

And there was AMERICA



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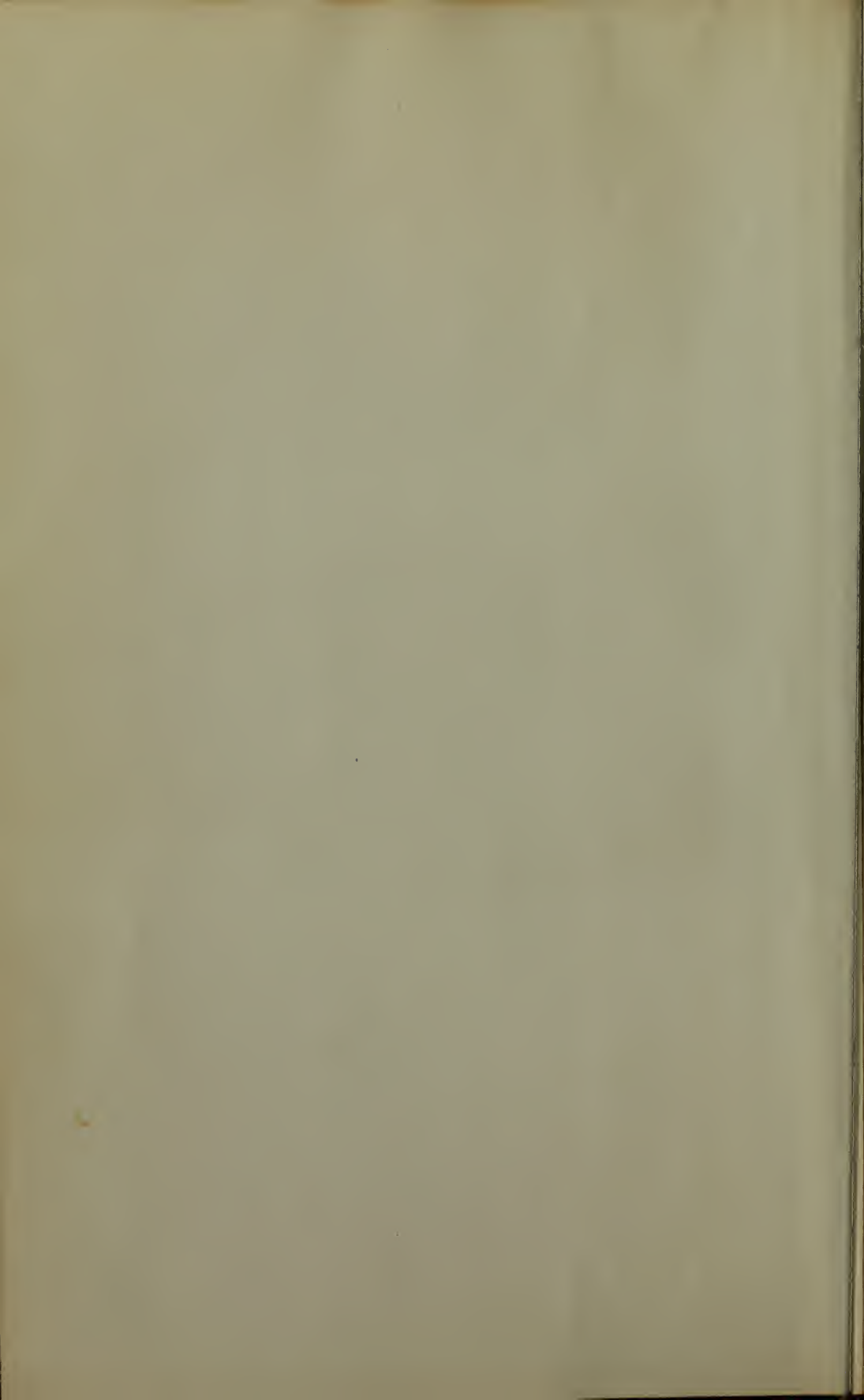
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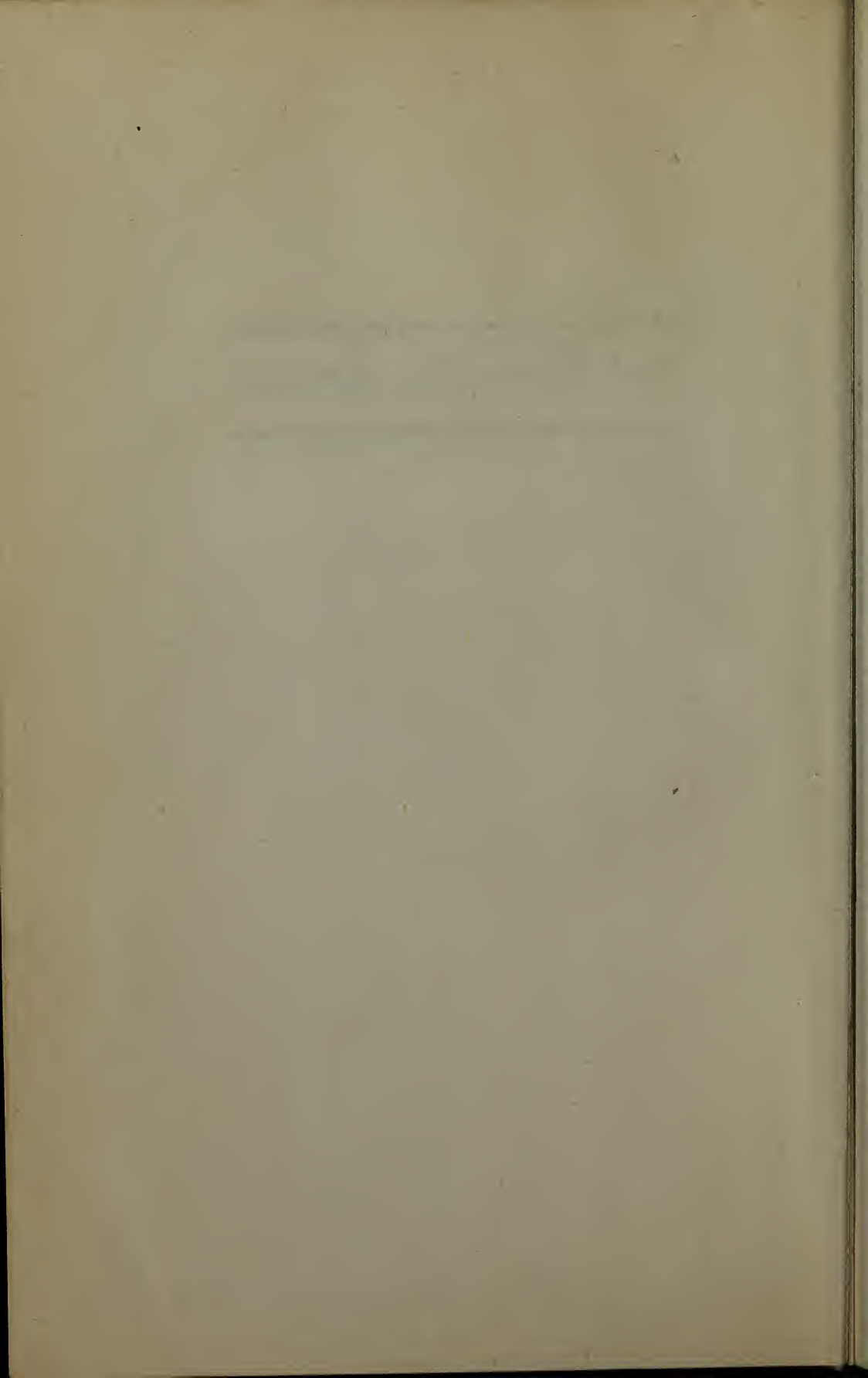
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And There Was America



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America

Written and Illustrated by
Roger Duvoisin

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The Stories

The Stories



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AND IN THE END THE ENGLISH,
WHO MADE HOMES
IN THE NEW COUNTRY,
POSSESSED THE LAND



And There Was America



[*Leif landed on the white beach*]



The Ship with the Dragon Head

Leif, the Norseman, son of Eric the Red, lived in old Greenland. He was strong and tall. To look taller, he wore on his head a helmet with two iron wings on it.

All this was a thousand years ago in a country where the mountains were covered with ice and snow—a country which Leif's father had discovered years before.

Leif wore a fine red tunic and a heavy belt. He was a man full of courage.

Leif was a fine sailor too. His ship was the best in Greenland. It had a dragon head high up in the front and a red and white sail. It looked like a great bird with striped wings.

"I am going to sail east to Norway to visit the king," said Leif one fall. "I will go now before winter freezes the sea." He and his thirty sailors with their long hair down on their necks got into their ship. They hung their painted shields along the

sides and sailed off to Norway.

The King of Norway was pleased to see Leif.

"Will you stay at my court all winter?"

he asked. "I will give you many presents." So Leif remained until spring. Then he said, "I'll get my ship ready and go back to Greenland again."

The waves tossed the ship about. Black clouds hid the sky all day and the stars at night. Leif was lost.



One day the clouds blew away. The sun came out.

"Land!" a sailor cried. "There is land ahead!"

"This is not Greenland," Leif said. "There is no ice or snow. What country can this be? See those tall trees. They

grow almost down to the sea."

Leif and some of his sailors put out the small boat. They rowed ashore. "It feels good to be here,"



Leif said. "It is much warmer than in Greenland."

"Let's go and see what there is beyond the trees," said a sailor who had two horns on his helmet. He went in among the trees. Soon he came running back. "Look what I have found," he cried. "Berries; berries on a vine. And fine, tall grass!"

"These berries are grapes," said an old sailor with a white beard. "The grass is wheat. Wheat and grapes don't grow in Greenland, but I have seen them in warm countries."

"Let's call this country Vinland, on account of the vines," said Leif. "Vinland is a fine country."

They got into their ship again and sailed away north to Greenland. They told everybody about the grapes and the wheat. "I want to see this country," said Leif's brother Thorvald.

"We want to see it too," cried the others. "Let's sail away and make our homes in Vinland." They got into three ships and put out to sea.

"Leif told the truth," the sailors said when they came to Vinland. "It is a good country. We like it. We are going to build our homes here."

So they built houses and planned to stay.

But there were Indians in Vinland. They did not want these strangers to stay in their country. They

took their bows and arrows and stole up toward the Norsemen's homes. There was a big battle. Thorvald was killed.

"We cannot be safe in this country," the Norsemen said. "There are too many Indians."

They made their ships ready once more and returned to Greenland. But Thorvald lay buried in the new country with a cross at his head and another at his feet.

The story of Leif Ericson was told many times and came to be one of the most famous stories among the Norseman. It was told and it was written down, but after a while everyone forgot about it and about Vinland, the country Leif Ericson discovered, which must have been America.





Round the World to China

"I wish I knew a safe way for my ships to go to China," said the King of Portugal nearly five hundred years ago. "There are so many things I could get there. I could get silks, jade, and turquoises; silver, gold, and many kinds of spice."

The king sent a ship down the coast of Africa to see if it could go around that land and sail east to China. But the sailors were afraid. They went only a little way and returned to Portugal. Another ship tried. Then a third, and a fourth. Each went a little farther than the ship before. But still there seemed to be no end to Africa.

"There is a sailor named Christopher Columbus who has come to see me," said the king to some wise old men. "He says that the world is round. He says he can go to China by sailing west around the world. What do you think?"

The wise old men shook their heads and their long white beards.

"No," said one. "That cannot be done."

"No," said another, "he will sail forever and he will come nowhere."

"No," said a third. "The world is not round. It is flat. He will fall off the edge."

Then the king forgot about Columbus and tried again to sail east around Africa. Columbus went to see the King and Queen of Spain.

"If you will give me a ship," he said, "I will sail round the world to China. I will fill my ship with gold and precious stones and spices and silk. These I will bring back to you."

"This is interesting," said the king, "but I am too busy with my armies. Come back some other time."

Columbus went to see the King of England.

"Your idea might be good," said the king, "but I have no ships to spare."

Columbus was discouraged. He thought about seeing the King of France. "Go to see the King of Spain again," a friend said. "He is no longer busy with his armies."

So Columbus went.

"What will you do for me if I give you some ships?" the King of Spain asked Columbus this time.

"I will bring you all the precious things of the

East,” answered Columbus. “I will find new lands of which you will be king. I will also teach the people of China the stories in the Bible.”

“And what do you want for yourself?” asked the queen.

“I want to be admiral,” said Columbus. “I want to be governor of all the lands I find. Besides I want a part of all the things that I bring back.”

“Oh, no! That’s too much,” exclaimed the king and the queen together. “We won’t give you any ships. That’s too much.”

The tax-gatherer heard all this. He said to the queen, “You are making a mistake. What Columbus asks won’t cost you much, and if he finds a way to China you will be very rich.”

“That is right,” the queen decided. “We will give him the ships.”

So the King and Queen of Spain arranged for Columbus to have three ships: a large one named the *Santa Maria*, a medium-sized one named the *Pinta*, and a small one named the *Niña*. And Columbus, very happy, sailed away.

For days and days the three ships sailed.

“You will see that we will get nowhere,” said a sailor with gold rings in his ears. “We shall fall off



the edge of the world and be lost.”

“Before that happens,” said another, “some big sea serpent will have swallowed us up, ship, masts and all.”

They sailed on and on. They could see nothing ahead but the neat line where the blue sea ends and the blue sky begins. Once the man in the crow’s-nest cried, “Land! Land!” But he had cried too soon. It was only a cloud. When it had vanished nothing but the sky and the sea could be seen.

The sailors began to be afraid.

“This sea has no end,” they said. “We shall sail like this forever. We shall never see Spain again. We must go back. We *will* go back!”

[*And Columbus sailed away*]

"Have courage," Columbus replied. "We shall soon arrive in China. Think how rich you will be after that."

"We don't care about China. Go there alone if you want to," answered the sailors together.

Then Columbus grew stern. "We will not turn back," he said. "And I will put in irons, in the dark jail of the *Santa Maria*, the first one who complains." So they sailed on.

One day a bird flew by. Then a sailor found a stick. It was not a plain stick. It had been carved by somebody. That was a sign that land was near. The sailors cheered up. Soon they saw a log, and a branch with berries. Then more birds flew by.



[They sailed on and on]

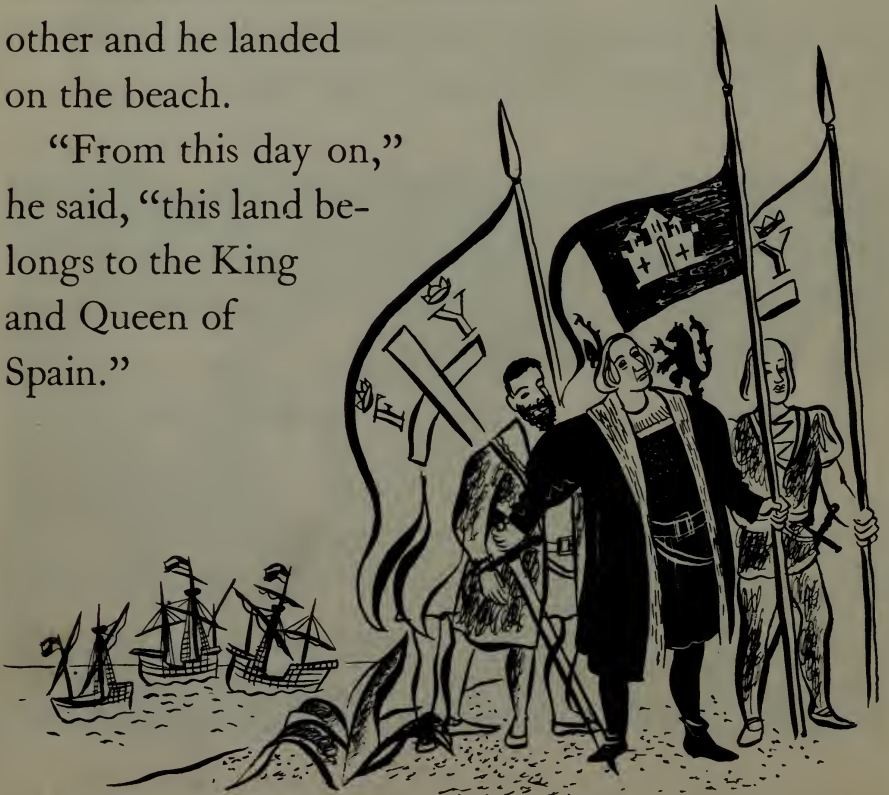


Then one evening Columbus thought he saw a light ahead. The next morning everyone cried, "Land! Land!"

This time it was not a mistake. "Look!" cried the sailors. "An island! It is all covered with palm trees. There are people on the shore."

Columbus took the banner of the King of Spain in one hand and his sword in the other and he landed on the beach.

"From this day on," he said, "this land belongs to the King and Queen of Spain."



[Columbus saw a light]

[This land belongs to the King of Spain]

"It's strange," said a sailor. "The people of this island don't have yellow skins as Chinese should have. They have red skins. And they don't wear silk robes such as I have heard that the Chinese wear."

It was true. In fact these people did not wear anything at all. Instead they painted themselves with bright colors. Some had their faces blue, or their bodies red. Some had just painted their noses yellow.

Columbus gave these people red caps to put on their coarse black hair, and strings of glass beads for their arms and necks. The painted people were pleased and they brought presents, too: green parrots, balls of cotton, fruits, and arrows. "Now let's go look for the King of China," said Columbus.

But he never found the King of China, for this was not China at all. Instead, Columbus had discovered America. But he didn't know it. He went right on looking for China's cities. He found many beautiful islands. He saw new kinds of flowers and fruit, new trees with birds of all colors in them, and straw houses where the Indians of these islands lived. But he saw nothing that looked like Chinese cities.

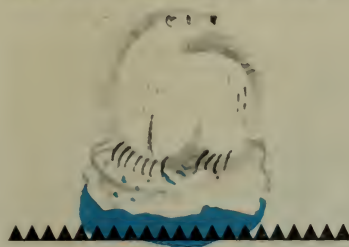
"Let's go back and tell the King and Queen of Spain what we have found," said Columbus. "Then we can come again and look some more."



So Columbus went back to Spain. How happy the people were when they saw him back! They led Columbus to the king and queen at the head of a noisy parade. The king and queen made Columbus sit next to them. They made him tell his adventures again and again. They marveled at the green parrots, the balls of cotton, the new plants, the strange beasts, and at the painted Indians he had brought back.

Columbus went to America three more times. He still hoped to find the rich cities and to visit the great King of China. He never knew he had found a great new land which no one in Europe had known since Leif Ericson's day five hundred years before.

[*The Queen and King of Spain welcomed Columbus*]



Icebergs and Codfish

“Oh, oh!” said old John Cabot the sailor, when the news of Columbus came to him in England. “I am going to China too. I must tell the king about it.”

“Very good,” said the King of England. “Do go to China. But don’t go south where Columbus sailed. The King of Spain calls that his land. He would be angry. You go farther north.”

“I will,” answered Cabot. “And I will set up your flag in all the countries I find. They will be yours forever after.”

“But I have no ship that I can give you.”

“I have a ship. It is not very large. Only eighteen men can sail on it. But it is a good ship. Some merchants gave it to me.”

“Farewell, then, John Cabot. Give my best wishes to the King of China.”

On his little ship, high in the front and high in the back like a Dutch wooden shoe, John Cabot set out for China. For many weeks he sailed.

The ship swang to and fro on the gray northern sea.

“By my long beard,” said Cabot, “it is not very warm here. Look at these great blocks of ice drifting past us.”

They sailed on and on. At the end of seven weeks Cabot saw land. It was gray and flat. Small black fir trees grew on it.

“I didn’t think China looked like this,” remarked John Cabot. “Let’s sail on until we find the king in his yellow silk robe.”

But Cabot was not in China any more than Columbus had been. He was in the part of North America which is now called Labrador. So he did not meet any people dressed in silk. He did not meet any people at all.

“There is no one to sell us food in this land,” said Cabot. “We had better go back to England before



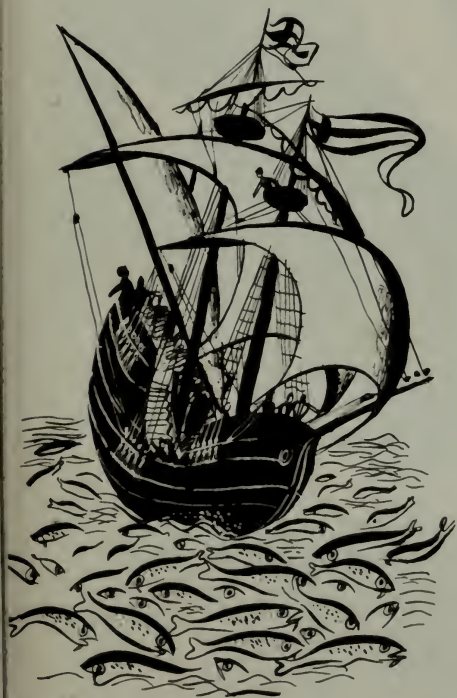
[*I did not think China looked like this*]

we starve, for we have little food left in our ship."

"Even if we don't see any people on land," said an old sailor, "still there are plenty of fish in the sea. Look, they jump and glitter around our ship. It seems as if the sea were filled with new silver coins."

So they ate fish and they sailed back to England.

When the King of England saw John Cabot safely back, he was very pleased. He gave him fifty dollars. "That's for having found those new lands," he said.



The fishermen of France and Portugal heard the story about the fish jumping all around the boat.

"We must go to that land to fill our boats with those fish," they said. "Then we will sell them all over Europe."

Every year after that the fishermen of France and Portugal, and later the fishermen of England, went to the neighborhood of Labrador to catch cod-fish where Cabot had first found them.

[So they ate fish and sailed back to England]



[*The Fountain of Youth is on an island over there*]



The Spaniards Hunt for Gold

Among green palm trees and red Indians, on an island which Columbus had discovered, lived a Spaniard named Ponce de Leon. He was sad.

"I have sailed with Columbus," he said. "I have conquered new lands for Spain. I am governor of an island. But I have not found China's golden cities. And now my beard is gray. My face is wrinkled. I am old."

Ponce de Leon shook his head, and the blue feather in his tall hat fluttered.

"There is a Fountain of Youth," an Indian said, "off there in a land where the trees grow greener and the flowers brighter. Its waters make old men young."

"I shall seek this fountain," said Ponce de Leon. "Then I shall be stronger again and I can sail new seas till I find the cities of China."

Ponce de Leon hung his sword by his side. He put his feathered helmet on his head and he sailed

out to sea in his wooden ship.

The ship came to a new land where trees really were taller and greener, where flowers were larger and very bright.

"This must be the place," said Ponce de Leon.

He went ashore. He planted the flag of Spain in the ground. "I shall call this land Florida," he said, "and it now belongs to the King of Spain."

Then Ponce de Leon explored the woods and streams of his new-found land. He bathed in every river. He drank from every spring. Alas, when he returned to his island his beard was still gray. His face was still wrinkled. "I have not found the Fountain of Youth," he sighed, "nor the cities of China. But anyway I have discovered Florida."

In Spain a few years later a man came to the king.

"There is ever and ever so much gold in Florida," he said. "I know. I have been there."

Fernando de Soto, a Spanish captain, heard this. He said, "I want to get some of this gold. I will sell my houses and my orchard of olive trees and my vineyards. I shall buy a ship and go to Florida."

"We will help you find gold," cried many soldiers. "We will sell our houses too and go with you."

So a good many Spaniards got ready to sail to America to look for gold. They buckled on their steel armor. The horsemen took their horses. The foot-soldiers took their cross-bows and muskets and lances.

"We will take pigs along for food," they said, and they crossed the sea to Florida—men, horses, pigs, and all.

On the Florida beach the horsemen in red, blue, and yellow breeches climbed onto their horses. The foot-soldiers, in polished armor, took their guns and bows and lances. The pigs squealed. The army stood ready behind the red and yellow flag of Spain. How gay it was!

"Forward, march!" said De Soto, and the army followed him into the woods. They followed him through muddy swamps and across rivers.

"Go north," the Indians said. "There men wear hats of gold when they go to war."

North they went, for days upon days. "We don't see any gold," they complained.

Near a yellow stream among the pines there was a little village of brown log huts with roofs of leaves. Indians were gathering corn in a field.

"Where can we find gold?" the Spaniards asked.

"Where the sun rises," replied the Indians, "in a young queen's country."

The soldiers helped themselves to the Indians' corn and took it with them and marched toward the sunrise. For weeks upon weeks they marched.

The young queen lived in another village of log huts among pines. She wore a blue dress of deerskins and a crown of yellow feathers in her black hair.

"My wish is to serve you, great Prince," she said to De Soto. And she gave him a necklace of beads. "My land, my people, all that I have belongs to you."

"I find no gold," said De Soto.

"Go twelve days toward where the sun sets," said the queen.

The soldiers took some of the Indians and put iron chains on their necks and made them go along



[*The queen gave De Soto a necklace of beads*].



to carry the food. Toward the sunset they went, for months upon months. But still they found no gold.

"We are weary," said the soldiers. "Our armor has grown rusty. Our clothes are ragged. Our horses are thin. And see how many of us have been killed by Indians."

"Forward," said De Soto. "The gold country is ahead."

Three frightened Indians stood wrapped in red blankets. "The gold country is beyond a great river farther away," they said.

The Spaniards went on. They came to the great river. It was so wide that the tall trees on the other side looked no higher than bushes. Its water was yellow and muddy. In it floated big logs and dead trees, going down to the sea. It was the Mississippi.

[*The Spaniards crossed the Mississippi with their hungry horses*]

"We will build boats and cross the great river," said De Soto. They built four. The ragged hungry soldiers and their starving horses crossed the big river. But still there was no gold.

Now De Soto, too, was weary and discouraged. He fell ill. He called his officers and said, "I am very sick. I know I am going to die. I have led you through deserts and swamps. We have fought Indians together. You have suffered much and we have found nothing. I ask you to forgive me."

So De Soto died. His soldiers buried him in the great yellow river, the Mississippi, which he had discovered.

Then the soldiers built a ship. "We are hungry and tired and weak," they sighed. "We are a dusty, rusty, rickety army. We have found no gold, and De Soto is dead."

And they sailed back to Spain.

Years afterward the King of Spain sent people to Florida to keep the King of France from taking it. They built St. Augustine, the first town for white men in what we call the United States.



The Frenchmen Trade for Furs

"Oh! Really," the King of France was saying to his admiral. "Really, the King of Spain thinks the whole world is his. He is setting up his flag all over these new lands which Columbus has found."

"True," his admiral answered. "Soon there won't be a big enough space left for you to put up the flag of France. Why don't you send Jacques Cartier over there? He is a fine French captain. He knows the sea near these new lands. He has been fishing for cod there."

"That is a good idea, Admiral! Tell him to find these mysterious cities of China. And tell him to bring back gold, too."

Soon Jacques Cartier was sailing west. When he got to land he planted a wooden cross with these words carved on it: "Long live the King of France."

"That will stand longer than a flag," said Cartier. "But I don't see any gold or any city around here. There are only green woods and dancing Indians. I

will look about some more."

But Cartier found no cities. When he sailed back to France the best thing he had discovered was a beautiful river, the St. Lawrence, in a land which he called Canada.

"Let's forget about this land," exclaimed the King of France. "It has no gold. It is not China. I hear people call it America."

"Call it China or call it America or call it Canada," said the French fishermen, "we shall keep on going there every year to fish."

"But fishing is dangerous and we are paid little," said a fisherman whose face was rough from the salty sea winds. "I am tired of smelling fish. We would get more money if we got furs from the Indians and sold them in Europe. We only have to give the Indians axes and knives and beads and they will bring us beautiful fox and beaver and bear skins."

"You are right," said the other fishermen as they wound up their lines. "Let us become fur traders."

So they began to trade with the Indians for furs. They filled their ships with bear, wolf, fox and beaver skins. And they grew rich enough to live in castles.

Now, after the fishermen and the fur traders, an-



other Frenchman came to Canada. His name was Samuel de Champlain. With his workmen he cut down trees, plowed fields and built the first town in Canada. He called it Quebec.

“It is a very small town,” said Champlain, “with only four houses and a log wall. But it will grow. And we shall show our countrymen that Canada is better

[*They began to trade with the Indians for furs*]



than just a place for fur trading. And then, too, we will teach the Algonquin Indians in Canada to like our God."

Just then the Algonquins were sitting round their campfire in the woods talking about other things. "We must ask this great white chief Champlain to help us in our war," said the Algonquin chief. So they sent a messenger to Champlain.

"Ugh! Ugh!" said the Indian warriors to Champlain. "Iroquois Indians are bad Indians. Help us fight them, great white chief."

"I will help you," replied Champlain, "and wherever we go I will make maps



[*The beginning of Quebec*]

[*The Algonquins in their woods*]

of the land." So Champlain and two Frenchmen put on their armor. They took their muskets and went with the Algonquins in their birch bark canoes.

They swarmed up the river like bees. They sang and yelled. Birds on the shore flew up in fright.

Up the St. Lawrence River they paddled, then up another clear river to the south. After a while they came to a great blue lake with green mountains around it.

"Careful!" said the Algonquin chief. "We are in the Iroquois country now. We must hide in the woods by day and paddle by night."

Then suddenly one evening the canoes of the Iroquois appeared in the dark. "Here they are," cried the Algonquins.

"Here they come," shouted the Iroquois. "Let's land and build barricades in the woods."

[*Champlain and his men went with the Algonquins*]



Next morning the Iroquois saw Champlain and his men. "What are those pale-faced men with shining things on their heads?" they asked. "They must have come down from the sky. What are those queer sticks in their hands?"

Then Champlain raised his gun and fired.

"Run, run!" the Iroquois shouted. "It is a stick



[*Run, run! It's a stick that throws lightning!*]

that throws lightning." They tumbled over one another in their hurry to flee.

The Algonquins danced for joy until they could stand up no longer. The war was ended.

"Well!" said Champlain. "I have discovered a new river and a new lake to draw on my map." And he drew the shape of Lake Champlain.

"I will make other trips with my Indian friends and I will see what else I can find."

He found other great lakes and drew them in their places.

"Perhaps," said Champlain one day, "I spend too much time exploring and drawing maps. I must do something about my town of Quebec. It does not grow fast enough. All the people I bring from France trade with the Indians for furs instead of building houses and plowing fields."

"But Governor Champlain, why should we make our homes in this cold country?" the Frenchmen asked. "We want to become rich as fast as we can by selling furs. Then we can go back to France, our homeland."

"I love New France, this country we have come to," answered Champlain. "I'll work until I am old to make you love it too as your homeland."

But most of the Frenchmen still wanted to trade for furs instead of building homes.

One day in Quebec René La Salle stood on the bank of the St. Lawrence and dreamed of a giant river farther west where trees on the other bank looked no taller than bushes.

"I want to do something better than working on my farm or trading for furs," he said. "I want to find out where the Mississippi goes. I will build a sailboat and sail clear down it. I will take along soldiers and workmen and tools so I can build towns and forts along the banks. Then the flag of France will fly over America all the way from north to south."

For all this René La Salle needed money, so he borrowed, because he was not rich. With his soldiers he went west. Near the Mississippi River he put up a fort. Then he built a sailboat and was ready.

"I hear that the tools and the workmen I wanted have come from France," he said to his sailors. "I am going back to Quebec to bring them."

On the St. Lawrence River as he was going back to Quebec La Salle met someone who said, "The ship that was bringing your tools has sunk. Your workmen have gone back to France."

"Then," answered La Salle, "I will sell my farm and buy other tools and hire other workmen."

"Oh, but the people who lent you money have sold your farm."

"Then I still have many furs that the Indians are bringing me in their canoes."

"But don't you know? Your furs are at the bottom of the river. Those canoes have sunk."

Just then two men, with ragged and muddy deer-skin coats, came running up to La Salle. "We come from the fort that you built near the Mississippi," they said. "Your soldiers have pulled it down. They have left your ship to rot in the woods."

"Things are very hard for me," said La Salle. "But never mind. We will go down the Mississippi in canoes. And I will build towns and forts later."

Then La Salle turned west again. Back across the Great Lakes he went, and on through the long woods. Finally one cold winter day, with a few soldiers, some Indians, and a priest, he came to the Mississippi. They all got into canoes. Down the great river they paddled, past the black leafless trees on the banks, which looked like giant whisk brooms turned up toward the gray sky; past buffalo and deer, drinking at the edge of the water; past Indian vil-



lages from which there sometimes came the rumble of war drums. The Mississippi grew broader and broader. The weather grew warmer.

"The trees have leaves and even flowers on them here," said the priest.

"The sun is warm enough now to make flowers bloom," answered a soldier, "but it also makes paddling harder."

"Look!" cried an Indian. "There is a sleepy alligator. He looks as dead as an old log."

And they paddled on and on, in the rushing current.

"We must be near the sea," said La Salle one morning. "Taste the water; it is salty."

And indeed, the sea was not far away. Suddenly, around the last bend, there it was, all blue in the sun.

[*La Salle paddles down the Mississippi*]



The shining ripples looked like thousands of jumping fish.

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"It is the Gulf of Mexico, where the Spaniards sail!" cried La Salle. And his soldiers shouted for joy at sight of the sea. "It seems as good as when the sailors with Columbus first saw land," they said.

By the river's mouth La Salle planted the flag of France and a cross on which they carved: "Louis, King of France."

La Salle pulled out his sword and said, "All the country where the Mississippi flows belongs to King Louis of France. I name it after him, *Louisiana*."

They stood for a while looking at the sea, and talking of the new land that now belonged to their king.

"Now we must paddle up the Mississippi, back to

[*Louisiana belongs to the King of France*]

Quebec," said La Salle. "Then I will go to France to ask the king to help me bring French people to Louisiana."

When the King of France received La Salle in his fine palace he said, "I am pleased with what you have done. I will give you four ships with soldiers and farmers and tools. You shall sail south to where the Mississippi meets the sea, and you shall build towns and forts there."

La Salle bowed before the king. He was happy. "Now my dreams come true," he thought. "Now I will begin the making of a great New France in a warmer country than Quebec."

But some months later on a deserted beach of the Gulf of Mexico a few hungry, sick men were all La Salle had left of his dream. "Here I am," said he sadly. "My best fine French ship was taken by the Spaniards. Two of my ships have sunk. Now the fourth has deserted me and gone back to France. Most of my men have died, and here I am, sick on an empty shore."

Then some of La Salle's men turned against him. They hid behind some trees, and they shot him. And so ended La Salle's sad story and all his beautiful dreams.



The Dutch Also Trade for Furs

While Champlain was busy making maps in America, before La Salle sailed down the Mississippi, an English sea captain named Henry Hudson wanted to do one thing very much. It was the same thing Columbus had dreamed of doing: finding a short way to China.

"I am sure I can reach China by sailing north around Europe," said Hudson to some London merchants.

"Perhaps you can," answered the merchants. "But we have already given you a ship, and you didn't find any passage. The ice stopped you."

"Give me another ship and I will try again. Then you will grow rich, trading with China."

"No, no, we can't keep giving you ships."

"Then I shall ask the Dutch merchants. They want me to find that new passage for them. They are tired of sailing to China around Africa by the route the Portuguese found. It is too long."

So finally the Dutch merchants gave Hudson the ship *Half Moon* and he sailed off to find a way to go north of Europe to China. He went far into icy seas. But the Dutch sailors said, "This is too near the North Pole. Our ship will be broken in the ice. We will freeze to death. We must go back."

"No; we must seek a new way to China," said Hudson. "We cannot go back. One thing we could do, though. Map makers tell me there is a passage by water through America. If there is, that must lead to China. We can go there and see."

"All right," said the sailors. "We like that better."

Then the *Half Moon* turned about. She crossed the ocean to America.

"Now," said Hudson, "we shall look into every nook and bay. Surely we shall find that passage."

Alas, for weeks all the inlets Hudson saw were but bays or rivers. One day the *Half Moon* came into a large, wide harbor. Henry Hudson's heart grew happy. "It is the passage we are looking for," he said. "See how far inland it goes. We cannot see its end."

A large island lay in the bay. On it, under old oak and maple trees, there was an Indian village. The Indians got into their canoes and brought presents of fresh huckleberries out to the sailors.



“We will sail through the passage now, and see if we come to the China Sea,” Hudson said.

For days the *Half Moon* sailed on the clear water between cliffs green with old forests. At first Hudson and his sailors were full of hope. Then they grew sad. “I’m afraid this passage is nothing but a river,” said Hudson at last. “See how narrow it becomes. The water is no longer salty.”

“Soon there won’t be enough water for our ship to sail on,” answered a tall, thin sailor.

“It is true,” sighed Hudson. “We must turn back. But still, even if the Dutch merchants can’t reach China this way they can come here to trade for furs with the Indians. The woods are filled with bears and wolves and beavers.”

So Hudson sailed back to Europe with no news

[*There was an Indian village*]

of China but, like Jacques Cartier, he had a story about a beautiful river.

Then the Dutch built a little trading town on the island where the huckleberries grew and called it New Amsterdam. There they traded for furs. Finally the English took the town and named it New York. It grew to be the world's biggest city. The island kept its Indian name, Manhattan, and the river was named the Hudson after the English captain of the *Half Moon*.



[*New Amsterdam*]



The English Build Homes in America

Francis Drake, a bold English sea captain, was sitting in an inn in England telling a story.

"All our English ships were in the harbor," he was saying, "in the New World which the Spanish think belongs to them. Well, the Spaniards came sailing into the harbor and they burned all our ships except one. The little one I was on slipped out and got away. Now I am certainly going to fight the Spaniards."

Francis Drake took off his coat with the ruffled lace sleeves. He put on his coat with the plain wide cuffs. He went out to his ship in the harbor.

"The Spaniards think that we're afraid of them," he said, "but I'm going to show them we're not. They send their big ships which they call galleons to America. They load them full of gold and silver. They think they own the whole American coast, especially Mexico and South America. They call it the Spanish main."

Then Drake sailed up and down the American shores and around the tip of South America. He fought every Spanish vessel he saw. He burned the big galleons and he sank them, and he took away their gold.

"We are going to show them that they'd better not fight the English," he said.

Then he sailed home around the world with his wealth. Queen Elizabeth welcomed him and made him a knight and everyone called him "Sir."

The Spanish sailors began to be afraid. They named Sir Francis Drake *the Dragon*.

"Now that Drake has made it safe for us in America," said a gentleman in Queen Elizabeth's court, "we ought to go there to hunt gold as the Spaniards do, or to trade for furs like the French."

"Yes, we ought to go to America," said a young poet who was dressed in laces and velvet and colored silk. "But we must not hunt for gold or for fur. We must build towns so we can keep the land for England."

"You are right, Walter Raleigh," said the queen.

So Walter Raleigh sent some Englishmen to the part of America called Virginia. They were not very happy there. They weren't good to the Indians so

when the Englishmen got hungry the Indians wouldn't sell them any food.

"We will starve here in Virginia," said the English.

Then one day Francis Drake came sailing by.

"Take us back to England," said all of Raleigh's men. "We can't live here. We have no food. We are sick. We want to go home."

So Drake took them back to England.

"I'll have to send other men on other ships," said Walter Raleigh. "I know how they can make a living in America. Tobacco grows well in Virginia. The Indians smoke it. I'll teach Englishmen to smoke it too. Then my men in Virginia can grow tobacco. They can sell it to men in England and with the money they get they can buy food."

"Smoking may be good for savages," laughed Raleigh's friends. "But for us? Making smoke with a pipe? Pooh! It smells bad. And it would spoil our laces."

"You are wrong," Queen Elizabeth said. "Raleigh is clever. He can make gold out of smoke while others only make smoke out of gold."

So Raleigh sent more men to Virginia. Again they had too little food. "We will starve before the corn we have planted can ripen," they said.

They went to their governor.

"You must go back to England and get food for us," they told him.

"I don't like to go just now," replied the governor.

"My daughter has a new baby, Virginia Dare. She is the

first English child to be born in America. I don't want to go off and leave them right now in this wild country."

"But you *must* go," cried the men. "We will all starve if you don't."

So the governor went back to England. He went right to Walter Raleigh to get help.

"Queen Elizabeth can't spare a single ship even to send food to Virginia," Raleigh said. "The Spanish are fighting us because of the way Francis Drake burned their galleons, and for a lot of other things too. They are sending a big Spanish fleet called the



[*So the governor went*]

Armada to fight us in England. We need all our ships here."

The governor waited. He waited and waited. Finally the great Spanish Armada came and was beaten. Sir Francis Drake burned many of its ships.

"Now that is over and I can go back to Virginia," said the governor.



At last he got the ship and the food and he sailed for America. It had been four years since he had left. "My little granddaughter will be old enough to walk and talk," he said.

The ship came to the Virginia harbor. The men rowed ashore. Everything was quiet.

Nobody welcomed them. They went to the spot where the log houses stood. No one was there. Doors were left open. Weeds grew around the houses and inside. The governor and the sailors looked everywhere. They hunted through all the country round, but they never found the people who had been left

[*Weeds grew around the houses*]

in Virginia. They never knew what happened to Virginia Dare.

In England a few years later some merchants were gathered around a big table talking. "Walter Raleigh's town in Virginia has failed," they said, "but still we should try again. America is a rich country and we should send Englishmen there."

"It costs a lot for ships and tools and food," said a merchant who had a wide white ruff around his neck so that he looked as if his head were on a platter.

"Perhaps it costs too much for one person," said another with long dark curls. "But if we would all put our money together we would have enough."

"All right, we will do that," they agreed. "We will stay in London and only send our men to Virginia; so let's call ourselves the London Company."

The London Company bought three ships. They loaded them with people and tools and food and clothes. They sent them off to make homes in America.

By an island in a river in Virginia the three ships let down their anchors. The men went ashore and looked about. "We will build homes here on this island," they said. "We will call the river the James



River and our town we will name Jamestown, for we want to honor the new English king, James I.

They cut down trees and sawed up logs. They built houses and they planted gardens.

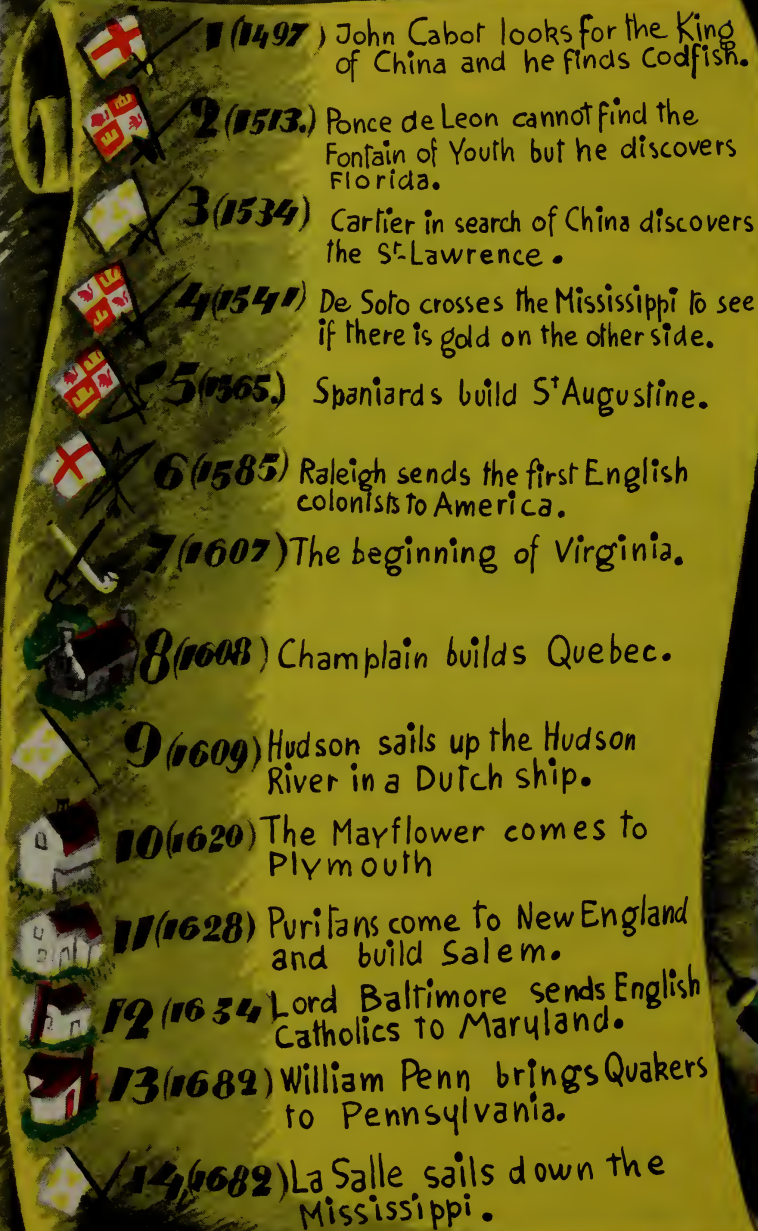
“My hands are getting blistered,” one tired man said.

“I have cut my knee with an ax,” said the man who was working next him.

“The sun burns me and the mosquitoes bite and I have skinned my knuckles on the rough logs and bruised my shin when a tree fell,” said a third.

It was hard work and these men had never worked that way before. They had never lived in a new country. Besides it was hot and damp on the island. Many

[*It was hard work*]

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- 1 (1497) John Cabot looks for the King of China and he finds Codfish.
 - 2 (1513) Ponce de Leon cannot find the Fountain of Youth but he discovers Florida.
 - 3 (1534) Cartier in search of China discovers the St-Lawrence.
 - 4 (1541) De Soto crosses the Mississippi to see if there is gold on the other side.
 - 5 (1565) Spaniards build St Augustine.
 - 6 (1585) Raleigh sends the first English colonists to America.
 - 7 (1607) The beginning of Virginia.
 - 8 (1608) Champlain builds Quebec.
 - 9 (1609) Hudson sails up the Hudson River in a Dutch ship.
 - 10 (1620) The Mayflower comes to Plymouth.
 - 11 (1628) Puritans come to New England and build Salem.
 - 12 (1634) Lord Baltimore sends English Catholics to Maryland.
 - 13 (1681) William Penn brings Quakers to Pennsylvania.
 - 14 (1682) La Salle sails down the Mississippi.



fell sick. Some died of the fever. Then there were the Indians.

The Indians crept up to watch through the willows. "Who are these pale-faced men?" they asked. "They are cutting down our trees. They are spoiling our land."

Then the red men crawled through the grass and shot their long arrows. Many Englishmen were killed.

"We can't stay here," said the rest. "This is too hard a place to live. Our gardens have nothing good to eat in them yet. How can we keep from starving?"

"We can hunt as the Indians do," said a young man with a yellow beard. "They get deer and wild turkeys in the woods, and honey from wild bees. We can do that too. I think I'll go right now."

So John Smith went hunting and the other men went too.

After they had learned how to hunt, John Smith said, "I am going to look at the country around here carefully. I want to make a map of Virginia."

He took his pistol and two other men took their arquebuses. They got into a canoe. Up the river they paddled.

Indians were watching in the woods. They put

their arrows in their bows. There was a whirring sound. Two men in the canoe fell over with arrows through them.

The Indians rushed out and took John Smith prisoner.

They tied him to a tree.

"I can see by their black angry eyes that they mean to torture me," John Smith thought to himself. He took out his compass. "Look at this," he said.

The Indians pushed each other to put their fingers on the little needle which moved all by itself. But they couldn't touch it because of the glass.

"There is magic in this little box," they grunted. "Ugh! This white man is a god. We had better not kill him. He might make the sky fall on us."

"Untie him," ordered their leader. "We will take him to the wigwam of our great chief, Powhatan."

Powhatan was sitting among his red-painted warriors. He wore a robe of raccoon skins with the tails hanging all around. "This is not a god," he said. "This is a man. He must die."

But Powhatan had a daughter, Pocahontas. "I like this white stranger," she said and she threw herself in front of him so he couldn't be killed.

"Let him live," said Powhatan. "Since my daugh-

ter likes him, we will not kill him. We will adopt him into our tribe."

Then the Indians let John Smith go, and he went back again to Jamestown.

"We are glad you have come back," said his friends. "You always get along with the Indians. When you are away they will not sell us food but when you ask them to, they give us corn. Besides you teach us how to fish and hunt. You seem to learn more quickly than any of us how to get along in this wild land."

So they chose Smith for their leader. Pocahontas and her people visited them and brought dried meat and corn for presents. Jamestown grew to be a happy town.

Then one day some gunpowder exploded and John Smith was wounded. "I must sail back to England to see a doctor," he said.

"That is bad for us," said the Virginians. "Now that our captain, John Smith, has gone away, some of our people will quarrel with the Indians. Then the Indians will not sell us corn and meat. Maybe they will fight us. Nothing worse could have happened."

They were right. When winter had frozen the ground the red men refused to come with their corn.



[*The Indians' arrows whistled around the canoe*]

Instead they came with bows and arrows. Again they killed many Englishmen. Hunger and cold killed many others. Only a few colonists saw the spring bring green leaves to the woods. Those few were thin and pale and hungry.

"The first ship that comes here will take us back to England," they said. "We have had enough of these wild woods with their wild Indians."

But the next ship that came was so full of good food, of fine tools and also of new farmers and carpenters, that the hungry Virginians felt differently.

They sang for joy.

"Let us stay after all," they said. "Let us rebuild Jamestown!"

And now Jamestown really grew.



As they were talking everything over in Jamestown one day, one of the men said, "You know Walter Raleigh thought we should grow tobacco in Vir-

[*Indians crept up through the long grass*]

ginia. Many Englishmen are smoking now. We could sell all the tobacco we could grow. We could be rich."

So in Virginia fields and more fields were planted to tobacco.

"We could do better still if we had more people to work in the fields," a tall man explained as he hung tobacco leaves up to dry. "All the Englishmen who come want to have their own tobacco fields. They don't want to work for us."

"I have what you want," answered a Dutch captain. He had just sailed into Jamestown harbor. "I have negroes in my ships. I brought them from Africa. I will sell them to you and they will be your slaves and do your work."

"That is just the thing," said the Virginians. "We will buy your negroes."

And they did.

So negro slaves, working hard and singing on



[*Hunger and cold killed many*]



the tobacco plantations, helped to make Virginia wealthy.

In the meantime, in England, the people couldn't agree as to how the king should rule the country.

"The king is a good man," said his friends, the Cavaliers. "We are for him."

"He is not," said the Puritans. "Let's get rid of him."

[*I brought them from Africa*]

So they quarreled. And finally they took their muskets and swords and fought it out. The Puritans won and they cut off the king's head.

"That makes it bad for us," said the Cavaliers. "Our land will be taken away from us. Our heads might be cut off too. Since we have many friends in Virginia, let's go there and become planters."

So the Cavaliers went to Virginia. They were fine men who had studied and thought and talked with the king. They helped make Virginia prosperous. One of them was John Washington, whose great-grandson would be named George.

II

About the time Jamestown was started, before the Cavaliers and Puritans fought each other, people in England had forgotten how to live happily together.

"We are Catholics," said some. "We will do as the Pope in Rome tells us."

"We are Englishmen," said others. "We will have nothing to do with the Pope. We will do as our king and our government tell us."

“We are Puritans,” said still others. “We will do only as it is written in the Bible. Let us break away from the king’s church and have one of our own.”

The king heard this. “Who dares to disobey my orders?” he said. “Let me hear no more talk of this new church.”

The people who obeyed the king were the stronger. They made life difficult for the others.

“We’ll have to leave England,” said some of the unhappy people. “Let us go to Holland. The Dutch people let each man go to the church that pleases him.”

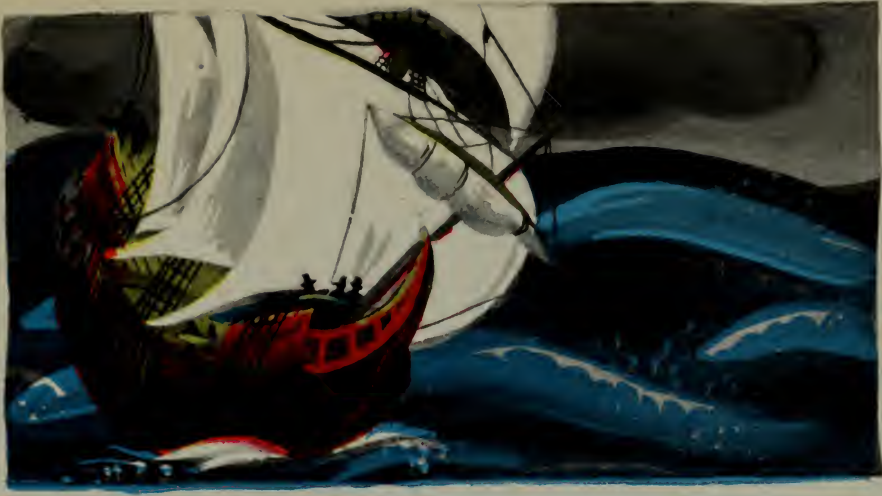
So they sailed to Holland.

They were the Pilgrims.

Ten years passed. Then some of these English Pilgrims in Holland thought, “We have been happy



[*Let us leave Holland*]



here. The Dutch have been kind to us. But our children go to Dutch schools. They are already speaking Dutch in our own homes. They will forget how to speak English. They will become Dutchmen. We want them to always be Englishmen. Let us leave Holland before it is too late.”

Then a man who had been thinking for days and days about what could be done said, “The London Company say they will give us land in Virginia if we want to go there to live. Let us go. In America we shall be free. There our children will still be English at heart.”

So they returned to England. Then in two ships, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*, they set out for the New World. Other unhappy Englishmen went with them.

[The “*Mayflower*” was blown farther and farther north]

Their faces looked serious as they sailed away. They were not crossing the sea for gold, as the Spanish had done. They were not going for furs or fish, as the Dutch and French had done. They were going to build homes and to be free.

Before they were far out at sea the *Speedwell* began to leak. The sailors tried to pump the water out.

"We had better go back to England to repair that ship," said John Carver, the leader. "Otherwise it will fall apart in mid-ocean."

The Pilgrims turned back and the *Speedwell* was repaired. But it was a very old ship. Somehow the water still kept leaking in.

"Let's go ashore again and all try to get into the *Mayflower*," decided John Carver. "We will be crowded but there's nothing else to do."

Twenty Pilgrims were left behind in England because there wasn't room for them. Then the *Mayflower* with one hundred and two Pilgrims sailed away for Virginia.

Cold wind swept over the ocean. The *Mayflower* was blown farther and farther north. But at last the Pilgrims saw land.

"That is not Virginia," said a lean, pale man. "It looks like a much colder country."

"You are right," answered John Carver. "This land is Cape Cod in New England. But it is still America, even though it is not Virginia."

"We cannot stay here," exclaimed a woman who had a baby crying in her arms. "It's too cold. It's not quite Christmas yet and the whole winter is before us."

The Pilgrim leaders sat around a table in a dark room in the little ship to talk things over. "Let us stay," they decided. "We can remain on the ship during the winter, and on days when it is not too cold, we will go ashore to put up our log houses. We will find a good place to build our town and we will call it New Plymouth, after the English town from which we sailed."

Then they wrote out some rules. "We will govern ourselves by these rules of our own," they said. And the men all signed their names at the bottom.

It was a hard winter. When the Pilgrims were on board the old ship, they were cold and damp and hungry. When they went ashore, the wind froze their hands while they worked with axes and hammers and saws.

"We had better give up," some of them said.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Captain Miles Standish. "It

is hard, but we came here to be free. Let's stay."

So Captain Miles Standish cheered the Pilgrims the way Captain John Smith cheered the people at Jamestown. He showed them how to work, how to hunt, how to live in a country where there were no stores and no other white people to help them, but only woods and winds and sea.



It was so hard a place to live that before winter was over half of the Pilgrims died. Their governor, John Carver, died too.

When spring came, the *Mayflower* set sail for England, but the people stayed.

"Now," said William Bradford, their new governor, "the *Mayflower* has gone. We are all alone. The wide ocean is in front of us. Behind us are wild woods and wild Indians. Let us hope the Indians won't shoot us the way they shot so many men in Virginia."

A few days later, an Indian walked into Plymouth. He was tall and he held his head high. He had four

[*Miles Standish lands in Plymouth*]



[*An Indian walked into Plymouth*]



eagle feathers stuck in his black hair and he wore a string of bear teeth around his neck.

“What does he want?” the Pilgrims asked one another. “He must have come to tell us that the Indians are going to fight us.”

But the Indian smiled.

“Welcome to Englishmen,” he said. “I am Samoset. I am sent by our Great Chief Massasoit. He wants to come to your town to smoke the pipe of peace with your chiefs!”

The Pilgrims were filled with joy. They gave Samoset a shiny knife and a ring.

“This is a good thing for us,” said Governor Bradford. “If Massasoit, the Indian Chief, is our friend, we won’t have all the trouble the Jamestown people had. The Indians will show us how to fish and hunt, and



[*The wind froze their hands*]

[*Hunting in Plymouth*]

how to grow corn and vegetables in this bleak country.”

So the Indians helped the Pilgrims and when harvest came there was plenty of food and they all had Thanksgiving together.

In England, John Endicott, the Puritan, said, “Since the Pilgrims live happily in New England, I will go there too.”

So John Endicott in his black suit and his large black hat got into a ship with some other Puritans in black suits and black hats and sailed off to America. To the north of Plymouth they built Salem in the Massachusetts woods.

“We, too, will go to America,” said many other Puritans in England. “There is no use to try to be happy in England. We can’t go to the church we like. And business is not so good here anyway.”

These were rich Puritans. One of them was John Winthrop, a lawyer. “Let’s put our money together as the merchants of the London Company did,” he said. “That way we can buy more ships and tools.”

So they put their money together and called themselves the Massachusetts Bay Company, after the

Massachusetts Indians of New England. Then the whole company, with a great many other Puritans, sailed across the sea and started Boston, and other towns besides.

One day in New England a man came in from hoeing in the garden with a man who had been out fishing in the ocean. "It is not easy to grow things in New England," he said.



"It is not so warm as it is in Virginia, and the soil is full of stones. At harvest time there isn't much to show for all our hard summer's work."

"It would be easier to fish," said his friend.

"Let us stop working so hard at farming," said the governor. "Out beyond the bay the water is full of cod. A little farther north the whales are spouting. We can make money by shipping dried codfish to Europe. We can sell cod-liver oil for medicine, and

[*The soil is full of stones*]

whale oil for lamps.”

Then a man who had been a carpenter in England said, “We have beautiful woods standing all about us. We can build our own ships to carry the codfish and the oil back to Europe.”



“Yes,” said the man who had been hoeing corn. “With the money we get for the cod and whale oil we can buy food. We won’t have to try to raise it

among these stones.”

“Besides,” added the carpenter, “our swift rivers will turn mill wheels for us. Saw mills will be fine for cutting up lumber to build ships.”

So in New England the men cut masts and spars and ship’s siding and soon New Englanders were sailing every sea.

Now, strangely enough, after the Puritans had been living as they pleased for a while in peace they

[*Farther north the whales are spouting*]

became so used to having their own way that they wanted to force everybody to do as they themselves did. So there were unhappy people among them, just as there had been unhappy people before in England.

Roger Williams was one. He decided he could no longer get along with the Puritans. They were too stern. "You have become hard and unjust since you left England," he said. "You came here to find freedom, and now that you have found it you would take it away from me and from all who do not think as you do. Besides, you are not fair to the Indians. You take their land and you do not pay them for it. You have no right to take their land."

The Puritans of Massachusetts looked at each other and frowned. "This man is making trouble for us," they said. "He will turn the Indians against us. Let us throw him into prison and be rid of him."



[*A little New England town*]



But as they were coming to arrest him, Roger Williams slipped away into the forest. He went farther west and lived for a while among the Narragansett Indians. He was fair to them and they loved him.

"Let me buy some of your land," he said to them one day. "I will then bring some of my friends here to live about me. We will make this place our home."

But the Indians replied, "You are our white brother. We do not sell land to our brother. We give it to him for a present. Come, take all the land that you need for yourself and your friends, and live here. We welcome you!"

So Roger Williams brought together all the people who were unhappy among the Puritans, and he founded the colony of Rhode Island.

Now the Pilgrims and the Puritans had found a

[*Let us throw him in prison*]



place where they could live happily but the Catholics who were still in England were none too well off. Among them there was a rich man, Lord Baltimore. "I will do something about this," he said. He went to see the king. "You have allowed your people to settle lands in Virginia and New England," he explained. "If you will let me, I will take as many Catholics as I can to America and we, too, will settle a piece of land. I am rich. I can buy ships, tools and food. You won't need to help me except to give me land."

The king thought this over. It seemed to him a good thing.

[*Roger Williams slipped into the forest*]

"Very well," he said. "I will do it. I want my new land settled, so I will give you a part of it. Where would you like to go?"

"I have already tried to live in Newfoundland," answered Lord Baltimore, "but it is too cold there. There is a fine strip of land between Virginia and the Dutch settlements around New Amsterdam. I would like to go there."

"Then go," said the king. "And I will name your land Maryland, for the queen."

But before he could go to America, Lord Baltimore fell ill and died. His second son, George Calvert, with other Catholics, sailed to Maryland in two



[*The Catholics going to Maryland in the "Dove" and the "Ark"*]

ships called the *Ark* and the *Dove*. "This land is even better than we had hoped," they said. "With this fine soil for farming and this warm, sunny weather, we shall have good crops. And with these broad, deep rivers we can easily ship our crops down to the sea."

So the Catholics built towns in Maryland and were happy there.

In England, some time later, a young man named William Penn was troubled. His father had been an admiral in the navy and the king liked him. But William was different. He was a Quaker, and that was being disloyal to his ruler. For the Quakers had many ideas that were not the king's ideas.

"And worst of all," exclaimed the king, "they believe that it is wrong to go to war. That is very serious. Very. For if my people will not fight for me, where will I be?"

William Penn decided that the best place for people who wanted to do things their own way was America. He went to talk to the king about it.

"When my father was living you owed him some money," he said. "Now my father is dead. Couldn't you give me a large piece of land in the New World instead of the money you have sometimes talked

of paying me? I would like very much to go to America to live."

"A splendid idea," thought the king. "I have much more land in America than I have money in England."

To William Penn the king said, "I shall be glad to give you a grant of land instead of money. And I will name it Pennsylvania . . . Penn's Wood-land."

So Quakers went to Pennsylvania to live. Penn made friends with the Indians. They called him their brother. He invited people of all beliefs to come and live in his colony, and people from all nations. Catholics came and Puritans, as well as Quakers. English



[Penn went to talk to the king]



came and Swedes, Dutchmen and Germans. Together they lived happily in Pennsylvania.

“Let us lay out a beautiful city here,” said William Penn. “Let us make the streets broad, with great spreading trees to shade them. In London the streets seem too crowded. We will name our city Philadelphia, because it will be a place of brotherly love.”

The Quakers cleared broad fields in Pennsylvania and there in a gentle climate they and their friends raised great crops of wheat which they shipped to Europe.

Now, in the English colonies of America white people were sending to other countries the tobacco, the wheat, the corn, from their fields; the cod-liver oil, the whale oil, the salted codfish, from the sea; the lumber from their woods. And the sailing ships

[*A log cabin in Pennsylvania*]

they had built themselves were carrying these things away across the ocean. America had become a busy place.

Thus, in all the ships which, after Columbus found the way, sailed west from Europe to what is now the United States, there were men who looked for different things. Spaniards looked for a way to become rich quickly, so they came for gold. Frenchmen for the same reason came for furs. But in the end, Englishmen gained the most, for they came to build their homes and in this way they kept the land.



