

MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

Book Two: Settling the Colonies

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

MY AMERICA STORY BOOK

Settling the Colonies

A Compilation of Historical
Biographies for the Young Reader

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

My America Story Book
Book Two: Settling the Colonies

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Cover Image: The Mayflower Compact, 1620, by Jean Leon Gerome Ferris (1899). In public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

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Chapter 1

Captain John Smith

1580–1631 Virginia

As told by an Englishman in "Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes"

John Smith lived in the days of Raleigh and Drake. He followed Raleigh to Virginia, where the British flag first flew beyond the seas, and where the first white child was born under its protecting folds. He lived the life of an English gentleman in a less gentle age than ours; if he cut off the head of a challenging Turk one day, the next day he would be as tender as a woman. He lived the life of his age in the spirit of true chivalry.

Yet who has heard of John Smith?

No poet has sung a song of this great man. We do not chant his praises in castle and camp, but his life was itself a heroic poem.



Derived from an Illustration of Captain John Smith from "The New Student's Reference Work"

Books are written about him, and his own writings are published to this day; but nothing has succeeded in making him live in the general memory as what he was, one of the supreme figures in our national history. Scott created some of his novels out of adventures far less amazing than those of John Smith when he was crusading in Europe; yet John Smith, who, with Raleigh, was the father and founder of Virginia, from which sprang the United States, has hardly a place in our records.

John was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire. He was the eldest of the three children of a farmer who owned certain small properties as well as renting the farm on which he lived.

The boy seems to have imbibed with his native air the adventurous spirit of the heroic age into which he was born. England was battling for her very life. Shakespeare

was quietly writing his plays and noting nothing of the world-shaking events about him; but John, as a boy of eight, knew that his uncle was fighting with Drake against the terrible forces of Philip of Spain, and he saw the beacon fires that announced the coming and the going of the Armada.

He longed for the sea and the misty, dim, romance of the "faery lands forlorn" that lay beyond.

So, though he went to the Grammar Schools of Alford and Louth, his imagination always heard the sea a-calling, and he found the appeal so inviting that at thirteen he sold his schoolbooks and his satchel in order to have money to take him to the sea and the life of his stirring fancy.

The sudden death of his father put an end to this plan and he became a clerk. Disliking his work, he walked to London to see his guardian, who gave him ten shillings to be quit of him. He then accompanied Peregrine Bertie to France, where Lord Willoughby's brother, Peregrine's uncle, helped him. John then joined the French army, and fought for two years in the Netherlands.

Then, with letters of introduction to several wealthy families, he made his way to Scotland.

But John was not born for the lap of luxury and the primrose path of dalliance. He quitted his home and camped out, lodged himself in a secluded glade, with his horse and lance for practicing military exercises, and with books on military strategy and philosophy. There in the glen, with a servant coming two or three times a week with food for himself and his horse, he passed the summer months, a Boy Scout in an earthly paradise.

But they found him out, and the Earl of Lincoln sent a courtier who lured this dashing young hermit to Tattershall, where John heard stories of the terrible deeds being wrought in Europe by the Turks as they pressed on and on from Constantinople, which they had captured over a century before.

Here was a call to which the new heart of John promptly responded. To fight the Turks was better than fighting against the people of Christian Europe, so he returned to the Netherlands, as a stepping-stone to Hungary, this time with money and fine clothes.

In Holland he met four Frenchmen who professed to be able to introduce him to a French nobleman who was leading knightly adventurers against the cruel infidels, and John fell a victim to their guile. Robbed of all he possessed, he walked to Brittany, where friends refurnished him with money. Then, taking horse to Marseilles he took ship with some pilgrims to Rome. The superstitious pilgrims threw him overboard in a storm, but he swam to an island from which he was rescued by a trading ship. When this ship was attacked by a Venetian treasure ship John fought so valiantly that the captain put him ashore in Italy with a gift of 500 pounds.

In this land of enchantment, John made a sight-seeing round, then pressed on to Styria to meet the Turks. The Turks were bold, brave, and ruthless, and they had been meeting with startling success. John made the acquaintance of several notable men in the Hungarian Army, and it was well for them that he did. One of these was a keen scientific soldier, Baron Ebersbaught, to whom John communicated a new way of signaling at a distance.

But we must end these European adventures of John Smith. After much more fighting, he was taken prisoner in a disastrous battle in which, of the many English engaged, only he and two others escaped death. Smith himself was taken up for dead, and now he was to suffer the most amazing fate of all, for, his rich armour suggesting the possibility of ransom, he was saved, marched to Constantinople, and sold into slavery.

John, now 23, big, strong, and handsome, was sent by his master as a present to the buyer's lady-



The Slave Market, Constantinople, William Allen

love, a young Greek beauty, and there can be no doubt that the lady fell in love with our good-looking hero, and to safeguard him, sent him far away to her brother Timor, to whom she wrote in the warmest strain of the interesting captive. Unhappily, the letter had the opposite effect to that intended, for Timor at once hated John, had a heavy collar of iron riveted about his neck, and clad him in rags.

John was submitted to all the ignominy and cruelty which an ingenious tyrant could suggest, until one day, when he was threshing corn in a barn, he was goaded beyond endurance, and killed his master with a blow. He hid the body, dressed himself in his master's clothes, put a sack of corn on Timor's horse, and rode away.

For over a fortnight he travelled secretly, but after that time he found some friendly Russians, and, by their unwavering kindness, he travelled across Southern Russia and Poland back to Transylvania. From there, with his purse replenished by his old friends, he travelled through Germany, studying fortifications, farming, and education; through France, and on to Morocco; and at last arrived home in an English ship which had a desperate battle with two Spanish men-of-war during the voyage. Then behold him once more in England, at the age of 24, with an unparalleled record of adventure behind him, tired of war, but aglow with ambition to see his native land launch out and carry her flag over new homes to be built in that colony which Drake had seen, and on which Raleigh had almost ruined his fortune and broken his heart.

A few earnest men, with Captain Smith in the vanguard, devoted their means and energies to

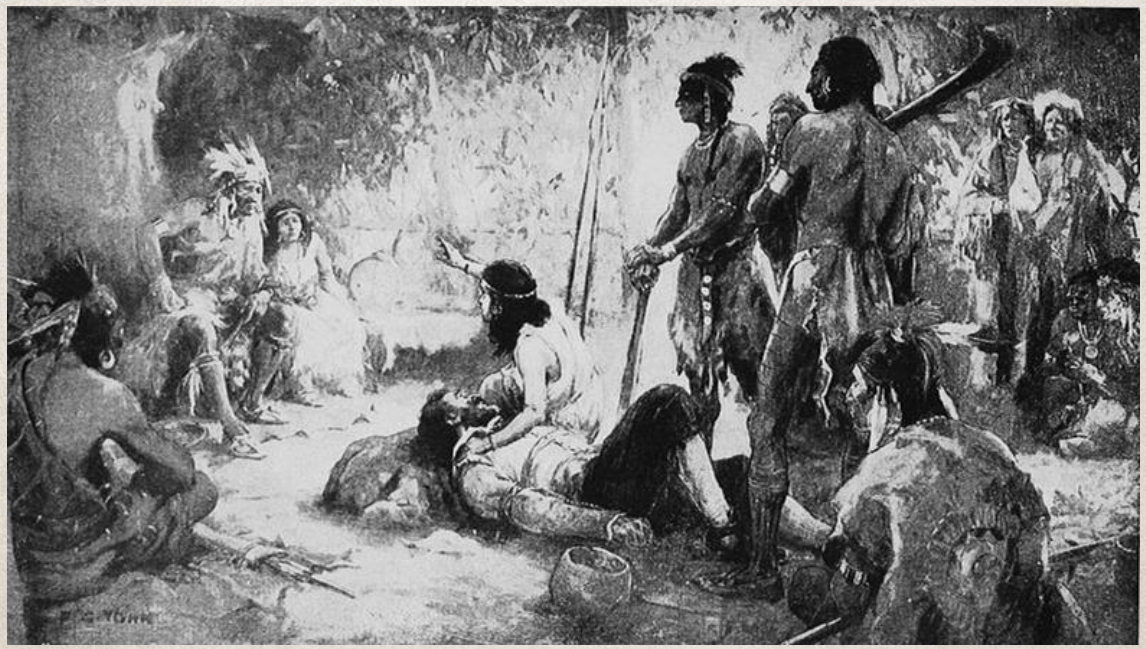
promoting a scheme for colonizing what Sir Walter Raleigh had named Virginia, the land which, up to then, had sent its English colonists to the grave, or back home in ruin, or into the hostile lands of Red Indians. In 1606 King James granted a charter to a London company to carry out the project. Smith invested his capital and staked his life in it, and in December of that year two little ships and a pinnace—160 tons in all—sailed from England, taking about 100 male colonists, not artisans and farmers, as Smith wished, but mainly ne'er-do-wells and thriftless sons of needy gentry.

Smith had no fixed command, and Captain Newport, who was admiral, carried sealed orders as to how the council should be constituted upon arrival.

The voyage was long and slow, and Smith's voice was soon raised in protest against the waste of time and food, so the others clapped him in chains, and erected a gallows, on which they would have hanged him if they dared; but when the sealed orders were opened, lo, this indomitable John Smith was found to be named as one of the council, and, in spite of conspiracies, he was set free.

It was on April 25, 1607, that the colonists landed in Chesapeake Bay and fixed upon a site which is still called Jamestown. Two months later Captain Newport returned home with the two larger ships, leaving Edward Wingfield as first president of the colony. Pestilence and famine descended upon the colony, the climate was dangerous, the corn from the ships was mouldy, and in their discontent the colonists deposed Wingfield, set up Ratcliffe, and hanged another man for conspiracy, while most of the others were ill and dying fast. Smith was not one of the malcontents. He was stricken with the rest, but as soon as he recovered he set to work to save the colony.

It was too late for a corn harvest, so he risked his life for the remainder by going among the treacherous Indians to exchange goods for food. Everything was left to him; none but he had energy, courage, and initiative. John made the rest fell trees and build houses and defences, while he did the buying, storing, toiling, adventuring, urging on, a giant among dwarfs.



An Illustration from *The world's story; a history of the world in story, song and art,* ed. by Eva March Tappan

He had a wonderful way of dealing with the natives, commanding yet pleasing, and most of them feared and respected him as he boldly went farther and farther afield searching for food and exploring. But the cowardly betrayal of his instructions by his craven crew led to his capture far up the bay, and for several weeks he was in hourly danger of torture and death. Finally he was handed over by one petty king to a superior king, Powhatan. This king had a daughter, the Princess Pocahontas, an Indian beauty, then about 15. Her heart went out in love and pity to the handsome Paleface, and, when Powhatan gave orders that John be killed, she begged for his life.

Her father would not listen, and the executioners made ready their clubs and forced Smith's head upon the stone; but the young princess darted forward and flung her arms so fast around the Englishman's neck that they could not drag her away. Then she laid her own head upon the stone, crying: "He shall not die!"

Pocahontas was the king's favourite child, and at last Powhatan yielded to her entreaties, spared his captive's life, and sent him back to James Town. Again and again this fair girl of the wilderness saved Smith's life—saved it from starvation by leading bands of Indians with all manner of food to James Town; saved it from death by ambush; and, at the risk of her own life, saved him again when Powhatan had planned to destroy Smith and all his men on a journey up-country for food. Pocahontas was the good angel of Virginia, and John Smith was to her as a god.

His story is the history of early Virginia. Never did any enterprise more utterly depend on one man. He inspired the colonists; he made them plant and build; he extended the boundaries of the settlement, all by fair and honest means; he built up a system of trade by barter. Ships came back, bringing orders that the colonists must send home gold, and, failing that, must make soap and glass in the wilderness! Smith was chosen president in 1608, being then twenty-eight.

He fumed and raged over the request for gold and soap and glass from a country which, he saw, should yield riches from cultivated fields and from the waters, but he did produce soap and glass; he sent home cargoes of cedar wood; he raised sheep and pigs and poultry; he pacified the Indians by courage and good faith. He overcame the treachery of Dutchmen who had been sent out from home, and who stole arms and then sold them to the Indians.

He built boats, a church, a fort, a drill-ground, barns, and storehouses. He made his colonists work, or if they did not work he kept food from them; he made profane men decent in their speech by pouring cold water up their sleeves for every improper word they used. He made James Town habitable and strong against attack; he planned new towns along the river-banks; he had established such friendly relations with the Red Indians that his colonists were able to board out with them; he stored up food for winter during harvest, and when winter lasted too long he taught his people to live on such natural resources as roots, fish, and oysters.

It was our first colony, and it was a model for all time, busy, thriving, and happy. But his enemies went to and fro in the ships, and poisoned the minds of the company in London against him, so that a new president with fresh ships and colonists went out, and Captain Smith, the first successful governor of the first successful British colony, returned home, like Columbus, in disgrace. But at home he found himself more hero than victim, and he was able to do more fine exploring. He charted and named New England.

One story must be told of those days when Smith was back in London. He was walking down a City street one day when the tall figure of a Red Indian passed by, and as their eyes gazed into each

other their faces lit up with a smile, for John Smith recognized an old warrior of Powhatan—Uttamatomakkin, a member of his council out in Virginia. No figure could more have surprised him in the streets of London, and Uttametomakkin brought a piece of rare good news, for he had come over to England with Pocahontas, who was with her father, and husband, and son.

Captain Smith led him away from the crowd that stood by, and in a quiet street they had their talk. These are some of the things they said:

Indian: There are a great many people in your country.

Captain: Why, so I always told you.

Indian: Powhatan bade me count the number of the people, and when I arrived at Plymouth I got a stick and made a notch for every man I met.

Captain: You would soon get tired!

The Indian: Ay. It would need too great labour and too many sticks to count all the people of England. My master also bade me to ask you to show me the God of England and the King and Queen.

Captain: I cannot show you our God. He is the God of the whole world, and no man hath seen Him at any time; but I will tell you about Him.

A queer little talk for a London street, but it gave John Smith great delight, and it led to a meeting with Pocahontas. When Smith had left Virginia his enemies had told her he was dead, and held her as a hostage in James Town, where she married a colonist named John Rolfe. Now, in 1616, she and Rolfe and their little son had come to England with her father, and it is said that when she met John Smith again the outburst of emotion broke her heart. She stayed over here and developed consumption, and in the following year, March, 1617, this Red Indian princess was laid to rest in Gravesend Parish Church.

Her son went back to Virginia, where he married, becoming the father of children whose descendants live still. One was President Wilson's wife.

Not half of John Smith's story can be told, not half his deeds and adventures in Virginia or New England, or later on the seas, where he was betrayed and captured and kept for long in a French vessel as a miserable prisoner. He finally escaped by swimming, and lived to spend his last days in peace, writing and preaching the gospel of a new and greater



Statue of Captain John Smith at Historic Jamestown, VA

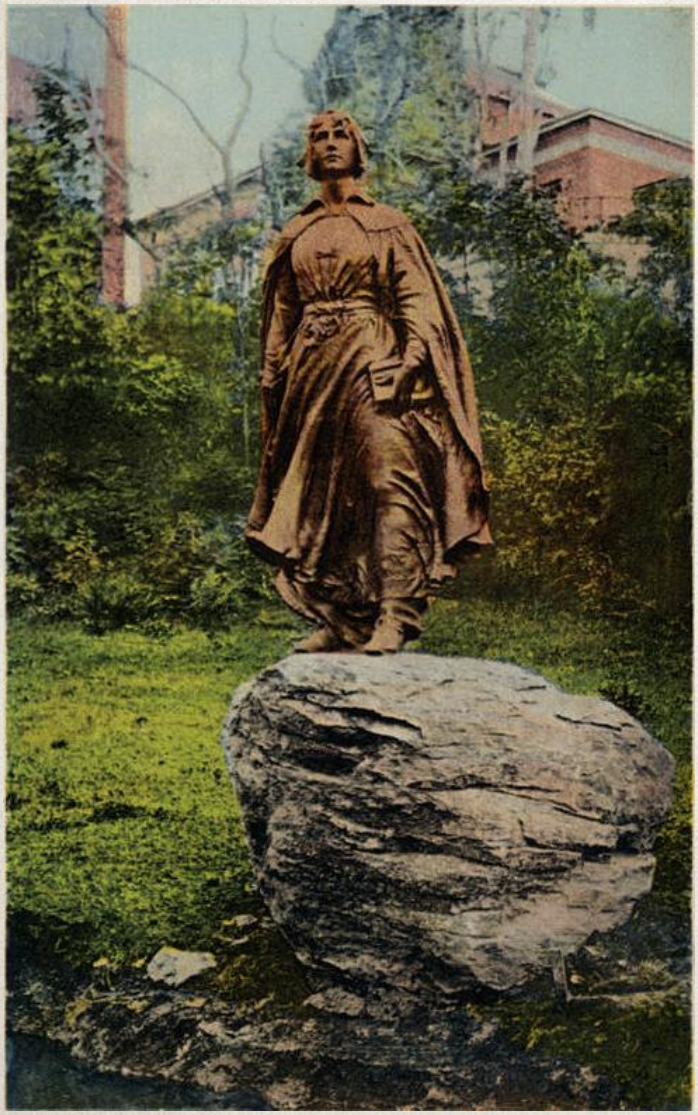
England overseas.

He prepared the way for the settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers, and but for him the history of North America might have been entirely different. But for increasing ill-health he would have gone with them, but as he could not go he wrote a book for their instruction and encouragement, and himself remained at home to die. He died in London and was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, but his soul goes marching on.

Chapter 2

Elizabeth Tilley

1607-1687 Massachusetts



The Pilgrim Maiden, Brewster Gardens, Plymouth, Mass.

John Tilley was a blacksmith. He lived in London, where with plenty of work he made a home for himself and his family.

Now there were some people in England who did not like the English church and believed they had a right to worship God in their own way. John Tilley was one of them. The King of England told them they must go to his church or be sent to prison. Some of these people were really put into prison; others were driven from their homes and native land; some were even put to death. "Let us go away," they said to one another. "Let us find a country where we can worship God as we please."

And so it came to pass that they hired a vessel, and with their women and children crossed the sea to Holland. Here they were allowed to worship as they saw fit.

John Tilley's daughter Elizabeth thought Holland was an odd country. Indeed it is. It is almost as flat as a floor. It is so low and so little above the level of the sea that the tide could flow over the land. The people of Holland built great walls, called dykes, which kept the ocean out. But there were canals which ran everywhere like great spiderwebs, even through the main streets of the cities.

As the years passed by, other good people came across the sea from England,

to make homes for themselves in Holland. At the end of twelve years there were about a thousand of them. They were a thrifty and hard-working people. They liked their new friends, and were liked by them. Still, it was not England; and at last they began to feel that it was not best for them to live any longer in a strange land. Their children were already learning the ways of the country and could speak Dutch as well as English.

"We are pilgrims in a strange land," murmured the good Elder Brewster.

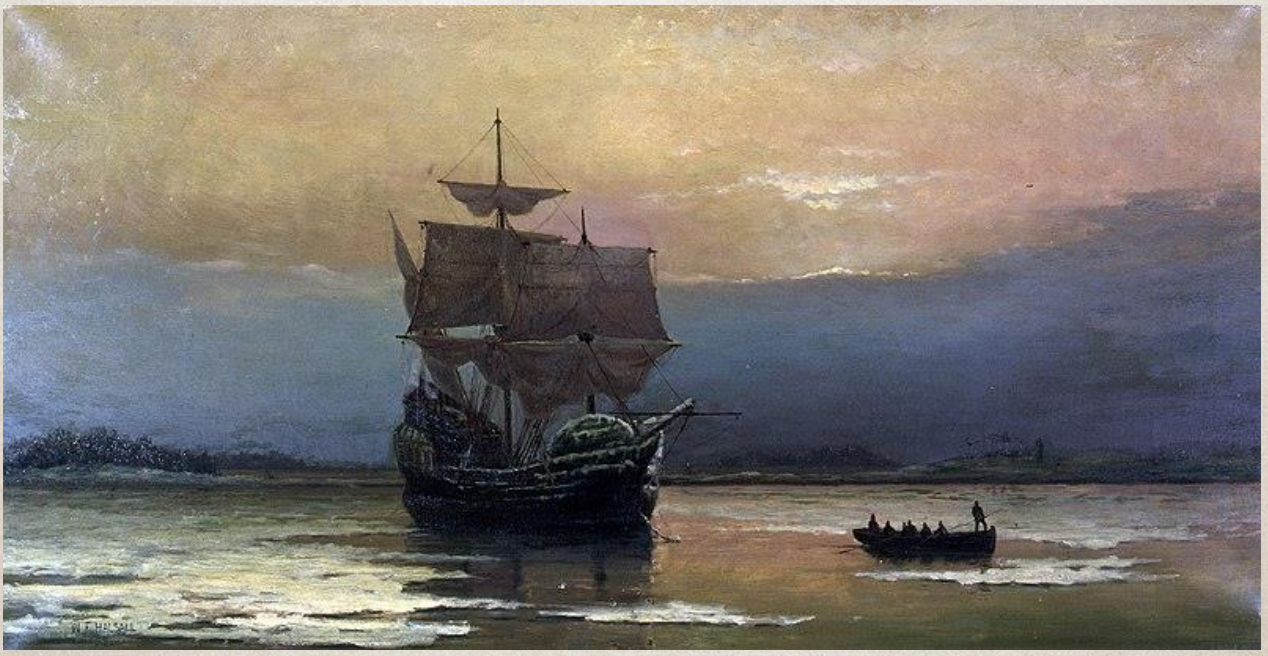
"This will never do in the world," said Goodman Tilley to his wife one day. "Look at Elizabeth and the children she is playing with in the garden. They are talking Dutch so fast I don't know a word they are saying. It is high time for us to cross the great ocean and make a new home for ourselves in America."

"In truth, John," answered Goodwife Tilley, "we could indeed live there under the rule of King James of England and yet be free to worship as we pleased. Let us talk it over with our good pastor, Elder Robinson, and get his advice."

Thus it came about that in the summer of 1620 a little company of these people bade good-by to Holland, and sailed away to England in an old vessel called the *Speedwell.*

Another vessel, named the *Mayflower*, was waiting for them. The *Speedwell*, however, was found to be too old and leaky to make the voyage across the Atlantic. She was said to be as open and leaky as a sieve. After many delays a hundred people were crowded into the *Mayflower* and set sail from Plymouth in September, 1620, on the long voyage across the sea.

At first Elizabeth Tilley and several other young girls of her age liked to watch the waves and the strange sights about the vessel. But after a time it came on stormy, and the women and children were often sent below, where it was cold and dreary, with scarcely room enough to move about. It was a long voyage of sixty-three days. The Mayflower was a frail and leaky craft to cross the Atlantic even in midsummer. Storm after storm arose, and it often seemed as if the vessel would go to the



Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor, William Halsall

bottom with all on board.

In the midst of the ocean a baby was born to Master Stephen Hopkins and his wife Elizabeth. We are told that the tiny baby was a great comfort to all on board.

"What shall we name him?" asked Elizabeth Tilley of her mother one day, when the boy was a week old.

"The poor thing was born on the ocean; and why not call him Oceanus?"

The name pleased the mother, and the baby was named Oceanus Hopkins.

"Land! land!" shouted a sailor, early one morning.

Yes, there was land; but it was not Virginia or New Jersey, as the Pilgrims expected. The last storm had driven the *Mayflower* out of her course. They had come to what is now known as the coast of New England. The low, sandy beach before them was the tip of Cape Cod. In spite of the perilous shoals and head winds the *Mayflower* rounded the Cape, and soon dropped anchor in what is now the harbor of Province-town.

This was late in November, in the year 1620. How cold and bleak the icy coast of Cape Cod looked on that November day! There was not a living thing to be seen anywhere, except the gulls, as they flew with shrill cries across the harbor.

Before anybody went ashore, a writing was drawn up, and forty-one of the men signed it. They used Governor Bradford's chest for a table. In this writing they said they would defend one another



The Mayflower Compact, Jean Leon Gerome Ferris

and obey such laws as should be made. They also chose John Carver as governor of the colony.

Bright and early the first morning on shore the women went to washing the clothes, for they had not been able to do washing on board the *Mayflower*. This was on a Monday; and Monday, as we know, has ever since been used in New England as wash-day.

Meanwhile the men made three trips along the shore of Cape Cod Bay, to find a place to build their homes. The third trip was made in their frail sailboat. It was bitter cold, and the sea was rough. A snowstorm set in, and they were soon in great peril. The rudder broke, and the mast came crashing down on their heads. The men rowed toward a little cove and brought their boat ashore. This proved to be on an island well out from the mainland. It is now known as Clarke's Island. On the next day but one they rowed over to the mainland.

At last they had found a good place. This was Plymouth. They called it "a beautiful spot, with cornfields and little running brooks." They quickly sailed back to Cape Cod to carry the good news.

The *Mayflower* had been at anchor in Provincetown Harbor for a month. The frozen sails were now unfurled, the anchor raised, and the good ship was headed for the mainland across the great bay of Cape Cod. On Saturday, December 20, 1620, the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbor, about a mile from the shore.

At last the long voyage was at an end. The Pilgrims had found a home on the bleak shore of New England.



The Landing of the Pilgrims, Henry Bacon

And what about Elizabeth Tilley? John Tilley and his wife did not endure the cold and hunger of the first winter. They died early the next spring. Elizabeth married a man by the name of John Howland. This was the young man that fell overboard in midocean, but was quick enough to catch hold of a trailing rope, and was pulled on board the Mayflower more dead than alive. As the records tell us, this worthy couple were still living thirty years after the landing, with a family of ten children. Elizabeth lived for sixty-seven years after reaching the Plymouth shore.

Chapter 3

William Bradford

1590-1657 Massachusetts

One of history's great treasures is the journal of William Bradford who came to America on the *Mayflower* and served as Plymouth's governor for many years. He takes us up close and personal to what was going on in their minds and the trials they went through in establishing themselves in a new land.

He starts by telling us how they wanted to live by "simplicity of the gospel without the mixture of man's inventions…that it cost them something this ensuing history will declare…

"…they could not long continue in any peaceable condition, but were hunted and persecuted on every side, so as their former afflictions were but as fleabitings in comparison of these which came upon them. For some were taken and clapped up in prison, others had their houses beset and watched night and day, and hardly escaped their hands; and the most were fain to flee their houses and habitations, and the means of their livelihood…

"Yet seeing themselves thus molested, and that there was no hope of their continuance there, by a joint consent they resolved to go into the Low Countries, where they heard was freedom of religion for all men…

1608

"Being thus constrained to leave their native soil and country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance, it was much; and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a country they knew not but by hearsay, where they must learn a new language and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate; a case intolerable and a misery worse than death… But these things did not dismay them, though they did sometimes trouble them; for their desires were set on the ways of God and to enjoy His ordinances; but they rested on His providence, and knew Whom they had believed. Yet this was not all, for though they could not stay, yet were they not suffered to go; but the ports and havens were shut against them, so as they were fain to seek secret means of conveyance, and to bribe and fee the mariners, and give extraordinary rates for their passages. And yet were they often times betrayed, many of them; and both they and their goods intercepted and surprised, and thereby put to great trouble and charge, of which I will give an instance or two and omit the rest.

"There was a large company of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for

that end had hired a ship wholly to themselves and made agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in at a convenient place, where they accordingly would all attend in readiness. So after long waiting and large expenses, though he kept not day with them, yet he came at length and took them in, in the night. But when he had them and their goods abroad, he betrayed them, having beforehand complotted with the searchers and other officers to do; who took them, and put them into open boats, and there rifled and ransacked them, searching to their shirts for money, yea even the women further than became modesty; and then carried them back into the town and made them a spectacle and wonder to the multitude which came flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first, by these catchpoll officers rifled and stripped of their money, books and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messengers sent to inform the Lords of the Council of them; and so they were committed to ward.



Statue of William Bradford, Plymouth Rock State Park, Mass.

"Indeed the magistrates used them courteously and showed them what favour they could; but could not deliver them till order came from the Council table. But the issue was that after a month's imprisonment the greatest part were dismissed and sent to the places from whence they came; but seven of the principal were still kept in prison and bound over…

"The next spring after, there was another attempt made by some of these and others to get over to another place. And it so fell out that they light of a Dutchman at Hull, having a ship of his own belonging to Zealand. They made agreement with him and acquainted him with their condition, hoping to find more faithfulness in him than in the former of their own nation; he bade them not fear, for he would do well enough. He was by appointment to take them in between Grimsby and Hull, where was a large common a good way distant from any town. Now against the prefixed time, the women and children with the goods were sent to the place in a small bark which they had hired for that end; and the men were to meet them by land. But it so fell out that they were there a day before the ship came, and the sea being rough and the women very sick, prevailed with the seamen to put into a creek hard by where they lay on ground at low water.

"The next morning the ship came but they were fast and could not stir until about noon. In the meantime, the shipmaster, perceiving how the matter was, sent his boat to be getting the men aboard whom he saw ready, walking about the shore. But after the first boatful was got aboard and she was ready to go for more, the master espied a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons, for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman, seeing that, swore

his country's oath sacrament, and having the wind fair, weighed his anchor, hoisted sails, and away.

But the poor men which were got aboard were in great distress for their wives and children which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; and themselves also, not having a cloth to shift with them, more than they had on their backs, and some scarce a penny about them, all they had being aboard the bark. It drew tears from their eyes, and anything they had they would have given to have been ashore again; but all in vain, there was no remedy, they must thus sadly part.

"And afterward endured a fearful storm at sea, being fourteen days or more before they arrived at their port; in seven whereof they neither saw sun, moon nor stars, and were driven near the coast of Norway; the mariners themselves often despairing of life, and once with shrieks and cries gave over all, as if the ship had been foundered in the sea and they were sinking without recovery.

"But when man's hope and help wholly failed, the Lord's power and mercy appeared in their recovery; for the ship rose again and gave the mariners courage again to manage her. And if modesty would suffer me, I might declare with what fervent prayers they cried unto the Lord in this great distress (especially some of them) even without any great distraction. When the water ran into their mouths and ears and the mariners cried out, "We sink, we sink!" they cried (it not with miraculous, yet with a great height or degree of divine faith), "Yet Lord Thou canst save! Yet Lord Thou canst save!" with such other expressions as I will forbear. Upon which the ship did not only recover, but shortly after the violence of the storm began to abate, and the Lord filled their afflicted minds with such comforts as everyone cannot understand, and in the end brought them to their desired haven, where the people came flocking, admiring their deliverance; the storm having been so long and sore, in which much hurt had been done, as the master's friends related unto him in their congratulations.

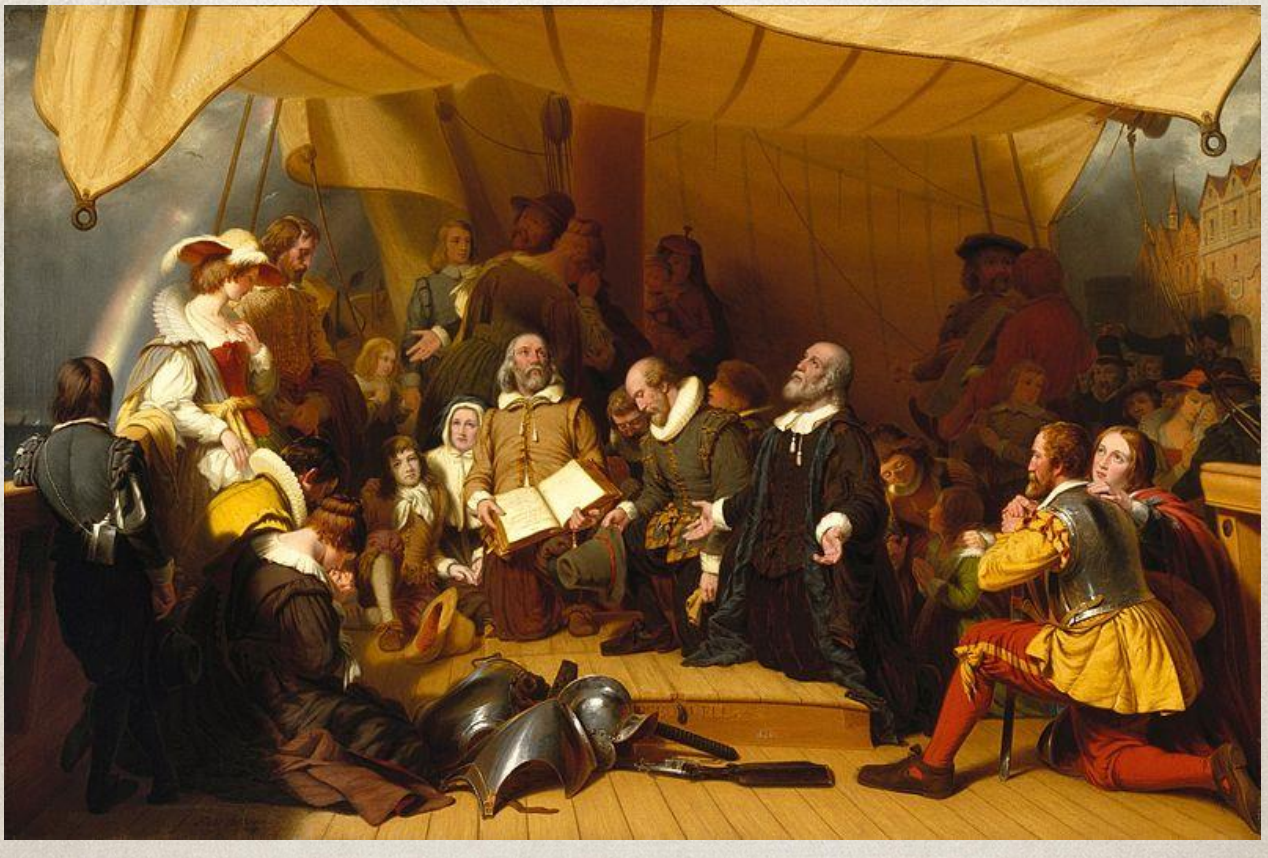
"But to return to the others where we left. The rest of the men that were in greatest danger made shift to escape away before the troop could surprise them, those only staying that best might be assistant unto the women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in this distress; what weeping and crying on every side, some for their husbands that were carried away in the ship as is before related; others not knowing what should become of them and their little ones; others again melted in tears, seeing their poor little ones hanging about them, crying for fear and quaking with cold. Being thus apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another and from one justice to another, till in the end they knew not what to do with them; for to imprison so many women and innocent children for no other cause (many of them) but that they must go with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable and all would cry out of them. And to send them home again was difficult; for they alleged, as the truth was, they had no homes to go to, for they had either sold or otherwise disposed of their house and livings. To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a good while and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end upon any terms, for all were wearied and tired of them. Though in the meantime they (poor souls) endured misery enough; and thus in the end necessity forced a way for them.

But that I be not tedious in these things, I will omit the rest, though I might relate many other notable passages and troubles which they endured and underwent in their wanderings and travels both at land and sea; but I haste to other things. Yet I may not omit the fruit that came hereby, for by these so public troubles in so many eminent places their cause became famous and occasioned

many to look into the same, and their godly carriage and Christian behavior was such as left a deep impression in the minds of many. And though some few shrunk at these first conflicts and sharp beginnings (as it was no marvel) yet many more came on with fresh courage and greatly animated others. And in the end, notwithstanding all these storms of opposition, they all gat over at length, some at one time and some at another, and some in one place and some in another, and met together again according to their desires, with no small rejoicing."

[This band of pilgrims lived in Holland for about twelve years, and then for various reasons, felt the necessity of leaving and traveling to the New World.] "Lastly (and which was not least) a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for the propagating and advancing the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but even as stepping stones unto others for performing of so great a work."

They faced seemingly insurmountable obstacles, but "it was answered, that all great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages…and all of them, through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, might either be borne or overcome…their ends were good and honourable, their calling lawful and urgent; and therefore they might expect the blessing of God in their proceeding. Yea, though they should lose their lives in this actions, yet they have comfort in the same and their endeavours would be honourable."



Embarkation of the Pilgrims, Robert Walter Weir

Now let us join them at their moment of departure from Holland.

Bradford writes that the night before their departure, the "night was spent with little sleep by the most, but with friendly entertainment and Christian discourse and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day (the wind being fair) they went aboard and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart… But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loathe to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees (and they all with him) and with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayers to the Lord and His blessing. And then with mutual embraces and many tears they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them."

Bradford and his wife, Dorothy, decided it best to leave their little five-year-old son behind until they got established. Dorothy would never see him again, as she somehow fell off the boat and drowned while it was anchored in Plymouth harbor.

Nearly half of the Mayflower's 102 passengers did not live to see the next spring. While most of the 39 children survived that first winter, all but four of the mothers died. Yet, when the captain of the Mayflower offered to take any of them back to England who wished to go, not one of them went.

Some 23 years later, Bradford wrote: "I cannot but here take occasion not only to mention but greatly to admire the marvelous providence of God! That notwithstanding the many changes and hardships that these people went through, and the many enemies they had and difficulties they met withal, that so many of them should live to very old age!...



The First Thanksgiving at Plymouth, Jennie A. Brownscombe

"What was it…that upheld them? It was God's visitation that preserved their spirits…

"God, it seems, would have all men to behold and observe such mercies and works of His providence as these are towards His people, that they in like cases might be encouraged to depend upon God in their trials, and also to bless His name when they see His goodness towards others. "

"Thus out of small beginnings greater things have been produced by His hand that made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and, as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone unto many, yea in some sort to our whole nation; let the glorious name of Jehovah have all the praise."

Chapter 4

Squanto

circa 1585–1622

When the Pilgrims reached New England, their hardships had only begun. The Mayflower had to anchor more than a mile from the shore, the water was so shallow. Except at high tide they could not land, even in their boat, without wading in the icy water. Some of the men made a trip ashore to spy out the land. The weather was cold and stormy and the whole country looked bleak and dreary; for winter had set in early that year.

The place where the Pilgrims landed had once been an Indian village. They thought they should find Indians lurking in the woods; but all the people had died of the plague, and not a living creature was to be seen. The cornfields were left for the newcomers to plant. There were several running brooks and a large spring close by, from which they could get plenty of fresh water.

The first thing to do was to stake out the land and build some kind of house. That first Christmas on the Plymouth shore must indeed have been hard. Governor Bradford wrote in his journal, "No man rested on that day; we had a sore storm of wind and rain." It was on that dreary Christmas morning that they began to build their first log house, a cabin about twenty feet square, for storing their goods.

The women and children stayed on board the Mayflower. They had to breathe the bad air of the cabin, and suffered from cold and hunger. The men came ashore in good weather and worked all day in building log cabins and moving their household goods. It was slow and hard work. The winter days were short and often stormy. It took a long time to go to and from the vessel, and their food was poor and scanty.

So slow was the work that at the end of the first year there were only four log storehouses and seven log cabins in the whole settlement.

Sickness and death came too. During the first winter nearly one half of the colony died. At one time there were only seven persons well enough to wait on the sick and bury the dead.

Governor Bradford wrote in his journal: "On the third day of March it was warm and fair; the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly. In the afternoon there was a thunderstorm, and it rained very sadly until midnight." And two days later, we are told, one of the children sowed some garden seeds.

One Friday afternoon in March, when the Pilgrims were busy about their log cabins, a tall, half-naked Indian came out of the woods at the top of the hill. He walked boldly toward the little village of log houses and cried out, "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!"

It seems that the Indian's name was Samoset and that he had lived on the coast of Maine, where



Visit of Samoset to the Colony
(Illustration from *A popular history of the United States* by W. C. Bryant and S. H. Gay)

he picked up a few English words from the fishermen. It was believed that he mistook the Mayflower for a fishing vessel and felt free to enter the little village.

The Pilgrims treated their savage guest kindly. They gave him a coat to cover his bare shoulders; and they fed him on "biscuit, butter, cheese, pudding, and roast duck." They would gladly have got rid of their guest for the night, but he was not willing to go; and so they let him stay in one of the log houses, where they watched him to keep him from doing harm. In the morning they sent him away, "after giving him a knife, a bracelet, and a ring."

Samoset was so well pleased with his new friends that he came back on a visit the next day, which was Sunday. This time he brought five other Indians with him. They were tall, sturdy men, dressed in deerskins. Some had their faces painted black. They brought their own food with them. It was Indian corn. They pounded it into meal, put it into a little water, and then ate it. Governor Bradford says: "They would eat liberally of our English victuals; although it was Sunday, the redskins sang and danced, after their manner, like antics."

The Pilgrims sent the Indians away before night. Samoset pretended to be sick; he would not go until the next Wednesday. He went home a well-pleased and proud Indian, for the Pilgrims gave him "a hat, a pair of shoes and stockings, a shirt, and a piece of cloth to tie about his waist."

On Thursday Samoset came again, bringing still another Indian with him. The name of this Indian was Squanto, a sort of nickname for Squantum or Tisquantum.

It seems that Squanto had once lived in this region, but had been kidnapped by the captain of an English vessel and carried to England. He lived in London and learned to speak English pretty well. Then some kind-hearted sea-captain brought him back and put him ashore on the coast of Maine. Thence he wandered back to his native place, only to find most of his people dead. Squanto

said that many Indians once lived in this region and had large fields of corn; but some dreadful disease broke out, from which nearly all of them died.

Squanto proved a useful friend to the Pilgrims from the very first. He took them out to a little river close by, and showed them how to fish for eels. He trod the eels out of the mud and caught them with his hands. Governor Bradford says in his journal, "The eels were fat and sweet, and our people were glad of them."

Shortly afterwards Squanto came to live with the Pilgrims. It would be a long story to tell you all this Indian did for his half-starved friends.

When the Pilgrims made their first trip along the shore of Cape Cod they found several basketfuls of corn, which the Indians had buried in the sand. They saved enough of this to plant in the spring. Squanto now taught them how to get the old Indian cornfield ready for a new crop. He showed them how to catch the little fish called alewives, and put two or three into every hill of corn to make the corn grow better. He also showed his friends how to watch the cornfields to prevent the wolves from digging up the fish.



Squanto now taught them how to get the old Indian cornfield ready for a new crop.
(Illustration from *American history story-book* by A. F. Blaisdell)

It has been said that without the seed corn and the help of Squanto the whole Plymouth settlement would have starved to death before the end of the first year. The Pilgrims had left their old home in England without hooks and lines for fishing. Here again Squanto was able to lend a hand, and taught his friends how to catch fish and lobsters after the Indian fashion.

Squanto now began to serve the settlers in another way. The chief of the Indians in the Plymouth region was Massasoit. He had been told wonderful things about the white-faced strangers, and wished to visit them. One day he came with some of his warriors to the top of the hill to make a friendly visit, and Squanto was sent out to talk with him. Shortly afterward Massasoit and twenty redskins came tramping into the settlement, leaving their bows and arrows behind them. This Indian chief was a tall,



Massasoit, Great Sachem of the Wampanoag, Friend and Protector of the Pilgrims, Kansas City, Missouri

strong young man. He wore a large chain of white bone beads about his neck; at the back of his neck hung a little bag of tobacco, which he smoked and gave to the Pilgrims to smoke. His face was painted a deep red; his head and face were so covered with oil that he "looked greasily." His warriors were tall and strong, and were painted, some black, some red, some yellow, and some white.

The chief and his warriors went marching slowly along the narrow street and into the large log cabin. A great noise was made with a trumpet, and some of the men fired their muskets. Governor Bradford did the honors. He kissed the chief's hand, and Massasoit kissed the governor, and then they sat down for a talk. The Indian chief sat on a green mat, with some cushions placed round him.

Massasoit was greatly pleased with his reception. A copper chain and some beads were given to him. He said he would live in peace with his white-faced friends. The redskin chief kept his word. The treaty was kept sacred for more than fifty years.

Squanto liked to tell his Indian friends about the white-faced settlers. He said the Pilgrims kept gunpowder in the cellars of the log cabins; in the same place, he said, where the plague was kept. If an Indian did any harm to the strangers, the plague would be let loose to destroy every redskin along the coast.

The Pilgrims owed a good deal of money to their friends in England; for they had been obliged to run into debt to fit out the Mayflower. After a while they coasted along the shore to trade with the Indians for furs and corn. On such trips Squanto was a great help as pilot. Late one fall, about two years after Squanto came to live with the Pilgrims, he sailed with his friends outside of Cape Cod as far as the elbow. This place is now known as Chatham. Here the Indians were shy of the strangers, but Squanto at last induced them to sell eight hogsheads of corn and beans.

Poor Squanto! On this trip he was taken with a fever and died in a few days. Before he died he gave some of his things to his English friends as keepsakes. His last words were, "Pray that the Indian Squanto may go to the white man's heaven."

Chapter 5

Three Glimpses at the Heart of the Native American

On the 28th of October, Richard Garrett, a shoemaker of Boston, and one of his daughters, and four other persons went towards Plymouth in a shallop. Mr. Garrett started against the advice of his friends, as cold weather was at hand.

They were driven out to sea by a high wind, and the boat took in much water, which began to freeze.

They gave themselves up for lost, commended themselves to God, and waited for death.

At last one espied land near Cape Cod. They hoisted a part of their sail and were driven through the rocks to the shore.

A part of the company landed, but some of them found their feet frozen into the ice so that they could not move them until cut out.

They kindled a fire, but having no hatchet they could secure but little wood to feed it, and were forced to lie in the open air all night. The weather was severely cold for the season, and their sufferings were extreme.

The next morning two of them set out on foot for Plymouth, which they supposed to be near, but which was really fifty miles distant.

On their way they met two Indian squaws. These, in going to their wigwam, said to the braves—

"We have seen Englishmen."

"They are shipwrecked," said the Indians. "Let us go in search of them, and bring them to our wigwam."

The company was soon overtaken by the friendly Indians, and returned with them to their wigwam, where they were provided with warmth and food.

One of the Indians offered to lead the two men to Plymouth, and another started to find the members of the company left behind, and to relieve them, if possible.

This faithful Indian found the lost travellers at last in great distress, at a distance of some seven miles.

"I will go back and get a hatchet," he said, "and I will build you a wigwam."

Back, a seven miles' walk, on that cold day plodded the Indian, and returned as soon as he could with the hatchet. He built a shelter for the sufferers, and got them wood to feed the fire.



Indian Rescue, Asher Brown Durand

They were so weak and frozen as to be scarcely able to move.

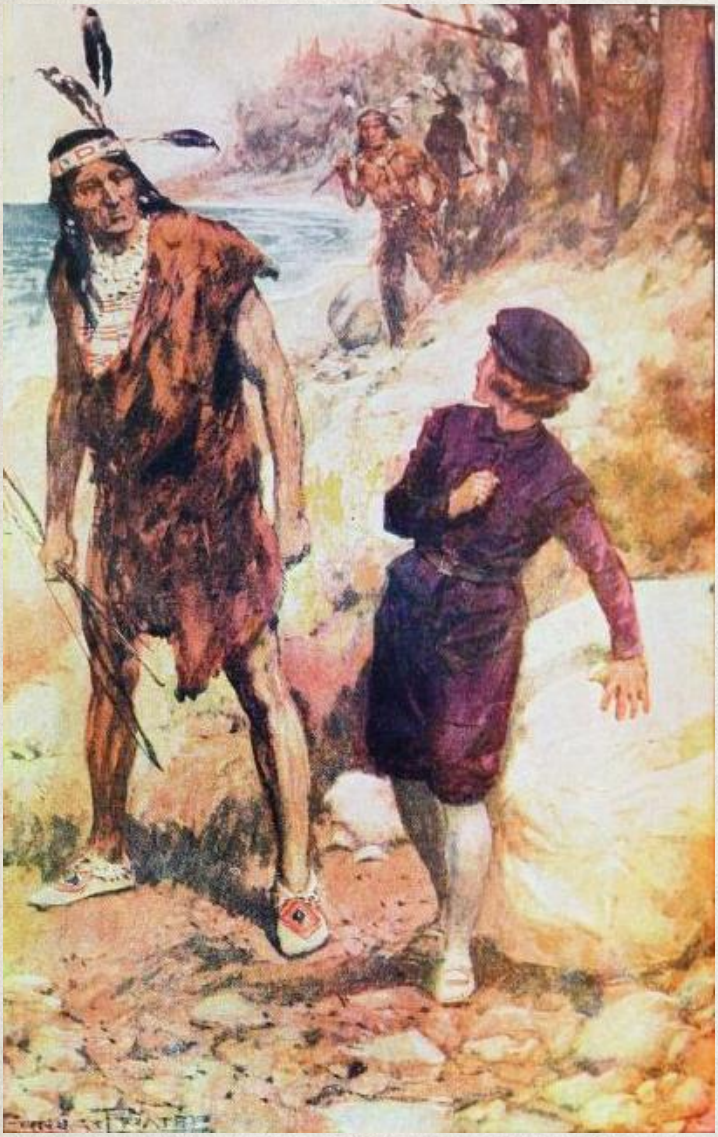
Garrett, the leader of the adventure, was one of the disabled party left behind at this place. In two days he died.

The ground was frozen so hard that they could not dig a grave for him, but the good Indian succeeded in cutting a hole about half a yard deep, and in this he laid the body and covered it with

boughs to protect it from the wolves.

What hours of anguish were these, and what a messenger of mercy proved that one faithful Indian!

After a time a party arrived from Plymouth to rescue them. Another of the company died, his legs being "mortified with frost." The two men who went towards Plymouth died, one of them on his journey thither, and the other soon after his arrival. But the Indian guide led the English to the surviving sufferers. The girl escaped with the least injury. The survivors were taken back to Boston in a boat. They were supposed by the colonists there to have been lost.



Would they scalp him? Would they torture him by fire?
(An Illustration from *The Argonauts of Faith*
by Basil Joseph Mathews)

Aspinet, sagamore of the Nausets, was the first open enemy encountered by the Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony.

He had suffered a grievous wrong at the hands of the English, before the Pilgrims came, and this was the cause of his hostility.

In 1614 one Hunt, a trader, sailing along the coast in search of fish, kidnapped twenty-four Indians belonging to Patuxet or Plymouth. He enticed them to his vessel by false pretences and promises, and caused them to be secured in a very brutal manner. Twelve of these Indians were Nausets, under the sachemship of Aspinet.

In the summer of 1621, a little boy belonging to one of the families of Plymouth Colony strayed into the forests that then covered Massachusetts, and lost his way.

He at last met an old Indian, and indicated his distress to him by his gestures and his tears. The Indian treated him kindly, and gave him food, and took him along with him, till they came to a most lovely expanse of water that lay by the sea.

There was great excitement in Plymouth Colony when it became certain that the boy was lost. The colonists were very suspicious of the Indians, well knowing how much cause for hostile feeling towards the English had been given them by Hunt and by other early adventurers.

A company of colonists, under the leadership of Edward Winslow, set out from Plymouth in search of the lost boy. They hoped to find him among the friendly natives near the settlement, but much feared that he had fallen into the hands of Aspinet, who, they believed, would kill him, in retaliation for the injuries that the coast Indians had suffered.

The party sailed along the coast until they came to Cummaquid, where they anchored in a sheltered body of water, near the fishing huts of the Mattakees. The chief of this territory was a young man named Gyanough. His manners were so courteous and gentle, and his disposition so amiable and pacific, that he made himself greatly beloved by his own people and by the neighboring tribes. The English, who were his neighbors, bestowed upon him the appellation, "The Courteous Sachem of Cummaquid." His sachemship extended over the Indians inhabiting the country known now as the eastern part of Barnstable, and the western part of Yarmouth, in Massachusetts.

During the night, the tide fell so low as to leave them aground. In the morning they discovered some of Gyanough's Indians on the shore, and they sent Squanto, an Indian interpreter, to them, to inform them of the object of their visit, and of their friendly disposition.

"Have you any tidings of a lost English boy?" asked Squanto.

"We have heard of him. He was found wandering in the woods by a fisherman. He is well."

"Where is he now?"

"At Nauset, with Aspinet."

The English now thought it prudent to land, and to make Gyanough a visit. The Indians seemed greatly delighted with the proposal, and a part of them voluntarily remained with the boatmen as hostages, while the others conducted the strangers to the rural palace.

Gyanough received them in a very courteous manner, and ordered a feast to be spread for them. He assured them of the safety of the missing boy, and did not seem to doubt that Aspinet would receive the English kindly, and deal with them justly.

The English spent a few hours with Gyanough, and then sailed for Nauset, to recover the missing boy.

Nauset, or Namskeket, was a favorite resort of the Wampanoag Indians, who came there to gather shell-fish from the immense quantities that filled the picturesque shores. As soon as the English arrived, which was on a lovely summer afternoon, they sent Squanto to the royal residence of Aspinet, to acquaint the chief with their errand, and to ask the favor of a friendly interview.

Aspinet received Squanto kindly, and, as he was too noble an Indian to take advantage of an accident or a misfortune for the purpose of revenge, he at once promised to pay the English a friendly visit at a place near the coast.

It was sunset, and the fair summer light was fading on the calm sea. Just as the shadows were growing dark on the eastern slopes of the hills, Aspinet appeared, followed by a great train of warriors. He was richly ornamented, and his followers were bedecked with all the insignia of barbarian splendor. Upon his great shoulders, glittering with beads and wampum, the noble-hearted chief carried the little boy.

The child's heart was filled with joy, and he held his hands aloft with emotion, when he saw from the glimmering hilltop the English sail on the beautiful sea.

Aspinet came down to the water's edge, bearing the delighted child, and followed by a hundred braves. The English were waiting to receive him in their boat, that was anchored in the shallow

water near the shore. The chieftain did not stop for a canoe to convey him to them. He came wading through the water until he reached the English, then taking the boy from his shoulders, he placed him upon the deck. The boy wore on his neck a most beautiful ornament of Indian beads.

The following striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a township, where a number of families settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against the Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown at the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly afterwards he went to some of the inhabitants, and said to them, "When white man's child die, Indian man be sorry—he help bury him: when my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone—I can't live here."

He gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canada Indians.



Indian Lament, unknown author

Chapter 6

John Winthrop

1588-1649

"When his life shall have been adequately written he will be recognized as one of the very noblest figures in American history." John Fiske.

On a calm, clear April morning many years ago three high-sterned, square-rigged ships were slipping out of the English channel, their prows headed west. Cowes and Yarmouth had long been left behind, the Needles were far astern, and the misty coastline of England became less and less distinct to starboard, as one by one the little ships steered into the broader waters of the widening channel.



Portrait of John Winthrop, Charles Osgood

It was good-by to home at last; and men, women, and children hung gazing over the rail, curious, hopeful, regretful, determined, or sad, as their natures and desires varied.

Suddenly, through the startled air, down from the masthead of the "Arbella," admiral of the fleet, came the warning cry of the watcher in the top, "Hello! the deck!"

"Ay, ay! What d'ye see aloft?" went back the response to the topman's hail.

"Eight sail, sir; well astern," the lookout reported. "Look like Dunkirkers, sir."

Up from his cabin bustled Capt. Peter Milbourne, master and part owner of the "Arbella." He had heard the report.

"Eight of 'em, eh?" he remarked, peering under shaggy eyebrows to where, far astern, the keen eyes of the lookout in the top had marked the suspicious sail. "Must be those Cap'n Lowe told us he had seen off Dunnose last night."

He studied the weather with anxious eye. The wind came light, though fairly steady, from the north, but the practised skipper could see unmistakable signs of dropping. He turned to one of his company, a staid but pleasant-faced gentleman of two and forty, plainly though richly dressed, who, with a boy at either hand, was looking off toward the filmy, almost imperceptible outlines of the menacing masts far astern.

"Well, governor, what say you?" Captain Milbourne demanded.

"You think them to be Dunkirkers?" queried the governor.

"Like as not, like as not, sir," the skipper replied. "The Spaniards are swarming along shore hereabouts, from Dunkirk to the Lizard. Cap'n Lowe saw a good ten of 'em off Dunnose last night, he said. Yonder rascals may be 'em. I warned you of the risk, you know, governor."

"I know, I know; and we took the risk, you as well as I," the governor replied. "But, for the end, we must be knit together in this work as one man. Therefore, Master Milbourne, we are in your hands. What you say, we do."

"Then, if needs must, it's fight," the skip-per declared stoutly." They have the wind of us, and can show a better foot than we can heels. Mate, clear the deck for action; un-sling the hammocks, free the gun-room, have the ordnance well shotted, hoist up the powder-chests and fireworks, order out the small-arms, quarter the landsmen among the seamen, let twenty-five act as marksmen, and have every man told off for his quarter. Then let 'em come. We'll give the Dons as good as they send, or my name is not Peter Milbourne."

"Master of the 'Arbella' and admiral of the fleet!" added the governor with emphasis. "Count every landsman among us a fighter, master. 'Twas hereabouts that Englishmen laid the Armada by the heels, thanks to God's mercy, the very year I was born. With the Lord's help we may do it again this day. Shall I bid those of us who may not fight—the women and children, master—to go below?"

"Not yet, not yet, governor," the watchful skipper replied. "The Dons are far astern yet and the wind may shift. They can't be a-foul of us for hours, even if this wind holds."

Little Adam, the younger of the two boys, looked up at the governor, his father, with wide-open eyes.

"Don't let them come, sir, the wicked Spaniards. I am afraid," he said. "Oh, send them off, sir! You are the governor."

His brother, the twelve-year-old Stephen, regarded the smaller boy with the lofty superiority of three years' seniority.

"Be not afraid, Adam, while father and I are here," he said. "My fowling-piece is in the great cabin. Shall not Adam go below to the Lady Arbella, father? I will stay here and fight the Dons with you."

Capt. Peter Milbourne laughed the sailor's hearty laugh and clapped the governor's son on the shoulder.

"Spoken like a chip of the old block, lad," he cried. "The governor will make you general of his forces when he is come to New England. There's spirit for you, governor."

"Pray Heaven there be no fighting, lads!" the governor made answer. "But if the Spaniards come, my brave Stephen shall rather keep up the little lad's heart below the decks. There is duty every-where, my son," he added. But Stephen already, had scampered to fetch his fowling-piece.

So through the morning the preparation for fight went on; but, even as noon came, the light



Capt. Peter Milbourne laughed and clapped the governor's son on the shoulder.
(An Illustration from *Historic Americans* by E. S. Brooks)

north wind dropped, as the captain had feared, and the sea lay calm. What little wind there was held with the pursuing craft, and nearer and nearer they came.

Then the "Arbella" signalled her consorts, the "Talbot," the "Ambrose" and the "Jewel;" and as they drew together Captain Milbourne hailed the other masters and bade them clear for action too.

On each of the little ships the preparations for defence went quickly forward. Upon the "Arbella" the cabin houses were taken down so as to give a clear deck to the guns; bedding and other inflammable stuffs were tossed overboard; the longboats were made ready for launching, and the crew and landsmen drawn up for action. The governor was foremost in all these musterings; and for one of them Captain Milbourne made ready a fire-ball which he shot across the water to try the marksmen at the fire-arrow. The governor went about exhorting, enlivening, and strengthening, bidding the men stand fast for God and England, and seeing that the women and children were removed to the lower deck for safety and security. And so brave were his words, so lofty was his spirit, so serene his faith in the issue, that something of his courage and steadfastness was communicated to all on board that threatened ship; for, as he himself assures us, "it was much to see how cheerful and comfortable all the company appeared; not a woman or child that showed fear, though all did apprehend the danger to have been great if things proved as might be well expected." So much may one great-hearted leader do toward strengthening those who rely upon him.

All being at last ready, as he had comforted the women in the cabin, he now inspired the men on deck; for, when they were ready to fight, then the governor addressed them.

"They are eight against four, my brothers," he said, "and the least of them, so our captain reports, carries thirty brass pieces. But we have beaten back the Spaniards before, even as our fathers, by God's grace, overthrew the Armada. Trust me, we shall do it again, for our trust is in the Lord of Hosts and the care and courage of our captain. Quit ye like men, my brothers, and neither Spain nor Dunkirkers shall prevail against us."

And then, the governor tells us, "We all went to prayer upon the upper deck."

Strengthened by the governor's brave words and stout bearing, the whole company awaited the issue in confidence, while plucky Captain Milbourne, audacious in his devices, suddenly gave order to the whole little fleet to come about and boldly sail straight against the foe.

"If we fight, we fight," he said, "and let us begin it. I'll have this over before night comes down, for delay is ever dangerous. The Englishman's to-day is better than the Don's to-morrow."

So, straight against the foe they sailed at high noon of that April day. The gunners stood at their pieces, matches in hand. Seamen, landsmen, gentlemen, and comrades ranged themselves for fight, conscious of their danger, yet grimly resolved to defend valiantly to the last their precious freight of women and children and the cause they upheld. For the governor had put spirit into them all.

The league of distance lessened to a mile, to a half, to a quarter; and then captains and gunners, gentlemen and seamen, echoed the glad cry that came from the watchers in the tops.

"Friends! They are friends!" was the cry, and Captain Milbourne led off his men in a ringing English cheer caught up and echoed by both the nearing fleets.

"Ship, ahoy!" he shouted as the foremost vessels drew together. "Where from and whither bound?" And soon they knew them all for friends indeed—the "Little Neptune" of twenty guns, with her two consorts, bound for the Straits, a ship of Flushing, a Frenchman, and three other English ships, bound for Canada and Newfoundland.

And, as they met, each ship saluted; the musketeers fired their pieces in air; greetings and god-speeds were exchanged; the "Arbella" and her consorts tacked about and headed again for the open sea, while the governor said, "God be praised!" and hurried below to join his little sons, reassure the Lady Arbella and the other women of his company, and write down in his journal the whole exciting story of that day's adventure and how, again, "God be praised," he wrote, "our fear and danger were turned into mirth and friendly entertainment!"

And this is our introduction to the Worshipful John Winthrop, gentleman, late of Groton, England, but now, in this year of grace 1630, governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, of which Emigration Company those four small ships were the advance fleet, bound for that wild and scarcely known section of the western world called New England.

A faithful keeper of a journal was the Worshipful Governor John Winthrop, and it is because of that remarkable diary that the world to-day knows so much of the Puritans of New England, and, reading between the lines, can so well acquaint itself with the bearing, the character, and the wisdom of that great and noble American, John Winthrop, of Boston town—"the forerunner," so the English historian Doyle assures us, "of Washington and Hamilton."

The coming of John Winthrop and his Puritans to Boston was not like the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. For they landed near the famous rock in midwinter, when

> "The woods against a stormy sky
> Their giant branches tost;"

but Governor John Winthrop's Puritan emigrants went ashore in strawberry-time, when all the fair land along Massachusetts bay looks brightest and greenest—in beautiful June—and when, after a few weeks at his first settlement, called Charlestown, he could write to his scarcely less famous son, still in England, that he could see but little difference between Old and New England. "Here is as

good land," he wrote, "as I have seen there, but none so bad as there. Here is sweet air, fair rivers, and plenty of springs, and the water better than in England."

But sorry days were in store for the governor and his companions. Unused to the harsh New England winter that came in due season many sickened and died—pneumonia then as now being the fatal visitor. Among others his diary records the early death of the fair dame for whom had been named the ship that had brought over the governor; in which she, too, had been a passenger when, with the governor's consent, the little vessel had come about and sailed straight in the teeth of the supposed Spaniards. This was the gracious and gentle Lady Arbella Johnson, of whom Cotton Mather, the great Puritan preacher, quaintly and touchingly said, "She took New England on her way to heaven."

But times bettered as the days went by. The hermit clergyman, the Rev. William Blackstone, who had a farm across the river on what is now Beacon hill in Boston, told the governor of an excellent spring-lot near his farm, where now stands the big granite Boston post-office, and, so says Winthrop's diary, "the governor, with Mr. Wilson and the greatest part of the church, removed thither; whither also the frame of the governor's house was carried. There people began to build their houses against the winter; and this place was called Boston."

That very summer of 1631 brought over the governor's dear wife, Margaret Winthrop, a gracious and in many respects a remarkable woman. How glad the governor was his faithful diary records. For it tells how the governor went down to Nantasket to meet his wife and children; how they were received with salutes as they landed; and how all the people welcomed Mrs. Winthrop so heartily that, as the proud governor records, "the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England." Even Governor Bradford, of Plymouth (another remarkable man who also kept a remarkable diary), came to pay a visit of congratulation to "his much-honored and beloved friend, the governor of Massachusetts,"—for in that day Plymouth of the Pilgrims was a distinct settlement from Boston of the Puritans.

From that time until his death, in 1649, John Winthrop, with but a few breaks, was governor of Massachusetts. With the same serene and even disposition that we see in Washington, Lincoln, and other great men, he met with patience all the worries, disasters, and troubles, and welcomed with modesty all the joys and triumphs, that came to the governor of a new and growing settlement, to which flocked all manner of men, and in which were all sorts of opinions. There were rivalries and disputes which only he could settle; there were differences of political opinion and religious belief which called for his wisest counsel and calmest decision; there were troubles within and without the borders of the little colony that demanded sometimes stern measures, and sometimes cautious handling, by this clear-headed, large-hearted, noble-minded man.

Winthrop's reputation in England as a responsible and honorable man, as a man of business ability, firmness, justice, and wise administration, made men believe in the future of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and influenced the large emigration that came over the sea to Boston. The colony he had organized grew and prospered; and though it went through many experiences in bigotry, selfishness, and unwise legislation, it is well to remember that to none of these was John Winthrop a party, although, frequently and against his better judgment, he felt the wisdom of compromise, and knew that peace and prosperity could only come by yielding to the will of the majority. He let Roger Williams go, consented to the banishment of Anne Hutchinson, and did not agree with the

methods of young Sir Harry Vane. But for every such action he had a good reason, and above even his own desires he placed the welfare and unity of the colony. Under his wise administration the Massachusetts Bay Colony "grew and waxed strong;" settlements sprang up along the curving shore of the bay and pushed boldly toward the hill-country to the west; while, for all the firm footing and dawning prosperity of its early days, the Bay State may ever remember with reverence and pride the steadfast, loyal, level-headed, and great-hearted governor whom men have rightfully called "The Father of Massachusetts."

During one of the breaks in his own service, when his bitterest rival, Thomas Dudley, was governor, certain charges were brought against Winthrop because, as magistrate, he had sent to jail certain offenders against the law. His action had been just and lawful, but he appeared in answer to the complaint and refused to sit upon the bench, to which seat of honor his rank entitled him. The place for an accused prisoner, he said, was within the bar, and there he sat "uncovered" while for weeks the trial or "impeachment," as it was termed, went on.

He was acquitted, of course, for he was in the right and his accusers were in the wrong. They were punished by fines and censure, and then only, his trial over, did Winthrop consent to take his proper seat on the bench.

But as he did so he asked permission to make "a little speech;" and that speech has lived to this day as one of the noblest utterances of America, fit to be classed with Washington's farewell address and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. Wise, calm, forcible, dignified, and convincing, it is noble in its language, direct in its argument, patriotic in its motive, and almost prophetic in its statement. For in that speech, which is really a definition of true liberty, John Winthrop voiced the same high sentiment which, one hundred and thirty years later, led the patriots of the American Revolution to make their immortal stand for justice, liberty, and right.

"There are two kinds of liberty," said John Winthrop in this remarkable speech. "One is



Sculpture of John Winthrop in the National Statuary Hall Collection, Washington D.C.

natural liberty, common to man and beast alike, which is incompatible with authority and cannot endure restraint. This liberty," he said, "if unrestrained, makes men grow more evil, and it is the great enemy of truth and peace, needing the laws of God and man to restrain and subdue it." This is the fancied liberty that reckless and evil men, in our own day, falsely call liberty, and seek to break down just and proper laws in their efforts to obtain it. It is not liberty; it is license.

"The other kind of liberty," said noble John Winthrop, "I call civil, or federal; it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to do that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for with the hazard not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosses this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

Is not this a noble and righteous utterance of a great truth? How noble, right, and true it was, and how deeply it was burned into the hearts of all true patriots and loyal Americans, you can see if you will read this verse from a notable poem, spoken in the days of the Republic's stress by a young and patriotic American, two hundred and sixteen years after John Winthrop had made his "little speech;" it was spoken, too, within the walls of that very college "at Cambridge, in Massachusetts," which John Winthrop helped to found:

> "Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow;
> O Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou!
> One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green,
> And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the waters in;
> Friends whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe,
> Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace that grow.
> O fair ideas! we write your names across our banner's fold;
> For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the coward bold;
> O, daughter of the bleeding past! O, hope the prophets saw!
> God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law!"

And how like an echo of the great Puritan governor's solemn words—"This liberty you are to stand for with the hazard not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be"—sounds that brave closing assurance of the immortal Declaration of Independence, of July 4, 1776: "For the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor"! how like its echo too rings the closing verse of that same Commencement poem in the battle-year of 1861:

> "O, mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears ye fain would shed,
> Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead;
> They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust, and song,
> And Nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.
> O, length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for;
> There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war:
> Oppression with his iron strength fed on the souls of men,

And License with the hungry brood that haunts his ghastly den;
But, like bright stars, ye fill the eye, adoring hearts ye draw,
O, sacred grace of Liberty! O, majesty of Law!"

So the centuries clasp hands, and the words of the great governor live again in the hearts of all true Americans to-day. "It is the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ has made us free," said John Winthrop in 1640. "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and act, the war in Cuba must stop," wrote William McKinley in 1898. Liberty is not license, for liberty is law.

Twelve times was John Winthrop elected governor of Massachusetts. As governor, magistrate, and soldier he gave to the organizing, upbuilding, and development of that struggling but successful colony the life and strength, the grace and wisdom, of twenty busy years, and when on the twenty-sixth of March, 1649, aged only sixty-one, he died at his house on Spring lane, in Boston (where to-day stands the tall Winthrop building), all the colony mourned. "A governor," said Cotton Mather, the preacher, "who had been unto us as a mother, parent-like distributing his goods to brethren and neighbors at his first coming, and gently bearing our infirmities without taking notice of them."

What he did for his colony has blessed all America. His hatred of intolerance, his bold stand for freedom of speech, his wisdom and generosity in business methods, his leniency and brotherliness toward all, his devotion to duty whether it were small or great, his high respect for law, his passionate love of liberty, his honesty in business difficulties, his silence under abuse, his modesty in victory, his courtesy toward strangers, his devotion to his family, his loyalty to his friends, his great desire for unity among all the American colonies, his firm faith in the future of the land he had made his home, his detestation of bigotry, his courage in time of danger, his serenity, his diligence, his public spirit, his self-denial, and his foresight—all unite in making him not alone a great man, but a great and historic American, worthy to stand, as one of his chroniclers declares, "as a parallel to Washington."

Chapter 7

Roger Williams

1603–1683 Rhode Island

The Puritans had given up their homes in old England and faced the hardships of an unsettled country because they held their religion dearer than anything else in the world. Since freedom to worship in their own way had cost so much, they wished to be sure of not losing it.

So they made very strict laws. In these they said:

"Every one must go to the Puritan Church. No one shall vote or take any part in the government except members of that church."

But some of the Puritans did not like these laws. Among them was Roger Williams, a young minister recently come to the settlement. He was much loved for his gentle and noble qualities, but he alarmed the Boston elders by the freedom of his views. He went, therefore, to Plymouth, where they made him assistant to the pastor, and later he went as pastor to the church in Salem.



Roger Williams seeking refuge among the Indians, (An Illustration from Our Greater Country by H. D. Northrop)

It was while he was in Salem that he said openly many things which the Puritans of Boston did not like. Imagine their dismay at hearing one of their own number say to them and to the world: "You do not own the land you live on; it belongs to the Indians." And again: "You have no right to tax people to support a church to which they do not belong. Nor have you any right to force people to go to church. Every man should be allowed to settle with his own conscience whether he will go to your church, or whether he will go to any church."

He was only speaking what he believed to be the truth, but the Puritans feared he would break up the spirit of union among them, and therefore thought him unsafe. They had suffered so much to settle a place where they could make their own laws that they could not allow any one to talk against them. Such a person as this young minister, if not of their mind, should go

elsewhere, they thought, and leave them to carry out their own ideas.

Roger Williams Forced to Leave the Colony

They held a council and decided to send him back to England. But as he was too ill to go at that time, they gave him permission to stay in the colony through the winter if he would not preach.

As soon as he grew stronger, however, his Salem friends began to visit him and spend much time in discussion. Many came around much to his way of thinking. So the Puritans, fearing his influence in the colony, determined to send him at once to England, and a ship was then in the harbor about to sail.

When Roger Williams received notice that he was to go, he bade a hasty good-by to his wife and two children—one a little girl two years old and the other a baby—and three days later, when the men who were to escort him to the ship arrived at his home, he was not there.

He had set out for the home of Massasoit, who lived near Mount Hope, seventy or eighty miles to the south. He had made friends with this Indian chief and also with other Indians while living at Plymouth.

The outlook was dark. It was midwinter, and the snow lay deep on the ground. As no road had been cut through the forest, he had to depend on his compass for a guide. To keep from freezing, he carried an axe to chop wood and a flint and steel to kindle fires.

This long journey in extremely cold weather was indeed a severe trial to the lonely traveller, still weak from his recent illness.

The Indian chief welcomed him to his cabin, and there Roger Williams passed the rest of the winter.



Engraved print depicting Roger Williams meeting with the Narragansett Indians, James Charles Armytage

The Settlement of Rhode Island

When spring came, he left Massasoit and went to seek a new place of settlement. He started out in a frail canoe for a place called Seekonk, but he tells us that Governor Winthrop wrote him to go to the land of the Narragansetts, which would be free from English claims.

Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts, is said to have loved as a son this fair-minded young man who defended the Indians' claim to their land; and he made him a gift of the island

lying across Narragansett Bay.

The Indians told him where there was a good spring of water, and, with five or six friends who had joined him, Roger Williams went there and made a settlement. He called it Providence, because of God's mercy to him in his time of danger. This was the beginning of Rhode Island, a colony where all men, no matter what might be their religion, were welcome.

Roger Williams believed he was right in taking the bold stand that the Puritans should not force their religion upon any one.

It took much courage to stand up against the Puritan laws in a Puritan community. He knew that in doing so he was risking the comfort of himself and his loved ones, and that he might suffer the loss of home and friends. But he believed that men should be governed in their religious faith only by their own conscience, and was willing to suffer himself if in so doing he was able to help on religious freedom for others.

He wanted to build up a community where each man might be free to act in matters of religion according to his own best motives; and in giving up his comfort and well-being to found such a state he was a true patriot.



Sculpture of John Winthrop in the National Statuary Hall Collection, Washington D.C.

Chapter 8

Thomas Hooker

1586-1647 Connecticut

If we could go back to the early summer of 1636, and look down from some lofty height upon the valley of the Connecticut River, we might see, one day in June, a pleasing sight. A group of about one hundred men, women, and children are travelling on foot through the leafy wilderness and approaching the banks of the river at the place we now call Hartford.

They have with them all their belongings. Their household goods are piled high in carts drawn by big, patient oxen, and before them they drive their cows and other domestic animals. One of their number, the wife of the leader, being ill, rides in a litter carried on the shoulders of two stalwart



Hooker and Company Journeying through the Wilderness from Plymouth to Hartford, in 1636, Frederic Edwin Church

men. The children are laughing and skipping along or sedately walking beside their elders.

The sky is cloudless, the trees are in fresh, new foliage, and the air is sweet with the blossoms of wild honeysuckle already dropping its petals on the grass. When the lowing herds of cattle stop to browse on the green shoots along the way, the children run to urge them on.

Who are the travellers, and from what place do they come?

They are a company of settlers from the Massachusetts colony, seeking new homes in the Connecticut Valley.

Thomas Hooker, the tall, majestic man you notice, is their minister and leader. They have come from Newtown, journeying forth like Roger Williams in quest of greater freedom than the Puritans allow.

They have been two weeks on the way. This life in the open has been a new experience to them, used as they once were to much ease of living in old England.

But the preaching of their minister has kept them in good heart during their tiresome journey, and they are happy in the thought of the freedom they will have in their new homes.



Thomas Hooker and His Friends reach the Connecticut, unknown author

As they approach the place where Hartford now stands, they are much pleased with its beauty. The rolling hills, the broad, peaceful river and its banks wooded with oaks, elms, and tulip-trees, the rich, green meadows, the wigwams of the Indians, and here and there the few log cabins of earlier settlers, all make a restful sight for the eyes of the tired travellers. It is here on the beautiful banks of the Connecticut that Thomas Hooker, the apostle of free government, is to make real his dream.

The People to Govern Themselves

From its first settlement, Hartford seems to go quietly and steadily on its way. It has its share of troubles within and without, but around the little meeting-house as a centre, the colony strikes its

roots deep into the soil, and becomes the first-fruits of free government, as Thomas Hooker understands it, that is, "government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

In the meeting-house here, on Sundays, at the call of the church-bell, passing through armed guards at the door, the pious and steadfast people meet for worship. The men sit on one side, the women and children on the other, all ranked in the order of their importance in the community. The burning eloquence of their pastor keeps faith and courage alive and greatly strengthens them for their weekly duties.

On week-days, when a road is to be cut, or a bridge built, or some other public matter attended to, it is in the meeting-house again that all the freemen assemble to cast their votes—yes or no—each according to his wisdom and judgment.

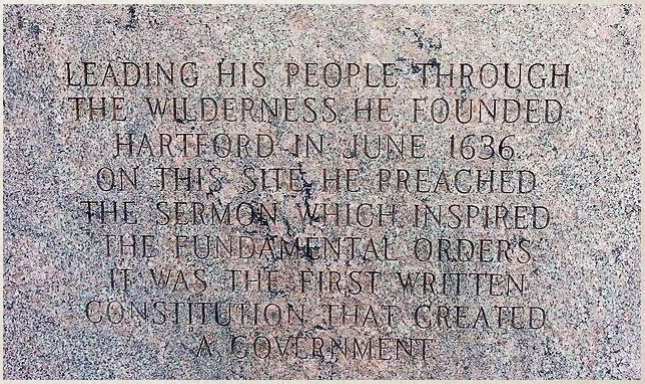
In all the affairs of the colony, both of religion and government, Thomas Hooker is their leader. He is gentle and loving in spirit, especially to the poor, yet he can be severe to those whom he believes unworthy. His religion is warm and glowing, and makes itself felt in the daily affairs of the colony.

This far-sighted patriot is a man of much learning, of strong will, and deep sense of justice. He has no liking for a community where only church members can vote or hold office. He believes that all are happier if they have a voice in making the laws. Under his rule the first written constitution in America is drafted.

All that he values most he cheerfully gives in the cause of freedom; and in giving each man, church member or not, a share in the government, he helps on the cause of freedom for all men. For this great service to mankind we should never cease to honor the memory of Thomas Hooker.



Above: Statue of Thomas Hooker by Frances Laughlin Wadsworth, Hartford, Connecticut.
Below: Engraved on the base of the statue.



Chapter 9

Anne Hutchinson

1591-1643

Anne Marbury was an English girl who lived in Lincolnshire, near the town of Boston. Her father was a Puritan minister, preaching there and in London. In Lincolnshire Anne passed her girlhood, doubtless hearing a great deal of theological controversy and religious discussion, for this was the time of the Puritan revolt in England, and of great religious excitement. Naturally intelligent and earnest, her mental powers were aroused and quickened.

At an early age she married William Hutchinson, "a very honest and peaceable man of good estate." And in 1634 with her husband and children she journeyed to America—the outcome of the Reverend John Cotton's leaving England because of his persecution by the bishops. Anne Hutchinson had been one of his most ardent disciples in the church at old Boston, and was now to sit under him in the new Boston.

It was a pleasant voyage of seven weeks, in the good ship Griffen. There were over a hundred passengers, among them two ministers, so you may be sure there were sermons and prayers and religious discussions all during the crossing. Indeed Mistress Anne Hutchinson was so outspoken in her doctrines that, when they landed, one of these ministers reported her to the governor as holding dangerous beliefs. Though her husband was accepted at once, the colony leaders took a week's time to look into her liberal views, and then examined her rigorously before admitting her to membership in the church.

For Massachusetts, you remember, was settled by Puritans who had met persecution in England, and had braved the dangers of the long voyage and the greater dangers of hunger and illness in a new land, in order to worship God in their own way. In accomplishing this they became as intolerant as those from whom they had fled. Indeed there was a far closer relation of church and state in Massachusetts than in England. The only liberty the fathers allowed was the liberty to believe just as they believed. They were right, others were wrong, and on this theory they regulated everything, both religious and civil.

Until their own house could be built, Mistress Anne Hutchinson and some of the children lived at the Reverend Cotton's; and for the three years the family remained in Boston, their home was across the street from John Winthrop's. Almost immediately this house became the social center of the town and Anne Hutchinson had a leading place among the three hundred inhabitants and the fast friendship of the brilliant young Englishman, Sir Harry Vane, then serving a term as governor of the colony. The women loved her for her goodness of heart, her cheerful neighborliness, her great

skill in nursing. Both men and women welcomed her intellectual and magnetic personality. She had a vigorous mind, a dauntless courage, a natural gift for leadership; she was capable, energetic, amiable.

And there was another reason why the women liked her. The colonists had two church services on Sunday, with sermons sometimes three hours long; Thursday lectures, and a Saturday night meeting. There was also during the week religious discussion for the men. Mrs. Hutchinson started meetings for women—a new departure, for never before had women met for independent thought and action. At first this won high approval. The women—forty, sixty, sometimes eighty of them, even a hundred, for they came from near-by towns as well as from Boston homes—were soon holding regular meetings to review the sermons of the Sunday before, with Mistress Anne's comment and interpretation.

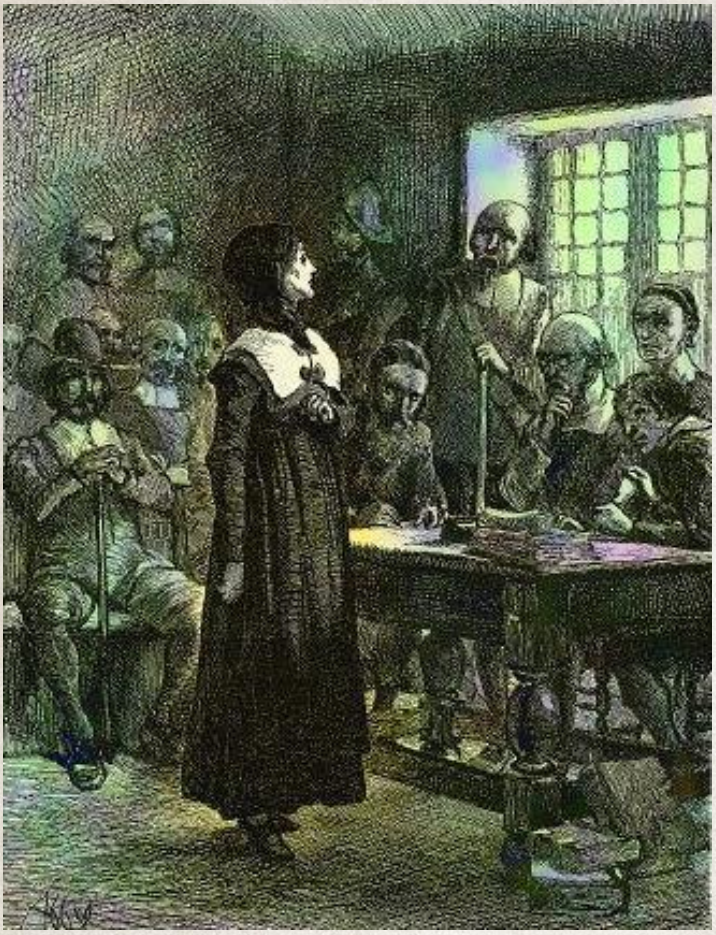
"All the faithful embraced her conference," a contemporary record describes the gatherings, "and blessed God for her fruitful discourses."

But from a review of the sermons to discussion and criticism of them and the ministers as well was a short step. It soon began to be said that Anne Hutchinson cast reproaches on those who preached "a covenant by works" instead of the "covenant by grace" in which she fervently believed. Such freedom of speech could not be tolerated by the good Puritans, and a theological dispute arose which threatened the very life of the colony. There were two parties, grace and works. Politics became a matter of Hutchinson opinions, for political lines and religious lines coincided exactly. Indeed there was no separation of church and state; the leaders of one controlled the policy of the other.

From the beginning of the colony the preachers had had an unlimited influence. Now they complained that "more resort to Mrs. Hutchinson for council about matters of conscience than to any minister in the country." Moreover this grace and works difficulty was carried into every phase of life. Some people turned their backs contemptuously and walked out of meeting when a preacher not under a covenant of grace entered the pulpit. Others interrupted the services with questions of controversy. Indeed it was carried so far that when the Pequot Indians became aggressive and dangerous and it was necessary to send troops against them, the Boston soldiers refused to be mustered into service, because the chaplain, drawn by lot, preached a covenant of works, and they disagreed with his Sunday sermon! The whole town of Boston, the whole colony of Massachusetts, church and state, were set in commotion and turmoil. This theological quarrel was a stumbling block in the way of all progress.

The ministers so freely criticized were embittered and determined to call Mistress Hutchinson and her doctrines to account. So they summoned a synod, all the clergymen and magistrates of Massachusetts, who met in Cambridge for full three weeks, discussing some eighty-two opinions which they condemned—some as dangerous, some blasphemous, some erroneous, and all unsafe. The women's meetings were forbidden as "disorderly and without rule."

Forbidden to speak in public Anne Hutchinson continued to hold meetings in her own house. Roger Williams, who was shortly to feel the full displeasure of the Puritan leaders, said that in view of her usefulness as a nurse and a neighbor, she ought to be allowed to speak when she chose and to say what she wished, "because if it be a lie, it will die of itself; and if it be truth, we ought to know it."



Anne Hutchinson on Trial, Edwin Austin Abbey

The authorities in Massachusetts were in constant dread of losing their charter, which was especially endangered by reports of disorderly proceedings. And certainly nothing had provoked so much disorder and sedition as the course taken by Mistress Anne. Both politically and religiously they felt it a duty to suppress her party. So in October, 1637, she was brought to trial before the General Court of Massachusetts, sitting in the meeting-house in Cambridge.

"Mrs. Hutchinson," said Winthrop, presiding, "you are called here as one of those that have troubled the peace of the commonwealth and the churches here… You have maintained a meeting and an assembly in your house that hath been condemned by the general assembly as a thing not tolerable nor comely in the sight of God nor fitting for your sex, and notwithstanding that was cried down you have continued the same. Therefore we have thought good to send for you to understand how things are, that if you be in an erroneous way we may reduce you that so you may become a profitable member here among us, otherwise if you be obstinate in your course that then the court may take such course that you may trouble us no further."

This trial was at once a civil, judicial and ecclesiastical process, lasting through two long weary days. Extremely tiring and exhausting must have been the examination, for the deputy-governor complained that they would all be sick from fasting! The forty-three men who tried her were like an English court of High Commission, almost like the Inquisition. For Anne Hutchinson had no lawyer. They even kept her standing until she almost fell from fatigue, before they allowed her to answer seated.

Governor and deputy, magistrates and judges were arrayed against her. They examined and cross-examined her. They badgered and insulted and sneered at her. They browbeat and silenced her witnesses, in absolute disregard of fair play. Only one man of them all defended her, saying with spirit, "There is no law of God that she has broken, nor any law of the country, and she deserves no censure."

They found it no easy thing to make her trap herself. Their fine theological distinctions were familiar ground to her. She had a ready grasp of scriptural authority, and wonderful skill in using her intellectual power to prove her spiritual position. With the ability and clearness of a trained

advocate she conducted her case, showing tact and judgment and self-reliance, and always with the "demeanor of a lady." What Winthrop described as her "nimble wit and voluble tongue" never deserted her, though she was hard pressed by the keenest minds of the colony.

When they failed to prove her women's meetings opposed to the Bible, they fell back on the argument of their authority and said, "We are your judges, and not you ours, and we must compel you to it."

When she answered to some of their questions, "That's matter of conscience, sir," stern Governor Winthrop replied, "Your conscience you must keep, or it must be kept for you."



Statue of Anne Hutchinson by Cyrus Dallin, Boston, Massachusetts

It was the deputy-governor who summed the whole matter up:

"About three years ago we were all in peace. Mrs. Hutchinson from that time she came hath made a disturbance… She hath vented divers of her strange opinions and hath made parties… She in particular hath disparaged all our ministers… Why this is not to be suffered, and therefore being driven to the foundation and it being found that Mrs. Hutchinson…hath been the cause of what is fallen out, why we must take away the foundation and the building will fall."

The result of the trial might have been announced before it opened. Read how the court record finishes:

"Governor Winthrop: The Court hath already declared itself satisfied concerning the things you hear, and concerning the troublesomeness of her spirit, and the danger of her course amongst us, which is not to be suffered. Therefore if it be the mind of the Court that Mrs. Hutchinson, for these things that appear before us, is unfit for our society, and if it be the mind of the Court that she shall be banished out of our liberties, and imprisoned till she be sent away, let them hold up their hands,"

All but three held up their hands.

"Governor Winthrop: Mrs. Hutchinson, you hear the sentence of the Court. It is that you are banished from out our jurisdiction as being a woman not fit for our society, and you are to be imprisoned till the Court send you away.

"Mrs. Hutchinson: I desire to know wherefore I am banished.

"Governor Winthrop: Say no more. The Court knows wherefore, and is satisfied."

Semi-imprisonment Mistress Anne had all that winter, in the house of a man in Roxbury whose brother was one of her most bitter enemies. She was sent up to Boston to be admonished by the

elders of the church; and when she refused to sign an absolute retraction of her opinions, and would not promise to hold any more meetings, she was excommunicated.

The sentence of banishment was carried out in March of 1638. To the sorrow of many of the colonists, William Hutchinson went with his wife. He refused their invitations to remain, saying, "For I am more dearly tied to my wife than to the church… And I do think her a saint and servant of God." With husband and children and seventy friends Mistress Anne went to Rhode Island where Roger Williams offered the party a friendly refuge. From the Indians they bought an island, for ten coats, twenty hoes, and forty fathoms of white wampum; and lived there until 1642 when William Hutchinson died.

Hearing a rumor that Massachusetts was trying to extend her control over Rhode Island, the settlers left for a new site in the Dutch colony to the west. A year later a friendly Indian one morning visited Anne Hutchinson's house. Seeing that the family was defenseless he returned that night with others of his tribe, killed the sixteen members of the household and set fire to the buildings.[1]

When Governor Winthrop heard of this massacre he declared that "the bare arm of God displayed itself in her death." Ministers in Massachusetts announced it a divine judgment supporting their verdict. One of them wrote, "God's hand is more apparently seen herein to pick out this woeful woman to make her and those belonging to her an unheard-of heavy example above others." But Mistress Anne's friends charged the guilt of her murder upon the colony and declared it was the judgment of the Lord on Massachusetts.

An able woman, clever, brilliant, possibly indiscreet in her criticism of the ministers, Anne Hutchinson's life was a strange mixture of consecration and conflict, of kindliness and contention, with a tragic end. She was fighting the first battle in a long series to be fought out in America—for religious toleration and for freedom of thought and speech, for liberty of conscience, for a true democracy in religion.

[1] The only survivor of the massacre was Anne's nine-year-old daughter, Susanna, who was taken captive by the Indians. She was traded back to the English three years later.

Chapter 10

Sir Henry Vane

1613-1662

There once lived in old England a remarkable boy; he grew to be a remarkable man. As you enter the great Public Library in Boston, you may see in a niche to the left of the entrance, in the wide vestibule, a bronze statue of heroic size and splendid workmanship. It is Macmonnies's statue of this remarkable Englishman—Sir Harry Vane, the boy governor of Massachusetts.

He was not exactly a boy governor; but he was scarcely twenty-four years old when the free-men of the Massachusetts Bay colony elected him governor, and twenty-four, it must be admitted, is rather young for a governor of Massachusetts.

He was born in a fine old manor house in the village of Hadlow, in the county of Kent in England, in the year 1612. He was but eight years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, but even at that age he made a sensation.

His father was a great officer of state, who loyally served the obstinate King Charles I.; but this small boy was almost as obstinate in his opinions as was the king in his. For about the time the Pilgrims landed, and when young Harry Vane was a small boy in his big English home, he became so stout a little Puritan that he absolutely refused to take the oath of conformity to the king's religion in the church at Westminster,



Sir Henry Vane the younger Kt., Gerard Abbey Soest

because his conscience would not permit! And later, when he was a young man, although his father commanded and the king begged him to "conform" to the established religion, "young Sir Harry Vane," as he was always called, to distinguish him from the elder Sir Harry, his father, persistently refused to change his opinions, because he believed so thoroughly in what is termed "liberty of conscience and religious freedom."

Hoping to find this larger liberty in America, young Sir Harry Vane forsook his English home and came over the sea to Massachusetts. He was then but twenty-three. He was received with a salute of cannon and a great flourish of trumpets, for the son of the king's comptroller was considered a great addition.

Sir Harry Vane was a bright, earnest, energetic, and lovable young man, and he soon became so popular with the people of Boston and the bay that the very next year after his arrival they elected him governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony; and the first thing he did was to get the royal standard of the king from one of the ships in the harbor, and unfurl it, with a mighty salute, above the fort in the town; then he appointed a committee to revise the colony laws. That's like most young men, you know, when they get into power. First they say "See me!" and then they start in to change things. And young Sir Harry Vane was only twenty-four!

That was in 1636, the very year in which brave William Pynchon broke his way through the forests and by the Bay Path to the settlement of Springfield, and the opening up of the western lands of Massachusetts.

But popularity does not always mean success. It is, indeed, a most uncertain condition. And this Sir Harry Vane speedily discovered.

Already there were entering into the little colony disturbing elements. One Roger Williams, called by future ages the "apostle of religious liberty," stirred up the stricter Puritans at Boston and Salem and Plymouth to protest and anger. In fact, he led so many "astray," as the ministers declared, and rendered himself so obnoxious to the government, that it was finally voted to get rid of him by shipping him home to England. But Roger Williams was not to be caught napping. He gave the Boston authorities the slip—literally "took to the woods," was befriended by the Indians, and at last founded Rhode Island, or what were first called the "Providence Plantations."

Following on the heels of this came Indian troubles, almost the first in the history of the colony. Irresponsible and meddling strangers worried into war the strong tribe of Indians known as the Pequots, boldest and bravest of New England Indians. The colonies along the bay were threatened with massacre, and almost before he knew it Sir Harry Vane had an Indian war on his hands.

This Pequot war of Sir Harry Vane's day began in Connecticut. That colony, settled by Massachusetts men, naturally looked to the stronger colony for aid when the Pequot Indians, stirred to revenge by the persecutions and encroachments of the traders and borderers, broke out into retaliation. The horrors of an Indian war were too terrible to allow any risk to be run, and at once Governor Vane acted. Endicott, the stern flag cutter, was sent with three ships to destroy the Indians on Block Island, at the mouth of Long Island Sound. He did this cruelly but effectively. The Pequots, retaliating, laid waste the Connecticut valley, whereupon Captain John Mason, with ninety men from Plymouth and Boston, charged down, in May, 1637, upon the palisaded Pequot village, near where the town of Stonington now stands. Four hundred Indian allies joined the expedition; but they deserted before the fight, which was brief and bloody. The Pequot village was

surprised, stormed, set on fire, and most of its inhabitants killed. In this stern but horrible manner were the Pequots overthrown and well-nigh exterminated, and the immediate danger of Indian invasion alerted. Not for a generation did the Indians again break out into war. Connecticut was brought into closer relations with Massachusetts, and the tide of emigration from old England to New England steadily increased.

But war does not by any means stop progress—it is often a developer; and it was while this Pequot war was going on that the governor, young Sir Harry Vane, presided over the assembly which voted a sum of money to found a college.

On the beautiful west or main gate of Harvard University you may read the story. Carved in a stone tablet set in the brick pier of the north wall is this inscription in the quaint spelling of our forefathers:

"By the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, 28 October 1636, Agreed to give 400 £ towards a schole or colledge whereof 200 £ to be paid next year & 200 £ when the work is finished and the next Court to appoint wheare and what building. 15 November 1637 the colledge is ordered to bee at Newe Towne. 2 May 1638 It is ordered that New Towne shall henceforward be called Cambridge. 15 March 1639 it is ordered that the colledge agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridge shall bee called Harvard Colledge."

This last record, now inscribed in stone, was made after Sir Harry Vane had gone home to England, and when a certain John Harvard, minister of the church at Charlestown, dying without children, left his library and one half of all his possessions to help on the new college. Thus it became Harvard College, now developed into the great university. A bronze statue of the gentle founder and benefactor stands in the green triangle before Memorial Hall; and in the old burying ground at Charlestown, upon a tall granite shaft, you may read on the eastern face: "On the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1828, this stone was erected by the graduates of the university at Cambridge, in honor of its founder, who died at Charlestown on the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1638."

So the terrors of Indian war and the triumphs of education came in the midst of other experiences to mark the governorship of young Sir Harry Vane. Scarcely, however, had these been recorded before fresh trouble came. A new religious dissension shook the little colony like an ague. It was all due to a woman, quite as remarkable in her way as any of those early New England men. This was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, who held advanced religious opinions, and was the first woman lecturer and founder of the first woman's club in New England. She was so bright in intellect and brilliant in conversation, so very impulsive and sometimes so very unwise in action, that not one of the ministers of the colony could stand against her, and so they banished her.

But before the end came she had drawn all the Bay into her dispute with the ministers, and people took sides for or against her; and among those who took her part was the governor. Sir Harry Vane himself.

The united ministers of the Bay colony were, however, too strong for Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and Sir Harry Vane. But the fight waxed fierce and hot. The colony became divided into two political parties, for in that day religion was politics.

Mrs. Anne Hutchinson had a sharp tongue and knew how to use it. She did not spare her opponents. The ministers, as they believed, had right on their side, and they did not spare Mrs. Hutchinson or those who followed her lead. They plainly called them heretics, and heresy in those

stern days was one of the things that the law stamped out with heroic measures.

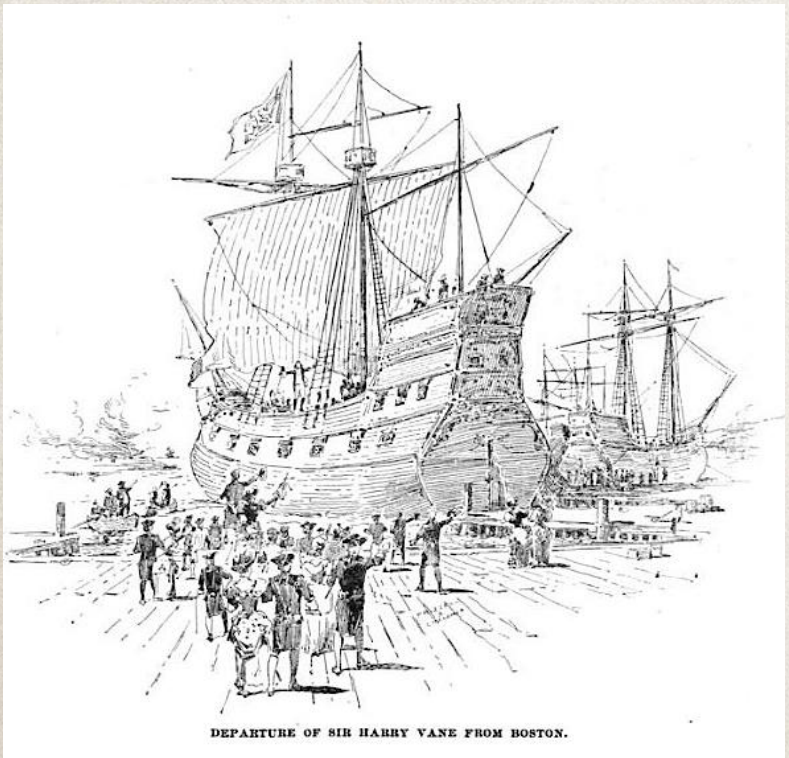
Sir Harry protested as the champion of woman's rights and freedom of speech; the ministers stormed and threatened; and there is no telling to what extremes they might not have gone had not clear-headed, just, and wise John Winthrop stepped in as a sort of arbitrator and settled things for a while.

Young Sir Harry Vane did not find it any easier to secure religious and personal liberty in New England than in old England. He wished to do the right thing, too, but he found it hard work to believe that other people were right.

He sided with Mrs. Anne Hutchinson against the ministers; so did Boston; but the "suburbs" sided with the ministers, and it became a question whether Boston should rule the colony or the colony Boston.

Sir Harry Vane was very bold and bright; but, like most young men, he dearly loved to have his own way. When he found he could not, he "got mad," like any boy, and said he "wouldn't play." In other words, he threatened to give up the governorship and go home to England. Then he thought better of it and said he was "sorry."

But things got no better, and at last, in the spring of 1637 (on Cambridge Common, because the "suburbs" did not dare to go to Boston), the "freemen" of the Bay colony held an open-air convention, that almost ended in a free fight over the question of religious and political rights. The ministers and the colony won. Sir Harry Vane was defeated. John Winthrop was again elected governor, and young Sir Harry Vane turned his back on the colony and went home at last to England.



DEPARTURE OF SIR HARRY VANE FROM BOSTON.

From *The Bostonian*, v.1, no.1

As for Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, she was driven into exile—"banished from Boston!"—and later was killed by the Indians in a terrible massacre in the New York colony, near what is now New Rochelle. It is a sad story, and one that we, in this enlightened age, can scarcely understand. But the ministers did have law on their side. They were authorized by their charter to rid themselves of all objectionable persons, and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson certainly was, in their estimation, most objectionable. The safety of the commonwealth, they believed, depended upon her banishment, and so she had to go.

Young Sir Harry Vane had not been of great benefit to the colony,



Assertion of Liberty of Conscience by the Independents of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, John Rogers Herbert

apparently; but he had led the people to think for themselves, and to make a stand against what in these days one might call the "church trust," which almost held Massachusetts in thrall.

He was defeated, but that very defeat left the people thoughtful, and out of his stand for what he considered right and justice came in due time that final separation of church and state which is the very keynote of American liberty, of freedom of thought and speech and action. Let us be thankful for young Sir Harry Vane.

Harry Vane returned to England to plead the cause of the Puritans who were still persecuted there, and not alone their cause, but that of all who were wronged for religious opinions, whether it were Catholic, Puritan, Presbyterian, or Quaker. He was a man of great gifts and eloquence, and had such weight with the people that his enemies at last resolved to take his life.

As you study history you will find, children, that those who are in error, when they find themselves out-argued and about to lose their cause, always resort to brute force. If they cannot kill the truth, they will try to kill the man who utters it. King Charles was persuaded that he ought to bring him to the block. But Sir Harry Vane went to the scaffold as calmly as he would have gone to his bed.

The people followed him in throngs, weeping and blessing him who had been the friend of his race; not of his party, nor his sect, nor his class only, but of all mankind. He would have spoken to the poor weeping people, but his enemies would not let him, for they were afraid of the great and precious truths that fell from his lips, so they drowned his voice with the sound of their trumpets.

But they could not take the glory and beauty out of his countenance, and the people 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.' He kissed and embraced his dear little children, and bade them not be troubled, for God would be a father to them. Thus he died with his soul full of peace, and in strong faith that though he died, the truth would live.

It does live; the liberties we enjoy in our dear country this day are the fruits of that truth.

His connection with the story of Massachusetts was brief but eventful, and it is for us to remember that to Sir Harry Vane Americans and Englishmen owe very much, as the man who, alike in America and England, boldly withstood what he considered tyranny, and gladly died a martyr to the cause of liberty.

That spirit lived again in the brave men of one hundred and fifty years later, who, profiting by his example, dared to stand out against the tyranny of an English king, and to show America the open door to freedom.

As governor of Massachusetts he had a stormy experience, and found himself, indeed, in hot water; but Massachusetts honors and reveres the memory of her boyish governor, young Sir Harry Vane.



Statue of Sir Henry Vane by Frederick William MacMonnies, Boston, Massachusetts

Chapter 11

Three Colonial Mothers

In the spring of 1676, James Shute, with his wife and two small children, set out from Dorchester for the purpose of settling themselves on a tract of land in the southern part of what is now New Hampshire, but which then was an unbroken forest. The tract where they purposed making their home was a meadow on a small affluent of the Connecticut.

Taking their household goods and farming tools in an ox-cart drawn by four oxen and driving two cows before them, they reached their destination after a toilsome journey of ten days. The summer was spent in building their cabin, and outhouses, planting and tending the crop of Indian corn which was to be their winter's food, and in cutting the coarse meadow-grass for hay.

Late in October they found themselves destitute of many articles which even in those days of primitive housewifery and husbandry, were considered of prime necessity. Accordingly, the husband started on foot for a small trading-post on the Connecticut River, about ten miles distant, at which point he expected to find some trading shallop or skiff to take him to Springfield, thirty-eight miles further south. The weather was fine and at nightfall Shute had reached the river, and before sunrise the next morning was floating down the stream on an Indian trader's skiff.

Within two days he made his purchases, and hiring a skiff rowed slowly up the river against the sluggish current on his return. In twelve hours he reached the trading-post. It was now late in the evening. The sky had been lowering all day, and by dusk it began to snow. Disregarding the admonitions of the traders, he left his goods under their care and struck out boldly through the forest over the trail by which he came, trusting to be able to find his way, as the moon had risen, and the clouds seemed to be breaking. The trail lay along the stream on which his farm was situated, and four hours at an easy gait would, he thought, bring him home.

The snow when he started from the river was already nearly a foot deep, and before he had proceeded a mile on his way the storm redoubled in violence, and the snow fell faster and faster. At midnight he had only made five miles, and the snow was two feet deep. After trying in vain to kindle a fire by the aid of flint and steel, he prayed fervently to God, and resuming his journey struggled slowly on through the storm. It had been agreed between his wife and himself that on the evening of this day on which he told her he should return, he would kindle a fire on a knoll about two miles from his cabin as a beacon to assure his wife of his safety and announce his approach.

Suddenly he saw a glare in the sky.

During his absence his wife had tended the cattle, milked the cows, cut the firewood, and fed the children. When night came she barricaded the door, and saying a prayer, folded her little ones in her arms and lay down to rest. Three suns had risen and set since she saw her husband with gun

on his shoulder disappear through the clearing into the dense undergrowth which fringed the bank of the stream, and when the appointed evening came, she seated herself at the narrow window, or, more properly, opening in the logs of which the cabin was built, and watched for the beacon which her husband was to kindle. She looked through the falling snow but could see no light. Little drifts sifted through the chinks in the roof upon the bed where her children lay asleep; the night grew darker, and now and then the howling of the wolves could be heard from the woods to the north.

Seven o'clock struck, eight, nine by the old Dutch clock which ticked in the corner. Then her woman's instinct told her that her husband must have started and been overtaken by the storm. If she could reach the knoll and kindle the fire it would light him on his way. She quickly collected a small bundle of dry wood in her apron and taking flint, steel, and tinder, started for the knoll. In an hour, after a toilsome march, floundering through the snow, she reached the spot. A large pile of dry wood had already been collected by her husband and was ready for lighting, and in a few moments the heroic woman was warming her shivering limbs before a fire which blazed far up through the crackling branches and lighted the forest around it.

For more than two hours the devoted woman watched beside the fire, straining her eyes into the gloom and catching every sound. "Wading through the snow she brought branches and logs to replenish the flames. At last her patience was rewarded: she heard a cry, to which she responded. It was the voice of her husband which she heard, shouting. In a few moments he came up staggering through the drifts, and fell exhausted before the fire. The snow soon ceased to fall, and after resting till morning, the rescued pioneer and his brave wife returned in safety to their cabin.

In the early days of the settlement of Royalton, Vermont, a sudden attack was made upon it by



Lost in a Snowstorm

the Indians. Mrs. Hendee, the wife of one of the settlers, was working alone in the field, her husband being absent on military duty, when the Indians entered her house and capturing her children carried them across the White river, at that place a hundred yards wide and quite deep for fording, and placed them under keepers who had some other persons, thirty or forty in number, in charge.

Returning from the field Mrs. Hendee discovered the fate of her children. Her first outburst of grief was heart-rending to behold, but this was only transient; she ceased her lamentations, and like the lioness who has been robbed of her litter, she bounded on the trail of her plunderers. Resolutely dashing into the river, she stemmed the current, planting her feet firmly on the bottom and pushed across. With pallid face, flashing eyes, and lips compressed, maternal love dominating every fear, she strode into the Indian camp, regardless of the tomahawks menacingly flourished round her head, boldly demanded the release of her little ones, and persevered in her alternate upbraidings and supplications, till her request was granted. She then carried her children back through the river and landed them in safety on the other bank.

Not content with what she had done, like a patriot as she was, she immediately returned, begged for the release of the children of others, again was rewarded with success, and brought two or three more away; again returned, and again succeeded, till she had rescued the whole fifteen of her neighbors' children who had been thus snatched away from their distracted parents.

On her last visit to the camp of the enemy, the Indians were so struck with her conduct that one of them declared that so brave a squaw deserved to be carried across the river, and offered to take her on his back and carry her over. She, in the same spirit, accepted the offer, mounted the back of the gallant savage, was carried to the opposite bank, where she collected her rescued troop of children, and hastened away to restore them to their overjoyed parents.

Nearly two centuries ago, in one of those heated religious controversies which occurred in a river settlement in Massachusetts, a young man and his wife felt themselves constrained, partly through a desire for greater liberty of thought and action, and partly from natural energy of disposition, to push away from the fertile valley and establish their home on one of those bleak hillsides which form the spurs of the Green Mountain range. Here they set up their household deities, and lit the lights of the fireside in the darkness of the forest, and amid the wild loneliness of nature's hitherto untended domain.

In such situations as these, not merely from their isolation, but from the sterility of the soil and the inhospitable air of the region, the struggle for existence is often a severe one. Perseverance and self-denial, however, triumphed over all difficulties. Year after year the trees bowed themselves before the axe, and the soil surrendered its reluctant treasures in the furrow of the ploughshare.

Plenty smiled around the cabin. The light glowed on the hearth, and the benighted traveler hailed its welcome rays as he fared towards the hospitable door.

Apart from the self-interest and happiness of its inmates, it was no small benefit to others that such a home was made in that rugged country. Such homes are the outposts of the army of pioneers: here they can pause and rest, gathering courage and confidence when they regard them as establishments in the same wilderness where they are seeking to plant themselves.

Five years after their arrival their house and barns were destroyed by fire. Their cattle, farming utensils, and household furniture were all fortunately saved, and before long the buildings were

replaced, and in two years all the ravages of the devouring element had been repaired. Again a happy and plenteous abode rewarded the labors of the pair. Three years rolled away in the faithful discharge of every duty incumbent upon them, each toiling in their respective sphere to increase their store and rear their large family of children.

A series of severe rains had kept them within doors for nearly ten days. One afternoon as they were sitting before their fire they experienced a peculiar sensation as though the ground on which the house stood was moving. Running out doors, they saw that the rains had loosened the hillside soil from the rock on which it lay, and that it was slowly moving into the ravine below. Hastily collecting their children, they had barely time to escape to a rock a short distance from their house, when the landslide carried the house and barns, with the ground on which they stood, into the ravine, burying them and their entire contents beneath twenty feet of earth.

Almost worn out with his unremitting toils continued through ten years, and seeing the fruits of that toil swept away in an instant, looking around him in vain for any shelter, and far away from any helping hand, it was not surprising that the man should have given way to despair. He wept, groaned, and tore his hair, declaring that he would struggle no longer with fates which proved so adverse. "Go," said he, "Mary, to the nearest house with the children. I will die here."

His wife was one of those fragile figures which it seemed that a breath could blow away. Hers, however, was an organization which belied its apparent weakness. A brave and loving spirit animated that frail tenement. Long she strove to soothe her husband's grief, but without avail.

Gathering a thick bed of leaves and sheltering her children as well as she could from the chilly air, she returned ever and anon to the spot where her husband sat in the stupor of despair, and uttered words of comfort and timely suggestions of possible means of relief.

"We began with nothing, John, and we can begin with nothing again. You are strong, and so am I. Bethink yourself of those who pass by on their way to the great river every year at this time. These folk are good and neighborly, and will lend us willing hands to dig out of the earth the gear that we have lost by the landslip." Thus through the night, with these and like expressions, she comforted and encouraged the heart-broken man, and having at length kindled hope, succeeded in rousing him to exertion.

For two days the whole family suffered greatly while awaiting help, but that hope which the words of the wife had awakened, did not again depart. A party of passing emigrants, ascertaining the condition of the family, all turned to, and having the necessary tools, soon dug down to the house and barn, and succeeded in recovering most of the buried furniture, stores, and utensils. The unlucky couple succeeded finally in retrieving themselves, and years after, when the father was passing a prosperous old age in the valley of the Mohawk, to which section the family eventually moved, he was wont to tell how his wife had lifted him out of the depths of despair by those kind and thoughtful words, and put new life and hope into his heart during those dark days among the mountains of Massachusetts.

Chapter 12

John Eliot

1604–1690



Illustration of John Eliot by Jacques Reich from *Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography*

What a task would you think it, even with a long lifetime before you, were you bidden to copy every chapter, and verse, and word in the family Bible! Would not this be a very heavy toil? But if the task were, not to write off the English Bible, but to learn a language utterly unlike all other tongues, a language which hitherto had never been learned; to learn this new variety of speech, and then to translate the Bible into it, so carefully that not one idea throughout the holy book should be changed what would induce you to undertake this toil? Yet this was what the apostle Eliot did.

It was a mighty work for a man, now growing old, to take upon himself. And what earthly reward did he expect from it? None; no reward on earth. But he believed that the red-men were the descendants of those lost tribes of Israel of whom history has been able to tell us nothing for thousands of years. Sometimes, while thus at work, he was visited by learned men, who desired to know what literary work Mr. Eliot had in hand. They, like himself, had been bred in the studious cloisters of a university. They had grown gray in study; their eyes were bleared with poring over print and manuscript by the light of the midnight lamp.

And yet how much had they left unlearned! Mr. Eliot would put into their hands some of the pages which he had been writing; and behold! the gray headed men stammered over the long, strange words, like a child in his first attempts to read. Then would the apostle call to him an Indian boy, one of his pupils, and show him the manuscript which had so puzzled the learned Englishman. "Read this, my child," said he; "these are some brethren of mine, who would fain hear the sound of the native tongue."

Then would the Indian boy cast his eyes over the mysterious page, and read it so skillfully that it sounded like wild music. It seemed as if the forest leaves were singing in the ears of his auditors, and as if the roar of distant streams were poured through the young Indian's voice. Such were the



John Eliot preaching to the Indians, an Illustration from *Indian History for Young Folks* by F. S. Drake and F. J. Dowd

sounds amid which the language of the red-man had been formed; and they were still heard to echo in it. The lesson being over, Mr. Eliot would give the Indian boy an apple or a cake, and bid him leap forth into the open air, which his free nature loved. The apostle was kind to children, and even shared in their sports sometimes.

Occasionally, perhaps, the governor and some of the councilors came to visit Mr. Eliot. Per chance they were seeking some method to get the better of the forest people. They inquired how they might obtain possession of such and such a tract of rich land. Or they talked of making the Indians their servants; as if God had destined them for perpetual bondage to the more powerful white man. Perhaps, too, some warlike captain, dressed in his buff coat, with a corslet beneath it, accompanied the governor and councilors. Laying his hand upon his sword-hilt, he would declare that the only method of dealing with the red-men was to meet them with the sword drawn and the musket presented.

But the apostle resisted both the craft of the politician and the fierceness of the warrior. "Treat these sons of the forest as men and brethren," he would say; "and let us endeavor to make them Christians. Their forefathers were of that chosen race whom God delivered from Egyptian bondage. Perchance he has destined us to deliver the children from the more cruel bondage of ignorance and idolatry. Chiefly for this end, it may be, we were directed across the ocean."

Impressed by such thoughts as these, he sat writing in the great chair when the pleasant summer breeze came in through the open casement; and also when the fire of forest logs sent up its blaze

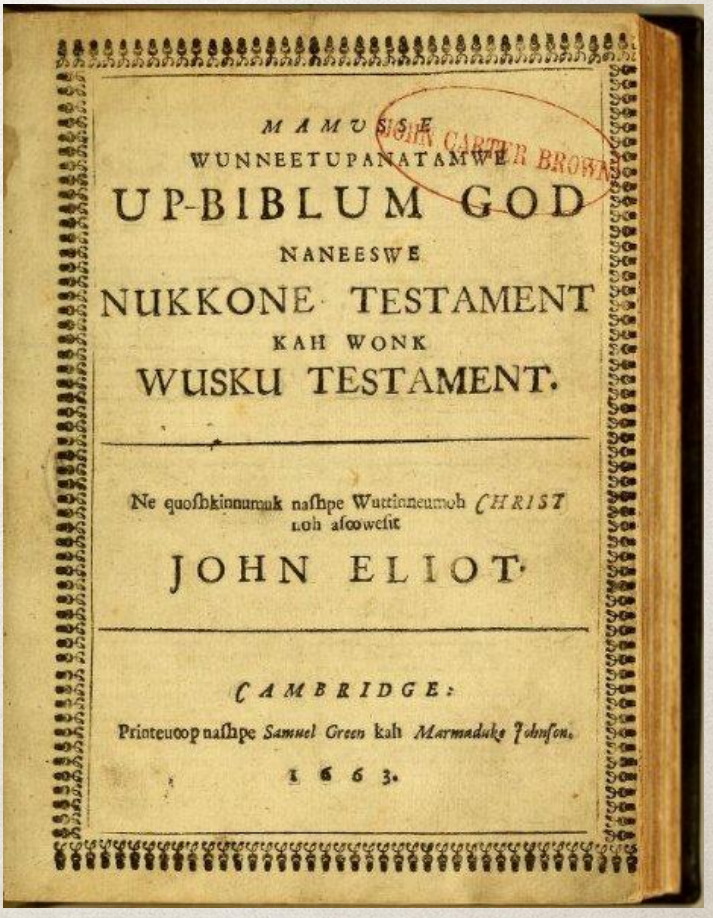
and smoke, through the broad stone chimney into the wintry air. Before the earliest bird sang in the morning the apostle's lamp was kindled; and at midnight his weary head was not yet upon its pillow. At length, leaning back in his great chair, he could say to himself, with a holy triumph, "The work is finished!"

King Philip's War began in 1675, and ended with the death of Philip in the following year. Philip was a proud, fierce Indian, whom Mr. Eliot had vainly endeavored to convert to the Christian faith. It must have been a great anguish to the apostle to hear of mutual slaughter and outrage between his own countrymen and those for whom he felt the affection of a father. A few of the praying Indians joined the followers of King Philip. A greater number fought on the side of the English. In the course of the war, the little community of red people whom Mr. Eliot had begun to civilize was scattered. But his zeal did not grow cold; and only about five years before his death he took great pains in preparing a new edition of the Indian Bible.

While the new college was training missionaries for the Indians, the latter had found a good friend in John Eliot, who came over to America in 1631. While preaching in Boston and Roxbury, Eliot learned the Massachusetts Indian language, and began to translate the Bible into that tongue. It took him nearly thirty years of patient work to do this, in the midst of all his preaching and teaching. But his Bible was the first printed in America, and many of his "praying Indians," as the converts were called, learned to read in it.

Eliot was a sweet, simple, and very lovable man. He was so generous that once, in paying him his salary, the parish treasurer tied it up in the good man's handkerchief with several knots, so that he should not be able to give it all away before reaching home. But Eliot, unable to undo these hard knots when he met a poor woman, gave her handkerchief and all, saying: "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

After years of faithful work among the savages, Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians," died, at the age of eighty-six. He tried harder than any other Puritan to convert the red men, who lost their best friend when he passed away. The Bible he worked so diligently to translate still exists; but as there are no Massachusetts Indians left, it is now of no use, except to remind us of Eliot's great patience and


MAMUSSE
WUNNEETUPANATAMWE
UP-BIBLUM GOD
NANEESWE
NUKKONE TESTAMENT
KAH WONK
WUSKU TESTAMENT.
Ne quoshkinnumuk nashpe Wuttinneumoh CHRIST
ioh asoowesit
JOHN ELIOT.
CAMBRIDGE:
Printeuoop nashpe Samuel Green kah Marmaduke Johnson.
1663.

Title page of the Algonquian Bible by John Eliot

perseverance.

They say behind every great man is a great woman, here is the story of Mrs. Eliot.

As an example of such a worker, Mrs. Ann Eliot, the wife of the Rev. John Eliot, surnamed the "Apostle," stands conspicuous among a host. It was the prudence and skill of this good woman, exercised in her sphere as a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, and a doctress, that enabled her husband to carry out his devout and extensive plans and perform his labors in Christianizing the Indian tribes of New England.

In estimating the great importance of those pious and far-reaching plans, we must bear in mind the precarious condition of the New England Colonies in the days of the "Apostle" John and his excellent wife. The slender and feeble settlements on Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay had hardly yet taken root, and were barely holding their own against the adverse blasts that swept over them. A combination between the different savage tribes, by which they were surrounded, might have extinguished, in a day, the Puritan Colonies, and have set back, for generations, the destinies of the American continent.

The primary and unselfish purpose of the "Apostle" John Eliot was to convert these wild tribes to the doctrine and belief of Christ. One of the results of his labors in that direction was also, we can hardly doubt, the political salvation of those feeble colonies. The mind and heart of the "Apostle" were so absorbed in the great work wherein he was engaged that a skillful and practical partner was absolutely necessary to enable him to prepare for and fully discharge many duties which might properly devolve upon him, but from which his wife in his preoccupation now relieved him.



John Eliot Monument, South Natick, Mass.

In her appropriate sphere she also exercised an important influence, indirectly, in carrying out her husband's plans. Amidst her devoted attentions to the care and nurture of her six children she found time for those many duties that devolved on a New England housekeeper of the olden time, when it was difficult and almost impossible to command the constant aid of domestics. To provide fitting apparel and food for her family, and to make this care justly comport with a small income, a free hospitality, and a large charity, required both efficiency and wisdom.

This she accomplished without hurry of

spirit, fretfulness, or misgiving. But she had in view more than this: she aimed so to perform her own part as to leave the mind of her husband free for the cares of his sacred profession, and in this she was peculiarly successful. Her understanding of the science of domestic comfort, and her prudence the fruit of a correct judgment so increased by daily experience, that she needed not to lay her burdens upon him, or divert to domestic cares and employments the time and energy which he would fain devote to God. "The heart of her husband did safely trust in her," and his tender appreciation of her policy and its details was her sweet reward.

It was graceful and generous for the wife thus to guard, as far as in her lay, her husband's time and thoughts from interruption. For, in addition to his pastoral labors, in which he never spared himself, were his missionary toils among the heathen. His poor Indian people regarded him as their father. He strove to uplift them from the debasing habits of savage life.

Groping amid their dark wigwams, he kneeled by the rude bed of skins where the dying lay, and pointed the dim eye of the savage to the Star of Bethlehem. They wept in very love for him, and grasped his skirts as one who was to lead them to heaven. The meekness of his Master dwelt with him, and day after day he was a student of their uncouth articulations, until he could talk with the half-clad Indian children, and see their eyes brighten, for they understood what he said. Then he had no rest until the whole of the Book of God, that "Word" which has regenerated the world, was translated into their language.

Not less remarkable was the assistance lent by Mrs. Eliot to her husband's labors in her capacity as a medical assistant. The difficulty of commanding the attendance of well-educated physicians, by the sparse population of the colony, rendered it almost indispensable that a mother should be not unskillful in properly treating those childish ailments which beset the first years of life. Mrs. Eliot's skill and experience as a doctress soon caused her to be sought for by the sick and suffering. Among the poor, with a large charity, she dispensed safe and salutary medicines. Friends and strangers sought her in their sicknesses, and from such as were able she received some small remuneration, often forced upon her, and used to eke out the slender income of her husband.

The poor Indians, too, were among her patients. Often they would come to her house in pain and suffering, and she would cheerfully give them medicine and advice, and dismiss them healed and rejoicing. The red man in his wigwam, tossing on his couch of anguish, was visited by this angel of mercy, who bound up the aching brow, and cooled the sore fever. Who can question that many souls were won to Christ by these deeds of practical charity.

In the light of such acts and such a life, we ascribe to Mrs. Eliot no small share in the success of those heroic labors by which five thousand "praying Indians" in New England were brought to bear testimony to the truths of the Bible and the power of revealed religion.

Chapter 13

Peter Stuyvesant

1612–1672 New York



Portrait of Peter Stuyvesant, unknown artist

While England was sending colonists to Virginia, and France was making a settlement on the St. Lawrence, another European country was planning not to be shut out of the New World. This was Holland. One of her ships under Henry Hudson explored the Hudson River, and soon the Dutch founded trading posts along its banks, and extended them almost as far south as where Philadelphia now stands. All this country between the Hudson and the Delaware they called New Netherland. Their most flourishing settlement was on Manhattan Island. This was named New Amsterdam. One morning in May, 1647, there was great excitement in the little Dutch village. All the people put on their Sunday clothes and went down to the bank of the East River. "He's coming!" cried some one, and they were so glad that they all shouted their welcome, though the vessel was much too far away for the new governor to hear them. It came slowly up the East River and anchored off the fort. Then the cannon blazed out a greeting; the people shouted louder than ever; the governor was rowed ashore and marched up the street to the fort in all the glories of gold lace and ruffles, drum and fife, and an escort of soldiers, "He came like a peacock, with great state and pomp," wrote some one of his arrival.

This governor, Peter Stuyvesant, made a speech to the people. "I shall rule you as a father rules his children," he said. They all cheered, for they did not know that he meant that he should do exactly as he chose and that they must obey him. He began by making laws and seeing to it that

they were enforced. He forbade selling liquor to the Indians. Whoever broke this law had to pay for all the damage that the drunken Indian might do. It was forbidden to build any more wooden chimneys. When a house was burned, four tire-wardens were to look into the matter. If they decided that the owner had been careless, he had to pay a fine besides losing his house. This fine went to help buy hooks and ladders and leather fire-buckets for future emergencies.

The colony grew fast, and after a while it began to call itself a city. It was a very quiet, village-like little city, even though it was giving up its wooden buildings and thatched roofs. Every citizen who could afford it made the end of his house which fronted the street of little yellow and black bricks brought from Holland and arranged in checker-board fashion. The roofs were gorgeous with yellow and black tiles. These Dutchmen liked plenty of room for themselves and their homes, and every one wanted to have around his house a garden where he could raise vegetables and flowers and plant the tulip bulbs that came from Holland. He wanted a horse, a cow, some hens, and a pig or two. Every morning the town herdsman drove the cows to pasture; and every night he drove them back, leaving each cow at her own gate, and blowing a horn to let her master know she had come.

"Within the house, there was one room that was kept sacred from common use. This was the parlor, and there the household treasures were collected. Carpets had not yet come into use, but fine sand was first sprinkled upon the floor and then a broom was drawn over it lightly in graceful figures. There was a high-posted bedstead in the parlor, heaped up with a thick feather bed, which only the skillful housewife knew how to make round and smooth. There was a down quilt, and there were heavy curtains and a valance. Two other pieces of furniture were the special pride of the good housekeeper. One was a solid oaken chest. When the lid was raised there was a gleam of snowy linen, spun and woven by the busy hands of the women of the household, and bleached on the grass to a dazzling whiteness. The second was a cupboard, always made with glass doors, for its duty was not to hide the silver and porcelain but to show it. There were no rocking chairs or sofas in the Dutch parlor, or anywhere else in the house for that matter; and how the good people could ever have felt comfortable, as they sat up straight and stiff in the leather-covered, high-backed chairs, is a mystery.

The parlor was used on festive occasions only; the kitchen was the home room. There was the immense fireplace with pothooks and crane. There were dressers with rows of pewter plates and mugs and porringers that must never be allowed to become dull if their mistress hoped to be called a good housekeeper. There was a heavy square dining table, wide and roomy, for the Dutch wives and daughters knew well how to cook delicious dishes, and the husbands and sons knew how to appreciate them.

Those early New Yorkers were sociable people, and they did not by any means give all their time to spinning and cooking and planting gardens. There were quiltings and huskings and apple-paring bees; there were birthday parties and weddings; there were parties at New Year and Easter and Christmas and between times. When one was to take place, the gentlemen made themselves gorgeous in their coats of silk or plush or velvet, trimmed with lace and big, round silver buttons. These coats came down almost to their ankles. Their shoes were fastened with broad silver buckles. The ladies wore jackets, and skirts which were almost as short as the men's coats were long. These skirts were quilted in patterns until they were fairly stiff with the stitching. Below the skirt were home-

knit stockings of red or blue or green, and high-heeled shoes. Rings and brooches were much worn; but the one ornament that every Dutch lady felt she really could not do without was gold beads, strings upon strings of them, to wind about her neck.

The great merrymaking of the year was at Christmas. The Pilgrims had seen that holiday made the excuse for so much drinking and low amusement in England that they were determined to have no Christmas celebrations but the Dutch saw no reason why both grown-ups and children should not enjoy the day, or rather, days, for one was not nearly enough for the general jollity and merriment. No one did any more work than was really necessary during that time. The night before Christmas the children all hung up their stockings in the chimney corner. Then they joined hands and sang a song to Santa Claus which ended,

> "If you'll to me a present give,
> I'll serve you truly while I live."

As the years passed, there was more silver plate in the houses and handsomer furniture was brought from Holland. There were velvet chairs, watches, clocks, silken gowns, jewelry, broadcloth suits, embroidered purses, shirts and neckcloths trimmed with lace, and breeches made of silk and flowered with silver and gold. More colonists had come, and New Amsterdam was quite a different place in 1664 from what it had been in 1647 when the whole village turned out to welcome the new



The Fall of New Amsterdam, Jean Leon Gerome Ferris

governor. For seventeen years he had ruled the Dutch town, and he had done well by it, for he was honest and he meant to do what he thought was for the best. He had treated the Indians kindly but firmly, and there had been little trouble with them. Difficulties were soon to appear, however. One day a young man who had just come from Boston to New Amsterdam told the governor some startling news. "King Charles of England has given this land to his brother James, the Duke of York," he said, "and there is a rumor that a fleet of armed vessels is already on the way to take possession of it."



Statue of Peter Stuyvesant in Stuyvesant Square, New York City

Then there was excitement from one end of the Dutch city to the other. The governor bought powder and food and did his best to strengthen his fortifications. He had but one hundred soldiers, one little fort, a few guns and a small supply of powder. The three-foot wall of earth and the crumbling wooden palisade might help to keep out the arrows of the Indians, but they would be small protection against King Charles's cannon balls. Still the governor had no thought of surrender. He "stumped" about from one place to another, giving orders to the men who were working on the fortifications, sometimes encouraging them, sometimes storming at them for their slowness, and stamping angrily with his wooden leg.

The fleet came. Colonel Nichols, who was in command, took possession of a blockhouse on Staten Island and landed some of his soldiers on Long Island. Then the governor sent a formal demand to know what this behavior might mean. The colonel in reply ordered him to surrender. "Yield peaceably, and I promise freedom and his property to every citizen," he said. Now New Amsterdam had become so well-to-do that many English had come there to live, and of course they preferred to be under the English king. Even the Dutch believed that the company had not treated them fairly, and so they did not feel very unhappy at the thought of having a new ruler. Certainly they would rather live under English rule than have their homes destroyed by English soldiers. The Council urged the governor to surrender, but he said no. The citizens begged him to yield. Still he

declared, "I won't surrender."

"While they were talking, Colonel Nichols sent another letter, promising that, if they would yield, the trade with Holland should go on as usual, and settlers should come from that country as freely as ever. The governor knew very well that if the people saw that letter they would refuse to fight, so he would not read it to them. A rumor then went through the city, "The English have sent a letter offering good terms," and a crowd gathered around the council room. Even the men who were at work on the defenses dropped their tools and ran crying, "The letter, the letter! Show us the letter!"

"The letter must be read to them," said the Council.

"It shall never be!" roared the governor, pounding the floor with his wooden leg and tearing the letter into pieces.

"Show us the letter!" the crowd still called. The secretary picked up the pieces and put them together, and it was read aloud from the steps of the building.

The governor wrote a strong, manly reply to Colonel Nichols, saying that the Dutch had discovered New Netherland, had bought it of the Indians, had settled upon it; and surely it belonged to them. He trained his guns on the English ships, and he marched down to the landing, ready with his hundred soldiers to fight five or six times that number. The ships had ninety-four guns, and the colonists had about twenty. The gunners on the vessels and the gunners on the land stood waiting the signal to fire. Then a paper was brought to the governor, signed by all the principal citizens, his own son among them, begging him not to allow the destruction of the town. "Women crowded about him, weeping and praying him to save their homes. Little children clung to him and cried, "Save us, save us!"

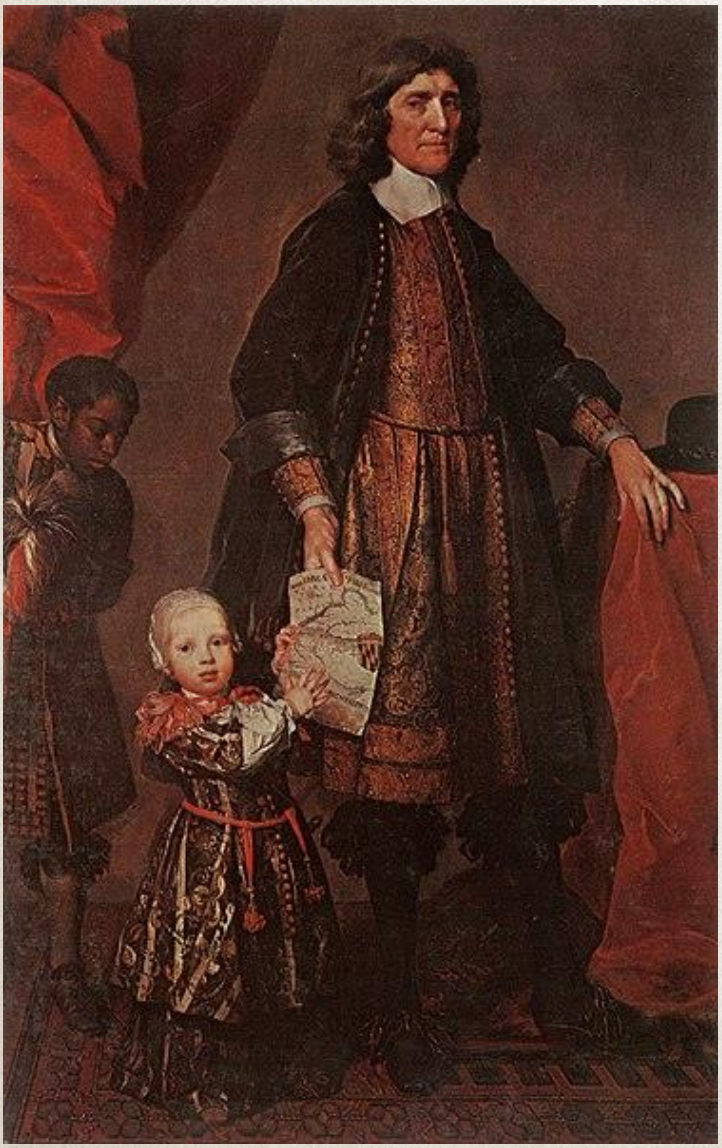
"I would rather be carried out to my grave," cried the dauntless governor; but he was helpless, for the people refused to obey his orders. The white flag of surrender was finally run up, and the governor marched out of the fort at the head of his men with flags flying and drums beating. Down on the shore the English soldiers were already drawn up in line, and soon the English flag was floating over Fort Amsterdam, which now became Fort James. The town had saved its houses, but it had lost its name; it was no longer New Amsterdam, but in honor of the Duke of York it was called New York, and Colonel Nichols became its governor.

Whether the town was English or Dutch, Governor Stuyvesant had no idea of leaving it. He owned a large bowery, or farm, and there he spent his last years. He had fine horses and cattle and the best of fruit trees. He had a prim flower garden laid out in stiff regular beds. Behind the garden was the roomy two-story house to which he delighted to welcome his friends—and among them was his old enemy, Colonel Nichols!

Chapter 14

Lord Baltimore

1612–1672 Maryland



Portrait of Cecil Calvert, Gerald Soest

Among the people in England who were having a hard time because they were unwilling to obey the laws about public worship were the Catholics. Some were fined, and some put into prison. They suffered so much on account of their religion that one of their number, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, resolved to plant a settlement in the New World, where they could be free to worship God in their own way.

Being a personal friend of King James, it was easy for him to get permission to plant such a colony in Newfound-land. But as it was too cold there for the settlers, they remained only a single winter; and Lord Baltimore then got the consent of the new King, Charles I, to plant a colony in the land lying north of the Potomac.

Before he could carry out his plans Lord Baltimore died; but his son, the new Lord Baltimore, took up the work of planting a Catholic settlement in the New World. By the King's request, the colony was to be named Maryland, in honor of the Queen, Henrietta Maria.

In November, 1633, the company, made up of twenty "gentlemen" and three hundred laborers, sailed from England in two ships. They were well

supplied with food, tools, and other things needed in a new country. Lord Baltimore himself bearing most of the cost, which was equal to nearly a million dollars of our money to-day.

After a voyage of more than three months and a stay of eight or nine days for rest at Point Comfort in Virginia, they reached the Potomac. Near its mouth, on a little wooded island, they planted the cross as a sign that it belonged to a Catholic people.

The settlers were charmed with the beauty of the land—with its broad rivers, fertile plains, and wooded hills. The strange trees, the wild grape-vines, the flocks of wild turkeys, and the birds of bright colors—all these delighted the newcomers.

Friendly Indians, crowding the river banks, gazed in wonder at the huge ships, scooped, they thought, like their canoes, out of single tree trunks. They wondered where such great trees could grow.

The Catholic Settlers in Maryland

Sailing a few miles up the Potomac, the settlers entered a broad bay, near the head of which was a good landing. They chose this for their first settlement, and called it Saint Mary's.

The settlers bought a tract of land from the Indians, paying for it with steel hatchets, hoes, and pieces of cloth. These Indians seemed glad to have the white strangers dwell in their country and allowed the settlers to plant at once in the lands already cleared for their own corn-fields.

The Indian braves helped the white men in their work, and the squaws taught the white women



Native American Treaty, Roman Fekonja

how to bake "pone" and to fry "hominy"—two dishes which were new to the settlers. When later the Indians came to the settlement with wild turkeys and other food, they received a fair price and often spent the night with the white men, without fear on either side.

But even though the Indians were friendly, the colony had its troubles. Its neighbors, the colonists of Virginia, claimed the land where the Marylanders had settled and were angry at them for taking it. They disliked, also, to have a Catholic colony so near to them.

In time, however, this trouble passed over. Lord Baltimore made people of all Christian faiths welcome, and every one might worship as he pleased. Many came from the other colonies of the New World, as well as from England.



Stone welcoming Puritan settlers to Maryland, Tompkins Harrison Matteson

The climate, also, was mild, and the soil fertile. So the settlers were successful and contented in their new homes.

You see in all we have said about Maryland the work of two patriotic men. The first Lord Baltimore desired to plant a colony where a group of his fellow Catholics should be free to worship God in their own way, without fear of being punished for doing what they believed to be right. The second Lord Baltimore was quite willing to allow other Christian men and women to come into this Catholic settlement and attend any church they might choose for themselves. Both men helped in the cause of freedom.

Chapter 15

William Penn

1644-1718 Pennsylvania

It would seem strange to us now in our free land if the government should announce that it had adopted a certain religious belief and that if we refused to accept it we should be imprisoned. But this is what happened in Europe when rulers tried to decide the religion of their countries. A new form of belief often came in with a new king or queen.

When people were determined to keep a certain religion or to adopt a different one instead of that established by law, and when they understood that to hold a certain belief meant imprisonment or death, there was but one thing for them to do. This was to try to find a place where they would be free to worship God as they desired. And this place for thousands of persecuted Europeans was the wide land of America which Columbus had discovered.

About the year 1645, George Fox, a young Englishman, became convinced that the "state church," as it was called, needed many changes—that its laws should be based strictly upon the teachings of the Bible. By his eloquent preaching the young man soon won many followers, and a society was organized called "Friends." At one time while Fox was being tried in court for preaching on the streets he told the judge that he "ought to quake (tremble) before the Lord." From this the Friends were known as "Quakers."



Stained glass portrait of William Penn by Frederick S. Lamb at Brooklyn Museum

The Friends had strict rules.

In those days the words "thou," "thee," and "ye" were used in addressing God, in common speech among one's equals, and in talking to inferiors. The pronoun "you" was reserved for persons of a higher rank than the one speaking. The friends began

addressing everyone as "thou" and "thee," even the King.

Hats at that time were raised only to those of a superior social position. A member of the new Quakers society would not remove his hat in the presence of anyone.

They refused to take any oaths in the law courts binding them to tell the truth, for they said one should always tell the truth. Nor would they even take the oath promising loyalty to the King.

Not being able to find anything in the Bible permitting the wearing of elegant clothing, they adopted the simplest kind of dress.

They believed firmly that women should have equal rights with men.

In their services no parson preached, and there was no arranged order of exercises. If anyone in the silent audience felt moved by the spirit, he would arise and speak.

It is a pity that these simple, honest people, whose greatest desire was that all men should live in peace together as equals, could not have been allowed to lead their lives as they desired; but such ideas as the Quakers had were too dangerous for the King and those high in power, and strong measures were taken to suppress the society.

Meetings were broken up and leaders and listeners arrested, thrown into prison, and kept there sometimes many months. Several hundred were hanged in the space of a few years.

The Youth of Penn

In 1644 there was born in England a boy who was to become the strongest support of these people. In his youth William Penn had no knowledge of the society of "Friends," for his father, a rich admiral in the English navy and a favorite of the King, was a stanch supporter of the state church, and looked with scorn upon the humble Quakers.

At this time England was in the midst of a civil war. Charles I, the King, was finally dethroned, and Oliver Cromwell, a man of the people, took command of the government. Admiral Penn was in sympathy with the King and offered him ships and soldiers to help him escape. Although the King refused this offer, it led to a firm friendship between the Penn family and the House of Stuart, to which Charles belonged. This friendship lasted after the restoration of the Stuarts on the throne, in 1660, and led to the founding of the colony which became the state of Pennsylvania.

When William Penn was sixteen years of age his father sent him to the University of Oxford. In this college the students were required to wear certain dress and to attend the state church. During Penn's second year at Oxford he heard a Quaker preaching in the streets. The earnest young student was at once won over to the new faith. From then on Penn refused to attend the University church services or to dress in the manner ordered. For breaking these rules he was expelled.

We can imagine how angry the rich and proud admiral was when his son came home with the startling news that he had been expelled from college because he had agreed with the poor, despised Quakers. The father threatened to banish the young man from home, and only the pleading of the mother prevented this.

To get his son away from Quaker influence, Admiral Penn sent him at once to the gay city of Paris. The next two years young Penn spent in the different countries of Europe enjoying himself and studying various languages. He returned to England an educated and polished young man, having forgotten, seemingly, his desire of two years before to enter the Quaker Society.

Rejoiced at this, the father now sent his son to manage the Penn estate in Ireland. Shortly after his arrival William heard that a Quaker was to speak in the neighborhood. He went to hear him, and a second time he listened eagerly to every word of a Quaker preacher. An officer who tried to break up the meeting was resisted by Penn. The result was that the young man was arrested and rushed away to prison.

His release was soon procured through the influence of his father, who ordered him to come home at once. On his arrival he was told by the angry admiral that he could take his choice of giving up his belief or leaving home. Penn chose the latter. His mind was now firmly made up to be a Quaker for all time, whatever hardships he might have to suffer.

From this time on he went about preaching, and writing articles in defense of his adopted religion. Many times he was arrested while speaking on the streets, and it was in prison that much of his best writing was done.

Perhaps the father secretly admired his son's determination to abide by his conscience in spite of the many hardships he had to endure, for it was not long before he asked the young Quaker to come home. The proud admiral heard himself called "thee" and "thou" and did his best to endure it.

Knowing that others would not be lenient with customs which seemed peculiar, Admiral Penn, on his deathbed a few years later, requested his friends, the King and the Duke of York, to befriend the young man. This they promised to do.

The King, Charles II, called the "Merry Monarch" because of his fondness for fun and gayety, was often amused by the serious young Quaker. At one time, chancing to meet the King, Penn stood with his hat on, according to the custom of the Friends. The King at once removed his gaily plumed bonnet and held it in his hand.

"And why, friend Charles, dost thou remove thy hat?" asked Penn.

"Because," replied the much amused "Merry Monarch," "where I am, it is the custom for only one to remain covered."

Pennsylvania

At the death of Admiral Penn his son inherited a great estate. With the loyalty and generosity which marked his whole life the young man now spent large sums of money in attempting to relieve the sad condition of his Society. But money, even with the friendship of a King, could not do everything, and many of the Quakers continued to be imprisoned and put to death.

When Admiral Penn died, England's "Merry Monarch" owed him the large sum of $80,000. There was little chance that the Penn family would ever receive any of this, for the King was far too busy spending money to take the time to think of saving any to pay his debts. But he continued to be very friendly to young Penn, thinking perhaps that this would make up for the loss of the money.

In 1680, when Penn was thirty-six years old, he went to the King and asked him for a tract of land in the new world in payment of the $80,000. Charles was delighted to pay his debt in this easy way. He did not at all mind giving away any amount of land in a country he knew and cared nothing about.

The territory the King gave Penn, and over which he was to rule as governor, lay east of the

Delaware River and north of Maryland. The western boundary was not defined, for no one knew anything about the country in that direction or how far it extended.

When Penn heard that his tract of land was thickly wooded he called it Sylvania, which means "wooded region." The King at once changed the name to Pennsylvania.

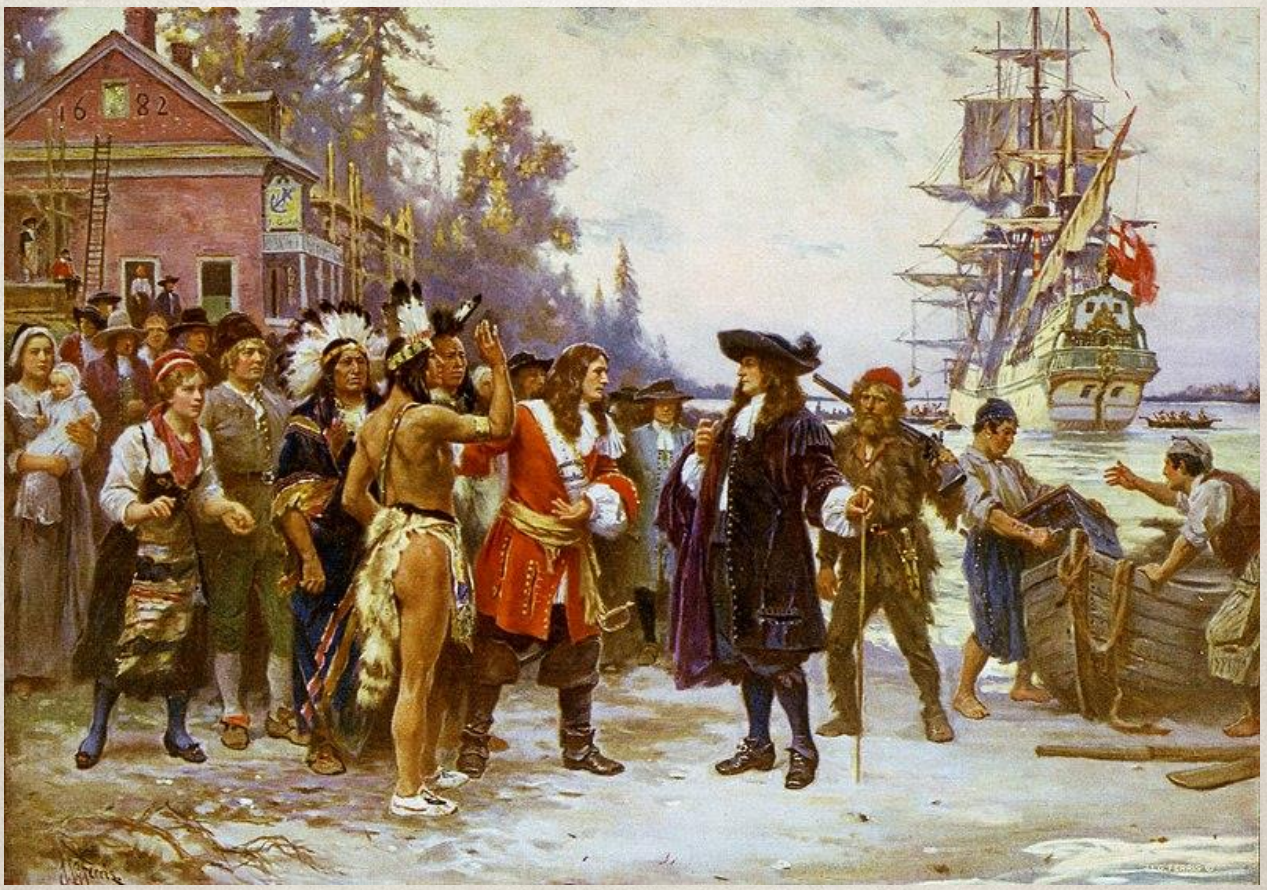
"Nay, friend Charles," said Penn when he heard this, "'twould not be seemly in me to use my name, and I beg thee to leave it as it was."

"I am not naming it for thee, friend William," laughed the King, "but for thy esteemed father. Pennsylvania it shall remain."

Penn wanted this land to found a colony for the Friends who desired a home in the new world where they could worship as they pleased without fear of imprisonment or death.

More than three thousand Quakers sailed for Pennsylvania in 1681, the very year in which Penn received the grant from the King. The colony was founded for the Friends especially, but the broad-minded Penn directed that anyone of good character, whatever his religion, was to be cordially received. A year later, when Penn had arranged his affairs in England, he too sailed for the new world.

On his arrival he set about to make the colony happy and prosperous. The King had granted William Penn the right of ruling with supreme power, but this just man did not believe that any people could be happy if they had no voice in making the laws they were to obey. Every man in



The Landing of William Penn, Jean Leon Gerome Ferris

Pennsylvania was therefore permitted a share in the government.

In 1682 Penn chose a beautiful site at the junction of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers and laid out a city which he named Philadelphia, from the Greek words meaning "brotherly love."

He left a large public square in the center of the city. There were two wide streets, one facing the Delaware River on the east, the other facing the Schuylkill on the west. A third avenue, called High Street (now Market), ran from river to river, while a fourth, called Broad Street, crossed it at right angles, running north and south. Twenty streets ran parallel to Broad Street and were called First Street, Second Street, and so on. Eight streets ran parallel to High, to be called after the names of trees, as Spruce, Chestnut, and Pine. No houses were to be built along the river banks, so that these might be kept for beautiful drives. The homes were surrounded by large lawns, with gardens and orchards. The forest trees were carefully guarded. The central part of Philadelphia still shows this plan.

No other settlement or city in the new world had been planned with so much thought for the good and happiness of everyone, and the result was that the colony of the "holy experiment," as Penn called it, and the "city of brotherly love" soon surpassed all the other colonies and cities of America in growth and prosperity.

Penn and the Indians

One of the things that William Penn is honored for is his justice and great kindness to the Indians. Although the King had claimed the land as his own property and as such had given it away, Penn felt that the natives were the rightful owners and should be paid for it.

Under a wide-spreading tree, at a place which was called by the Indians Shackamaxon, a council-fire had been built. Near it was seated a company of chiefs with their counselors and aged men on either hand. In the midst of the group was the great Sachem, Taminend, "one of nature's noblemen, revered for his wisdom and beloved for his goodness." Behind them in the form of a half-circle sat the young men and a few aged matrons. Beyond them in still-widening circles were the younger people of both sexes. Lacy Cock, the hospitable Swede whose dwelling was near by, and a few other white men, also were of the company. Quietly all awaited Penn's coming.

A barge now appeared on the mild waters of the Delaware and approached the place of meeting. At the mast-head was the broad pennant of the governor. The oars were manned by sturdy rowers, and near the stern sat William Penn, attended by his council. They landed and advanced toward the council-fire, Pen's attendants walking before him, bearing presents, which they spread upon the ground.

Taminend put on his chaplet, surmounted by a small horn, the emblem of kingly power. By means of an interpreter, he intimated that the nations assembled were ready to hear what the white father had to say to them. Then Penn arose and addressed them through the interpreter. Clarkson, the great English philanthropist, says that he spoke as follows:

"The Great Spirit, who made you and me, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the inmost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not



The Treaty of Penn with the Indians, Benjamin West

to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We have met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood, and love." Here the Governor unrolled a parchment, containing agreements for trade and promises of friendship. Then he proceeded:

"I will not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call you children or brothers only; for parents are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes differ. Neither will I compare the friendship between us to a chain; for the rain may rust it, or a tree may fall and break it. But I will consider you as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

The Indians took time to think on what Penn had said to them, and then the king ordered one of his chiefs to reply. The Indian orator came forward and in the name of the king saluted Penn. Then he took him by the hand and made a speech, pledging kindness and good neighborhood and that they would "live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The Indians then agreed to give to Penn all the land bounding on the great river from the mouth of Duck Creek to what is now Bristol, and from the river towards the setting sun as far as a man could ride in two days on a horse. Penn not only paid the Indians for the land, but he did everything possible to add to their happiness and improvement. As a result they were kind and friendly in

return.

This peaceful intercourse between the people of Pennsylvania and the Indians continued without interruption as long as the principles of Penn prevailed in the colony. This treaty kept so long a time well illustrates the truth that the doctrine of peace promotes the happiness of man.

Voltaire, the great French philosopher, said of this treaty: "William Penn began by making a league with the Americans, his neighbors. It is the only one between those natives and the Christians which was never sworn to, and the only one that was never broken."

The Quakers, unlike most colonists in America, found no need for weapons of defense against the natives. The Indians so loved Penn that the Quaker dress was enough to secure protection. When the red man of Pennsylvania wished to pay anyone a great compliment he would say, "You are like William Penn."

In 1685, when Philadelphia was a happy and flourishing town of twenty-five hundred people, Penn heard that the Quakers in England were being cruelly persecuted, and he returned to his native land. It was fifteen years before he was able to go back to Pennsylvania.

Many changes had taken place in Philadelphia in his long absence. The city had grown rapidly—there were four hundred more houses, also new stores, churches, and schools. Penn would have preferred to remain in his colony the rest of his life, but in a short time business again called him to England. His hope of coming back to America to live was never realized, for he died in England in 1706.

In losing him the Quakers lost a true and noble supporter of their religious faith. They drew up a resolution in order to show their gratitude for his character and faithful services.

There came also a curious token of remembrance from the Indians in far-off America, to whom he had been a teacher and a friend. This message was



Statue of William Penn at Penn Treaty Park, Philadelphia Pennsylvania

not written in words as we know them, but in signs and symbols expressing the deep sorrow they felt in the loss of their Great Chief. With this expression of grief were sent some beautiful skins, which they intended to be made into a cloak "to protect his wife while passing through the thorny wilderness without her guide."

Penn's Part in Founding America

William Penn founded his colony to give the Quakers an opportunity to worship God in their own way, but he was willing to grant the same freedom to people of any other belief. Such fairness was a rare thing in those times. In most of the colonies an attempt was made to force all the inhabitants into the same church. But Penn asked only that people should be Christians. He was willing that each church should have its own forms and ceremonies.

Pennsylvania was a democracy from the beginning, for when Penn drew up the plan of government, he gave the right to vote to every man who paid taxes. His broad ideas of religious freedom and his just laws paved the way for the Declaration of Independence, which, nearly a hundred years later, marked the beginning of the United States as one country.

Chapter 16

James Edward Oglethorpe

1696–1785 Georgia

James Oglethorpe was educated at a military school in England, and before he was twenty, he joined the English army and fought in the Turkish War.

When the Turkish war was over, he returned to England and settled down to ways of peace. His father and elder brothers died, and he inherited the family estates. He was now a very rich man, but he lived a simple and sober life. He was elected to Parliament and served as a member for many years. While he was in Parliament, an event occurred that turned his attention toward America and caused him to become the founder of Georgia. This is how it happened:



James Edward Oglethorpe, Alfred Edmund Dyer

There was a cruel law in England at that time by which a person in debt might be thrown into prison by his creditors and kept there until his debts were somehow paid. Many poor, unfortunate people, innocent of any crime, languished in these debtors' prisons. Oglethorpe had a dear friend, a Mr. Robert Castell, who was a scholar and an artist. He wrote a fine book on architecture, which he illustrated with splendid pictures drawn by his own hand. He was so much taken up with writing the book that he neglected his business affairs, and when the book was published, instead of making money for him it brought him heavily in debt, and he was condemned to be cast into the debtors' prison. In the prison to which he was assigned, smallpox was at that time raging, and he had never had the disease. He begged the prison keeper, a heartless wretch by the name of Bambridge, to let him lie in the common jail until the prison should be freed of the smallpox or until his friends could arrange to pay his debts for him, which he was sure would be done in the course of a few months. Bambridge agreed to do so if Castell would pay him down in

cash a certain sum of money as a bribe, but poor Castell had not the money, so he was thrown into the smallpox-infested prison, where he soon contracted the disease; and after a few days' suffering he died an awful death, leaving his wife and little children poverty stricken and helpless.

When Oglethorpe heard of this outrage his blood boiled with indignation. He at once introduced a bill in Parliament to have a committee appointed to examine the prisons of England and bring about a reform in their management. The bill was passed, Oglethorpe was made Chairman of the Committee, and, with the other members, he spent several months visiting the prisons. He found in them many practices of shocking cruelty, all of which were immediately abolished.

If Oglethorpe had done nothing more than bring about this reform, he would deserve the lasting gratitude of humanity, but he did not stop at this. While visiting the prisons his sympathies were deeply aroused for the poor debtors whom he found languishing behind iron bars, though innocent of any crime. He determined to try to do something to help them out of their sad condition. By his earnest appeals he got Parliament to pass a law by which they might be set free, provided they would agree to go to America and establish there for England a new colony on a broad strip of unsettled country already claimed by her, south of the Savannah River. It lay next to Florida, which then belonged to Spain and had been colonized by her. The Spaniards were at that time one of the most powerful and warlike nations in the world, and in their hearts they were very hostile to the English, although not openly at war with them. The Spanish soldiers were bold, skillful, and heartless; so much so that some one said of them, "A Spanish soldier is a machine of steel with the devil inside of it!"

Fortunately for Oglethorpe's enterprise, King George II of England was anxious to plant colonies in his unoccupied possessions south of the Savannah River as a protection for South Carolina against the bold and unscrupulous Spaniards of Florida. So he gladly granted to Oglethorpe "for the use of debtors and other poor persons" all the country between the Savannah and the Altamaha Rivers, and as far westward as they might choose to go. This strip of country was named Georgia in honor of King George. A Board of Trustees, consisting of thirty-six members, among whom were some of the most distinguished men in England, was appointed by the King to have entire charge of planting, establishing, and governing the new colony. They were to serve without pay or compensation of any sort. It must be purely a labor of love with them. The good and great Lord Perceval was president of the Board, and Oglethorpe was one of the members. The Trustees set about raising money to pay the cost of establishing the colony, for the poor people who were to go were not able to pay any part of their own expenses. Parliament made quite a liberal appropriation for the purpose, and a larger amount still was raised by public subscription from benevolent people in all parts of England. Altogether, the Trustees soon had in hand $150,000, which was sufficient to establish a small colony.

At one of the meetings of the Trustees it was suggested that some member of the Board, a man of education and ability, should go over to America with the first colonists as their Governor and live in Georgia with them until they were well and thoroughly established. Oglethorpe nobly volunteered to go, and the Trustees were delighted. In undertaking this trying service, Oglethorpe would have to give up his luxurious home, the pleasures of refined society, and the splendid public career that was fast opening to him in England and would have to endure untold hardships, privations, and dangers; and from it all he had nothing, in a worldly sense, to gain for himself. The Trustees

had chosen as the official seal of the Board a group of silk worms spinning their cocoons and, written underneath, the noble motto, *"Non sibi sed aliis!"*[1] "Not for themselves but for others!" As those of you who have studied Latin know, the word sibi may also be correctly translated himself. The motto truly expressed the spirit of Oglethorpe in volunteering to go on this trying expedition, *"Non sibi sed aliis!"* "Not for himself but for others!" He was at this time forty-three years old and was yet unmarried. So far as we know, he had never had a sweetheart. Perhaps he was so busy that he had never had time to fall in love!

When it was known that the great and good Oglethorpe himself would accompany the expedition, hundreds and hundreds of poor people, debtors and others, were anxious to go, but only a few could be taken. Out of the hundreds of applicants, the Trustees carefully selected forty strong, healthy men of good morals and with small families. All together, men, women, and children, the party consisted of one hundred and twenty souls. Many poor wretches who begged to go had to be turned away with tears in their eyes and bitter disappointment in their hearts.

The good ship Anne, a sailing vessel of two hundred tons burden, was chartered to take the emigrants across the ocean to America. In her hold, as she lay moored to the wharf at Gravesend, were stored provisions and all kinds of tools and implements for the journey and for getting the colony well established in Georgia. Everything was then ready for the voyage.

I will leave it to you to read of his years in Georgia, but we will pick up the story at the end, when he sailed away from Georgia:

On the 23rd of July, 1743, James Oglethorpe left Georgia never to return. As he was tossed on the waves of the Atlantic on his way back to his old home in England, what must have been his thoughts and feelings about the work in Georgia to which he had given eleven of the best years of his life? They had been years full of trial and tribulation to him. Of some of the hardships and dangers that he had to endure, you have learned in the foregoing pages; but these were the least of his troubles. In carrying out this great enterprise he had to deal with many very mean people. He was constantly harassed (if so strong and firm a mind as his would allow itself to be harassed) by the dishonesty and treachery, the "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" of persons who should have lent him a helping hand. Yet in coming to America to undertake this hard and trying work, Oglethorpe had made many sacrifices; for he gave up a luxurious home, the delights of literature, the pleasures of refined society, and a splendid public career that was just opening to him in England, and from it all he had absolutely nothing, in a worldly sense, to gain for himself. *Non sibi sed aliis!*

Tomo-chi-chi, that grand old savage, showed a spirit as unselfish and noble as Oglethorpe's. By the practice of a little business cunning he might have obtained for himself rich rewards from the English for the great services that he rendered to them, but not one cent did he ever ask or receive. Even the presents that were made to him while he was in England, he gave away with a free hand to the poor people of his tribe on his return to America. He died at last in his humble wigwam, one

[1] The original of this famous seal is in the British Museum, London. A few years ago a wax impression of it was obtained from the curator of the Museum by the Oglethorpe Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at Columbus. It is the only copy extant in America.



James Oglethorpe presenting the Yamacraw Indians to the Georgia Trustees, William Verelst

of the poorest of men. In all that he did, he was governed by no other motive than to promote the best interests of his people. American history furnishes no finer illustration of pure and lofty patriotism. *Non sibi sed aliis!*

The Trustees of Georgia served without pay or reward of any kind. The work required much of their time and was full of grave responsibility. They looked after the affairs of the colony with as much care and diligence as if Georgia had been their private property and was being run as a money-making enterprise; and yet they well knew that, in a selfish sense, there was absolutely nothing in it, neither fame nor fortune, for themselves. *Non sibi sed aliis!*

Of all the American colonies, Georgia was certainly the one established on the noblest principles; and yet for a long time Georgia did not prosper. At the time of Oglethorpe's leaving, the whole enterprise seemed little better than a failure. Boundless enthusiasm, devoted self-sacrifice, strenuous work, and many hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended on the undertaking; and yet after ten years there were less than three thousand people in the colony, and most of these were in a deplorable condition. Hundreds of people who had settled here moved away in disgust to the Carolinas and other more prosperous provinces.

The reason generally given for this discouraging state of affairs is the obstinacy of Oglethorpe and the Trustees in not allowing negro slavery and the rum trade in Georgia.



Statue of James Oglethorpe in Augusta Commons, Augusta, Georgia

Another cause of the lack of prosperity was, no doubt, in the kind of people of whom the colony was largely composed. For, if the truth must be told, many of the emigrants who came to Georgia during Oglethorpe's rule were a sorry lot of folk—debtors, paupers, beggars, and all sorts of folk who had not been able to take care of themselves at home. Oglethorpe has been much blamed for peopling Georgia with such slipshod, knock-kneed human beings; but really it redounds to his glory that he was willing to extend a helping hand to those poor creatures whom no one else would help, and to give them one more chance in the world. True, as might have been expected, these persons made poor use of the opportunity, but Oglethorpe was not to blame for that.

But Oglethorpe's work in Georgia was far from being the failure that it seemed. He had laid deep the foundation of splendid success. He had gained the lasting good-will of the Indians. He had saved Georgia, and Carolina, too, from Spanish conquest. In the face of dangers and obstacles that might have appalled the stoutest heart, he had planted a colony that was destined to grow into the great Empire State of the South!

Chapter 17

The Acadian Expulsion

1764 The 'Cajuns' in Louisiana

Once upon a time, in a country in the north dwelt a very happy race of people. The land did not lie so far north but that it had bright springs and sunny summers, and all through the valleys lay pretty little villages surrounded with orchards and fields and meadows. And little dark-eyed children wandered through the orchards in the morning sunshine, and broke off boughs of pink-tinted blossoms whereon the dew lay not yet dried, and through green-carpeted fields, where the young grain waved, and through the high meadow-grass, gathering daisies and sweet, wild forget-me-nots. All day long the place was bright and happy with children's faces and children's voices.

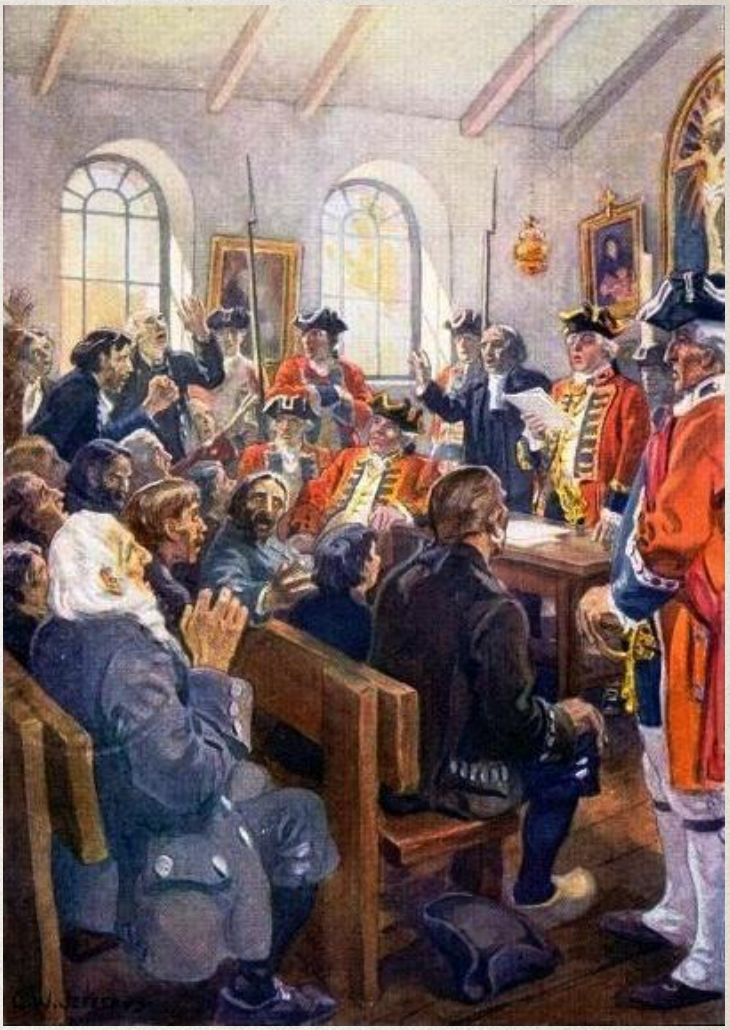
The tiny streams that crept down from the mountains loved the little faces that leaned over them, and the little hands that threw dainty flowers on their merry, rippling waves; even the birds that flew down into shady, silent corners to drink showed no fear if, perchance, they found a little



Detail of the fresco of the Acadian Memorial by Robert Dafford

child there before them. The wind that sung through the pines at the foot of the mountain sung only words of peace, and the whole place seemed only to know blue skies, sweet fragrant breezes, and floods of golden sunshine.

And when the bright, happy days came to an end, then the children would gather on the door-steps of the quaint little houses, and, while they watched the moon rise large and silvery over the spire of the church, they would listen to the stories told by their fathers and mothers of the land beyond the great sea, which their ancestors had sailed away from forever when they came to find a new home in this northern land.



Reading the Order of expulsion to the Acadians in the parish Church at Grand-Pré, in 1755, Charles William Jefferys

The children dearly loved to hear the stories of that far-away France which their great-grand-fathers and great-grandmothers but dimly remembered; for, although their own homes were in America, they always thought of themselves as French. They knew nothing of England or English customs, and English children would have seemed strangers to them, while the little Indian boys and girls with whom they played seemed dear and familiar friends; for in this northern land, which the French people called Acadia because it was such a lovely and beautiful place, the Indians had always been well treated by the whites, and they were very fond of them in return.

The Indian children played in the streets with the French children, and wandered with them through the meadows and forests. The Indian fathers and mothers went to the village churches, and learned of the good priests how to lead useful and happy lives; and they brought their children to be baptized and confirmed, and wanted them to grow up knowing how to live the same kind of lives that their little French neighbors would live when they grew up.

And so for many years these people lived in this pleasant country, and were contented and happy. But by and by trouble came. Acadia was taken away from the French and given to the English, who sent their soldiers there. The Acadians were very sorry for this; they did not want to belong to England, for they were French and loved France. At that time both England and France had armies in America, and both were trying to get as much land as they could; and, as the English



The portation in Grand-Pré, Nova Scotia, George Craig

were the more successful in this war, they got possession of Acadia and changed its name to Nova Scotia.

Then there was an English governor sent there to rule the country; and, although the Acadians loved the French, they promised not to help them, but said they would give help neither to the English nor the French.

But the English were not satisfied with this. They were all the time afraid that the Acadians would help the French. So one day the English com-mander sent a fleet of vessels to Acadia, and all the Acadians were told to gather in the churches and listen to the reading of some papers that had been sent there by him; the Acadians came, but no sooner were they all gathered together than the English soldiers drove them all down to the harbor, where the ships lay. Then they were driven on the ships in crowds, and neighbors and friends and families were all separated; perhaps a father in one ship, a mother in another, and their children in a third. There was no time to say good-by to their pretty little homes—no time to say good-by to dear friends.

As soon as they had been crowded on the ships the soldiers set fire to their homes, and soon the peaceful villages of Acadia were utterly destroyed. Nothing remained of the once lovely place but heaps of ashes, burned fields, and desolate tracts of country.

The ships sailed away to different ports, and the Acadians were scattered all over the country. Friends who had been separated often never met again, and the little boys and girls who had played so happily in the green fields of Acadia were now to go sorrowing all their lives for the dear playmates they would never see again.

It was a very cruel thing to do. It was an act unworthy the heart of an English soldier, who could not but remember his own home in fair, green England. It was something that the English ought to

have been ashamed to do, for the Acadians were a peaceful people and not likely to make them any trouble.

But sometimes, in war, men forget that they are men, and act cruelly and wrongly; and that is what the English did when they drove the Acadians from their homes to wander homeless and poor and sad all over the country.

If you should go to Nova Scotia to-day you would not find the Acadia of that far-off time. The country is English now, and the only memories of Acadia are those that linger in the lonely mountain echoes, in the sad sighing of the pines, in the wild flowers of the meadow, which make you think of the children that once played there; in the soft murmur of the streams, which seem to sing, as you listen, long-forgotten tunes; and in the deep roar of the sea, on whose waves the Acadians were borne away forever from that beautiful, happy land which became but a dream of the past.

The poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote a poem called Evangeline that tells the story of the Acadian expulsion. The grandmother of the real girl the poem is based upon left us an eye-witness look at these events:

"My native land is called Acadia. It is a cold and desolate region during winter, and snow covers the ground during several months of the year. It is rocky, and huge and rugged stones lie strewn over the surface of the ground in many places, and one must struggle hard for a livelihood there, especially with the poor and meagre tools possessed by my people. Yet I grieve for my native land, with its rocks and snows, because I have left there a part of my heart in the graves of those I loved so well and who sleep under its sod."

And as she spoke thus, her eyes streamed with tears and emotion choked her utterance.

"You must know, petiots, that less than a hundred years ago Acadia was a French Province, whose people lived contented and happy. The king of France sent brave officers to govern the province, and these officers treated us with the greatest kindness.

"Our manner of living in Acadia was peculiar, the people forming, as it were, one single family. Although poor, they were honest and industrious, and they lived contented with what little they had, without envying their neighbors, and how could it be otherwise? If any one was unable to do his field work because of illness, or of some other misfortune, his neighbors flew to his assistance, and it required but a few days work, with their combined efforts to weed his field and save his crop.

"Thus it was that, incited by noble and generous feeling, the inhabitants of the province seemed to form one single family, and not a community composed of separate families. We lacked none of the comforts of life, and although not wealthy, we were not in want, as our wishes were few and easily satisfied.

"I will now relate to you what befell them.

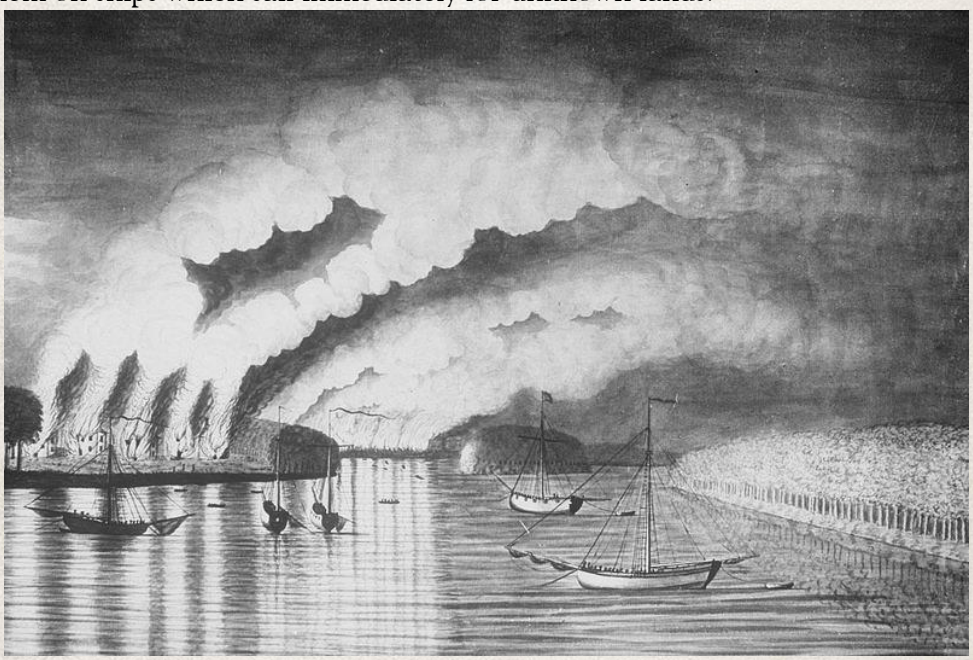
"It was on a Sunday, I remember this as if it were but yesterday, we were attending mass, and when our old curate ascended his pulpit, as he was wont to do every Sunday, he announced to us that war was being waged between France and England. 'My children,' said he in sad and solemn tones, 'you may expect to witness awful scenes and to undergo sore trials, but God will not forsake you if you put your trust in his infinite mercy'; and then kneeling down, he prayed aloud for France, and we all responded to his fervent voice, and said amen! From the depths of our hearts. A painful

silence prevailed in the little church until mass was over. As we left the church, the people grouped themselves on all sides to discuss the sad news, and we retired mournfully and quietly to our homes.

"This intelligence troubled us, and we tried, in vain, to shake off the gloom that darkened our souls.

"Six months passed away without our receiving the least intelligence. One morning, at dawn of day, a young man was lying unconscious on the green near the church. His arm was shattered, and he had bled profusely; it was with the greatest difficulty that we restored him to life. When he opened his eyes his looks were wild and terrified, and, despite his weakness, he made a desperate effort to rise and flee.

"'The English', said he, 'have landed troops on the eastern coast of Acadia, and are committing the most atrocious cruelties. Their inhumanity surpasses belief. They pillage and burn our villages, and even lay sacrilegious hands on the sacred vessels in our churches. They tear the wives from their husbands, the children from their parents, and they drive their ill-fated victims to the seashore, and stow them on ships which sail immediately for unknown lands."



A View of the Plundering and Burning of the City of Grimross, Thomas Davies

"One of our elders spoke as follows: 'My good friends,' said he, 'our hopes were illusory and the future is big with ominous threats for us. A cruel and relentless enemy is at our doors. The story of the wounded man is true, the English are applying the torch to our villages, and are spreading the scattering ruin as they advance. They spare neither old age nor infirmity, neither women nor children, and are tender hearted only to renegades and apostates. Are you ready to accept these humiliating conditions, and to be branded as traitors and cowards?'

"'Never,' we answered; 'never!'

"'Then let exile be our lot. Let us prepare for the worst, for today, we bid adieu forever, perhaps to Acadia, to our homes, to the graves of those we loved so well. We leave friendless and penniless for distant lands; we leave for Louisiana, where we shall be free to honor and reverence France, and

to serve our God according to our belief.'

"These words chilled our hearts, and yet, without a tear, without a complaint, we resigned ourselves to our fate.

"Ah! It was a cruel day to us. We were leaving Acadia, we were abandoning our homes where our children were born and raised. Everything that we saw, every object that we touched, recalled to our hearts some sweet remembrance of days gone by. We were leaving them forever. The terrible ordeal we were undergoing did not shake our resolve, and submitting to the will of God, we preferred exile and poverty before dishonoring ourselves by becoming traitors and renegades.

"Our people, so meek, so peaceable, became frenzied with despair. The women and children wandered from house to house, wailing and uttering piercing cries. Every object of spoil was destroyed, and the torch was applied to the houses. Oh, the ruin, the ruin, petiots; it was horrible.

"As darkness came, we cast a sad look toward the spot where our peaceful and happy St. Gabriel once stood. Alas, we could see nothing but the crimson sky reflecting the lurid glare of the flames that devoured our Acadian villages.

"Not a word fell from our lips as we journeyed slowly on, and as night came its darkness increased our misery, and such was our dejection, that we would have faced death without a shudder.

It was decided to reach Canada the best way we could, after which, after crossing the great northern lakes, our journey was to be overland to the Mississippi river, on whose waters we would float down to Louisiana, a French colony inhabited by people of our own race, and professing the same religious creed as ours.



The Deportation of the Acadians, Henri Beau

"But to carry out this plan, we had to travel thousands of miles through a country barren of civilization, through endless forests, and across lakes as wide and deep as the sea; We knelt down to implore the aid and protection of God in the many dangers that beset us, and, trusting in His kind Providence, we lay down on the bare ground to sleep.

"When the moon rose, dispelling by degrees the darkness of night, we again pursued our journey. We made the least noise possible as we advanced cautiously, our fears and apprehensions increasing at every step. All at once our column halted; a deathlike silence prevailed.

"We had not advanced two hundred yards when we were halted by a company of English soldiers. Ah! Petiots, our doom was sealed. We were in a narrow path surrounded by the enemy, without the possibility of escape. How shall I describe what followed. The women wrung their hands and sobbed piteously in their despair. The children, terrified, uttered shrill and piercing cries, while the men, goaded to madness, vented their rage in hurried exclamations.

"The officer in command approached us: 'Acadians,' said he, 'you have fled from your homes after having reduced them to ashes; you have used seditious language against England, and we find you here, in the depth of night, congregated and conspiring against the king, our liege lord and sovereign. You are traitors and you should be treated as such, but in his clemency, the king offers his pardon to all who will swear fealty and allegiance to him.'

"'Sir,' answer Rene Leblanc, under whose guidance we had left St. Gabriel, 'our king is the king of France, and we are not traitors to the king of England whose subjects we are not. If by the force of arms you have conquered this country, we are willing to recognize your supremacy, but we are not willing to submit to English rule, and for that reason, we have abandoned our homes to emigrate to Louisiana, to seek there, under the protection of the French flag, the quiet and peace and happiness we have enjoyed here.'

"The officer who had listened with folded arms to the noble words of Rene Leblanc, replied with a scowl of hatred: 'To Louisiana you wish to go? To Louisiana you shall go, and seek in vain, under the French flag, that protection you have failed to receive from it in Canada. Soldiers,' he added, with a smile that made us shudder, 'escort these worthy patriots to the seashore, where transportation will be given them free in his majesty's ships.'

"These words sounded like a death knell to us; we saw plainly that our doom was sealed. They treated us most brutally, and they drove us back through the forest to the seashore, where their ships were anchored, and stowing the greater number of our party in one of their ships, they weighed anchor, and she set sail. The balance of our people had been embarked on another vessel which had departed in advance of ours.

"We were huddled in a space scarcely large enough to contain us. We could not lie down to rest our weary limbs. With but scant food, with the water given grudgingly to us, barely enough to wet our parched lips; with no one to care for us, you can well imagine that our sufferings became unbearable.

"At last our ship was anchored, and we were told that we had reached the place of our destination. Was it Louisiana? we inquired. Rude scoffs and sharp invectives were their only answer. We were disembarked with the same ruthless brutality with which we had been dragged to their ship. They landed us on a precipitous and rocky shore, and leaving us a few rations, saluted us in derision with their caps and bidding farewell to the noble patriots, as they called us. Our anguish, at that

moment, can hardly be conceived. We were outcasts in a strange land; we were friendless and penniless, with a few rations thrown to us as to dogs. The sun had now set, and we were in an agony of despair.

"Our only hope rested in the mercy of a kind Providence, and with hearts too full for utterance, we knelt down with one accord and silently besought the Lord of Hosts to vouchsafe to us that pity and protection which he gives to the most abject of his creatures. Never was a more heartfelt prayer wafted to God's throne. When we arose, hope, once more smiling to us, irradiated our souls and dispelled, as if by magic, the gloom that had settled in our hearts. With a clear conscience, we lay down to sleep under the blue canopy of the heavens.

"The dawn of day found us scattered in groups, discussing the course we were to pursue, and our hearts grew faint anew at the thought of the unknown trials that awaited us.

"At that moment, we spied two horsemen approaching our camp. Our hearts fluttered with emotion. We felt as if Providence had not forsaken us. When the cavaliers alighted, they addressed us in English, but in words so soft and kind, that the sound of the hated language did not grate on our ears, and seemed as sweet as that of our tongue. They bowed gracefully to us, and introduced themselves as Charles Smith and Henry Brent. 'We are informed,' said they, 'that you are exiles, and that you have been cast penniless on our shores. We have come to greet you, and to welcome you to the hospitality of our roofs.' These kind words sank deep in our hearts. 'Good sirs,' answered Rene Leblanc, 'you behold a wretched people bereft of their homes and whose only crime is their love for France and their devotion to the Catholic faith,' and saying this, he raised his hat, and every man of our party did the same. 'We thank you heartily for your greeting and for your hospitality so generously tendered. See, we number over two hundred persons, and it would be taxing your generosity too heavily, no one but a king could accomplish your noble design.'

"'Sir,' they answered, 'we are citizens of Maryland, and we own large estates. We have everything in abundance at our homes, and this abundance we are willing to share with you. Accept our offer, and the Brent and Smith families will ever be grateful to God, who has given them the means to minister to your wants, assuage your afflictions and soothe your sorrows.'

"How could we decline an offer so generously made? It was impossible for us to find words expressive our gratitude. Unable to utter a single word, we shook hands with them, but our silence was far more eloquent than any language we could have used.

"The same day, we moved to their farms, which lay near by, and I shall never forget the kind welcome we received from these two families. They vied with each other in their kind offices toward us, and ministered to our wants with so much grace and affability, that it gave additional charm and value to their already boundless hospitality.

"Petiots, let the names of Brent and of Smith remain enchased forever like precious jewels in your hearts, let their remembrance never fade from your memory, for more generous and worthier beings never breathed the pure air of heaven.

"Thus it was that we settled in Maryland after leaving Acadia.

"Three years passed away peacefully and happily, and during the whole of that time, the Smith and Brent families remained our steadfast friends.

[It was then decided to continue their journey to Louisiana.]

"Our journey was slow and tedious, for a thousand obstacles impeded our progress. We encoun-

tered deep and rapid streams that we could not cross for want of boats; we traveled through mountain defiles, where the pathway was narrow and dangerous, winding over hill and dale and over craggy steeps, where one false step might hurl us down into the yawning chasm below. We suffered from storms and pelting rains, and at night when we halted to rest our weary limbs, we had only the light canvass of our tents to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather.

"Ah! We were undergoing sore trials! But we were lulled by the hope that far, far away in Louisiana, our dreamland, we would find our kith and kin. That radiant hope illumined our pathway; it shone as a beacon light on which we kept our eyes riveted, and it steeled our hearts against sufferings and privations almost too great to be borne otherwise.

"Thus we advanced fearlessly, aye, almost cheerfully, and at night, when we pitched our tents in some solitary spot, our Acadian songs broke the silence and loneliness of the solitude.

"At last we launched on the turbulent waters of the Mississippi and floated down that noble stream as far as Bayou Plaquemines, in Louisiana, where we landed. As the tidings of our arrival spread abroad, a great number of Acadian exiles flocked to our camp to greet and welcome us. How can I describe our joy and rapture, when we recognized countenances familiar to us. Grasping their hands, with hearts too full for utterance, we wept like children. Many a sorrowing heart revived to love and happiness on that day. Many a wife pressed to her bosom a long lost husband. Many a fond parent clasped in rapturous embrace a loving child. Ah! such a moment repaid us a thousand-fold for all our sufferings and privations, and we spent the day in rejoicing, conviviality and merriment.



Monument of the Acadian Expulsion, George's Island, Halifax, Nova Scotia

"You must not imagine that the Teche region was, at that time, dotted all over like nowadays with thriving farms, elegant houses and handsome villages. No, it required the nerve and perseverance of your Acadian fathers to settle there. Although beautiful and picturesque, it was a wild region inhabited, mostly, by Indians and by a few white men, trappers and hunters by occupation. Such was the region you're ancestors settled, and which, by their energy, they have transformed into a garden teeming with wealth.

"The Acadians enriched themselves in a country where no one will starve if he is industrious, and where one may easily become rich if he fears God, and if he is economical and orderly in his affairs.

"And my tale is told. Your Acadian fathers were martyrs in a noble cause, and you should always be proud to be the sons of martyrs and of men of principle."

Chapter 18

How Slave Trade Began in America

Note: While a ship carrying 20 to 30 kidnapped Africans arrived in Virginia in 1619, introducing the African slave trade there, slavery existed in the colonies prior to that time. This particular story explains why there was a giant swell in the number of African slaves in the American colonies in the 18th century.

During the reign of George I, a terrible panic brought about untold misery to the people of England. This panic came about through the South Sea Bubble as the enterprise has since been called, an enterprise which, as time went on, also affected the colonies seriously. The plan of the enterprise was this: A company of London merchants, calling themselves the South Sea Company, were to raise money, form a stock company, and establish a large trade in negro slaves between Africa and Brazil. In order to secure the confidence of the common people in the scheme and so get them to put their money into it, the government was asked to give its sanction and to stand back of the company in the way of certain grants and privileges which would give them all necessary freedom to carry out the plan. In return for this government backing, the company agreed to pay off the national debt of England.

From the beginning, Walpole, the Prime Minister, was opposed to the scheme as being one unworthy the backing of a government. Then, too, a similar scheme had been worked in France and with the same promises to the government. It had never paid, however, and the people of France—the stock-holders—had lost their money, and with it faith in the integrity of their government. Walpole feared a similar ending for the South Sea Company and fought against it from beginning to end. The Company, however, succeeded in interesting several members of the Cabinet in their venture and in making them believe that the Company had a better plan than had the inventors of the French plan. The Company, then, went ahead with its scheme, sending out pamphlets promising fifty per cent interest upon the money invested. This was, of course, a great temptation to the people; and, as the Company had the backing of the government, the investing public felt perfectly secure.

The scheme prospered for a while, and the stock market was filled with people fighting to get a chance to invest their little earnings. But one day the Bubble "burst," and the people learned that the whole enterprise was a fraud. Thousands lost all they had invested—ruined by the failure of the South Sea Company.

The condition of these people seemed pitiable; then came the cry for vengeance. Investigation was demanded by the House of Commons. One of the members of the Cabinet who had been implicated in the fraud was imprisoned in the Tower of London; and another member killed himself



Slave Trade, John Raphael Smith

rather than endure the disgrace which investigation was sure to bring to him as well as to many others.

Although this Company failed, and in failing defrauded many people whose money had been taken and invested, nevertheless its promoters had reserved enough money to enter into another project as bad, or worse. Now, the slave traffic on the coast of Africa was fast becoming lucrative; and, accordingly, this Company asked George I for royal authority to enter into this slave trade and to retain the monopoly of it for the colonies; that is, virtually force slave labor upon the colonies.

The colonists proved averse to slave labor on the ground that it was better to give labor into the hands of the poorer white people who needed work in order to earn a living for themselves. Of this the company complained; and, in keeping with the methods of those times, the colonists were told that they must submit to the importation of slaves and must encourage it; for in those days, English kings and merchants seemed to think that the colonies existed for no other reason than to create commerce and trade for the home country. This principle, as we shall soon see, was what finally brought on the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. In the course of time, then, slave importation became a regular traffic between Africa and the American colonies; and in time so many slaves had been imported that they became an actual necessity. White men would not work side by side with these unfortunate half savage, half civilized laborers, and the south was now forced to import slave labor whether they wished or not.

It is interesting to read the arguments used in these days of the opening of slave traffic, by the merchants of the London Company, and also by some members of Parliament.

"The emigrating white," they said, "shows himself a dangerous freeman. He is defying the

English authority and is fast becoming a rebel. Let us, then, import black men rather than emigrate white men; for negroes will never attempt independence." This argument we find in a political pamphlet of the times—1745—entitled:

The African Slave Trade

The Great Pillar of
Support of the
British Plantation
Trade in America



Landing Negroes at Jamestown from Dutch man-of-war, 1619, H. Pyle

Then too, the pamphlet goes on to say that "if the southern colonies are peopled with white men from England, they will soon begin to manufacture, and we should find our home manufactories suffering from the competition. We have just read of the development of the colonies. Negro workmen, however, will keep our home industries secure, for negroes will never be able to manufacture; therefore through them we shall keep our proper authority over the colonies."

Georgia, which was now a well-established colony, appreciated from the first what this frank doctrine meant to the colonies themselves and so made an early law restricting slave importation. This, however, only brought down the more heavily upon Georgia, the anger of those financially interested in the success of the South Sea Company.

Any restrictive measures which the colonial governors urged upon the king were ignored, and word was sent to each governor commanding him to see to it that slave importation be pushed to its utmost and that no tolerance be shown towards anti-slave agitators.

Such, then, were the beginnings of slave trade in our colonies; a trade which was carried on with increasing vigor during the reigns of the rulers who followed until after the Revolution. Then a clause in the Constitution prohibited it—the prohibition to go into effect in the year 1808.

Postscript: The contributions of the African-American in the building of America are immeasurable and need to be woven into our story. And an important thread of that story is that there were those among us who fought it from the very beginning, including our Founding Fathers.

Harriet Beecher Stowe used her pen in her fight to free them, and in her biography, her son wrote:

"The signers of the Declaration of Independence and the statesmen and soldiers of the Revolution were no friends of negro slavery. In fact, the very principles of the Declaration of Independence sounded the death knell of slavery forever. No stronger utterances against this national sin are to be found anywhere than in the letters and published writings of Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton and Patrick Henry.

"Jefferson encountered difficulties greater than he could overcome, and after vain wrestlings the words that broke from him, 'I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just and that his justice cannot sleep forever,' were the words of despair.

"It was the desire of Washington's heart that Virginia should remove slavery by a public act; and as the prospects of a general emancipation grew more and more dim…he did all that he could by bequeathing freedom to his own slaves.

"Hamilton was one of the founders of the Manumission Society, the object of which was the abolition of slaves in the State of New York. Patrick Henry, speaking of slavery, said, "A serious view of this subject gives a gloomy prospect to future times."

"Slavery was thought by the founders of our Republic to be a dying institution, and all the provisions of the Constitution touching slavery looked towards gradual emancipation as an inevitable result of the growth of democracy."

Although its abolishment took longer than the Founders hoped it would take, we rejoice that it eventually happened. May we each do our part to aid the healing of the wounds.

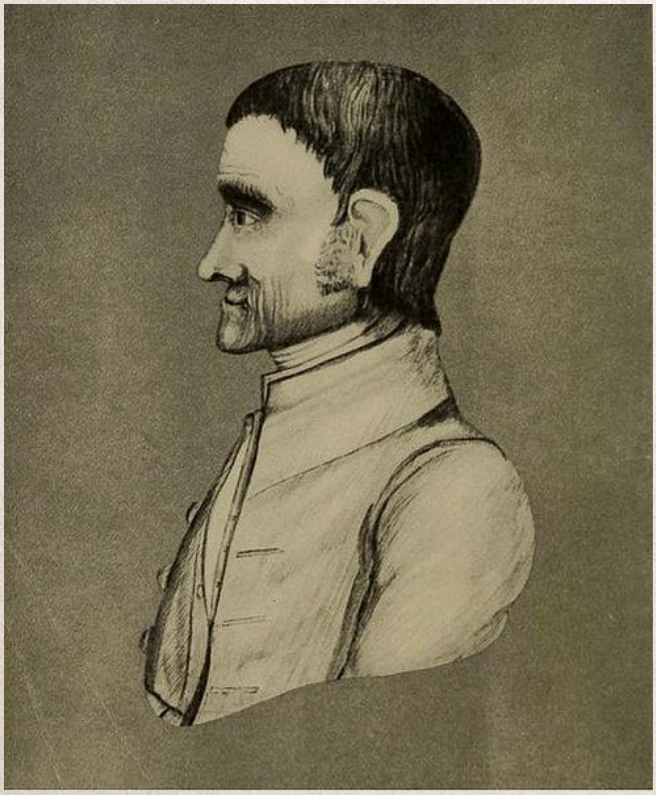
Chapter 19

John Woolman

1720-1772

He was born at Mount Holly in New Jersey, one of the children of a small farmer, a member of the Society of Friends. We know little about John's early life save what he has written in his remarkable Journal. Although almost uneducated so far as schooling was concerned he has left in this book one of the simplest yet most impressive pieces of English writing to be found anywhere.

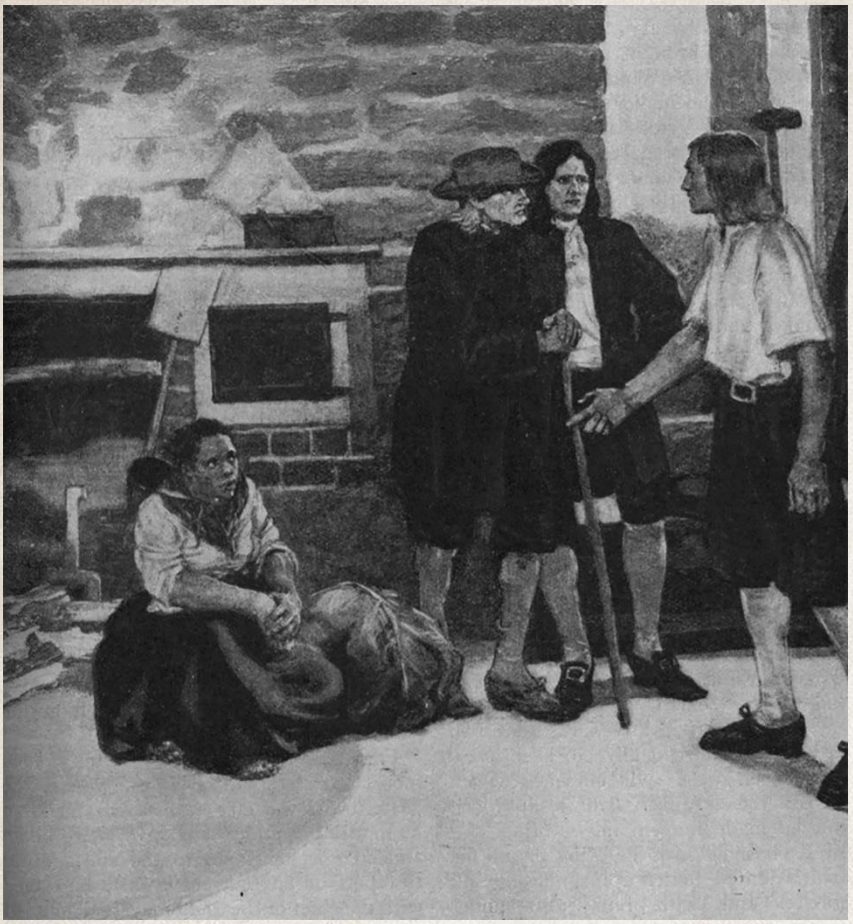
As he grew up he started work on his father's farm, using the evenings for reading and improving his mind. But being frail in body he found farming too great a strain, and became instead bookkeeper and assistant to a baker. He attended the Quaker meetings, and soon there came on him a sense of the terrible evil of slavery. A small incident started him on the road that led to freedom for the slaves.



Portrait of John Woolman, Probably Robert Smith III

"My employer [he writes], having a Negro woman, sold her and desired me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who bought her. The thing was sudden, and though I felt uneasy at the thought of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures, yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our Society, who bought her: so through weakness I gave way and wrote it. But at the executing of it I was so afflicted in my mind that I said before my master and the Friend that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion."

The next time he was asked, by a young man of his Society, to write out a conveyance of a slave he asked to be excused. The result was that the Friend confessed that the keeping of slaves was not altogether agreeable to his mind either, but as the slave had been a gift to his wife he felt bound to accept her.



Woolman persuades his friends that slavery is wrong.

John Woolman could not argue with his conscience in that way. Slavery appeared to him as a dark gloominess overhanging the land which he must do all in his power to abolish. In order to leave himself with as much free time as possible for the cause he decided from then onward to do with the minimum of comfort, so that his energies need not be absorbed in the building up of a prosperous business.

He changed his trade and became a tailor, but most of his time was spent in travelling about in the streets of the Friends, which gave him unique opportunities of drawing attention to the matter so close to his heart.

As he went about the country the Quakers naturally offered him hospitality, but he was very uneasy about accepting anything from people who owned slaves for fear that by doing so he might feel a delicacy in speaking to them about freeing the Negroes.

He was often asked to draw up contracts for the conveyance of slaves, but always declined, and in many cases he put his scruples so convincingly that those who had asked him became converted to his views and willingly set free the very slaves they were about to sell or give to others. The quiet man was slowly winning by sheer force of character.

About this time he published his first pamphlet, Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes. It is interesting to note that this bears the imprint of another famous American, Benjamin Franklin.

Woolman's business as a tailor was on the increase, but he found prosperity a burden because it kept him so occupied that he had less time than he wished for his great enterprise, so he deliberately referred his would-be customers to rival shopkeepers.

His plea for the slaves was based not only on principles of right and justice, but also on the fact that economically slavery was bad for both masters and slaves. He would point out that free men, whose minds were properly on their business, found contentment in working their best and providing for their families, whereas Negroes, expecting nothing but slavery during life, had not the

same inducement to be industrious.

In many cases the slaves were not badly treated, but even at its best the whole system was seen to be evil, and John Woolman's moderation and obvious sincerity brought conviction.

Gradually a strong feeling against slavery grew up among the Friends. Meetings began to pass resolutions against the practice and many Friends began to free their Negroes although they did so at great cost to themselves.

And all this was mostly due to a weakly man quietly and persistently pointing out what was true and right. Not with burning words of fire did John Woolman carry on his campaign. He had none of the orator's gift of stirring men with his eloquence, yet in his own way he achieved greater results than any inspired talker.



John Woolman House, Mt. Holly, New Jersey

We are not surprised to learn that he cherished ideas which would be considered eccentric to-day. The use of dyes for clothes he regarded as a mere excuse for covering up dirt or pandering to vanity. Consequently he had his clothes made of undyed wool, and even managed to find a hat of natural fur colour. That he was physically as well as morally brave he showed when he extended his care of the Indians as well as the Negroes.

He constantly spoke against the practice of a trade method by which the Indians were plied with run and were then, while in a half-conscious condition, deprived of their furs and skins for much less than their real value; and in order to understand their life and ideas John Woolman determined to travel and live for a time among them.

It was a dangerous period, for the Red Men were hostile to the white and were on the warpath, killing and scalping all whom they considered enemies. But John Woolman calmly faced them and

the perils of flooded rivers and wild beasts. He travelled through hostile country with a single companion, sleeping on the ground and bathing in the rivers.

He fell ill, and on recovering made up his mind to visit the West Indies to carry on work among the Friends there. He saw at first hand how sugar was produced entirely by slave labour, and from that time gave up its use. Also, he reckoned that if it were not for trade dependent on slave labour the passage between America and the West Indies would cost much more; he therefore refused to take advantage of the cheap rates and for conscience sake decided to pay more for his passage than he need have done.

In 1772 he decided to come to England. It was the very year our courts decided that a slave escaping to England was free as soon as his foot touched our soil and that he could not be forced to return to his master. The English Quakers, too, were in advance of the Americans, having eleven years before agreed to exclude from their Society any member having a hand in the slave trade.

The voyage to England was a fearful experience for Woolman. He travelled steerage, not because he could not afford to pay for a cabin, but because he had scruples against paying extra money for luxuries. It is almost impossible in these days to realise what an undertaking the journey across the Atlantic was two centuries ago, and as for travelling steerage it was little short of martyrdom. Yet Woolman chose to cross that way rather than pay away for a little comfort money he could use in charity. The passage was very rough and lasted five weeks, long enough for John Woolman's heart to break over the condition of yet another set of people—the sailors, whose life he describes in harrowing terms in his Journal.

As soon as Woolman landed in London he visited the principal meeting-house of the elders of the Society; but so strange was his appearance that the staid English Quakers looked askance at this man in his light-coloured coat and hat, fearing that he was merely some eccentric enthusiast whose behavior might be a little embarrassing. They therefore greeted him coldly; but so far from resenting this, Woolman very humbly said that he quite recognized that he could not travel about England in the interests of the Society without the support of the Friends, and that while they withheld this support he would work at his trades of tailoring and shoemaking to keep himself and be a burden to no one.

The humility of the man and his gentleness moved to tears many who heard him. In the result Woolman completely won over the meeting to his side and became an honoured visitor and guest. But it was not for long. In September he fell ill at York, and became rapidly worse till it was realized that he was suffering from smallpox. First his sight went, but he remained cheerful, with his mind perfectly clear, till early in October, he passed out of this world.

He was buried in the Friends Burial Ground at York, mourned by all who had known him and by thousands besides who had been influenced by his magnificent courage and faith. In two years from then the Pennsylvanian Quakers were excluding from membership all who were concerned in the slave trade, and later forbade their members to employ a slave.

The rest of the American Quakers followed their example. John Woolman's work was done.

Chapter 20

Benjamin Banneker

1731-1806

I Childhood

One winter evening long ago, everything in Baltimore County, Maryland, was covered with deep snow. Icicles nearly a foot long hung from the roofs of the rough log cabins. The trees of the thick forest which extended for miles around stood like silent ghosts in the stillness, for no one in all that wooded country stirred out on such an evening.

Far away from the other cabins stood the Banneker cabin. Little Benjamin Banneker was busy before a glowing wood fire roasting big, fat chestnuts in the hot embers. His grandmother sat in the corner in a quaint split-bottom, white-oak chair, knitting and telling him about her native country, England.

She said, "When I was in England, milking the cows on a cattle farm was a part of my daily duties. One day I was accused of stealing a pail of milk which had in fact been kicked over by the cow. Instead of meting out a more severe punishment, the officers of the law sentenced me to be shipped to America. Being unable to pay for my passage, I was sold, upon my arrival in America, to a tobacco planter on the Patapsco River to serve a period of seven years to pay the cost of my passage."

Silence reigned for a few moments, then she continued, "I worked out my period of service, then bought a part of the farm on which I had worked. I also bought two African slaves from a ship in the Chesapeake Bay. One of the slaves, your grandfather, the son of an African king, had been stolen from the coast of Africa."

Little Benjamin then asked, pointing to his grandfather, who was sitting on the other side of the hearth, "Was grandfather that man, grandmother?"

"Yes," she said. She continued her story, ending with a beautiful description of the River Thames, the Tower of London, and Westminster Abbey.

All was still for a while, except for the occasional moving of Benjamin and the bursting of chestnuts. Benjamin's grandfather, who was sitting with his eyes closed, now broke the silence. Said he, "Benjamin, what are you going to be when you are a man, a *chestnut* roaster?"

"I am going to be—I am going to be—what is it, grandmother? You know you told me a story about the man who knew all the stars," said Benjamin.

"An astronomer," replied his grandmother.

"That's it, I am going to be an astronomer," answered Benjamin.

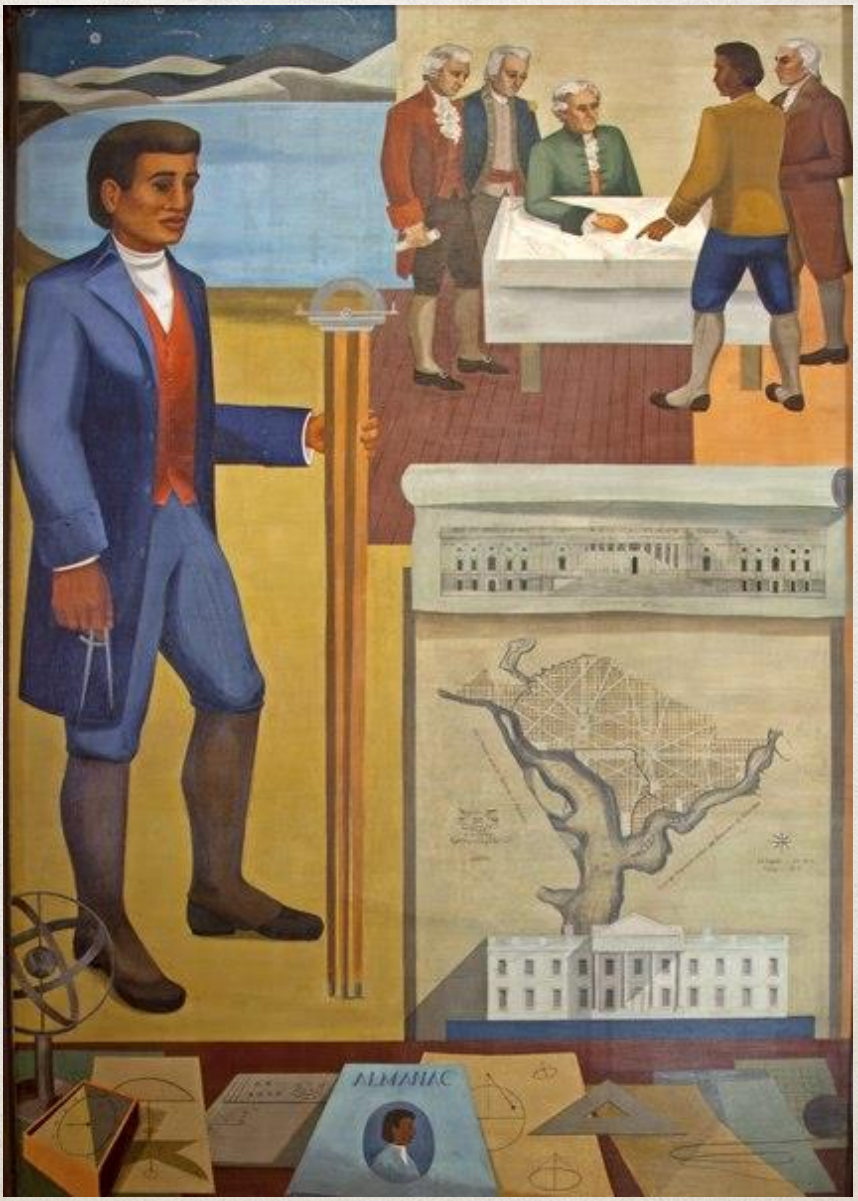
"You have changed in the last day or two, then," said his grandfather. "The day your grandmother told you about the man who could figure so well with his head, you said you would be that."

"That man was a born mathematician," suggested his grandmother.

Benjamin began to blink his eyelids rapidly and to twist and turn for an answer. Soon his mouth flew open saying, "Well, I'll be both, I'll be both!"

His grandmother interrupted by saying, "I wonder what has become of my little inventor? Benjamin, you remember what you said when I told you the story about that inventor."

Benjamin gave that look which always said, "Well, I am caught"; but soon he recovered and with this reply, "I can tell you what I am going to do, I am going to school first to learn to figure.



Benjamin Banneker: Surveyor-Inventor-Astronomer,
Carol M. Highsmith

And then while I am farming a little for my living I can stay up at night and watch the stars. And in the afternoon I can study and invent things until I am tired, and then I can go out and watch my bees."

"When are you going to sleep, my boy?" asked his grandmother.

"In the morning," said he.

"And you are going to have a farm and bees, too?" she asked.

"Yes, grandmother," said Benjamin, "we might just as well have something while we are here. Father says that he will never take mother and me to his native country—Africa—to live. Grandmother, did you and grandfather have any children besides mother?"

"Yes, there were three other children," replied his grandmother.

"When father and mother were married," said Benjamin, "mother didn't change her name at all from Mary Banneker as the ladies do now, but father changed his name to Robert Banneker. I am glad of it, for you see you are Banneker, grandfather is Banneker, I am Banneker and all of us are Bannekers now."

"My boy," interrupted his grandfather, "I am waiting to hear how you are going to buy a farm."

"Oh, grandfather," said Benjamin as he arose, "you remember that mother and father gave Mr. Gist seven thousand pounds of tobacco and Mr. Gist gave them one hundred acres of land here in Baltimore County. Grandfather, don't you think father will give me some of this land? He cannot use it all."

"Yes, when you are older, Benjamin. But you must go to school and learn to read first," answered his grandfather.

"Yes but—ouch, that coal is hot!" cried Benjamin as he shook his hand, danced about the floor and buried his fingers in a pillow. That time he had picked up a hot coal instead of a chestnut. Some time after his fingers were "doctored" and he was apparently snug in bed for the night, he shook his hands and cried out for his grandmother.

Benjamin rose the next morning, and after breakfast, began again to roast chestnuts. Morning after morning he roasted chestnuts until the snow had all cleared away. Then he entered a pay school and soon learned to read, write and do some arithmetic. After some months had passed he began to borrow books and to study by himself.

II Farmer and Mathematician

When Benjamin was about twenty-seven, his father died. As he had prophesied when he was a boy, his father's farm bought with the tobacco, became his. On this farm was Banneker's house—a log cabin about half a mile from the Patapsco River. In his doorway he often stood looking at the near and distant beautiful hills along the banks of this river. What he said about his bees when he was a boy came true also. These he kept in his orchard; and in the midst of this orchard a spring which never failed, babbled beneath a large golden willow tree. His beautiful garden and his well-kept grounds seemed to give him pleasure.

Banneker never married, but lived alone in retirement after the death of his mother. He cooked his own food and washed his own clothes. All who knew him, and especially those who saw that he was a genius, spoke well of him. He always greeted his visitors cheerfully, and he kept a book in

which was written the name of every person by whose visit he felt greatly honored.

Some one who knew him well says that he was a brave-looking, pleasant man with something very noble in his face. He was large and some what stout. In his old age he wore a broad-brimmed hat which covered his thick suit of white hair. He always wore a superfine, drab broad cloth coat with a straight collar and long waist coat. His manners, some one says, were those of a perfect gentleman—kind, generous, hospitable, dignified, pleasing, very modest and unassuming.

He worked on his farm for his living, but found time to study all the books which he could borrow. He studied the Bible, history, biography, travels, romance, and other books, but his greatest interest was in mathematics. Like many other scholars of his day, he often amused himself during his leisure by solving hard problems. Scholars from many parts of the country often sent him difficult problems. It is said that he solved every one sent to him and he often sent in return an original question in rhyme. For example, he sent the following question to Mr. George Ellicott, which was solved by a scholar of Alexandria:

A Cooper and Vintner sat down for a talk,
Both being so groggy, that neither could walk.
Says Cooper to Vintner, "I'm the first of my trade;
There's no kind of vessel but what I have made.
And of any shape, Sir — just what you will;
And of any size, Sir — from a ton to a gill!"
"Then", says the Vintner, "you're the man for me —
Make me a vessel, if we can agree.
The top and the bottom diameter define,
To bear that proportion as fifteen to nine;
Thirty-five inches are just what I crave,
No more and no less, in the depth will I have.
Just thirty-nine gallons this vessel must hold,
Then I will reward you with silver and gold.
Give me your promise, my honest old friend?"
"I'll make it to-morrow, that you may depend!"

So the next day the Cooper his work to discharge,
Soon made the new vessel, but made it too large;
He took out some staves, which made it too small,
And then cursed the vessel, the Vintner and all.
He beat on his breast, "By the Powers!" he swore
He never would work at his trade any more!
Now, my worthy friend, find out, if you can,
The vessel's dimensions and comfort the man.

III Inventor and Astronomer

When Banneker was about thirty-eight years old he sat day after day working on a clock. Finally he finished it with his imperfect tools and with only a borrowed watch for a model. He had never seen a clock for there was not one, it is said, within fifty miles of him. An article published in

London, England, in 1864, says that Banneker's clock was probably the first clock every part of which was made in America. For many hours and days he turned and adjusted the hands of his clock until they moved smoothly and the clock struck on the hour.

Time passed, and after some years Mr. George Ellicott's family—Quakers from Pennsylvania they were—began to build flour-mills, a store and a post-office in a valley adjoining Banneker's farm. Banneker was now fifty-five years old, and had won the reputation of knowing more than any other person in that county. Mr. Ellicott opened his library to him. He gave him a book which told of the stars. He gave him tables about the moon. He urged him to work out problems for almanacs.

Early every evening Banneker wrapped himself in a big cloak, stretched out upon the ground and lay there all night looking at the stars and planets. At sunrise he rose and went to his house. He slept and rested all the morning and worked in the afternoon. His neighbors peeped through the cracks of his house one morning and saw him resting. They began at once to call him a lazy fellow who would come to no good end.

In spite of this, he compiled an almanac. His first almanac was published for the year 1792. It so interested one of the great men of the country that he wrote to two almanac publishers of Baltimore about it. These publishers gladly published Banneker's almanac. They said that it was the work of a genius, and that it met the hearty approval of distinguished astronomers.

Banneker wrote Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, on behalf of his people, and sent him one of his almanacs. Mr. Jefferson replied:

> Philadelphia, August 30, 1791.
>
> *Sir* — I thank you sincerely for your letter of the 19th inst. and for the almanac it contained. Nobody wishes more than I do to see such proofs as you exhibit, that nature has given to your race talents equal to those of the other races of men.
>
> I am with great esteem, Sir,
>
> Your most obedient servant,
>
> THOS. JEFFERSON

IV Surveyor

This strange man, Benjamin Banneker, never went away from home any distance until he was fifty-seven years old. Then he was asked by the commissioners, appointed to run the boundary lines of the District of Columbia, to go with them. He accompanied them.

Later, *The Evening Star*, a Washington daily paper, said, "Major L'Enfant, the engineer, bossed the job while Benjamin Banneker did the work."

On Banneker's return home from Washington he told his friends that during that trip he had not touched strong drink, his one temptation. "For," said he, "I feared to trust myself even with wine, lest it should steal away the little sense I had." In those days wines and liquors were upon the tables of the best families.

Perhaps no one alive today knows the exact day of Banneker's death. In the fall, probably of 1804, on a beautiful day, he walked out on the hills apparently seeking the sunlight as a tonic. While walking, he met a neighbor to whom he told his condition. He and his neighbor walked along slowly to his house. He lay down at once upon his couch, became speechless and died.

During a previous illness he had asked that all his papers, almanacs, and the like, be given at his death to Mr. Ellicott. Just two days after his death and while he was being buried, his house burned to the ground. It burned so rapidly that the clock and all his papers were destroyed. A feather bed on which he had slept for many years was removed at his death. The sister to whom he gave it opened it some years later and in it was found a purse of money.

Benjamin Banneker was well known on two continents. An article written about him in 1864 by a member of the London Emancipation Society says, "Though no monument marks the spot where he was born and lived a true and high life and was buried, yet history must record that the most original scientific intellect which the South has yet produced was that of the African, Benjamin Banneker."



Statue of Benjamin Banneker at the
National Museum of African American
History and Culture, Washington D.C.

Chapter 21

Phyllis Wheatley

1753–1784

In 1753 a baby girl was born on the Western Coast of Africa. Her mother did not sit for hours making beautiful little dresses and doing embroidery for her, for that is not the custom in Africa. Babies do not need many clothes in that warm country. There little children, and grown people too, run around with just a piece of cloth tied about their waists.

The child was not robust, but she grew and grew until she soon became her mother's companion. Her mother, believing that a Great Spirit lives in the sun, went out of her little thatched-roof house every morning and prostrated herself to pour out water before the rising sun. The child often watched the water as it streamed down, and sometimes she jumped and clapped her little hands with glee.



Phyllis Wheatley, unknown author

One bright morning, after this religious ceremony was performed and breakfast was over, the girl ran out to play with the other children. She was shedding her front teeth, but she was not large for her age and she was none too strong. While she and her playmates were having a happy time, suddenly one of the older children exclaimed, "Hoi! hoi!" Every child looked up and took to its heels. There were strange-looking men hurrying towards them. The children ran and screamed. Our little girl stumbled and fell, and the man, pursuing her, grabbed her. She kicked and yelled but he held her fast. Her best friend ran behind a big tree, but she, too, was caught. They both kicked and yelled, but they were taken on board an American vessel. Other children who were caught were also brought to the

shore kicking and crying.

When there were almost enough of them for a boat-load, the vessel sailed away. They were on the water for many days. The voyage was long and the sea was rough. The waters lashed the sides of the vessel as it rocked to and fro. Some of the children fell to the floor with spells of vomiting. Many a night everything for a time was in complete darkness and everybody was afraid. The little vessel, however, tugged away for days and nights until it sighted lights flickering in the Boston Harbor. All the voyagers, tired and hungry and lonely, rejoiced to be nearing even an unknown land. Soon the boat pulled into the harbor, and although no comforts had been provided for them for the night, weariness of body so overcame loneliness of heart that all of them soon fell asleep.

The news had gone abroad in Boston that a shipload of Africans was approaching. The next morning many Bostonians hurried to the harbor to see the Africans. Among the number of spectators there was a Mrs. John Wheatley, the wife of a tailor. She walked around and looked many of the African girls over from head to foot. Finally she handed the shipmaster money and took our girl away with her to her home.

She and her daughter were busy for a while heating kettles of water, getting out clothing and sewing on a button here and there, preparatory to giving her a good hot bath. When the child was called in she gazed at this strange-looking object which Mrs. Wheatley called a tub. She looked at the soap and felt it. She stretched her eyes as she looked upon the nice white clothes on the chair. She seemed just a little afraid and yet she did as Mrs. Wheatley told her and soon had her bath.

After she was dressed, she met another big surprise. She was taken into a dining-room, where the table was all spread with white linen. There were strange-looking things to eat. She began eating, but said that the food did not taste like the food in Africa. She picked over this and picked over that, but nothing tasted just right. Nevertheless she smiled, and it appeared that she was not very hungry. Mrs. Wheatley watched her closely as she came in touch with all of these strange new things and assured her that in a few days everything would not seem so queer. The girl adopted the customs of the family and they named her Phillis Wheatley.

Every day as Mrs. Wheatley's daughter sat reading or writing letters, Phillis stood looking at her in wonder. Miss Wheatley seemed to write with so much ease that one day Phillis went out with a piece of charcoal in her hand and began to try to write on the side of a wall. Miss Wheatley, who was seated at a window, watched her for a long time, then called her in and showed her how to make some letters. Phillis busied herself for the remainder of the day making letters and keeping Miss Wheatley busy showing her how to make new ones. That night she scarcely wished to leave her writing to go to bed, but Miss Wheatley persuaded her by promising to give her a lesson every day. They set the lesson hour and Phillis went to bed smiling and shaking with joy. Just at the right time every day she walked into Miss Wheatley's room for her lesson. When her lessons were over and she was not busy with her work, she was poring over her books. In less than a year and a half she could easily read the most difficult parts of the Bible without making a mistake. In four years people in different parts of the country began to hear of her and write to her and even furnish her with books. To the surprise of the Wheatleys, she was soon studying and reading the Latin language without any one to help her.

At the age of fourteen, Phillis began to write poetry. Often when some great person of whom she knew died, she would write a poem to commemorate his death. Sometimes she awoke during



Statue of Phyllis Wheatley by Meredith Gang Bergmann at the Boston Women's Memorial, Boston, Mass.

the night and composed verses but could not recall all of them the next morning. As soon as Mrs. Wheatley discovered this, she began leaving a light and writing materials on the table at Phillis's bedside every night. In cold weather, she always left a fire burning on the hearth in Phillis's room.

For six years Phillis was busy writing poetry and letters and studying and receiving visitors. Many people in England corresponded with her. The educated people of Boston were often seen making their way to the Wheatley home. They talked with Phillis and questioned her, and often asked her to read some of her poetry. When she in turn went to their homes they took great pride in showing her off as a wonder. Those who talked with her marveled at her knowing so much about English poetry, astronomy, ancient history and the Bible.

She continued to write and study. In her nineteenth year she became so thin and pale that the family doctor advised Mrs. Wheatley to give her a sea voyage. Accordingly, the following summer, Phillis set out for London with Mrs. Wheatley's son, who was going there on business. On her arrival in London, after days of travel, some of her friends with whom she had corresponded, met her and welcomed her. As she visited the different ones, she went to dinner parties and theatre parties given in her honor.

When articles about her poetry began to appear in many of the leading London papers, her friends advised her to have all of her poems published. She considered the matter and went with some of them to see a publisher. After reviewing the poems, the publisher accepted them and published them, in 1773, under the title, "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral, by Phillis Wheatley."

As soon as copies of the poems reached America and were read, many people expressed doubt about the author being an African girl. The Governor of Massachusetts and seventeen other Bostonians, upon hearing this report, wrote a letter assuring people everywhere that these poems were written by Phillis Wheatley.

Phillis Wheatley's London friends were making plans to present her to their king, George III, who was expected in London within a few days, but word reached her that Mrs. Wheatley was quite ill and wished to see her at once. Her passage was secured for her while she packed her trunk. As fortune would have it, a vessel was sailing that day for Boston. She bade her friends good-bye and put out to sea. The vessel moved slowly, but after days of travel it landed at Boston. She was met at the dock and hurried to the Wheatley home. Mrs. Wheatley caressed her again and again, and lay looking at her for days. For two months Phillis waited upon Mrs. Wheatley and sat by her bedside night after night until she died. Four years later another shock came to the family—Mr. Wheatley died. Seven months after his death his daughter passed away, leaving Phillis alone.

Phillis lived a short while with a friend of the Wheatleys and then rented a room and lived alone. She lived in this way until she began to taste the bitterness of Revolutionary War times. At that time one goose sold for forty dollars and one-fourth of a lamb sold for fifty dollars.

One evening during these hard times she met a handsome man by the name of Peters, who wore a wig and carried a cane. He also kept a grocery store, practiced law and wrote poetry. He began at once to pay court to Phillis. Later he called on her, often took her out for a stroll or to a party until they were married several weeks later.

After the wedding day, Phillis began her daily round of sweeping and cleaning, cooking and washing and ironing. As the years came and went, three children came into their lives. Mr. Peters failed in business and then left to Phillis the support of herself and the children. She secured a job in a cheap boarding-house, where she worked every day from early morning until late at night. She became ill from overwork.

During the first summer of her illness two of her children died. The following winter, cold and snowy, some charitable organization placed in her back yard a load of wood. Although the wood lay there, Peters often went out, leaving Phillis lying on her poor bed without a spark of fire on the hearth. She lay there for weeks.

Friends and distant relatives of the Wheatleys often inquired about Phillis, but no one seemed to know where she was. Finally one December afternoon, in 1784, as a grand-niece of Mrs. Wheatley chanced to be walking up Court Street in Boston she met a funeral. Upon inquiry she learned that it was the funeral of Phillis Wheatley.

Imagination! Who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind:
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Taken from "Imagination"

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