned like this: "If we join with these

neighboring tribes against their enemy, we shall have their friendship and their help. Certainly it is wise to gain the friendship of the tribes round about our colony."

To this Champlain's companions readily agreed. Thereupon messengers were sent out, and the chiefs were told to gather for battle against their Iroquois foe.

They came, and a strange sight they were, bedecked with feathers and bedaubed with paint.

They stared at the white men and at the white men's houses, at the strong, wooden walls, and at the cannon. And to show their delight, they screamed and danced and jumped in the air.

How delighted the savages were with the flash of the powder and with the noise of the guns. They danced and whooped to think how frightened the Iroquois would be.

After a time the great chief set them to work to make ready for the feast and the war dance, for no Indian would think of going into battle without a feast and a war dance.

And such a war dance! The white men had never seen anything like it. The savages had streaked their faces with many colored paints, making themselves more hideous than any wild creatures that ever were on land or sea. They brandished their war clubs and tomahawks. They danced and yelled and twisted themselves into most

awful shapes. All night long their drum kept up its hollow boom, boom, boom; all night long the forests echoed with whoops and howls. Glad enough was Champlain when their frolics were over, and the savages were ready to set out on the march. Then came days of hard and dangerous travelling; but at last Champlain and his warriors came to Ticonderoga, where they met the Iroquois.

Champlain and his forces were on the shore. The Iroquois were on the water; and the minute the tribes caught sight of each other, they set up a terrible noise, each trying to drown the yells and howls of the other. Then the Iroquois hastened to land, and all through the long night they worked cutting down trees and building barricades.

When daylight came all was quiet. Champlain and his three Frenchmen put on their armor.

Soon the Iroquois marched forth, and the two armies stood drawn up before each other. Then Champlain walked down through the lines of his allies and stood in front of them. The Iroquois chief stared at him in wonder. Who was this man with the shining clothes? What was he going to do? And what was it he carried in his hand? At last they gained courage and raised their bows. At the same time Champlain raised his gun, and three of the chiefs dropped to the ground dead.

For a minute the Iroquois were so terror-stricken that they forgot to shoot their arrows, and stood

staring at the three fallen chiefs. Just then a shot came from one of Champlain's men who was behind a tree near by. Down fell another of the Iroquois warriors. What was it that killed that warrior? Where did it come from? The Indians could see

THE DEFEAT OF THE IROQUOIS AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
After the drawing by S. Champlain in his "Voyages." Paris, 1853.

no one. Did it come from the skies? Then with a great cry the Iroquois turned and fled.

"On, on!" cried Champlain, and in a second the whole band of allies was in swift pursuit. Bang, bang, bang! went the guns, and whizz-zz-zz went the arrows.

Many of the Iroquois fell beneath the shots. Many were trampled down in the terrible panic. The victory was complete; and the few Iroquois

who escaped dragged themselves back to their village, and told of the strange thunder-men that the St. Lawrence savages had brought with them. Never before had the Iroquois been conquered by these lesser tribes.

The defeated Indians soon learned who these white men were. From that time the Iroquois declared themselves the bitter enemies of the French, and never after did they let a chance go by to avenge themselves.

For twenty-six years Champlain lived among the Indians in this wild land of Canada, and explored the country. Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario were discovered; the fur trading increased, and Quebec grew to be a fine settlement of a hundred men and women and children.

When Champlain died, the governorship of the little colony passed over into other hands, but the bold pioneer and hero was not forgotten. The French people loved to honor him; and whenever they spoke of him or wrote of him, they called him the *Father of New France.*

XX. New York.

1613.

When the good ship *Half Moon* went back to Holland, you may be sure that Henry Hudson had wonderful stories to tell.

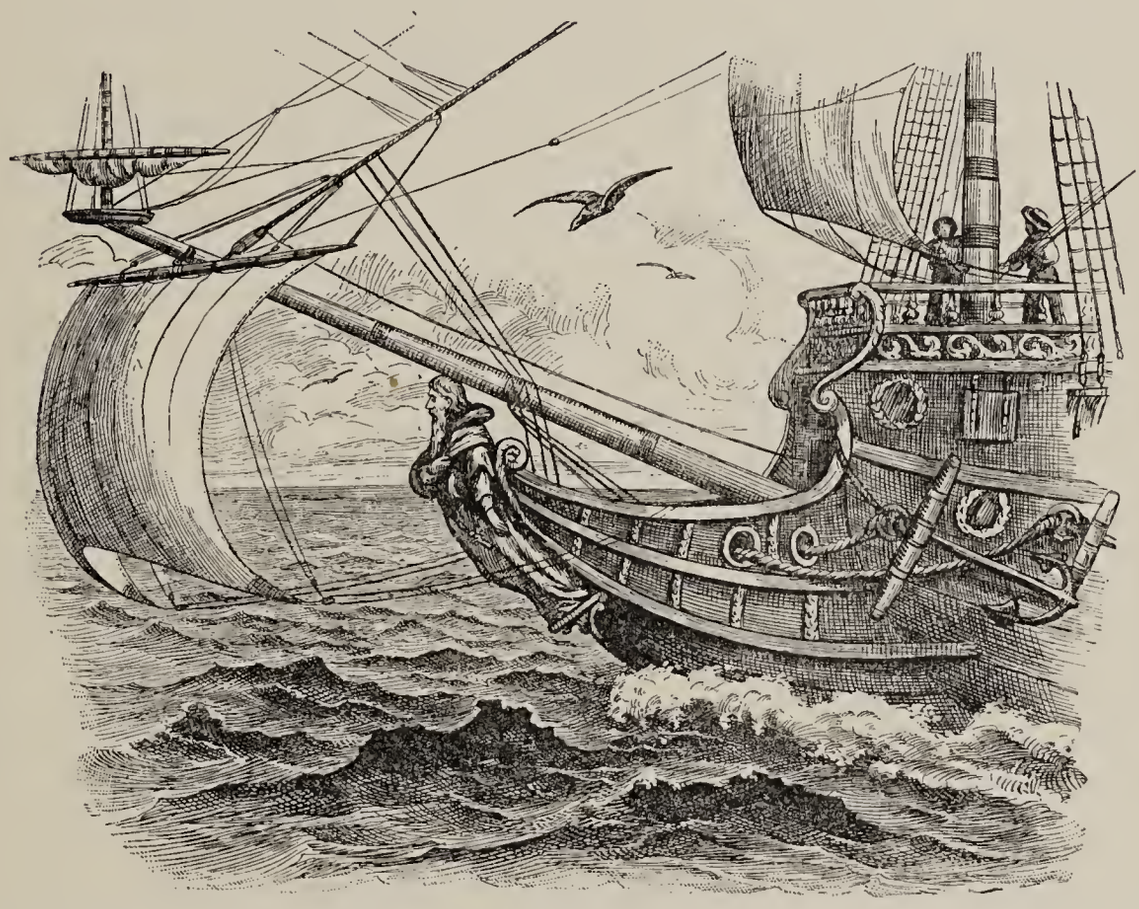
"The land is very pleasant and high, and very bold to fall," wrote Hudson's pilot in his journal. "And in the water we saw rays, and salmon, and mullets very large. We went on land with our nets to fish, and we caught ten great mullets a foot and a half long; and a ray as great as four men could haul.

"The people came on board of our ship and were glad of our coming. There were great stores of oaks and currants. The lands were pleasant with grass, and flowers, and goodly trees."

The Hollanders, excited by the tales of the beauty and wealth of the new country, were eager to set out for the Hudson River and found a colony upon its banks.

"Let us lose no time," said they. "Already the French and English are bringing great wealth into their countries through the fur trade. Let us too have a share in the riches of this new world."

So a ship was sent out to build a fort on the river. When this was done another company set out in a bulky little vessel, the *Good Frau*, to found a colony. It was an odd little vessel, but it was made by the best shipbuilders in Holland.



Prow of a Dutch Vessel of the Seventeenth Century, showing the Figure Head of St. Nicholas.

Moreover, the builder was a jolly, good-natured Dutchman, and he had carved an image of good St. Nicholas upon the prow of the vessel. "For," said the jolly Dutch shipbuilder, "good luck is sure to follow St. Nicholas." And in truth the voyage was a happy one. There were no storms and no high

winds, and the Dutch colonists were sure that they owed their happy fortune to good St. Nicholas.

As the vessel sailed into the mouth of the Hudson River, a group of Indians came down to the shore. "See the strange white canoe-bird! It moves along on the waters without oars," they cried.

The Indians stayed and watched the white bird while it was at a safe distance. But when the ship cast anchor and the men began to climb down into the boats, the Indians took to their heels and disappeared into the woods.

"This is a fine place for a colony," said the Dutch people when they had explored the shore. "The soil is soft and rich, and there is plenty of game. Let us settle here near the mouth of the river. Why sail farther up the stream?" So they began to build their houses.

"What shall we name our colony?" asked the leader of the little band, when at last the houses were built.

"Why not keep the Indian name — Communipaw?" some of the colonists said.

Then the captain of the colony looked out over the waters and up over the hills. "There seems to be no reason," he said at last; for it was a habit with the Dutch people to think a long time before they spoke.

It was not long before other ships came from Holland, bringing other colonists; and in a few

months Communipaw seemed likely to become a very flourishing town. The Indians were friendly, the fur trade was good, and the people were healthy and happy.

One day an Englishman sailed into the harbor of Communipaw. "What right have you to settle here?" he said. "This land is within the Virginia grant, and these shores have been explored by the English."

What the Dutch people answered, we do not know; but the Englishman soon went back to his own colony in Virginia and was never again seen by the Dutch settlers of Communipaw. Now and then the Virginia governor would say, "We ought to go and drive those Dutch people away from the mouth of the Hudson." But he was busy with his own colony; and so it came about that the Dutch lived on at Communipaw until they themselves were ready to move away.

Now there were some reasons why the people were not satisfied with Communipaw, and one day the chief men went forth to find a place that would suit them better.

There is a wonderful story told of the voyage these men made. I am afraid it is not all true; but this much we do know — that they sailed to Manhattan and brought back so good a report that the people moved from Communipaw to that place.

The island was bought from the Indians, and the

Dutch people went busily to work building their houses. They made also a fort and a trading house.

In a short time a whole town of quaint little houses was built along the shore. The houses were not like those of other colonies; for it was the Dutch fashion to build their houses with gable roofs. The Dutch people liked to know what the winds were about, and what the weather was likely to be; and so

The Fort New Amsterdam.

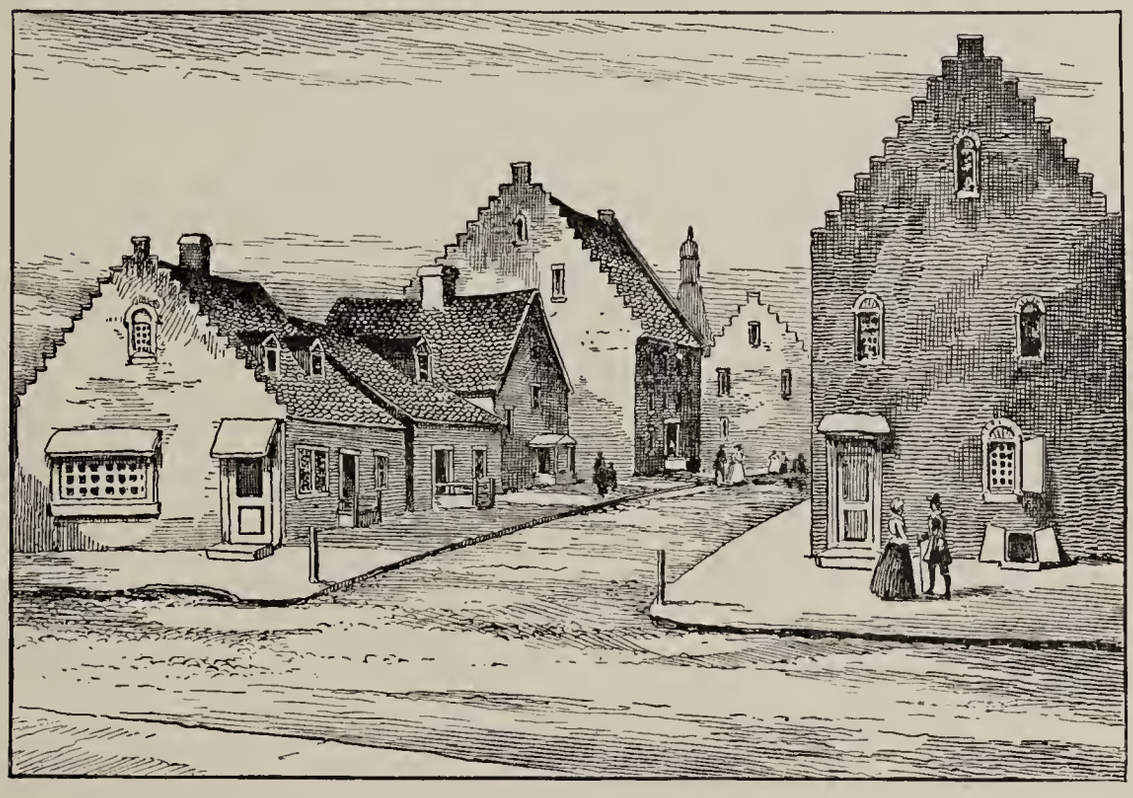
their houses were often built with a weather-cock on every corner.

For a time the colonists kept the Indian name, Manhattan. But by and by they thought that they would like a good old Dutch name for their colony.

"What shall we call our town?" the people began to ask each other. There were so many Dutch names to choose from that it was hard to decide. At last some one said, "We came from good old Dutch Amsterdam; why not call this town *New* Amsterdam?"

"Good!" said the people. "Why did we not think of that in the first place?"

From that day the colony always prospered. St. Nicholas, who watched over *Old* Amsterdam, now kept watch over *New* Amsterdam, and saw to it that



A Street in Early New York.

the people were happy and contented; — so said the Dutch, and surely they ought to have known.

There were a great many Indians on the island of Manhattan, but there was the best of good-will between them and the colonists. Instead of being a danger, then, the Indians were really a help to the colony. They were always bringing furs and game, and the Dutchmen always sent the Indians away happy, with red blankets and strings of colored beads

in exchange. They were such good friends that it was a common thing to see the Indians walking about the streets of New Amsterdam, or even sitting upon the door-steps of the little Dutch houses.

By and by a governor was sent over from Holland to take care of this little colony. The colony was

THE STADTHUYS, NEW YORK, 1679.

After Brevoort's drawing. ("Stadthuys" is Dutch for "statehouse.")

getting along very well without any governor, but it was the custom in those days for the mother country to send over governors as soon as the colonies became important. And so no doubt the Manhattan colony was flattered and pleased to know that the mother country counted it worthy of such an honor.

And now New Amsterdam had become a real town. It had streets and a *stadthuys*, and there were schools and churches.

Perhaps you will like to read what a famous writer of history wrote about these Dutch people at this time.

"The rich people's houses were built of wood, except the gable ends; and these were of yellow Dutch bricks. The houses had many large doors and many small windows; and the year in which the house was built was always put upon the front of it in large iron figures.

"In these simple days house-cleaning was the test of a good housewife. The front door was ornamented with a huge brass knocker — sometimes in the shape of a dog, or a tiger, or a lion, and this was scrubbed every day till often it was fairly worn out with the scrubbing.

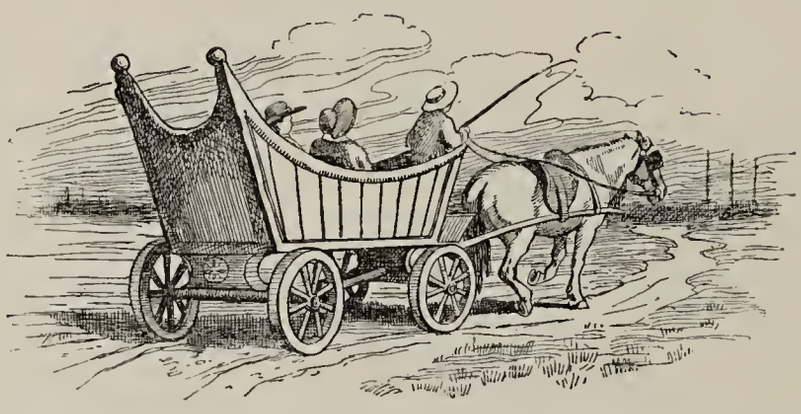
"The whole house was always being mopped and swept and cleaned; for the Dutch housewife delighted in water.

"The grand parlor was the sacred place of all. In this room no one but the housewife and her maid were allowed to enter. These two visited it once a week, but only to clean it. They scrubbed the floor and then sprinkled it with fine white sand. Then they placed new branches of evergreen in the fireplace. Then when they had polished the windows and the furniture, they closed the room,

locked the door, and left it till the next week. Then they came and cleaned it again.

"The fireplace in the Dutch living-room was large and generous. The whole family could sit around it. Even the cats and dogs had their corners in the fireplace; and there was room for all.

"Here the old burgher would sit and smoke and look into the fireplace, and wink and blink and sleep. Here the *goode vrow* would spin and knit. And here the young people would crowd about to



Dutch Pleasure Wagon of the Olden Time.

listen to the stories the good old negro slaves would croak forth the whole long winter afternoon.

"In this colony all well-trained people rose with the sun and went to bed with the sun. They dined at eleven and had tea parties at three. These parties were given only by the higher classes of people. That is, by such as could afford to keep cows, or who perhaps drove their own carts.

"The people came to these parties at three and went away at six. The tea-table was crowned with

a great earthen dish in which were pieces of fat pork, fried brown, and swimming in rich gravy. Sometimes the table was ornamented with apple pies or with saucers of preserved peaches and pears. One thing was always sure to be on the table — and that was the little balls of sweetened dough which the Dutch called doughnuts.

"The tea was served from a beautiful Delft tea-pot which had pictures of shepherds or windmills upon it. The young men kept the tea-cups filled from a great copper kettle that hung over the fire-place, and saw that every saucer had a lump of sugar upon it. Then the ladies sipped their tea and nibbled their sugar until it was time to go back to their homes.

"The hair of the ladies of the Dutch colonies was carefully plastered back from their foreheads, and covered over with a little cap.

"The Dutch women had pockets which they wore outside their dresses, and these were large enough to hold all that a Dutch lady could need. And in them there was usually to be found scissors and pincushions, and needles, and threads, and yarns. These pockets hung from the waist by a ribbon, and sometimes they were pinned to the dress by a silver pin.

"As to the men of the Dutch colony, they wore a great many coats and small clothes, and had buckles upon their shoes. Brass buttons, too, they

wore upon their coats; and on their heads low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats. Their hair they wore in queues down their backs, and these were carefully tied into bags of sealskin."

Here is what another writer of history wrote about these queer Dutch people. Perhaps you will

Early Dutch Costumes.

like this better, for it tells of the good times the Dutch colonists had in these early days.

"First, when the cold weather comes on, there is the skating upon the ponds and upon the river. Then comes the snow and the sleighrides. Four horses they would bring and away the young men and the young maidens would go.

"Often they would go as far as Harlem, where at

Mynheer Borson's they would have a supper and then dance.

"Again, though the Dutch be a sober folk, they do keep many festivals, — Christmas, New Year's, Easter, and St. Nicholas day. Christmas comes first, and we observe it as the day of our landing

Costumes of the Holland Dutch in 1630.

here. After the stockings are explored for whatever Santa Claus may have brought, the young people spend the morning in skating or turkey shooting. At one o'clock the great oven yields up its Christmas feast, which we meet to enjoy.

"But the New Year's is the greatest day among

the Dutch. On that day no one does anything but call and receive calls. For days before the housewives have been brewing and mixing and baking. And when the day cometh and thou goest forth to meet thy friend, thou findest the great logs crackling in the twelve-foot fireplace. And in the middle of the table is the punch bowl. There are also turkeys and haunches of cold venison roasted whole. And there are silver tankards and beakers filled with rare wine and foaming ale. The good frau and her daughters clad in their best are there to receive the callers, and to dispense good wishes for the New Year.

"On Easter day a favorite game is played for eggs. The shops on this day are gay with boiled eggs, tied with ribbons of red and blue. And the eggs, too, are colored with bright colors. On Easter day no true son of St. Nicholas eats any other food than eggs," so writes the historian.

But in all this time other colonies had been founded. East of the Dutch the English had settled. South of them were the Swedes; and both these colonies made them more or less trouble. For example, when the Dutch built a fort on the Delaware River, the Swedish governor said, "You have no right to this river. No — the Swedes have explored it, and we have built our colony upon it."

To this the Dutch replied, "This territory is ours. We have bought it of the Indians."

Then the Swedes answered, "We have bought this territory of the Indians ourselves."

But neither the Dutch nor the Swedes paid any attention to the claims that the others made. The Dutch held their fort and the Swedes held theirs on the opposite banks of the same river.

A Shop Window.

At first the Dutch only scowled at the Swedish fort. By and by, however, they saw that the Swedes had the better of them, for the Swedish fort was nearer the mouth of the river; when, therefore, a Dutch vessel wanted to come into the river, it had to pass the fort which the Swedes had built.

One day the Swedes pointed their cannon at the Dutch vessels. Then there was trouble.

"We will not have Swedish guns pointed at our vessels," cried the Dutch.

"We will do more than point them if you don't go away," answered the Swedes.

Dutchmen at the Battery.

Then came a battle and the Dutch captured the Swedish fort.

"We shall see now who controls this river," they said. And the Swedes could do nothing but allow the Dutch to take possession.

But there were other foes for the Dutch people. These were the English who lived east of the Dutch colony, the Yanokees, as the Indians had named

them. The Dutch country was rich and fertile; the river was navigable, and the Yanokees looked with envy upon it. They made up their minds, therefore, to give the Dutch no peace.

"The country belongs to us," the Yanokees said, "for these shores were first explored by Englishmen."

Now the Dutch had heard these words before, you remember, but this time the English were in earnest, and the Yanokees kept going over into the Dutch country to trade, and hunt, and fish. By and by they took some of the very best land and made farms for themselves.

"You have no right to do this," the Dutch declared. "This valley of the Connecticut River is ours."

"It is not yours," the Yanokees answered. "You have no right either east or west of the Connecticut."

"But we have forts on the Connecticut River and we have trading posts."

"We explored the coast," the Yanokees kept saying, and they went on building trading posts wherever they pleased. They even built a fort not far from the fort that the Dutch had built on the river. More than that, when they had it well built, they marched down and attacked the Dutch fort, and drove the garrison in wild flight across the country to New Amsterdam.

Nor was this all. All the English east of the

Connecticut combined to keep the Dutch out of the valley.

First a council was called at Hartford and the Dutch and the English tried to settle boundaries. At this council the Dutch agreed to allow the English to keep all the settlements they had already made, even those within the Dutch territory. The Yanokees, in return, agreed to give up certain lands they had been fighting for.

For a time thereafter there was peace; but it did not last long. Messengers had been sent to England to tell what trouble the English colonists were having with the Dutch. When the English king heard of this he said to his brother, the Duke of York: "You shall have the Dutch territory for your own. Go over and take it."

So the Duke of York sent out across the ocean two vessels manned with well-trained English soldiers.

"With these we shall take the territory of the Dutch," he said.

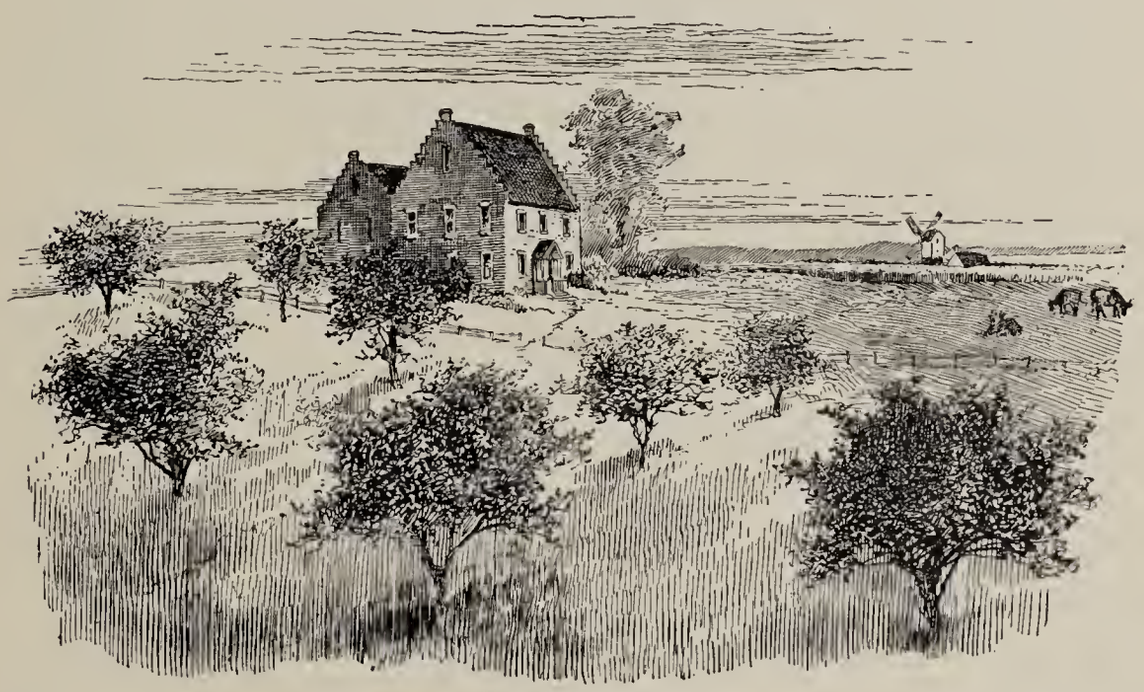
Straight up into the harbor of New Amsterdam the ships sailed, and there they dropped anchor, as much as to say, "We have come to stay."

Then the Dutch governor wrote a letter to the captain of the fleet and said, "Do you come in peace, or do you come in war?"

"We come to take what is our own," was the answer the English captain made. "Surrender your town and your fort; lay down your arms."

This was hard for the thrifty little Dutch settlement. But what could it do? In those days might was right, and Holland could not hold out against England. So it came about that New Amsterdam became an English colony, ruled over by a governor sent out by the Duke of York.

Even its name was changed, and from that time to this the country up and down the Hudson has been called New York, in honor of the brother of the English king.



A Bowerie.

"Bowerie" is from the Dutch word meaning "farm."

XXI. New Jersey.

1618.

Now, in all this time the Dutch colony was so prosperous, and Dutch people in Europe were becoming so rich from their fur trade up and down the Hudson River, that already they talked grandly of "our colony" in the New World.

At last some one said, "Why not found more colonies in this territory which belongs to us?"

It was never hard to found a second colony after one success had been made. Therefore it was not long before Fort Nassau was built on the shores of New Jersey, and a snug little village grew up around it. For some time all went well, until one day the Indians attacked the village and nearly all the people were slain.

Nevertheless, twelve years later another band of colonists came to the same place on the Jersey shore. "Let us go on to the site of the old fort," said De Vries, the leader.

The Indians were sullen. "What right have these Dutch people to come and take our cornfields and our hunting grounds?" they muttered.

Then they held a council. "They do not ask if they may come. They do not pay us for our lands," said the chief.

"We will go down to the fort and tell the white people what we think of their coming," said the warriors.

INDIANS AT HOME IN NEW JERSEY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The Indians were very polite about it, however. They dressed themselves in their best feathers and furs when they made their call. Some of them even put on their English boots, for of these they were very proud.

Now the Indians had laid a plot to draw the Dutch people into a trap. So they said to De Vries:

"Do not settle so far down the river. There is a much better trading post farther up; and to that place we can easily bring you all the furs you want."

De Vries was delighted with the seemingly kind behavior of the Indians. It meant good trade, and that was all he cared for just then. But when the Indians were gone away, a squaw came creeping out from the forest. "Listen not to the words of the Indians," she said. "They are false. They mean to get you up the river to kill you."

"But how can they kill us there any better than here?" De Vries asked.

"The river is narrow farther up. The canoes are small. They can catch you in the narrow river," said the squaw.

Could this story be true? It was indeed hard to tell when the Indians were honest and when they were not.

The squaw saw that De Vries did not quite believe that she had told the truth. So she said: "Did you not see the English boots the chiefs wore? Those were taken only a moon ago from Englishmen who sailed up into the narrow river."

De Vries now thought that the story might indeed be true.

"We must be very careful," he said to his people.

On the next day the Indians came once more. "Bring your ships up the river, bring your ships up the river," they said over and over again.

"They are altogether too eager," thought De Vries. So he said to the chiefs: "No, no, you wicked ones, we will not sail up the river with you. The Great Spirit came to us last night and told the white men not to trust you. The Great Spirit told us that you mean to kill us, as you did the Englishmen. That is why you want us to go up the river with you."

The Indians were dumb with surprise. Surely, the Great Spirit must have told, else how did the white men find out their plans.

"Let us make peace with these children of the Great Spirit at once," they whispered among themselves. So the chief laid down his arms and offered the peace pipe to the white men. Peace was made, and the Dutch went on with their trading.

But by and by other foes appeared. The Swedes, one day, came sailing up the bay, and they too founded a colony and built a fort. What happened to this fort we have already learned in the story of the Dutch who settled at New York.

The Dutch, however, did not go on enjoying their fur trade and their colony very long; for the power of the English in America was growing stronger and stronger every year. We know already how English colonies on the Atlantic coast were spreading. We know how they came at last to take New Amsterdam away from the Dutch. And if the Dutch could not hold New Amsterdam, they surely

could not hold this little settlement on the Delaware.

This they knew very well; and rather than lose it by war, they sold the territory of New Jersey to two English noblemen. After that there was nothing for the Dutch to do but to give up their claim and let the English take possession.

Trading with the Indians.

New Jersey now became an English colony. The English came and settled there, and many villages grew up.

"You may have the land," said the two noblemen to the colonists, "but you must pay the Indians for it. It belongs first of all to them."

This was the first time in the colonization of

America that the Indians had been dealt with so fairly. To be sure, the prices paid for their land, even now, were small. Often a whole town was bought for a barrel of cider or a few coats or pairs of boots; but since these were the things the Indians wanted, they were quite contented.

One day some Indians came to the English in a great rage. "Your people sold us coats," they said; "but they sold us the epidemic with the coats. We do not like the epidemic. We ask you to take back the coats and the epidemic."

The governor of the English colony was puzzled. How could he make these simple people understand? A council was called. The English tried to explain, and the Indians tried to understand.

But at last one old chief who was wiser than his people rose and said: "We are willing to give the English a broad path. We will not harm an Englishman when we find him asleep. We have made peace with the Englishmen, and we will keep it. As to the epidemic, I do not believe we got it with the coats. It came to our tribe once in my grandfather's time. There were no English then, and it could not have come from them. And now it has come in my time. And I do not believe we got it from the coats. It is the Great Spirit that has sent it to us."

Now this old chief was one of the greatest of his tribe. Whatever he said, his people believed. And

so, when he spoke now, the warriors nodded their heads and grunted at one another, as much as to say, "It must be as the chief says;" and so peace was again made between the Indians and the Englishmen.

For many years good-will lasted. But there came a time when the New Jersey Indians joined with the other tribes against the white men. At this time a great council was held. The Indians brought forward their complaints, and the English listened carefully.

"We will try to right all wrongs," said the Englishmen when they had heard the stories the Indians had to tell. "We will try to right all wrongs, and we will give you a large tract of land for your own to keep forever."

This was what the Indians wanted, and so again peace was made. Many fine speeches were made, both by the Indian chiefs and by the English.

One chief said: "Brothers, we now take the hatchet from out your heads. It was the Delaware Indians who put it there. It was the French who told them to do it. But we will bury it in the ground. And it shall never be taken up. The Delawares have promised that they will never make war upon the English again. But, instead, they and we will think always of peace and friendship."

Now this was a beautiful speech, and no doubt the Indians were very proud that their chief could

make a speech so beautiful. Then another chief rose. This chief said: "Brothers, I speak for the younger nations. A road has been made from this council fire to our country. We have come to make a treaty of peace with the Englishmen. As we came down the road, we saw that blood had been spilt upon it. That meant war. So now we will make the road wider and clearer. We will take away the blood, and there shall be no more war. We wash away the blood, and we take the hatchet from out your heads."

For a long time after this the Indians lived happily upon the land that had been given them. But one day a messenger came to them from another tribe.

"Come and live with us," the messenger said. "We have a fertile country, and the corn-fields are broad. Pack up your mats, and come and eat from our dish. It is large enough for all."

To this generous invitation the Indians listened. They packed up their mats, and folded their wigwams, and went away to their friends.

But ill luck came to them. Every year they grew poorer and poorer and fewer and fewer, until by and by there were only forty of the New Jersey Indians alive.

"Let us go back to New Jersey," these forty said. "We were happy there. There was food enough for us, and there was no sickness. Surely the Great Spirit is angry that we came to this strange land."

"But we sold our land when we left New Jersey," said some of the Indians.

"We did not sell our game and fish," said others. It was always hard for the Indians to understand that when they sold a piece of land they sold all that belonged to it. They thought that when they sold a piece of land, the fruit that grew upon it was still theirs. If they sold a river, they felt that they still had a right to the fish.

And so when the Indians spoke of going back to New Jersey, they thought of course that they still had a right to the game and fish.

"We will ask the English to buy our game and fruit and fish," they said. "Then we shall have money to make new homes for ourselves."

This seemed a good idea; so back these Indians came to the governor of the English colony.

"Nonsense!" said some of the English, when they heard what the Indians had asked the governor to do for them. "They may as well learn at once that when they sell land, they sell everything that is upon it."

"But a very little money will buy their fish and game and fruit," said the governor. "Then they will be content. There are only forty of them. Surely, we can afford to grant them this last favor."

And so it came about that the forty Indians settled down again in New Jersey and lived out their days in peace.

XXII. Massachusetts.

1620.

Religious troubles were still common in all parts of Europe. If we had visited England then, we should have found four classes of church people.

There were the Catholics, who thought that the Pope should be at the head of the church. There were the English Church people, who wished to have the king at the head of the church. There were the Puritans, who wished to have the English church service, but very much simplified. There were the Separatists, who would have *none* of the English Church service.

Indeed, as time went on, some of these Separatists even went so far as to say that they would have no service of any kind. They would just go into the meeting-house and sit quietly and think and pray.

Now, of course, these different people did not like one another very well. When one party was the stronger, the others were treated unjustly, and sometimes even suffered serious persecution.

So at last some of the Separatists said: "Let us go away and build a colony for ourselves. Let us have a home where we can worship as we please."

First, a colony went to Holland and made a new home for themselves. For a time they were very happy in Holland. The people were kind to them, and the colony prospered. But the children were forgetting the good old English language and were growing up like little Hollanders.

Plymouth Bay in Midwinter 280 Years ago.

"We do not want our children to forget dear old England and the good old English language," said these Separatists. "Let us go across the water to America and found an English colony. Then our children will grow up as English people and will still speak the English language."

And thus it came about that a band of these

England-loving Separatists went back to England, visited their homes, and then started out across the ocean in a little ship called the *Mayflower*.

These people had heard much of the Virginia colony, and they meant to make their settlement near it. "There the soil will be rich, and the climate warm and pleasant," they said.

But a storm came up. The little vessel tossed and pitched, and the pilot could not hold his course. And so, one cold December morning, the little band of Pilgrims found themselves in the Bay of Massachusetts.

It was a barren and wintry-looking shore. The ice and snow were piled up against the water line, and it looked very little like the sunny shore the people had hoped to find.

"Shall we land here?" the pilot asked.

"Perhaps it is God's will," answered the people. Then the little vessel was guided into Plymouth Bay, and one by one the Pilgrims landed.

"Let us thank God," said good Elder Brewster, "for our safe voyage." So the Pilgrims knelt around the rock we now call Plymouth Rock, and the elder made a long prayer.

"We will begin to build our homes at once," said Myles Standish, the brave soldier of the company. And in a few hours axes were ringing, trees were falling, and the fort was begun. When the fort was finished, the men went to work to build houses for

their families, and in a short time a row of small cabins stood along the side of the hill.

MYLES STANDISH.
From a painting owned by Captain Harrison, U. S. Coast Survey.

There was a long, hard winter before these Pilgrims. The winds from the ocean were cold and cutting. The snow was deep, the ice on the bay was thick. Hunting and fishing were almost impossible, and food was very scarce.

By and by the colonists began to sicken and die; and when at last the spring came, there were only fifty of the brave band left to welcome its warmth and sunshine.

The Pilgrims had not been very long in their new home when visitors came. Indeed, even while they were landing, these visitors had watched them from the hilltops. But when they

TOMBSTONE OF THE MATE OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

saw the Pilgrims looking up at them they fled, and the Pilgrims were glad that the strangers were gone.

One morning, however, without any warning, an Indian marched into the colony. The Pilgrims were in the midst of a "town-meeting." The

Pilgrim Fort and Meeting-house.

speaker stopped, and every man seized his gun. The visitor stared at the white men, and looked them over from head to foot. Their strange clothing interested him; their hats, particularly, seemed very strange to him.

At last the Indian spoke. "Welcome, welcome, Englishmen," he said in broken English.

How pleasant these words were to the Pilgrims! "Welcome, welcome, Indian," they replied. Then they led the Indian to their fort and gave him food and presents. And so pleased was he with what he saw, that he spent the night with his new friends.

In the morning a warm breakfast was given to him, after which he went away. On the next day he came back, bringing with him five more Indians. These, also, enjoyed their visit, if one may judge from the time they stayed; for in the end the Pilgrims were forced to send them home.

"Go and bring your chief to us," the Pilgrims said; and in this way they were rid at last of their too friendly visitors.

By and by Massasoit, the chief, came. The Pilgrims welcomed him kindly, and a treaty was made. Massasoit promised never to allow his people to harm the colonists as long as he should live, and the Pilgrims promised never to harm the Indians. This treaty was faithfully kept; and as long as Massasoit lived the Pilgrims were never harmed by their Indian neighbors.

It was in 1621 that the Pilgrims held their first Thanksgiving Day. Their colony had prospered; and as the Pilgrims looked out from their little homes, they could see the great fields of corn.

"Let us appoint a day of Thanksgiving," said Governor Bradford. "Truly the Lord has granted us home and peace and plenty." And so a feast was

held. The men hunted and fished; the children made ready the pumpkin rings and apples; the women cooked and brewed.

Early in the morning everybody was up and ready for the day. First there was the breakfast. And never was there a better New England breakfast than this first Thanksgiving breakfast. Then the people went to church, — every one of them, — men, women, children and babies. No one in this colony was ever excused from "going to meeting."

Good Elder Brewster preached the Thanksgiving sermon. It was very long, but it was earnest, and the elder's heart was true. Early in the morning Massasoit and a hundred chosen braves came into the village and were entertained in the homes of the Pilgrims this first Thanksgiving Day. The Indians stayed to dinner and to tea. Some of them even to breakfast the next morning, for they were honest guests, and they liked the white men.

When Thanksgiving was over, and the Indians were going away, it is said that Massasoit looked back into the little village and said solemnly, "The Great Spirit loves his white children best."

The little colony of Pilgrims flourished. From time to time more ships came from England, bringing more people. These made other villages, till by and by there were hundreds of English people in villages up and down the coast.

The news of the success of the colony soon aroused

great interest in England; and in 1630 a large colony called the Massachusetts Bay Colony was planted at Salem. These people were the Puritans, who, you remember, wished to have the church service simpler. They were not Separatists. Try to remember this difference between the colonies.

Costume of a Rich Lady in the Colonial Times.

These people who came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony were for the most part comfortable, well-to-do people, who wanted a place to build up a state according to their own ideas.

Very rapidly the villages grew up and spread out, and soon Boston came to be the principal town. Here there were churches and schools. The richest people had slaves, — everybody who could afford it owned slaves in those days, — and the rich ladies dressed very elegantly. In the country the people were more simple in their dress and in their living.

From the very beginning the Puritans had schools as well as churches. "How can any state prosper if the people are not educated?" they said. The first schools were very simple, and were held in the big kitchens of the farmhouses. The girls learned to

read their catechism, to sew, and to knit. The boys learned grammar and arithmetic and geography. They sang psalms and recited Bible verses together.

The New England Primer was the first reading book; and from this the children learned their letters and afterward their verses. I am afraid that you would not find the New England Primer very interesting; but these children liked to read such verses as: —

The dog will bite
The thief at night.

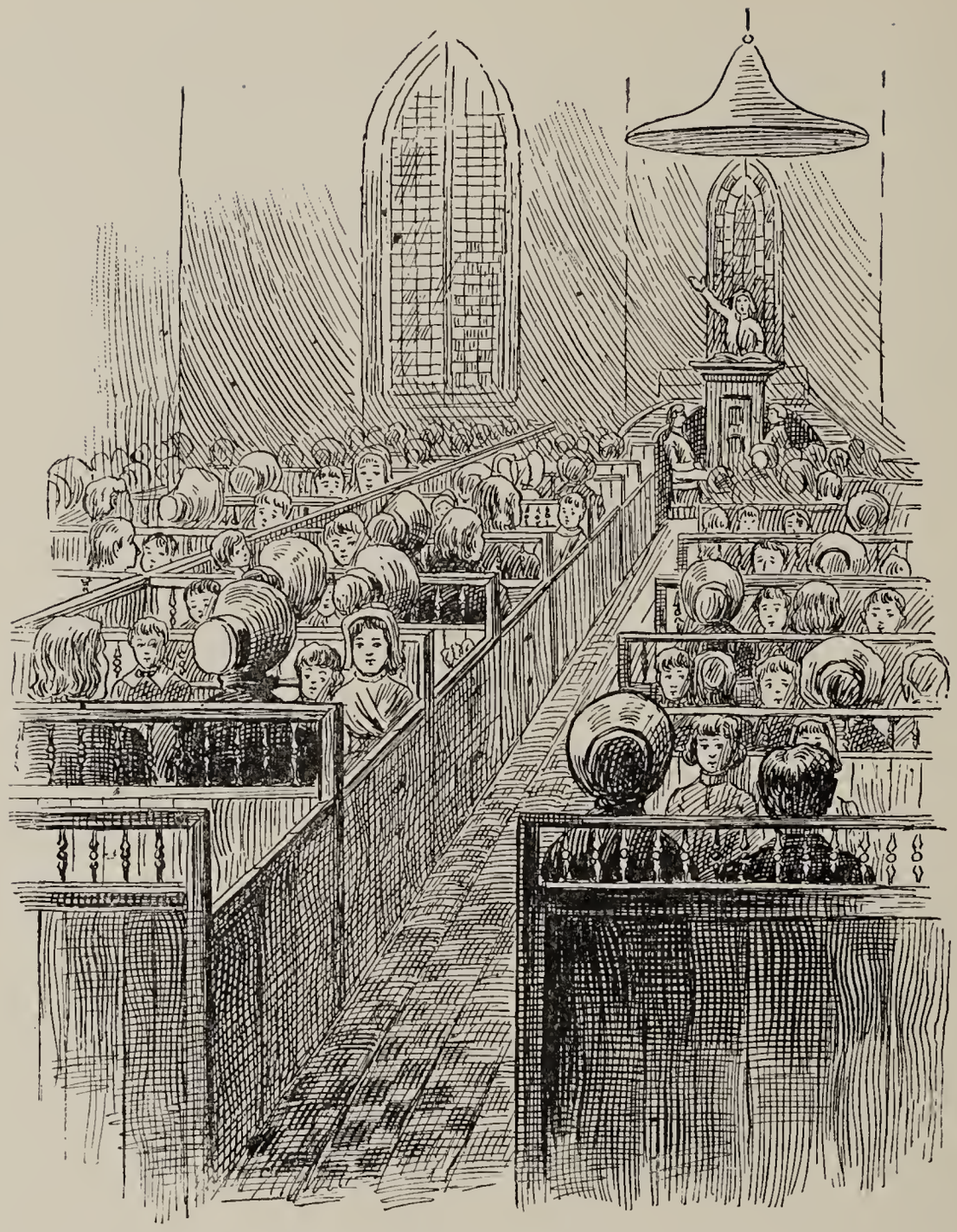
An idle fool
Is whipt at school.

Xerxes did die
And so must I.

Indeed, they thought nothing could be finer than their New England Primer.

The Puritan children were very strictly trained. They knew that they must be quiet, obey their elders, and learn their lessons. Their teachers were often very severe, and when they punished a child, he was sure to remember it.

"Stand up and say your catechism," the teacher would say. And if the child had been idle and had not learned his catechism, he was sure to feel the little whip about his legs or the pinchers on his ears; and perhaps he would spend the rest of the day on the dunce stool.



PILGRIMS AT CHURCH.

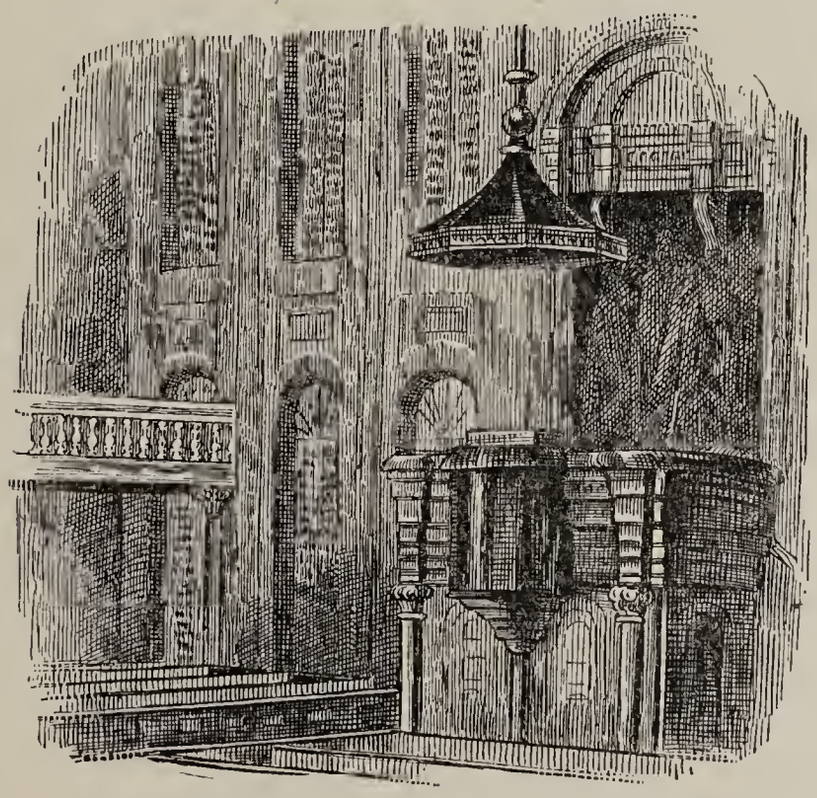
From picture in the "Magazine of American History."

The colonial Sabbath in Plymouth was a long, hard day for the children. The Sabbath began at sunset Saturday evening; and it lasted till sunset Sunday evening. The sermon was hours long.

There was often a little hour-glass on the preacher's stand, and the tithing-man watched this and turned it as the hours went by.

THE FIRST KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

There were few hymn books. In the country towns, therefore, it was the custom for the preacher to read one line of the hymn, after which the people sang it. Then he would read another line, and then another. It must have been a queer way to sing, but it was their custom, and the people enjoyed it.

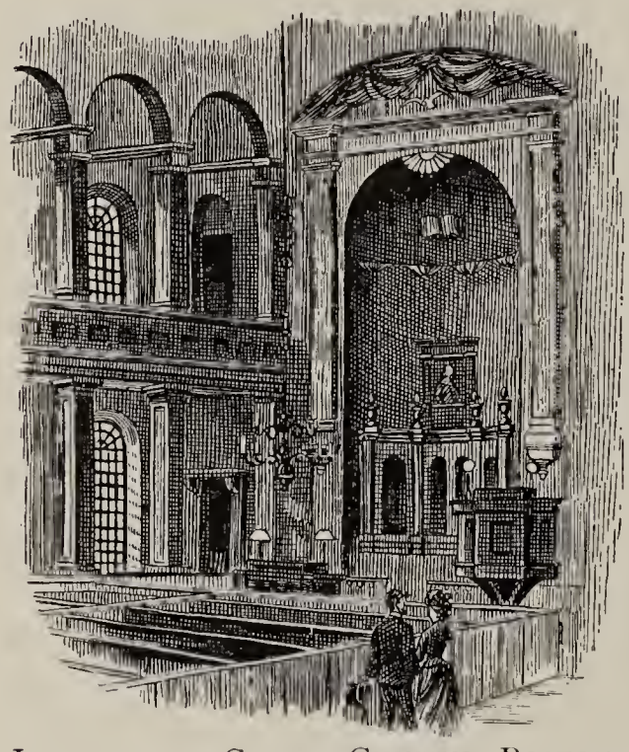


INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

In the Puritan churches of Boston, however, the people were using the old English Church service, made simple to suit them.

Down in

plainer Plymouth and through the country towns, you would have found "meeting-houses"; but in Puritan Boston there were churches, — Episcopal churches we call them now. These churches had altars and chancels and offertories. The preacher wore the gown and surplice and stole, as English preachers had always done.



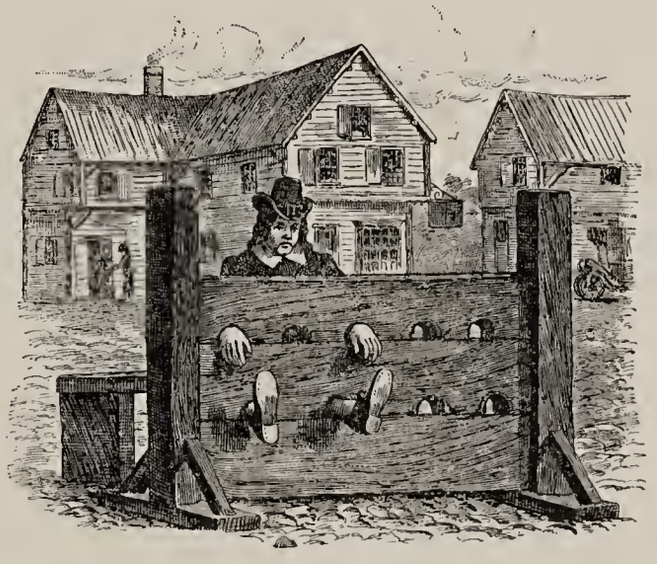
Interior of Christ Church, Boston.

In Boston, to this day, stand two of the old churches — the old Christ Church and King's Chapel — which tell the story of these early Puritans and their English form of worship.

In these churches there are still big square box pews in which whole families sat together. There is also the high pulpit with its sounding board overhead. In King's Chapel there are little niches in the walls, in which are busts of the great men of the colony, quaint and now yellowed with age.

In Christ Church, up in the organ loft, are the seats where the slaves used to sit. The slaves were always brought to church, that they might escort the family home after service.

Both the Puritans and the Pilgrims were very strict in their laws. Indeed, their laws were much like those of the Virginia colonists. They had come from the same country, and they lived in the same times. It would have been very strange, therefore, if the colonists had not been alike in many things.



In the Stocks.

We find, then, in the Massachusetts colonies, the same laws as in Virginia, and the same punishments for absence from church, for quarrelling, and for scolding. For swearing, a man was made to stand all day with a cleft stick on his tongue. And if he was very profane, his tongue was burned with a red-hot iron. One man, Philip Radcliffe, had his ears cut off for saying that he thought that the Salem church was not carried on as it ought to be.

The early "meeting-houses" of the Massachusetts colonies were simple wooden buildings. There was one large room inside, and that was neither plastered nor clapboarded. There were no church bells, except in the cities. In the small villages, when it was church time, a man went out into the public square and beat the drum. Then the doors of the

houses opened, and out walked the solemn people with their hymn books or their Bibles in their hands.

When the meeting-house was reached, the men set their muskets in the corner, and took their seats on one side of the room, while the women took their seats on the other side.

In the earlier days, the children sat by themselves, but there was a tithing-man whose business it was to watch them. If a child laughed in "meeting," the tithing-man would tap him on the head with his long pole.

Christmas was not a holiday in the Massachusetts colonies. Thanksgiving Day, however, took its place, and the people had their good time then. On that day all the aunts and uncles and cousins came together. There was a long sermon in the morning. But after that came the Thanksgiving dinner and the games and the story-telling.

Sleighing parties were the fashion among the colonists. The young men would get a large open sleigh, unpainted very likely, and with boards along the sides for seats. But little did the ladies care for that. They could have just as good a time, even if the sleigh was rude and home-made.

Now, since the young people took very long drives, and because the winters were cold, they had learned to dress warmly when they went on these sleighing parties.

The young men wore three-cornered hats tied under their chins with blue cotton handkerchiefs. They wore socks that reached to their knees and heavy yarn mittens that came far up into their coat sleeves. Besides all this, a long woollen scarf was wound round and round their necks till only a part of their faces could be seen above the folds.

The young ladies, too, were dressed warmly. They wore linsey-woolsey cardinal jackets and hoods that were stuffed out with cotton as big as a basket. Their mittens, too, were warm and thick, and they wore scarfs around their throats.

Some Colonial Dames and Maidens dressed like this.

With a cow bell tied to the front horse's neck, these gay people would set off for their sleigh ride. They always went to some good old tavern where there was a fine dance hall. There the driver would string up his fiddle, and the guests would dance to his lively music. And after the dancing there was a good old-fashioned supper to be eaten, for every tavern-keeper in those days prided himself on his good suppers.

Then back to the town the party would hurry, for they must be at home in the early evening. That was the fashion, and to be out after nine o'clock was very bad form indeed.

There soon came to be a great difference between Massachusetts and Virginia in the society and customs. And this came from the difference in soil and climate and industries.

In Virginia the planters needed laborers to take care of the plantations, and for that reason they soon began to bring large numbers of slaves from other countries.

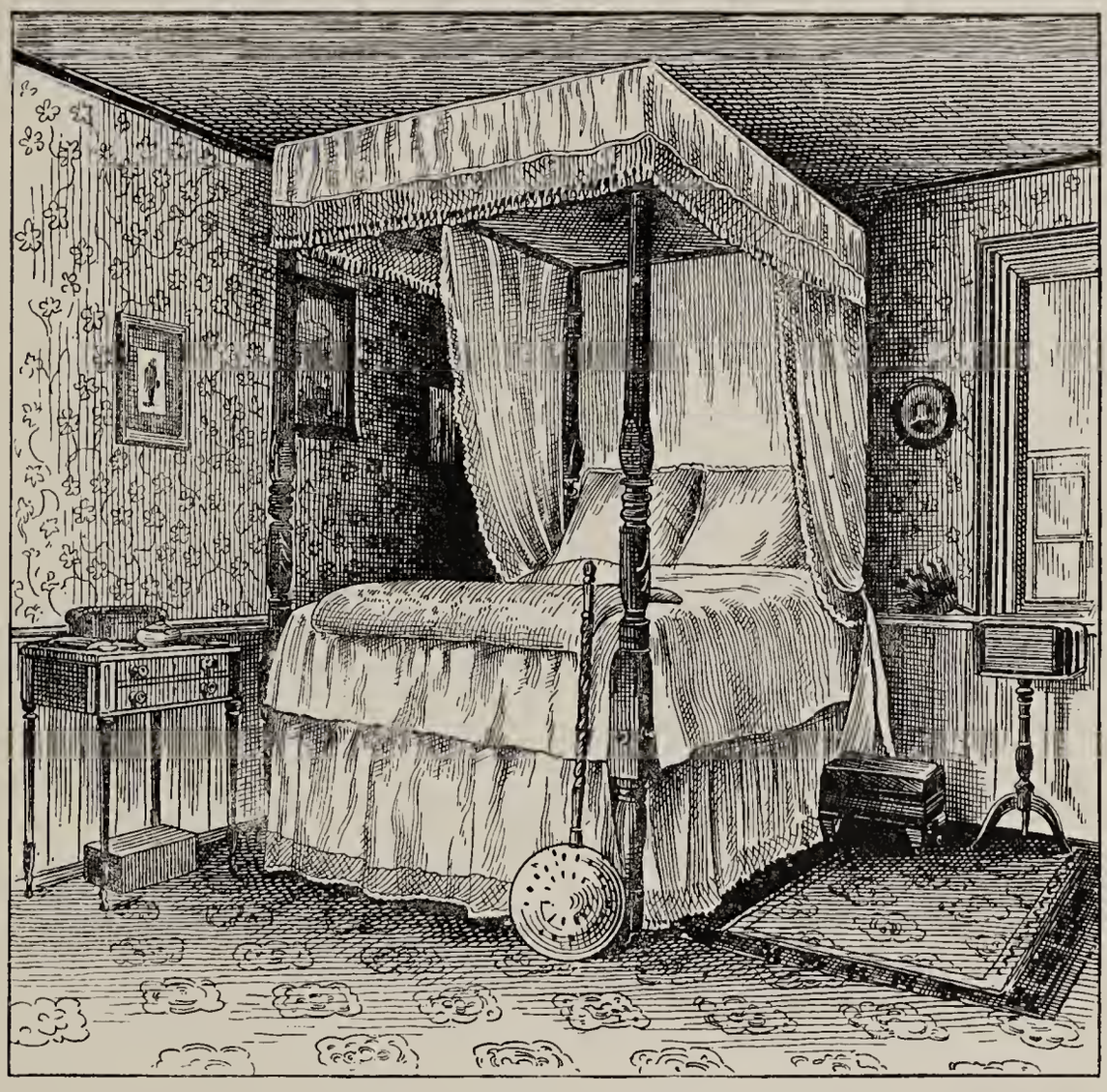
But in Massachusetts there were no large plantations. The soil was barren and rocky. The people soon began to gather into towns and to live by manufactures. So, as you can see, there was little need for a large number of slaves. To be sure, the rich city people owned slaves; but these were only house servants, and there were very few of them.

There were the same laws about dress in the Massachusetts colony as in Virginia. No man, unless he owned a certain amount of property, could wear gold lace; and the women of the laboring class were not allowed to wear silk dresses.

Most houses in Massachusetts were very simple. Still, as the colony grew, wealthy people here and there built fine mansions like the Virginia homes. But these were not common. The "lean-to" was

the house oftenest found in the Massachusetts colonies.

The Massachusetts housewife was much like the Dutch housewife in her love of cleanliness. She



THE BEST BEDROOM.

had her "best room," into which one was rarely allowed to go. She, too, had her fine carpets of white sand, and these she marked with her broom just as the Dutch housewife did.

The Massachusetts housewife was very proud of

her solid mahogany furniture, though this was rare in the earliest days. It came from England and cost a great deal of money. But even the poorest of the housewifes had her great chest in which she could store away the linen that she spun with her own spinning-wheel.

Then there were the brass candlesticks, which shone like gold in the firelight, and the big clock, which stood on the stairs. A family was proud, indeed, when it could place one of these tall clocks on the first landing of the front stairway where everybody who entered could see it and hear its steady tick, tick, tick.

There was one day on which all the men between sixteen and sixty years of age in the Massachusetts colonies came out upon the village green to "drill." This was called Training Day. The men had no uniforms, and sometimes they had only broken muskets, but that made little difference.

At Plymouth, Training Day was always opened and ended with prayer. For the Plymouth people never forgot that their religion was a part of their daily life.

After the prayer, at the roll of the drum, the people gathered. At the call every "trainer" sprang into his place; the pike men shouldered their ten-foot pikes and the musketeers their muskets, and away they marched, up and down the village streets.

And the small boys, how they looked on and won-

dered! How they longed for the time to come when they, too, might take part in Training Day! And when the leaders mounted their horses and the fife began, then how the people shouted and cheered! Yes, Training Day was a great day in the Massachusetts colonies.

Training Day in the Olden Times.

XXIII. Maryland.

1634.

While the Cavaliers were building their High Church colony in Virginia, and the Pilgrims were building their Broad Church colony in Massachusetts, there was an earnest Catholic in England who longed to found a colony for his people.

Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

After a portrait preserved in the British Public Record Office.

This man was Lord Baltimore; and when he listened to the stories the colonists told of the New World, he said, "The Catholics, too, should have a colony there."

Since the day when King Henry VIII. had declared himself the head of the church, the Catholics had not been very happy in England. So Lord Baltimore went to King Charles and asked for a charter for a colony in America for Catholics.

Now Lord Baltimore was a favorite with King Charles, and when he asked for a charter, the king said: "You shall have what you wish. You shall have the whole province of Newfoundland. More than that, you shall be palatine over the colony."

King Charles I.

This was the greatest possible honor; for to be a palatine was like being a king in his own colony. He could make its laws; he could punish and he could pardon, without asking the king of England. No such honor had been given any founder of a colony before.

Now at that time the province of Newfoundland was believed to be a rich and beautiful land. One captain who had visited it and had written a book about it said: "The climate is soft and warm. There are strawberries and cherries. The air is sweet with wild roses. And there are birds whose song is sweeter than any I ever heard. The wild

beasts are harmless, and in the harbor I saw a mermaid."

Wonderful land, indeed! To Newfoundland, then, Lord Baltimore sailed with his little colony. But, alas! the captain who had found the country so beautiful must have visited it only in summer; and after Lord Baltimore had passed one winter there, and had learned how severe the cold was, he wrote a long letter to the king: "We must leave this place and go to some milder climate, for from October till May I have found a sad fare of winter. I myself have been among the sick. Ten of our people have died. Therefore, I leave this place and go to Virginia. If it please your highness to give me a grant of land there, I shall do my best to deserve it."

Then Baltimore sailed away toward Virginia. "I will learn for myself," he said, "if Virginia is as beautiful as people say." He did not mean to make another mistake.

Virginia was all that Lord Baltimore could ask for in climate and soil. It was even more beautiful than he had been told. He wished to settle here; so the king gave him another charter for a colony and for all land extending from Virginia to the Hudson.

But Lord Baltimore was never to dwell in this colony himself. Before the colonists were ready, he died, and the grant of land passed to his son, the second Lord Baltimore.

"Are we to have a Catholic colony at our very doors?" cried the Virginia people. "And is that colony to have a king over it? Are we to have a kingdom side by side with our free colonies?"

It was in November, 1633, that the little ship set out from England with one hundred and twenty-eight colonists for Maryland.

It was a beautiful morning when the ship sailed into the bay and up the Potomac River. And when the people had landed, first of all they read the Catholic service and prayed for the success of their colony.

There was an Indian village on the shores of the Potomac. "This is a fair site," said the people. "Let us buy this village and make our settlement here."

The Indians were quite willing to sell when they saw the beads and blankets that the colonists would give them for their village; and so, on the very day they landed, the colony found a home for themselves.

From the first the colony prospered. The fields were already cleared for planting, and the Indians were friendly. In less than a year the colony had more corn than it knew what to do with. Indeed, there was corn to sell and to give away, so thrifty were the colonists.

But meantime a Virginian had taken possession of an island in the bay. "This land belongs to us,"

the Virginian said. "Our grant reaches over all this land."

And this was true; for the kings knew so little about this New World, that often one grant overlapped another.

"You are welcome to the island you have taken," the Maryland people said. "But you must live there as our tenants. The land is not yours."

"We will never live as your tenants," said the Virginia people. "The land belongs to us."

Soon trouble began with the Indians also. "What does this mean?" the colonists asked of the Indians. "Did you not promise to keep peace with us?"

"You told us that you were English," the Indians answered. "But the Virginians tell us that you are Spanish. Surely, you raise crosses as the Spanish do. You say masses and sing music as they do."

"But we are not Spanish," said the Maryland people. They tried to explain, but for a long time the Indians were unfriendly. They could not understand these fine differences between the churches of the white people.

The trouble between Virginia and Maryland soon grew worse. By and by battles were fought. The colonies attacked each other's ships, and England had to come in and settle the quarrel.

Then at last there was peace between the colonies, and many new settlers came to Maryland. Puritans and even Quakers came; for Lord Balti-

more welcomed all, and these people were never ill-treated by the Catholic founders.

Year after year the colony flourished and grew. By and by there came a time when the thirteen colonies united and stood side by side for independence; and when that time came, not one of them was more loyal than the thrifty little Catholic colony of Maryland.

BALTIMORE IN 1752.

After an engraving in Scharf's "History of Baltimore." Philadelphia, 1881.

XXIV. Connecticut.

1635.

The Narragansett Indians had heard of the white men of the Massachusetts colonies, and they wanted these Englishmen to come and make a settlement in their country. So one day one of the Narragansett chiefs set out for Boston to visit the chief of the Englishmen, and to ask him to come to Narragansett Bay to live.

"If you will come," the chief said, "my people will give you eighty beaver skins every year."

But Governor Winthrop was quite content with his colony where it was; and so he said to the Narragansett chief: "Your people are kind, and I know your country must be beautiful. The fur trade, too, would make us rich. But our homes are already built, and we cannot go so far away from our wigwams."

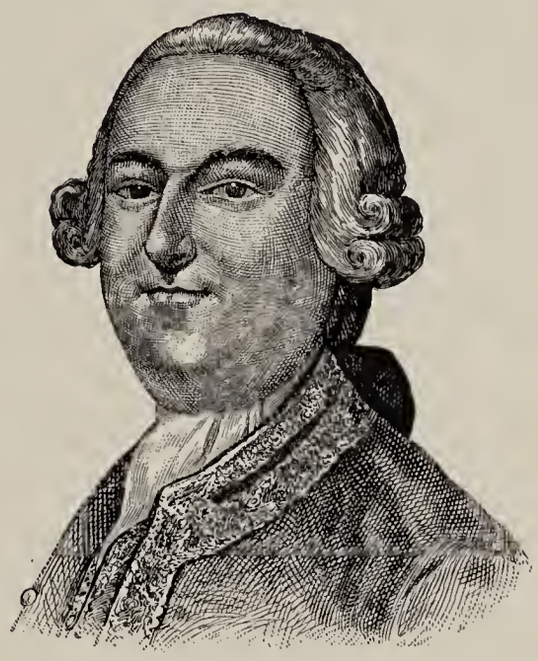
The chief was disappointed, but he went on to the Plymouth colony where Winslow was governor. "If you will come and live in my country," he said to the Plymouth governor, "my people will give you eighty beaver skins every year."

Now, Governor Winslow had heard of the Narragansetts, and had often thought that sometime he

would go and explore the coast for himself. He knew that the fisheries were fine, and that the Dutch valued the fur trade highly.

So he said to the Narragansett chief: "You are very kind. Soon we will build a ship and come to Narragansett Bay to visit you."

Then the Indian chief went back to his village, and told them that some day the Englishmen would come.



JOHN WINSLOW.

After the likeness in the gallery of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

While the ship was building, a Dutch trader happened to come into Plymouth harbor. "A new ship!" he said. "Surely, Plymouth must be prospering."

"Yes," said Governor Winslow, "we are prospering. We are building a ship, and mean to explore the coast along Narragansett Bay. I believe we shall add to our wealth by placing trading posts along the coast and rivers."

"Y-e-es," said the Dutch trader, slowly. "It may be you are right. But it is a long distance for a little vessel to go. Besides, the coast is rocky. It has shoals, and it is a hard coast to navigate unless the pilot knows his way."

"Of course there is some risk," said Winslow. "We know that, but we must have wampum."

"I can let you have wampum," said the Dutch trader. "I have more on board than I want. Pray let me sell it to you at a low price."

Can you think why the Dutch trader was so interested in the safety and comfort of the Plymouth colony? Why he said all this, and offered to sell his own wampum? I am afraid it was not true generosity. There was a little shrewd bargaining in it all, and a good deal of selfish interest.

The Dutch valued the Narragansett country highly because of its fur trade; and so the Dutch trader reasoned: "We do not want these English people coming to our trading places. We want to control the Narragansett ourselves. I must keep them away."

But Winslow was not at all deceived. He bought the wampum and was glad of the chance, since his vessel was not yet built. Then the Dutch trader went back to his own country.

"I have kept them away for a time, at any rate," he said to his people. And this was true, but Governor Winslow well understood the trader. "We are very grateful for the wampum," he said; "but we shall come in due time, my good trader. We shall come in good time. You have not frightened us away."

It was not very long before the ship was ready,

and the governor himself set out for the land of the Narragansetts. He found it even more beautiful than he had been told. The forests were filled with fine tall trees, the soil was rich and fertile, and the waters swarmed with fish.

"We will take possession of this goodly land," he said. On his return to Plymouth, a vessel set out at once with colonists for the Connecticut valley.

Meantime the Dutch had built a fort on the Connecticut. "The English will come sooner or later," they said, "and we may as well be ready to receive them." So when Captain Holmes sailed into the Connecticut River, to his surprise Dutch guns from a Dutch fort saluted him.

"Stop!" said the commander of the fort. "This is a Dutch possession. No English ships are allowed in the river."

"Allowed, or not allowed, I am going up this river," said Captain Holmes.

"Haul down your colors."

"Never!"

"Then we shall fire."

"Fire, then!" And Holmes put on full sail and pushed straight on past the fort.

The Dutch commander was amazed. "How did they dare?" he said. "I will report this to the Dutch governor. It is a matter for the governors of these two colonies to settle."

"What?" thundered the Dutch governor, Van

Twiller, when he heard what had happened. "An English vessel sailed past *our* fort? And it has gone up *our* river?"

Then a company of Dutch soldiers was sent to drive these English away. With drums beating and banners flying, the soldiers marched up to the fort which Holmes had already built.

GOVERNOR VOUTER VAN TWILLER.

After the picture by G. H. Boughton.

"Governor Van Twiller orders you to leave this place," said the commander of the soldiers.

"And Governor Winslow orders us to stay," answered Holmes.

"But Governor Van Twiller is to be obeyed. This is his land."

"We obey no one but the Plymouth governor," said Holmes.

The Dutch soldiers, meanwhile, had looked the English fort well over. It was strongly built, and

the muskets that pushed through the palisades were threatening. So when the commander of the little force turned to form them in line for attack, they said: "The palisades are too close. There is no chance to shoot from outside; but there is every chance to shoot from within. We are not going to throw away our lives for a few beaver skins. Let Van Twiller come and settle this for himself."

So the commander went back to Van Twiller and left the English to do as they pleased.

Now at this time there was a large number of English people who were waiting to come to America whenever the king would give a grant for a new colony. "You shall have," said the king at last, "the belt of land reaching from the Massachusetts colony to the Hudson River."

"But our land lies within this belt," said the Dutch when they heard of this new grant. "We have bought our land and have paid the Indians for it."

This was true. But England in those days was so powerful that she could afford to do as she pleased. If the Dutch did not like what she did, they might meet England in open war; but the Dutch knew full well that it would be worse than useless to fight with England.

The first English to come to the Connecticut valley were people from Massachusetts. The country was already becoming thickly settled around

Boston, and there was need of more pasture land for the cattle.

"Let us send a colony overland to this fertile valley of the Connecticut," they said; and so, in October, 1635, a little band of emigrants set out across the country toward the Connecticut River.

It was a perilous journey. The way had never been explored by white men, and no one knew what route was best. The forests were dense, and there were marshy places. There might be rivers to cross —no one knew.

For a few days all went well. It was Indian summer; the cattle grazed along the way; and game and fruit were plentiful. But this warmth of the Indian summer was only a warning of the winter so close at hand; and in those days a New England winter was something to be dreaded.

Soon the ground began to freeze; the snows fell, and there was nothing for the cattle to feed upon. More than this, the cold grew more and more bitter every day; for December came before the emigrants reached the banks of the Connecticut and began their settlement at Hartford.

The ship that was to have met them when they reached Hartford was not there. Day after day the men watched for a sail, but none appeared. "What shall we do?" said the men; for already the provisions were giving out. The cattle were dying, and the men were living upon the bark of the trees

and the few acorns they could dig out from the snow.

"It is likely she was driven back by the ice. Let us return to Boston; we may as well starve in one place as in another," said the men. Then the company divided. Some went down the river; some took the overland route by which they had come.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HARTFORD TO THE SETTLERS.
From Scæva's "Hartford."

Near the mouth of the river the men found a little vessel, deserted, and frozen in the ice. "If we could cut that out," they said, "we might get back to Boston with it." So the men set to work. For two whole days they cut the ice to make a channel through which to push the vessel. At last it was freed, and the worn-out men turned her prow homeward.

"Truly it was a wonder we had strength," these men said years after; "for we were starving."

But for all the terrible experiences in their first attempt to found this colony, these same men were ready to set forth again. They told glowing stories of the beauty of the Connecticut valley, and of its

HOOKER AND HIS PARTY ON THE WAY TO FOUND HARTFORD, CONN.

From Scæva's "Hartford."

forests and rivers. "The valley is fertile, the trees are tall and straight, and the river is navigable. It is an excellent place for farming, for lumbering, or for trading," they said.

In June, then, another band of brave emigrants set out for the same place. "If we start early in the summer," they said, "we shall be spared much suffering."

So with their good pastor, Thomas Hooker, one hundred men, women, and children, taking their household goods and their herds of cattle, started forth to found a new colony on the banks of the Connecticut.

These emigrants were an odd sight. They fastened their feather beds and their kettles and baskets and bundles upon the backs of the cattle. The men carried packs upon their shoulders; the women carried the little children; and the older children drove the cattle while their fathers cut the way with their axes. In two weeks these people reached Hartford, and here they built their huts.

Meantime other people had come from England and had made a colony at the mouth of the river — at Saybrook. "We will settle here," they said; "for our fort will then keep the Dutch from going up the river."

As these two colonies went on prospering, and more and more people came to Connecticut, the Pequot Indians began to rebel.

"These strangers are taking our land," said the Indians. "They are setting up their wigwams everywhere. They are hunting in our forests. They are fishing in our waters. Soon there will be no place for the Pequots. We, too, will build forts. And from these forts we will go out against these English people. We will kill them and get back our land."

So one fort was built on the Mystic River and one on the Connecticut. From these forts the Pequots began their war upon the white men. First they fell upon Captain Stone, who had come up from Virginia to trade. Then they captured the vessel of Captain Oldham and killed the crew. Then they crept up to Saybrook and shot down a white man who happened to come out alone from the fort. Every morning the farmers found their cattle slain, and every evening the skies were lighted with the blaze from burning barns and haystacks.

"This must be stopped," the colonists said; and runners were sent to Boston and Plymouth to ask for help.

The Connecticut colonies could raise about two hundred men to go against the Indians. The Boston colony sent one hundred and sixty more, and the Plymouth colony forty. With this little force the colonists set out against the Pequots.

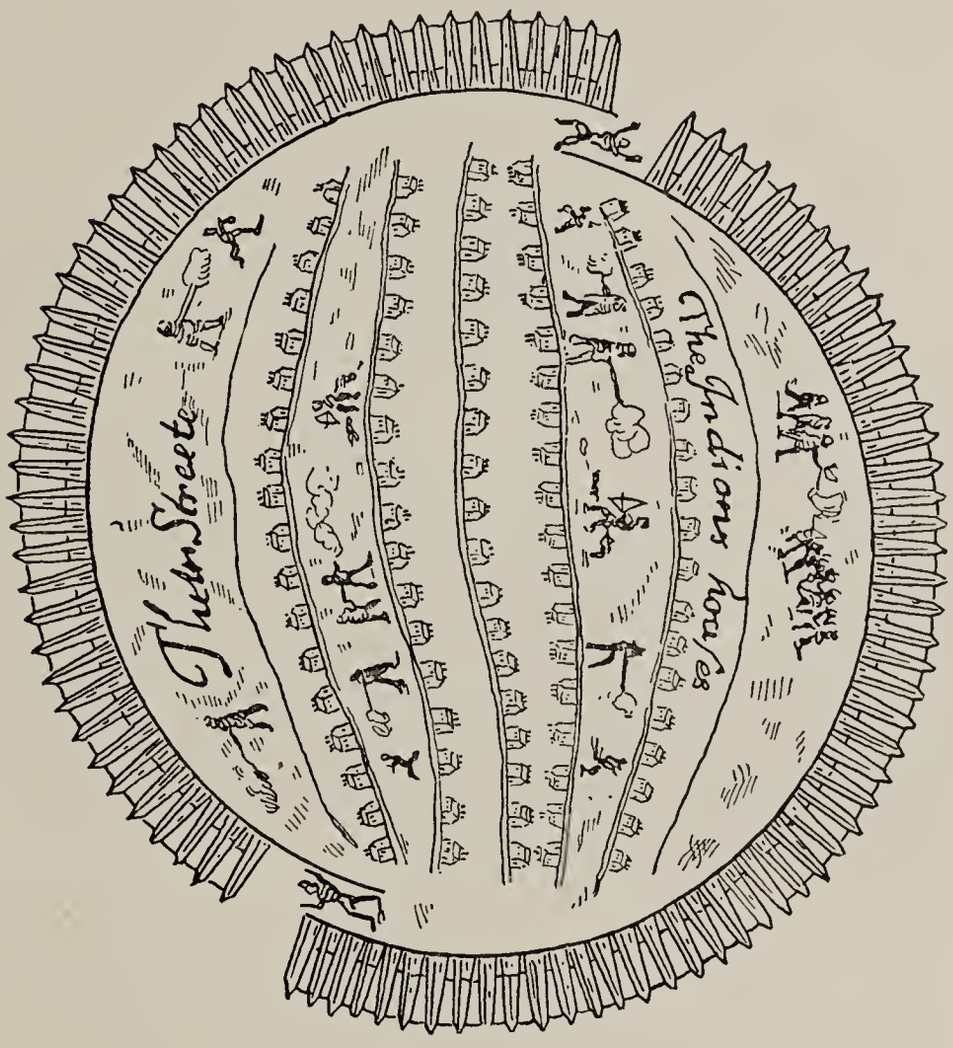
At dusk they reached the forests beside the fort of the Pequots. Here they hid themselves in the underbrush until the scouts could learn how they should make the attack.

"See how closely the palisades are placed!" whispered the scouts. "We can never get through them; but the arrows of the savages can easily reach us."

Then the scouts crept close up to the palisades and looked into the village. There were rows of wigwams, but the people were just now met together

in the middle of the village for a great pow-wow. They were leaping and howling and dancing around a fire, for this was their way of having a good time.

"There are two entrances to this fort," said the



PLAN OF PEQUOT FORT.

From Palfrey's "New England" — a reduced facsimile from the original by Captain Underhill.

scouts. "And there seem to be no gates. The entrances are hidden only by underbrush." Then the scouts went back to the leader and told him what they had learned. A plan was laid out, and the soldiers made ready for the attack.

"The savages will sleep well after their pow-wow," the soldiers thought; "and that will be all the better for us." So they waited till the dance was over and the savages were asleep. Then they crept up to the fort. At the signal a part of the little force was to rush upon one end of the fort, and the rest were to

Fight with the Pequots.

assault the other end. In this way they were to hem the savages in.

Slowly and silently the men crept up the hill to the fort. The sentinels were asleep. "We shall be upon them before they know it," the soldiers were saying to themselves. But just then a dog growled and the Indian sentinels sprang to their feet.

"The English! the English!" they shouted. "The English! the English!" The next minute

every warrior in the fort was rushing out from his wigwam, tomahawk in hand.

"The English! the English!" they yelled. And the yell echoed from one end of the fort to the other. Already Captain Mason and sixteen white men were within the gateway at one end of the fort. At the other end, fighting their way through, were Captain Underhill and his men.

First the savages caught sight of Captain Mason. Then with a howl they turned and ran, but only to run against the muskets of the men at the other end of the fort. Panic-stricken, they rushed back and forth like wild animals.

"Burn the village!" shouted Captain Mason. "Burn the village!" The soldiers seized the brands from the fire around which the Indians had held their dance, lighted the wigwams, and soon the village was in flames. It was a terrible slaughter of men, women, and children; but it was one of the cruel things that the early pioneers were forced to do to save their own homes.

XXV. Rhode Island.

1636.

Of all the people who longed for freedom, Roger Williams was perhaps the most eager. "One hasn't freedom to breathe here," he used to say when he lived in England.

Soon he came to live in the Plymouth colony. "One hasn't freedom even here!" he cried again. So away he went to the land of the Narragansett Indians.

"Surely, there must be freedom here," he said; "freedom to think and to believe what one wishes." And here with the Indians Roger Williams lived for a long time. He grew to love these simple people. He told them about his religion and read them stories from the Bible. He taught the Indian children to read, and he cured them when they were ill.

"Truly, he is the child of the Great Spirit," the Indians said.

By and by Roger Williams went back to Massachusetts to preach. He went to Salem, but here he declared there was even less freedom than he had found at Plymouth. Freedom, freedom, freedom!

This was Roger Williams's cry always. Sometimes the Salem people tired of hearing it, and it was not very long before Roger Williams found himself in trouble.

"You are all wrong in your laws," he said. "You have no right to say people must go to church

ROGER WILLIAMS SHELTERED BY THE NARRAGANSETTS.

After the painting by A. H. Wray.

whether they wish to or not. You have no right to punish people for not believing what you believe."

Now, the colonists did not like this. But when he began to ask: "What right have you to the land you are living upon? Who said you might have it? What right had you to take it from the Indians?" the people were angry.

"Send this man away," said the men who had charge of the colony; "for some of our people will take sides with him, and our colony will be divided against itself."

The Monument to Roger Williams at Providence.

Of course we know now that Roger Williams was right; but the people could not understand it then, for it was a new thought to them.

Had he been a little less earnest, a little more patient perhaps, there would have been less trouble. But this was his zealous way, and in time the people of Salem drove him out of the colony.

"You shall be sent back to England," they said.

Now, above all things, Roger Williams hated the thought of going back to England. "There is little enough freedom in the colonies," he said; "but in England there is none at all."

"However, you shall go back at once," said the governor. Then Roger Williams fled, no one knew where. By and by his friends learned that he had fled into the wilderness. There he hid for months, sleeping in the hollow trunks of trees, and living

upon the acorns and the corn that the Indians gave him.

Now it happened that the Plymouth governor learned where Roger Williams was hiding, so he sent a kindly message to him and offered him help. A little later five friends joined Williams in the wilderness, and together they began to build a settlement.

"You are building within the limits of the Massachusetts colony," said the Plymouth governor, "and this will not be wise." So, then, Williams and his five friends paddled their canoes to the land of the Narragansetts.

"Welcome! welcome!" cried the Indians when they saw their old friend again; for they loved Roger Williams, and were glad to have him with them again.

"Truly, Providence has led us to these friends," said Roger Williams. "Let us, then, make our settlement here. And let us name it Providence.

The Seal of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

"And now let it be known," said he when his colony was planted, "that in our colony all may find a home. Here we will have true freedom."

Soon people began to flock to this colony, for there

were many others who longed for freedom almost as much as Roger Williams did. Soon towns began to spring up everywhere. The Indians were helpful, and there was peace between them and the colonists.

STATUE OF SIR HARRY VANE.
By Frederick Macmonnies in the Boston Public Library.

"We must have a charter," said Williams; "for without a charter the colony cannot carry on trade with other colonies." So Roger Williams went to England to tell the story of his colony to the king. There was, however, great excitement in England at this time over other matters; and the good man found that he could interest the king very little in a tiny colony like Rhode Island.

There was, however, one free-thinking man in England, Sir Harry Vane, who helped Williams. Had he not, it might have been a long time before the king would have listened to him. But with Sir Harry Vane to plead for him, the king soon gave Roger Williams the charter he asked for, and he hurried back to his people.

As Roger Williams neared Rhode Island, a happy surprise awaited him. His people were watching for

the coming of the ship; and when it drew near, out came the whole village, in boats, to meet the leader they loved so well.

THE COLONISTS MEETING ROGER WILLIAMS.

From Grant painting on the wall of the Court House, Providence.

"Truly," said Roger Williams, "the Lord has blessed me in my people." And the tears ran down the good man's cheeks as he greeted the warm friends who crowded around to welcome him.

XXVI. Pennsylvania.

1638.

While people were settling these other colonies, another sect with different religious views, known as Quakers, had come to the new world. Many of them went to Boston; but they were driven out from that city by the Puritans.

At first it would seem that the Puritans were very unjust to these Quakers. As we read how they treated them, we are apt to say, "How strange! The Puritans came to the new world for liberty of conscience; how then could they refuse to give others the same liberty?"

But there are two sides to this question, as there are two sides to most questions. We must remember that the Puritans came over here, first and above all, to found a *Theocracy*.

A new word, is it? Yes; but it means a government with only God or the Bible as the one authority. The Puritans wanted to *try* their theocracy. So they had crossed the ocean and had suffered the hardships that must come to any colonists in a new land.

They had at last built up a little colony in which the people were of one mind. They were prosper-

ous and happy; they were working out their own ideas, and they were earnest in it all.

Then the Quakers came. They, too, had ideas to work out, and their ideas were very different from the ideas of the Puritans.

"Why not go and found a colony of your own?" said the Massachusetts Puritans to the Quakers. "There is land north, and there is land south; why not make a home for yourselves as we have done?" But the Quakers would not go away; for some reason they wished to stay in Boston.

A Quaker of the Seventeenth Century.

Very soon some of them began to make trouble in the Massachusetts Colony. They hooted at the Puritans in the streets, and disobeyed the laws of the town. One Quaker pulled the coat tails of a preacher as he was walking along the street. Another threw bottles into a church during the service. Some of the Quakers were noisy in the streets after sundown, and they made disturbances on the Sabbath.

"You have no right to break our laws," said the Puritan town officers.

"Your laws are not wise," answered the Quakers.

"But they are our laws; and if you stay you must obey them."

"But we will not obey them," said the Quakers.

"Then you must be punished," said the Puritans.

The punishments were very severe; but we must remember that all punishments in those days were severe in Massachusetts, in Virginia, and in England as well. These Quakers were whipped in public. Cleft sticks were put upon their tongues to keep them from talking; but this, you remember, was a common punishment.

A few Quakers were even hanged on Boston Common; but it was not, after all, for their belief, but for their behavior.

Now most of the Quaker people were gentle, honest, earnest folk, and we must not judge them all by these few who came to Massachusetts. They were greatly in need of a wise leader. A happy day it was for them when William Penn, a wealthy Englishman, took up their cause, and founded a Quaker colony in America.

William Penn was a good and wise man. He had been brought up in the English Church; but while he was in college he heard much of the Separatists. He made friends with some good

Separatists who were Quakers, grew to love their simple life, and soon joined them in their church.

Never was a father more angry than was the father of William Penn when he heard what his son had done. "My son a Quaker!" he cried. "My son! The son of a gentleman!" But William Penn could not be moved. His father scolded and threatened, stormed and pleaded.

William Penn.

"It seemeth to me to be right," was all the son would say.

Then the father sent his son to Paris. He loaded him with money, and urged him to travel. "Anything," he thought, "to turn this son of mine from such foolishness!"

But William came back from Paris still a Quaker. By and by his father died, and he then asked the king for a tract of land in the new world. "It shall be given you," said the king; "and it shall be named Pennsylvania."

With a large number of Quakers Penn crossed the ocean and founded a town. "Let us call it Philadelphia," he said. "It means *Brotherly Love!*"

"We will buy this land of the Indians," said Penn.

"It is theirs, even though the king has granted it to us." So the Indians were called together in council with Penn. The meeting was held out of doors under a great tree.

"We have not come to your land," said Penn, "to do you harm. We are all children of the Great

LETITIA COTTAGE, PENN'S CITY RESIDENCE.

Parts of it were prepared in England and shipped to Philadelphia.
From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

Spirit. Let us be brothers." Then the red men and the white men made a treaty of peace.

Now as time went on and the colony grew, the Quakers needed more land. "We must buy of the Indians," said Penn. So again he called them together.

At first the Indians did not want to sell more

land. They were beginning to fear that they might be driven back into the forests if the colony kept on growing. But they loved and trusted William Penn; and so, out of love for him, they said, "We will sell you as much land as a man can run around in one day." For this was the Indian way of surveying.

Now it chanced that there was among the Quakers one youth who was a "champion runner," as our college boys would say.

He set out to measure off the purchase of land. Faster and faster he ran. The Indians looked on in surprise.

"He has wings!" one said.

"He does not run, he flies," said another. Then the Indians grew sullen.

"We are cheated," they said to Penn.

"But have we not done as you said?" asked Penn. The Indians could not say it was not so. Still they were dissatisfied and angry.

"The bargain is fair," cried one of the Quakers. "Let us force these savages to stand by their agreement!"

"*Force!*" answered Penn. "And what would *force* mean but bloodshed in the future? Is this strip of land worth that to us?" For Penn was a wise as well as a just man.

Then to the Indians he said: "Since this was more land than you meant to give us, what can we

give you that will satisfy you? Take what you think you deserve from our stores."

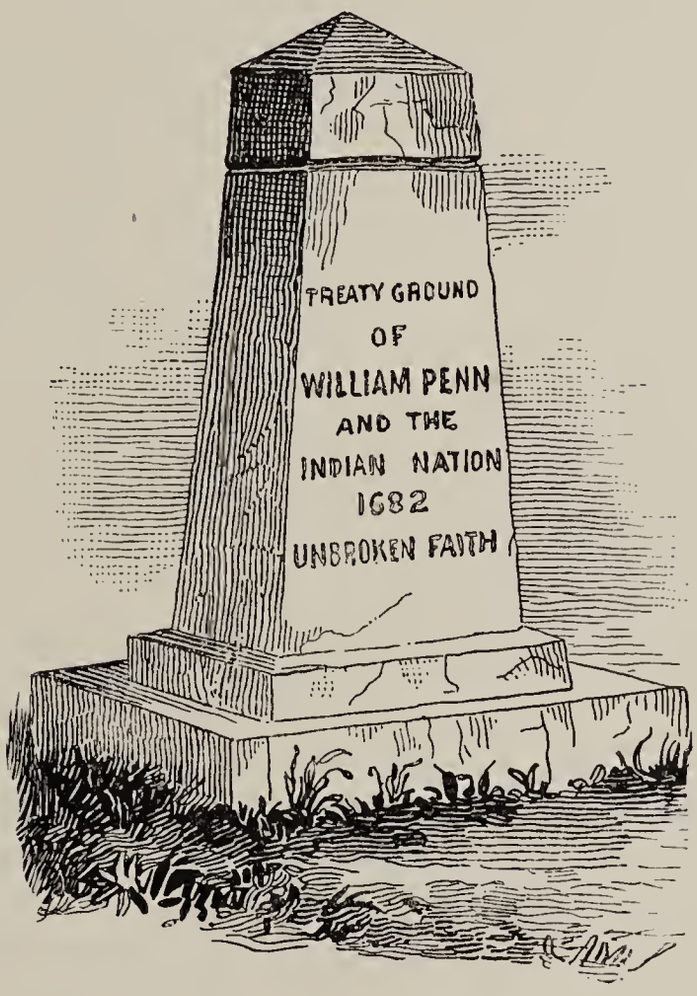
The faces of the Indians brightened. Their hearts were happy again. They took a roll of bright-colored cloth, some ornaments, some fish-hooks, and went away contented. In this way, and with such fair dealing, the Quakers won and kept the trust of the Indians.

The Seal of the State of Pennsylvania.

The Indians kept their treaty honestly. As the years passed on, they told their treaty over to their children, and made them promise that never in their wars would they harm a Quaker, wherever he might be. Thus they lived in peace.

More than once the Indians were at war with the white men in the other colonies. More than once they set forth in their fierce war paint, whooping and howling. But as they rushed along, angry and

maddened as they were, they would stop and place the white peace feather over the door of every Quaker house. For wherever this feather was seen the Indians never carried war.



XXVII. The Carolinas.

1607–1729.

When Sir Walter Raleigh, on his first journey, explored the eastern coast of the land which he afterwards named Virginia, he landed first on Roanoke Island. Here he found a country inhabited by kindly natives, who welcomed him joyfully and sent him presents.

The colony which Raleigh founded was destroyed, and it was fully twenty years after that a permanent colony was established farther north in Virginia.

Roanoke Island is now a part of North Carolina, and the capital of North Carolina is named Raleigh, in honor of Roanoke's colonial explorer. According to the grant given to Sir Walter Raleigh by the "good Queen Bess," this land of Roanoke was then included in the Virginia territory.

It once happened that a strange fur trader came to the home of Francis Yardley in the little village of Lynn Haven in Virginia. The stranger said that his ship had floated away while he was making a short inland trip. He thought that it must have floated southward in the direction of the island upon which the first colony was attempted at Roanoke.

Yardley expressed his sorrow for the stranger's

misfortune; and in a few days the stranger set out for the island with three young men whom Yardley had commanded to assist the fur trader. The four men reached the island in safety, but one morning they came suddenly upon a large party of Indians, among them the Indian chief who was called "the Lord of Roanoke."

The great Indian received his guests with every sign of hospitality, and for several days the young men explored the island under the escort of the Indians. At one place they came to the ruins of the fort which Sir Walter Raleigh had built, and also the place where his boat had landed. When the young men were ready to return, they persuaded the "Chief of Roanoke" to go with them to make a pledge of peace with the white men.

For a whole week the Indian chief amused himself in the home of Yardley. He admired the houses, the fireplaces, the pictures, and the clothing. But most wonderful of all to the Indian were the marvellous white children, who could "speak out of a book and talk on paper."

At last the chief asked Lady Yardley if she would teach his papoose these things that her own children knew so well, so that his papoose too might "speak out of a book and talk on paper." Lady Yardley promised, and the chief returned home.

In four months the Chief of Roanoke again appeared, bringing with him his little Indian boy.

During this visit Yardley made a treaty with the Indian chief. In return for an English house with English furnishings, and £200, the chief promised to give to the white man the entire eastern coast as far south as he should care to settle.

Francis Yardley built the house for the chief, and in return the Indian chief brought a piece of turf with an arrow shot through it, as a sign that the land now belonged to Yardley.

It was thus that the Carolinas were bought from the Indians in a fair and honorable way, even as William Penn afterward bought his land from the Indians in Pennsylvania.

Although the Chief of Roanoke kept his treaty faithfully and moved with his tribe farther west, Francis Yardley did not long retain possession of the great tract of land, nor did the Indians consider themselves forever held to the treaty.

In earlier days the French had landed at a point south of Roanoke Island. They took possession of the land in the name of King Charles IX. of France, and in honor of him they called it Carolina. The colony, however, did not prosper, and in a short time the place was abandoned.

Now it came about that years later England had a king named Charles II. He had many friends who had aided him, and he rewarded them by giving them grants of large tracts of land in America.

These grants included the old French Carolinas,

and when some to whom it was given said, "What shall we call this territory?" others answered, "Why change the name? It was once named Carolina in honor of Charles of France. Let it still be Carolina, now in honor of Charles of England."

"Carolina it shall remain!" they agreed.

Into the northern part of this territory settlers soon began to come. Wealthy Englishmen, with shiploads of beautiful furniture, and silver, and china, landed on this delightful shore. They built stately houses, and they drove the finest of horses before richly painted coaches.

As the plantations were large, some containing thousands of acres, the planters' houses were long distances apart. They could not make short calls as we do to-day; and so, when a lady in her richly flowered silks stepped from her gilded coach at her neighbor's door, the hostess knew that she had come to visit for several days.

There were, however, other than wealthy settlers in these broad plantations of Carolina. In fact, because of these other settlers Carolina for a time bore the name of "Rogue's Harbor," because settlers from other colonies who were worthless and lawless often fled to this wilderness for refuge. There came also emigrants from the north of Ireland, from Scotland, and from Switzerland, and settled in this fruitful land.

There were no schools, for the children of the

wealthy planters had private teachers from England, and the poorer children grew up with little thought of schools or learning. For a long time there were no churches, until the people in London heard of the condition of the colony and sent out missionaries. For a long time there was no government, and but little law.

"This must not continue!" said the people at last. "A colony cannot exist without laws."

Then the wise men consulted together, and laws were made. Only the wealthy people were to own the land. Each landowner might have a share in proportion to his wealth. The poor man must not be allowed to own land or to have any voice in making the laws of the colony.

"These," said the planters, "are wise laws."

"No," said the common people. "They are unfair. We should have a part in the law-making."

For a little time this "model" government, as it was called, was tried. But everywhere throughout the colony there was discontent and rebellion.

"These laws are not fair," the common people said over and over again.

"We fear that our laws were not quite wise," said the planters, at last. "What shall we do?"

Then it was that (1695) a new governor was sent over from England. John Archdale was his name. He was a prudent man. He soon brought peace and prosperity to the colony. He made friendly

terms with the Indians, and with the Spaniards who lived in the south. So long as John Archdale remained there was prosperity, but when he returned to England, troubles began again.

For more than fifty years the white men and the Indians had been on most friendly terms. The settlers bought furs and fish and game from the Indians, and the Indians visited freely in the homes of the white men. But gradually a change came about. The Indians were growing discontented.

"The white men are driving us farther and farther back toward the mountains," they said. "The white men are not our friends!"

Still quiet and peace were maintained, and furs and fish and game were still brought into the town by the Indians. They still walked in friendly fashion through the streets and often ate at the tables of the white men.

But one September day (1711) a large number of Indians entered the village. They were smiling and friendly, and no one suspected harm. Said one goodwife to another, "How shall we find shelter for so many over night?"

"Never fear," answered another. "Carolina people are hospitable. We never fail to find a place for our friends."

So the day passed in quiet. On the next morning, however, before the settlers were astir, a terrible sound rang through the air.

"The Indians! the Indians! It is the war whoop of the Indians!" and the news sped up and down the colony.

It was a cruel massacre that followed. From home to home the Indians ran with their tomahawks and blazing torches. They spared neither man, woman, nor child. Their vengeance ceased not until every house was blazing and every colonist who had not escaped fell beneath their tomahawks.

So it was that in a single day the greater part of the northern colony was destroyed, and for the two years that followed the Indians were most cruel to the colonies. At length they were driven across the mountains.

Year after year the colony grew and prospered. In the northern part the great pine forests yielded pitch, tar, turpentine, and lumber. In the southern part stretched great fields of rice and indigo, with here and there fields of cotton. Indeed, the colony grew so rapidly that it soon became too large to be governed as one body of people; and in 1729 this prosperous colony was divided, and one governor placed over the northern part and another governor over the southern part, and from that time the colonies were known as North and South Carolina.

XXVIII. Georgia.

1733.

One of the most unselfish men in colonial times was General James Oglethorpe, an English gentleman and soldier.

James Edward Oglethorpe.
After the painting by Ravenet.

When the time came for him to enter Parliament, he set to work at once to help the poor of his country. He worked most of all for prison reforms, for which there was indeed great need in England at that time.

There was one law — and a very severe law it was — that Oglethorpe attacked first of all. It was a law by which debtors were thrown into prison and kept there till their debts were paid. It mattered not whether a man had been dishonest or unfortunate. "This man owes me," was all a creditor had to say, and at his order the debtor was thrown into prison.

Now of course there were many men who deserved this punishment; but there were also some who had fallen into debt through illness or failure in business.

It was for these latter that the kind heart of Oglethorpe was touched, and for these that he worked. "If I could gain freedom for these men who are now imprisoned," he would say, "perhaps they would take courage and begin life over again."

So Oglethorpe made a speech in Parliament. In this speech he said he believed that these poor debtors should be freed and sent to the New World.

At first Parliament gave little heed to what he said. Some of the men laughed at his plan; others sneered at it and opposed it. But at length they decided that it was, after all, a good way to get rid of a troublesome class of people.

"They are a great burden to the country," some of the men in Parliament said. "The sooner they go the better. They are shiftless, idle fellows, at best!" And so in this way Parliament came to agree to Oglethorpe's plan.

In time Oglethorpe's plan was carried through. Prison debtors were told that they should be freed if they would promise to go to the New World, and never come back to England. All debtors not yet in prison were pardoned if they too would make the same promise. A happy day this was for many a poor man and his family.

Meantime a charter had been granted Oglethorpe, and soon the vessel was ready. Then Oglethorpe and his paupers, as they were called, sailed away.

In due time the little vessel reached the shores of Carolina. Oglethorpe left his people there, and went down into the Georgia territory to see what it was like. His people were very ignorant, and he knew that he must find the best place before he settled them in their new home.

Then Oglethorpe went back and told his followers what a beautiful home he had found for them. "We shall make a treaty with the Indians at once," said Oglethorpe, for he well knew that some of his colonists would rather have stayed in prison than come into a land where they must fight with savages.

Fortunately there was one squaw who, from the first, was friendly to the white men. This squaw had great influence among her people, and whatever she told them to do, they did. To this squaw, then, Oglethorpe went.

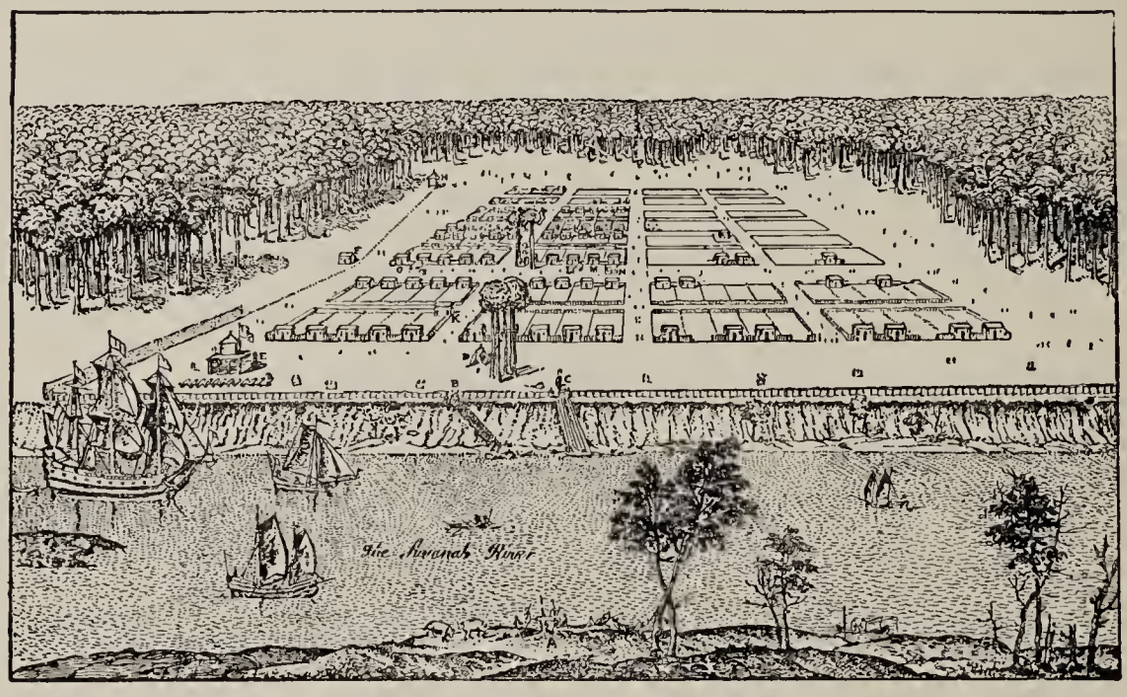
"Will you help us to make peace with your people?" Oglethorpe asked. The squaw promised that she would. This was fortunate; for already some of the Indians were beginning to grumble, and were preparing to fight the white men.

"We will drive these white people away," they were saying. But when the squaw talked to them, they promised peace. So Oglethorpe went back to his people in Carolina, and with them he sailed up the Savannah to Yamacraw Bluffs, where the men set to work to build their fort.

First, four large tents were spread, and under

these the people spent their first night in their new home. On the next day the town was marked off, and work began.

"What will be the future of this colony?" Oglethorpe wondered. He knew that his colonists were a strange people, and that some of them did not like to work.



A View of Savannah, Georgia.

From a print published in London in 1741, and humbly inscribed to General Oglethorpe.

Soon trade was opened with the Indians, and the friendly squaw, Mary, served the white men as interpreter. "What should we do without this friend?" said Oglethorpe. "Let us see that she never wants for anything as long as she lives."

As long as Oglethorpe stayed with his colony all went well, but by and by he had to go back to England.

Now there was among the colonists a wicked man who called himself a chaplain. This man cared nothing for the good of the colony: he cared only to get money for himself out of it. So when Oglethorpe was gone, he began to try to turn Mary against the colonists.

"Did they not promise to pay you a hundred pounds a year?" he said to her.

"Yes."

"And have they paid it?"

"No." The squaw knew that they had not; but she believed that when their corn was gathered in and they were able, they would pay her.

"Think what you have done for them!" said the chaplain. "Was it not you that made peace between them and your people?"

"Yes."

"And was it not you that helped to make treaties with the tribes round about?"

"Yes."

"And who helped them to get the best lands for miles around?"

"I did," said the squaw.

"And who got the Creek Indians to help us when the Florida Indians attacked us?"

"I did."

"And for all this what have the colonists done for you? They have been friendly? Yes, but for their own good. They have paid you money?

Yes, but not half they owe you. Then turn against them, and I will help you."

Poor old squaw, what could she do? She loved the good, kind Oglethorpe, and she had promised him that she would take good care of his people. But she thought that the chaplain must know what was right, so from that time she joined with him against the colonists. In fact, she became the bitterest enemy that the colonists had known. She spied upon them; she laid traps for them; and more than once they woke at night to find the Indians creeping in to attack their town.

The chaplain meantime kept busy. He was trying to get a claim against the colony for five hundred pounds for the squaw. "If I get it for her, she will give me half of it," he said.

Besides this, he laid claim to some of the finest lands. "These, too, belong to the squaw," he said. At last the squaw's brother called the Indians together for a council. And the chaplain was there to help, you may be sure. "Make yourself emperor," the chaplain said to the brother. "Make yourself emperor over all these tribes. Then we will work together against these white settlers."

So the squaw's brother made himself emperor. He didn't know what the word meant, but he knew that he was to be the leader of the tribes and the enemy of the colonists from that time on.

The chaplain was in high spirits. His plots were

working finely, for all the tribes were now united against the colonists. If the squaw got back her land, he would have his share, for the squaw would surely do whatever he told her.

"Now let us go to Savannah and tell the white men what we mean to do," said the chaplain to the squaw and her brother. So the squaw dressed herself in her brightest beads, and put on her gayest shawl. She sent a messenger ahead, and in a few hours she marched to the little town. The chaplain in his fine robes marched by her side, and there were one hundred savages behind them.

The colonists' hearts were heavy when they heard of the chaplain's plotting. What could their little band of men do against all these Indian tribes?

As the squaw and her people drew near, the governor sent a messenger out to meet the empress. She would listen to no one but the chaplain, and so the procession marched on. But as it entered the town, it was met by the militia, drawn up in the open square.

"Do you come as friends, or as foes?" asked the captain. The squaw made no answer. She hardly knew what these words meant. "Ground your arms!" thundered the captain. The savages looked to the squaw for guidance; the squaw looked to the chaplain. What did these words mean?

"We must obey," said the chaplain. "We must put down our arms."

So Mary bade her followers do as they were told. The militia then saluted the visitors with fifteen guns and guided them to the house of the governor.

"Why do you come here?" the governor asked in a stern voice. The Indians tried to make some kind of answer, but the governor knew that they were not telling the truth.

Soon the Indians grew angry. They howled, and whooped, and shouted angrily at the guards. Every colonist was now on duty; even the women barricaded the doors of their houses.

"Seize the chaplain!" shouted the governor. "We have no time to lose." The chaplain was immediately seized and taken to prison. But when the squaw saw this, she, too, began to howl and whoop. She ordered the colonists to leave at once and return to England. She threatened the whole colony. She declared that she would kill every white man in the town.

"Take away the squaw," said the governor. "We can do nothing with the Indians as long as they can hear her voice." So she, too, was led away.

Then the governor called the Indians together, and gave a great feast to the chiefs. He again asked them what this visit meant. Cheered by the feast, the Indians began to talk, and soon the governor understood the whole matter. Then he rose and stood before the chiefs, and said, "My good friends, you are very foolish. Do you not know

that it is the chaplain who has made all this trouble? Do you not know that he wants to get all this land for himself?

"Now listen to me. This land doesn't belong to the squaw. It belongs to you. It was set apart by the king for you, — not for the squaw, but for you."

Even the squaw's brother began to understand.

"More than this, I have presents from the king. They are not for the chaplain; they are not for the squaw; they are for you — the Creek nation.

"Now think back with me. When we came, the squaw was a poor woman. She had only rags for clothes, and often she had not enough to eat. Then General Oglethorpe took her into our colony. He gave her clothes and food, and she was happy with us until the chaplain came. Then she became our enemy."

By this time the Indians were sure that they had been made fools of. "Kill the chaplain! kill the chaplain!" some shouted.

"Peace pipe! peace pipe!" others shouted; and the peace pipe was brought. At that moment the squaw herself came running down the village street. "Kill the white men! kill the white men!" she screamed.

"Stop!" ordered the governor, "or you shall be put in chains."

"Hear what he says!" cried the squaw to her

brother. "Hear what he says to the Empress of Georgia."

At this the brother seized his tomahawk. With a yell he brandished it over his head. This was a signal for the massacre of the white men. It was a critical moment for the little colony. But just then one of the white men sprang forward. "Halt!" he cried, and he pointed his gun at the squaw's brother.

At this the Indians grew quiet at once, for they were afraid of these arrows that shot forth fire.

"Now lay down your tomahawks," said the colonist, coolly. The Indians laid them down without a word.

"Now leave this town." And the Indians left.

Then the chaplain was brought out. "Oh, spare my life! Spare my life!" he whined, when he saw that the Indians had deserted him.

"Promise me to give up all claim to land or money," said the governor. "Promise, or we shall shoot you on the spot." And the governor pointed his own rifle at the chaplain's head.

"I promise! I promise!" said the chaplain, humbly.

Then the colonists let him go free. And from that time there was no trouble in the colony, either with the chaplain or with the Empress of Georgia.

Historical Notes.

The following notes give the basis of fact on which the stories in this volume have been founded. A bibliography of the authorities consulted is appended.

CHAP. XIV. *St. Augustine.* Coligny, a Frenchman, desired to establish a refuge for Protestants. An expedition was fitted out, and sailed under Ribault in February, 1562. They landed near St. Augustine, discovered the river St. John, naming it River of May, and then sailed back to France with their report. In 1564 a company sailed under Laudonnière, going by way of the Canaries and Antilles to the shores of Florida. They went up the river May, and landed on its banks near St. John's Bluff. Here they raised a cross and erected a fort, naming it Fort Caroline.

CHAP. XV. *Santa Fé.* A party of Portuguese started to explore New Mexico, but the natives murdered their leader and burned their camp. All the soldiers perished in the fire. Onata, a Spanish-Mexican, on May 27, 1598, settled San Gabriel, between the Chama and Rio Grande rivers. He would not allow the natives to be treated unkindly. In 1605 the capital was changed to Santa Fé, and San Gabriel was deserted.

CHAP. XVI. *Port Royal.* The king of France gave to a man named De Monts a grant of all the land from 40 to 46 degrees north latitude. He sailed with Champlain in March, 1604. On the 6th of May they arrived at a harbor on the southeast side of the peninsula of Acadia, coasted along the peninsula, doubled Cape Sable, and anchored in the Bay of St. Mary. After sixteen days they sailed and explored the bay on the west of the peninsula, now called the Bay of Fundy. On the eastern side of this bay they found a spacious basin surrounded by hills from which descended fresh water, and between the hills was a river. They founded a settlement near this river. This settlement is situated on an arm of the Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the river Annapolis, ninety-five miles west of Halifax. They named it Port Royal, but the name was afterward changed to Annapolis, which name it now bears.

CHAP. XVII. *The Virginia Colony* (*I.*). In 1584 Raleigh sent out two vessels commanded by Amadas and Barlow. They landed at the island of Wocoken, and returned to England with a report of a fine country. Raleigh named the country Virginia. The next year he sent out colonists under Grenville. These arrived in due time at Roanoke, and set out to explore for

wealth. The Indians began to grow unfriendly. In June, 1586, Drake, after capturing several Spanish ships in the Pacific, sailed past Roanoke. He took the starving colonists home. A little later more colonists sailed to Roanoke with John White. After settling, John White went back to England for supplies. In 1590 he secured a vessel and sailed back to Roanoke, only to find the colony deserted. No trace was ever found of the lost colonists.

CHAPS. XVIII. AND XIX. *The Virginia Colony* (*II.*). The London Company sent out colonists in December, 1606. In April, 1607, they saw land, and entered Chesapeake Bay. They sailed up the river, naming it the James, and selected a place for a town about fifty miles from the mouth. This town proved to be a very poor, damp site, and a miserable summer was passed. Fifty of the band died, and hostilities broke out among the Indians. The colonists at length became more prosperous under the leadership of John Smith. They were reënforced by new colonists, and tobacco planting became an industry. In 1623 this industry had grown to such an extent that Virginia was counted among the wealthy colonies.

CHAP. XX. *Quebec.* Champlain sailed from France on April 13, 1608. He had been on the former voyage to Port Royal in 1604. He and his party arrived at Quebec the 3d of July, and began a settlement. The Ottawas came to him and asked aid against their enemies, the Iroquois. The Iroquois had never seen a white man before, and when the guns were fired, turned and fled in terror. Champlain lived in the colony for twenty-six years; he died in December, 1635.

CHAP. XXI. *New York.* After Hudson's voyage up the Hudson River fur-trade was carried on; and Adrian Block, a Dutch navigator, spent one winter on either Manhattan or Long Island, building a trading-vessel in 1614. A trading-house, called Fort Nassau, was built in the same year on the site of Albany and one on Manhattan Island in 1615. In 1615 the New Netherlands Company was granted a monopoly of the fur traffic for three years, and conducted business between Albany and the Delaware. In 1621 the Dutch West India succeeded the New Netherlands Company, and in three years emigrants came over and settled in Albany, Long Island, and Manhattan. In 1626 these people were brought into one settlement at Manhattan, calling their town New Amsterdam. Governors were sent over by Holland. They had trouble with the English in 1654, but peace was at last made. In 1655 they had a battle with the Swedes, who had built a fort on the river nearer its mouth. They captured the fort, and the Swedes were compelled to leave the river to the Dutch. In 1664 the English came again with a fleet and soldiers and claimed the country. This time the Dutch were unable to hold their forts, and were obliged to surrender to the English. The name of the colony was then changed to New York.

CHAP. XXII. *New Jersey.* The first settlement was made in 1617 by the Dutch at Bergen, opposite New York. In 1623 a fort was built on the banks of the Delaware. During the early period of the colony it was the scene of struggles between Dutch, Swedes, and English. The land was generally bought from Indians. The colony fell into the hands of the English in 1634.

CHAP. XXIII. *Massachusetts.* There were several different religious sects in England, who wished for religious freedom. The members of a sect called the Separatists were so harshly treated that they fled to Holland, the first company settling in Amsterdam in 1608. They stayed there a year, and then moved to Leyden, staying there ten years, and being joined by other refugees. They found their children were growing up as "foreigners," and so asked for a grant of land in the new world. This was given them, and they sailed from Leyden to Southampton, England. From there they started across the ocean in the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, but the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy, and put back to Plymouth, leaving the *Mayflower* to continue the voyage alone. They saw land at Cape Cod in November. They tried to sail south, but contrary winds prevented; and they finally landed, December 21, 1620, on the spot now called Plymouth. A fort was built; but the winter was very severe, and more than one-half of the band died. The Indians came to visit them, and a treaty of peace was made. The colony prospered, and in 1630 another band of Puritans, though not Separatists, came to Massachusetts and founded a colony at Salem. During the year settlements were made at Dorchester, Roxbury, Charlestown, and Watertown. Boston soon came to be the principal town, and in 1634 there were nearly twenty villages, and about four thousand settlers.

CHAP. XXIV. *Maryland.* Lord Baltimore, an ardent Catholic, secured a charter from King Charles for the whole country of Newfoundland. He sailed to Newfoundland, but found it too cold for a successful colony, and started out on an exploring expedition. He explored the country north of the Potomac. He made a settlement at St. Mary's in 1634, and named the country Maryland in honor of the queen. He was made Lord Proprietary of the country, but died before the charter had been sealed. His son, the second Lord Baltimore, now took command of the colony. The grant to Lord Baltimore was considered by the Virginians an encroachment on their land, and a Virginian settled on Kent Island in Chesapeake Bay. Battles followed, and the Virginian was obliged to give up the island. The colonists were thrifty, and began to prosper. The government was changed from proprietary to self-governing in 1635, but after several minor changes in the forms the government was again changed to proprietary in 1658.

CHAP. XXV. *Connecticut.* Men from Plymouth built a trading post at Windsor, on the Connecticut River in 1633. The Dutch had already a post

at Hartford, and objected, but the English stood firm. The same year, Oldham, a Massachusetts trader, made an overland exploration, and came back with very favorable reports. In 1635 a Dorchester party planted a settlement at Windsor; and in the autumn of the same year young John Winthrop arrived at the mouth of the Connecticut and threw up a breastwork, thus cutting off the Dutch colony farther up the river. The English colony began to prosper, but in 1637 the Pequot war broke out. The Indians were finally crushed, and immigration was renewed.

CHAP. XXVI. *Rhode Island.* Roger Williams was a learned young Welshman, who left England for the colonies in 1631. In 1633 he went to Salem and became pastor of a church. He had very liberal religious views, and was fearless in pronouncing them. In 1636 Williams was ordered by the colonists to return to England, but he evaded the order by going among the Indians as a missionary. In the next spring, secretly aided by Governor Winthrop, he, with five followers, went to Narragansett Bay and established a settlement, naming it Providence. In 1638 another party of religious reformers, headed by Ann Hutchinson, was banished from Massachusetts. They settled eighteen miles farther south at a place now called Portsmouth. The next year some of these last colonists went still farther south and settled at Newport, but in 1640 the two towns reunited under the name of Rhode Island. In 1644 a charter was secured. Williams was loved by all his people, and the colony prospered.

CHAP. XXVII. *Pennsylvania.* William Penn was an Englishman, who became a Quaker. His father died, leaving him a claim against the government. In payment of this claim King Charles II., in 1681, gave him a proprietary charter for land in the new world west of the Delaware River. In October, 1682, three shiploads of Quakers left England and came to their new home. In 1683 Penn came over himself, and laid out a city on the peninsula between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and named it Philadelphia. Soon after his arrival Penn made a treaty of peace with the Indians. The Pennsylvania colony, being planted by wealthy men, prospered from the first.

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES.

(According to the Century Dictionary.)

Amidas, Äm′-i-däs.
Antipola, Än-tip′-ō-lä.
Armada, Är-mä′-dä.

Cartier, Jaques, Kär-tyā′, pr. Zhack Carteeya.
Coligny, Cȯ-li′-gny, pr. Coleenye.

De Bry, De-bry′, pr. Dė-brē.
Delft, pr. Dėl-lėft.
De Soto, Dä-Sȯ′-tȯ.
De Vries, pr. Dė Freese.
Dieppe, Dē-ep′.
Duval, Dü-val′.

Hakluyt, Hak′-löt.

Iroquois, Ir-ȯ-kwoi′.

Magellan, Ma̤-jel′-a̤n.
Massasoit, Mas′-a̤-soit.
Menendez, Men-en-deTH.
Montreal, Mont-re-ål′.
Mynheer, pr. Min-haer.

Oñata, Ōn-yä′-tä.
Oppecancannough, Op-pe-can-can′-nȯ.

Pequots, Pē′-kwot.
Pocahontas, Pō-ka̤-hon′-ta̤s.
Ponce de Leon, Pön-thä-dä-Lā-ön.
Popi, Po′pē.
Potomac, Pō̤-tō-ma̤k′.
Poutrincourt, pr. Po-trahn′-coor.
Powhatan, Pow-ha̤t′-tan.

Quivera, Kē-vē-rä′.

Rebault, Jean, Rē-bō′, Zhon.
Roanoke, Rō-a̤-nōk′.

San Gabriel, Sän Gab-rē′-äl.
Santa Fe, Sän′-tä-fā.
Santiago, Sän-tē-ä′-gō.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in *fat.*	*e* as in *met.*	*ī* as in *pine.*	*ȯ* as in *non.*
ā as in *fate.*	*ē* as in *meet.*	*o* as in *not.*	*u* as in *tub.*
ä as in *far.*	*ė* as in *her.*	*ō* as in *note.*	*ū* as in *mute.*
à as in *ask.*	*i* as in *pin.*	*ö* as in *move.*	*u̇* as in *pull.*

The dot under any vowel, thus a̤, indicates its abbreviation and lightening without loss of its distinctive quality. The double dot under any vowel, thus a̤, indicates that it takes the short *u* sound of *but, pun,*

th as in *thin* TH as in *then* ′ denotes the syllable accented.