

## Chapter III

by Helen Pierson

At first, before they had time to plant the fields, the men could but hunt and fish for food; but as years went by, they had farms, and made glass and things for trade; they wove cloth of wool, and some from a plant that grows in the south, of which you may know the name. It is white and soft.

They had not much coin, and so they had to do the best they could with skins and corn, or what they could get for trade. The first mint to make coin was set up in Mass-a-chu-setts in 1652. This coin had a pine tree on one side, and the name of the State. One side had a date and N. E. for New Eng-land. All this coin was known as "pine-tree coin." In time the land at Plym-outh Bay and those near took one name, "Mass-a-chu-setts."

In the meanwhile the small band who had made homes in Vir-gin-ia had come to grief. They had been men of good birth in their own land, and did not know much of hard work. They had come in search of wealth. Great tales had been told of the gold here. It had been said one could pick up great lumps of gold, as large as a hen's egg, in the streams. They found that all this was not true, and that a man had to work hard to live. They grew sick, and death came in their midst to make things more sad; so that they lost more than half of their small band.

One man, John Smith by name, did great things for them. He had been brave from his birth. He had been in wars oft, and once he built him a lodge of boughs in a forest and took his books with him, that he might learn the art of war. Once he went to fight the Turks. He is said to have been sold as a slave. It may be all these tales are not true; but it is true he taught his own friends in Vir-gin-ia how to live. He got them to build a fort and log huts for the cold times. He made friends as far as he could of the In-di-ans, so that he could get boat loads of food from them. He said that "he who would not work might not eat;" so no man could be a drone in the hive. Each one must learn to swing the axe in the woods or to hunt and to fish.

Once the In-di-ans took him and they told him that he must die. Their great chief Pow-ha-tan had said the word; so his head was laid upon a stone, and a huge war club raised to strike the blow. But a young girl was seen to spring to his side, throw her arms round his neck, and pray that he might be set free. She was the pet of the tribe, for she was the child of their chief; and so Cap-tain Smith was set free. You may be sure he was full of thanks to his kind young friend, and it is said she might have been seen on her way to James-town more than once, as time went on, with small stores of corn for the white men. And when she grew up a white man made her his wife.

But at last a bad wound made Cap-tain Smith go back to Eng-land, and things grew worse and worse in Vir-gin-ia. Food was more and more scarce, and a sad time came, which was long known as "Starving Time." It was in 1609. At last they all made up their minds to go back to their old home. None shed a tear as the sun rose on that day; they had known bad times in the new land, and did not grieve to go. But as their ship made its way down the bay, they met Lord Del-a-ware, with a great stock of food, and new men to swell the ranks. So they were glad to turn back and try the place once more; and in the course of time they throve and built and spread, and that part of the land made a new State, which we know as Vir-gin-ia. In that State was first grown a weed which you have seen men smoke and chew.

The folks in Mass-a-chu-setts went by the name of "Pu-ri-tans." They had left their old home that they might pray to God in their own way, and they thought that their own way was the right one. When men came in their midst who did not think as they did, they were sent out of the place. There was a class called Quak-ers, or Friends, who were mild, and did all they could for peace; but they thought they had their rights as well as the rest, and might serve God in their own way. They did not believe in wars, and would not bear arms. They would not hire a man to preach for them; but when they met, each one spoke as he felt the thought come in his heart. They kept the laws, and did to all men as they wished them to do to them. They said "thee and thou" for "you," and "yea and nay" for "yes and no;" but this could hurt no one, and it seems strange to us that they were not let stay in the place. They had to fly for their lives, and four were put to death. In these days all men are free to serve God in their own way.

And in that time there was one man to raise his voice for the poor Quak-ers, and all who were like them. This man was Rog-er Will-iams. He held that the State had no right to say what men should think and feel. You may be sure those who were high in place did not like to hear that; so he had to fly from his home one cold day, and for a time he hid in the woods. But the In-di-ans gave him a home, and one chief made him a gift of a piece of land, which he called "Prov-i-dence," as it was to him like a gift from God. And so the State of Rhode Isl-and, where this town was built, was known as a place where thought was free. The Quak-ers were glad to find a home in that State, where they could dwell in peace.

In 1675, a war, known as King Phil-ip's war, broke out in Mass-a-chu-setts. King Phil-ip was an In-di-an chief who saw that the white man would soon own all the land, and he knew that meant death to his race. He made a plan to kill all the white men. The first blow fell on the Lord's day, as the folks were on their way home from church. The men flew to arms, and did not dare to lay them down when they were in the field at work, or at their homes. When they went to church they would stack them at the door.

King Phil-ip and his men made their camp in a great swamp, where it was hard for the white men to reach them. Here they laid up a store of food, and had great tribes of red men. They would not fight in the wide fields, but would skulk in nooks, and rush out and hold all the land in fear, for the foe would seem to be on all sides. At last they were made to leave their strong hold, and could find no place to hide. There was a fight, and the In-di-ans fell thick and fast. Phil-ip ran, but one of his own tribe, who had a grudge, shot him dead. He had done all he could for his own folk, but fell by the hand of one of them at last.

All this time the King of Eng-land was at the head of this land as well, and the men he sent were wont to rule things with a high hand. They would not grant what our men thought to be their rights. Dutch ships had come in to trade for furs with the In-di-ans. Some of the crews stayed here and made their homes in a place they called New Am-ster-dam. It is now known by the name of New York. These first Dutch men bought the land from the In-di-ans, and it was to go to their heirs through all time.

A band of Swedes made their home in Del-a-ware. A Quak-er by the name of Will-iam Penn bought a grant of land from the King. He thought to make a home for all his sect, who had as hard a time in Eng-land as they did here. He sent a band of these men here, and the next year he came too. He met the In-di-ans by a great elm tree. He was a kind and good man, and would not take their land from them. He bought it and made them his friends. "We will live in love with Will-iam Penn and his heirs," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." And it is said that to this day a red man is loathe to

shed Quak-er blood.

In 1683, Penn bought land from the Swedes and laid out a town, to which he gave the name of Phil-a-del-phia. It stood in the midst of a wood, and the wild deer ran by the men who came to take a look at their new home. When Penn came, he sent out a call for all the men to meet in one place, and there he met with them, and they laid out the code or kind of laws they were to have. This code was known as "The Great Law." No one could vote that did not believe in Christ; and all might pray to God in their own way. So you see the Quak-ers did not wish to force men to believe as they did. They felt that was not right or just.

Penn did all he could for his sect, and was mild and good to the red men. He said to them, "We meet on the broad path of good faith and good will. I will deal with you in love. We are one flesh and blood."

So our land grew, and State by State was laid out, and towns were built, and all this time the King of Eng-land was at the head of the whole. There were more In-di-an wars; for the red men gave the new folk no peace. They would come down from the depths of the woods of Can-a-da on their snow shoes, and drag men and their wives from their beds and scalp them and set their homes on fire. Many a child, too, had to fly with the rest in the cold night, with bare feet and few clothes on, to seek a place to hide from this fierce foe.

In 1754, a war broke out which we call the "French and In-di-an War." The Eng-lish had at this time a great strip of land on our coast which they held as their own. It was like a string to the great bow of French land, which went from Que-bec to New Or-leans. Both French and Eng-lish laid claim to part of the land; and those who had the wish to live in peace could not but look on in fear.

The French built three forts, and that made all feel that they meant to hold the land. A young man by the name of George Wash-ing-ton, was sent to ask that they should pull down these forts. You have heard of George Wash-ing-ton, I know. You have been told that he was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of all." You have, I am sure, heard the tale of the fruit tree that he cut, and how he could not tell a lie to save him. He was a boy then, and some one had made his heart glad with the gift of a small axe. What should a boy do with such a thing, if he could not cut with it? So George went round to try the sharp edge of his axe, and, as bad luck would have it, he came on a young fruit tree. It may be that the fruit was of a rare kind, and so when it was found that the bark of the tree had been cut in such a way that one could hope for no more fruit, the cry rang out on all sides, "Who has done this deed?"

Our small boy was not at peace in his own mind. He did not know in what shape the wrath might fall on him; but he came forth in a brave way and said, "I did it, Father, I can not tell a lie. I cut it." We are glad there has been one boy who could not tell a lie, and we hope there are some in our own times.

So this George Wash-ing-ton, then a young man, was sent to the French man who was at the head of the forts, to say that he must take them down at once. He had a hard time to get there, for it was cold, and the streams were big with the rains. The snow fell and froze as it fell. His horse gave out, and he had to go on foot. He had one man with him, and they struck out in to the woods. They had to cross a stream on a rude raft, and they were caught in the ice. It bore them on with great speed, and when Wash-ing-ton threw out his pole to check the speed, he fell in the stream. But he knew how to swim, and so he got to land. When day came, it grew still more cold, and the stream froze in such a way that

he could walk on it to the place where he would be.

The men at the French forts would not say that they would give them up. In fact, they made boasts that they could hold them in spite of all, and so the war went on. The French would dart out and seize Eng-lish ships, and then the Eng-lish would march on the French, and do them all the harm they could. Wash-ing-ton fought on the side of the Eng-lish in this war. Once the In-di-ans laid in wait for them in the wood, and as the men were on the march with their flags and beat of drum, they heard the fierce war whoop on all sides. The Brit-ish troops did not know how to deal with such a foe; but our men sprang down and fought them in their own way.

One chief made a vow that he would kill Wash-ing-ton. Four balls were sent through his clothes. Twice his horse was shot. Gen-er-al Brad-dock, who was at the head of the Eng-lish troops, was shot and borne from the field to die. There was a great fright, and the men fled on all sides. Wash-ing-ton did what he could to save them from the foe, like a brave man. But the French went on and built more forts, and our men were at their wits' end to hold their own with foes on all sides.

There were six tribes of the red men who were their friends, and I would tell you their names if they were not too long and hard.

But you will find in the State of New York lakes and streams which bear the same names. We ought to bear them in mind, as they were of great use in those times. So it was thought best for all our men to meet in a town by the name of Al-ba-ny, to fix on a way to keep these six tribes our friends, and to join with them to fight the French. Al-ba-ny was then a small town with few in it; but it had a stone fort. Here our men met the chiefs and had a talk with them. The chiefs told our clan they were not so wise and brave as the French, or they would build forts like them.

But there was one wise man in our midst, Ben-ja-min Frank-lin. He had been a poor boy, so poor that when he went in to the great town of Phil-a-del-phia, he had but a few cents. But he knew how to print; and more than that he was fond of books, and so could learn all sorts of things. He brought with him a small print on which was shown a snake cut in parts. Each part had on it the name of one of the States. He said they must be made one or die, and that to be one was the way to be great. But our men did not see their way clear to do this yet. We know they made the States one in time.

The death of Gen-er-al Brad-dock was a great blow to their hopes. They saw that all the red-coats, as we call the Eng-lish, were not brave; but could run as fast as the rest. Still they took some forts, with long names, from the French in this war. They made a move on them at Que-bec, with Gen-er-al Wolfe at the head of our troops.

Quebec was one of the strong forts of the world. At first Gen-er-al Wolfe lost at all points. But he found at last a way to go in boats. With no noise they made their way to land, and up a steep hill, and at dawn the French woke to see red-coats on all sides. Their Gen-er-al Mont-calm led them out of the fort to fight. If he had not, he might have won the day, for the fort was strong. But he chose to fight in the wide field, and so we won.

At the time of the fight, Gen-er-al Wolfe, who had been struck by a death shot, heard shouts of joy, "They fly—they fly!" "Who fly!" came from his white lips. "The French." "Then praise God, I die at peace," he said, with his last breath.

Gen-er-al Mont-calm, too, on the French side, had a wound, and was told he could not live. "I

am glad of it," he said, "for then I shall not live to see my town yield to the foe." So you see they were two brave men who fell that day. In five days a peace was made with France; for she gave up most of the land to which she had laid claim.

But there were some of the red men who did not want this peace with the English. They had seen the red-coats run away from them, and they thought they might now strike a blow for their own homes and land. The French made them think they would help them. "The King of France has but slept for a time," they said, "but he will soon wake up, and then he will drive the foe from the homes of the red men, and give them back their land."

There was one brave chief, Pon-ti-ac, who heard all this with a glad heart. "I will live and die a French man," he said, and he sent men to each town to bear a belt with red or black beads on it, and a knife with a red stain on it; these meant war. The knife was of the kind with which they were wont to scalp the foe, and the red stain told that deeds of blood were at hand. When this belt and knife were kept, Pon-ti-ac knew that the chiefs there would join the war. Their first move was on a fort at De-troit.

This was Pon-ti-ac's plan. He would go some day to the fort with some men and ask leave to come in and show them a war dance. While some were in the dance, a few would stroll through the fort and see all that could be seen. Then they would go once more as if for a call, with arms hid in their clothes, and strike down the white men when they did not look for it. The first part of this plan went on all right; but one of the squaws, who was a friend to the head man of the fort, told him what the red men meant to do. So when Pon-ti-ac and his men went in the fort, each with his gun hid in his clothes, they found ranks of men with arms to meet them, and they were glad to get out with their lives.

But Pon-ti-ac would not give up, for he made more friends, and laid siege to De-troit in 1763. It was a long siege for the red man, but it held out, though food was scarce, and the men in it felt that they must soon starve. Pon-ti-ac at last had to make peace, and met his own death at the hands of a red man, who was mad with drink; and so the French and In-di-an war came to an end.

Source:

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