

Pilgrim Stories

by Margaret Pumphrey

Book Two (of three): The Wild Land & Thanksgiving

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LAND

IT was now nine weeks since the Pilgrims sailed from England. No one had thought the voyage would be so long. The captain felt sure they must be coming near land, but he could not tell just where they were.

Many times a day, a sailor climbed high up on the mast to look for land. Still there was nothing to be seen but the wide sea,—not an island, nor even a ship.

At daybreak one cold November morning, a glad shout rang through the ship. "Land! Land!"

Yes, there lay the land—that new land which was to be their home and ours.

There were no rocky cliffs like those of England. Before them rose tall, green pine trees, and great oaks still wearing their dress of reddish brown.

Not a town or a single house could they see. No smoke rose from the forest to tell them where a village lay hidden. Not a sound was heard but the whistling of the cold wind through the ropes and masts, and the lapping of the water about the boat.

"This is not the sunny southland we had hoped to find," said their governor, John Carver. "The storms have driven us too far north for that."

"No, this is not the sunny southland, but land of any sort is a joyful sight after our long voyage," replied Elder Brewster. "Let us not forget to thank God, who has brought us safe to this new land."

It was too near winter to sail farther south. Near by the Pilgrims must find the best place to make their home. So the little ship sailed into the quiet bay and dropped anchor. Perhaps it, too, was glad the long voyage was ended.

The water in the bay was so shallow that the ship could not reach the shore. So the men quickly lowered the small boat the "Mayflower" carried. Then Miles Standish, William Bradford, John Alden, and several of the others climbed down the rope ladder into their boat and rowed away. They carried their guns and axes, and had an empty keg which they hoped to fill with fresh water. That which they brought from England was almost gone, and all were thirsty for a drink of cold, fresh water.

The sun had gone under a cloud, and the wind was wild and cold. The icy water dashed over the hands of the men as they rowed. When they reached the shore, they pulled the boat upon the sand that it might not drift away.

"I think two or three would better stay near the boat while the others go into the forest," said Captain Standish. "We should be in a sad

plight if savages were to steal our boat while we are all gone."

So John Alden and William Bradford stayed near the boat. Floating on the shallow water, or flying through the air, were hundreds of wild fowl. The Pilgrims had not tasted fresh meat since they left England. What a treat some of these wild birds would be!

The two men knelt behind their boat and kept very still. After a while the birds came near to the boat. Bang! Bang! flashed the guns, and bang!—bang!—bang! rang the echo.

Away flew the birds, but John ran along the shore, and waded into the water, picking up the ducks they had killed. "We will have a supper fit for a king, to-night," said John to himself, as he carried the birds back to the boat.

Then they built a fire of dry branches, to warm their stiffened fingers and dry their clothes. When the wood was all ablaze they piled green pine branches upon the fire. There was a sharp, crackling sound, and a cloud of black smoke arose.

"If the men get lost in the forest they will see this smoke and know which way to go," thought Bradford, as he piled on the sweet-smelling pine.

Then they cut some dry wood to carry back to the "Mayflower," for the fuel was all gone, and the cabin was very cold. In the bottom of the

boat was a pile of clams which the men had dug from the sand.

It was almost night when Captain Standish and his men came out of the forest. They carried some rabbits, and their keg was full of fresh water which they had found not far from the shore.

All day they had not seen a house or a person. When they reached the top of the hill, one man took a glass and climbed a tall pine tree. He was surprised to see that the ocean lay on both sides of the forest. The land seemed like a long arm stretched into the sea.

This was not a good place to make their home. The harbor was too shallow and there were no rivers or large brooks where they could always get fresh water. The little ponds they had found would dry up in the summer.

The next day was the Sabbath. They would spend it quietly on the ship, and on Monday perhaps they could look farther.

THE FIRST WASHING DAY IN NEW ENGLAND

IT was Monday morning, and the sun was brighter and the weather more mild than in weeks before.

The children gazed eagerly toward the shore and thought what fun it would be to have a long run on that smooth, sandy beach, or to hunt for nuts in those great woods. They were so tired of being on the ship.

Just then Mistress Brewster came upon the deck. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked off across the water. "What a good place to do our washing!" she said, as she gazed at the shore. "Not one proper washing day have we had since we sailed "

It did not take long to get tubs, pails, and everything ready. John Alden and John Howland loaded the things into the boat and rowed the merry party to the shore.

But Mistress Brewster did not forget the children, who looked longingly at the boat as it pulled away. When it came back for its next load, she said kindly, "Come, boys. You shall have your run on the beach. We need your quick feet and strong arms to bring brushwood for our fires. And the girls must come too. They can help spread the clothes upon the bushes to dry."

It seemed so good to be on the ground again. As soon as the boat touched the sand the children sprang ashore and raced each other up and down the beach.

"Let's hunt for nuts under those trees!" cried Love Brewster, and away the boys bounded



The first washing day in New England

toward the woods. John Alden shouldered his gun and went with them, for it was not safe for them to go into the forest alone.

In the edge of the woods stood a tall, straight tree. The long scales which curled from its shaggy bark told John Alden it was a hickory tree.

Under the tree was a thick carpet of yellow-brown leaves. Under that carpet there must be plenty of sweet nuts.

The boys dragged their feet through the deep leaves, or tossed them aside with their hands. Yes, there lay the white nuts, thousands and thousands of them. The frost had opened their tough, brown coats, but the tree had covered them with a blanket of leaves.

While the boys were gone, the men drove two forked stakes into the hard sand. Across the top of these stakes they placed a long pole from which to hang the great kettles.

Soon the fire was snapping and crackling under the kettles. The flames leaped higher and higher as the children piled dry leaves and branches upon them. Then the water began to simmer and sing.

All the morning the women rubbed and boiled, or rinsed and wrung the clothes. The men were kept busy carrying water and firewood.

By noon the tubs were empty, and as Mary Chilton spread the last little dress to dry, she saw the boat pull away from the "Mayflower."

"Here comes Priscilla with our dinner!" she cried.

Priscilla was a wonderful cook. Sometimes there was but little to cook, but Priscilla could always make something dainty and good from the plainest food.

To-day she had made a great kettle of soup, with vegetables and the broth of the wild birds. How good it smelled as it heated over the fire!



"Here comes Priscilla with our dinner"

Long before night the clean, fresh clothes were dry and folded away in the tubs and kettles. Then the tired but happy Pilgrims rowed back to the "Mayflower."

A WILD LAND

THE next day some of the Pilgrims sailed along the shore for several miles, still looking for a deep, safe harbor and a stream of clear water.

At last they noticed a little brook, and turned their boat toward the shore. Leaving four men to guard the boat, the others struck into the forest. Not a sound did they hear but the rustling of dry leaves as they walked through them, or the moaning of the wind in the tree tops. The November woods seemed very bare and lonely.

When they had gone a mile or two, they saw a large deer drinking at a brook. They stood still and watched him, but the deer had heard their step. He raised his beautiful head and listened a moment, then bounded swiftly into the forest.

But William Bradford was not watching the deer. His sharp eyes had seen something moving on the hilltop not far away. As he gazed he saw, first the head and shoulders, and then the whole body of a man appear over the brow of the hill. Then came another, and another. Could it be John Alden and the others had left the boat and come after them? Surely they would not disobey the captain, for Miles Standish had told them not to leave the boat lest the savages take it.

But now he could see their dark faces, and their long, black hair and eagle feathers.

"Look!" he whispered, "Indians! Indians!"

"Perhaps that means work for 'Gideon,'" thought Captain Standish, as he seized his sword.

"Put away your sword, Captain," said Governor Carver, gently. "We want to make friends of these people if we can. Perhaps they can tell us of some town or settlement. At least we may be able to buy some food from them."

So the Pilgrims waited quietly in the shadows of the forest until the Indians came near. Down the hill they came, their quick eyes looking for the print of a deer in the soft earth.

When they reached the foot of the hill they saw tracks which had been made by no animal of the forest. Neither had they been made by an Indian's moccasin. There seemed to be hundreds of these tracks. What could it mean? They stood close together and peered eagerly into the forest.

Then the Pilgrims stepped from behind the trees, and came toward them. John Carver, the governor, held out to them some strings of bright beads, but the Indians would have none of them.

For a moment they gazed at the white men in terror. Then, without stopping to fit an arrow to their bow strings, they fled.

Where had they gone? Had the earth opened and taken in her frightened children? Only

an Indian knows how to disappear so quickly.

"Ugh!" they said, when they were safe away.
"Ugh! Palefaces have come!

The Pilgrims followed the Indians for ten miles, but they did not come within sight of the savages again all that day, though they often saw the print of their feet.



*"They saw tracks which had been made
by no animal of the forest"*

Sometimes these footprints showed where the Indians had climbed a hill to watch the white men.

When night came, the men found a sheltered place to camp until morning. They built a fire, and while two watched, the others slept.

In the morning they marched on again, going farther south. They saw fields where corn had been raised, but not an Indian, or a house of any kind. No doubt the Indians saw them very often, and knew just where they were all the time.

A little later in the day the Pilgrims came to some strange looking houses. They were round and low, with a small opening for a door; a hole in the top served for a chimney.

The men went from one house to another but could find no one. They knelt down and crawled into the wigwams, but there the fires had burned out many days before.

In the wigwams they found earthen pots and dishes, wooden bowls, and beautiful baskets made of grasses and trimmed with shells. Now they could see that the framework of the wigwam was made of long willow branches with both ends stuck into the ground. Over the frame the Indians had fastened large mats of woven reeds, which kept out the cold and rain. From the inside the wigwam looked like a great open umbrella.

"What is this?" cried one of the men, as he came upon a little mound of earth near the Indian village.

"Perhaps it is an Indian grave," replied another.

"No, it is too wide and round for that. We will open it and see what is buried here."

So they dug away the earth and found a large basket. It was round and narrow at the top, and was covered with large leaves. After a good deal



"They knelt down and crawled into the wigwams"

of trouble the basket was raised from the hole and opened. It was filled to the brim with corn, some white, some red, and some of a bluish color.

This was Indian corn. It did not grow in

England or Holland then, and the Pilgrims had never seen grain like it before. It tasted very good, and the Pilgrims were much in need of food. The provisions which they had brought from England were almost gone.

So finally they decided to take back to the "Mayflower" as much corn as they could carry, and pay the Indians for it when they could.

Soon they had dug up about ten bushels of corn. Then they went to the shore and built a fire as a signal for the boat to come for them and take them back to the "Mayflower."

A NARROW ESCAPE

WHILE the men were away with the boat the children could not go to the shore to play. They had to amuse themselves on the ship as well as they could.

This was not hard for little Francis Billington to do, but his amusements never seemed to please the older people. If he started to cut his name on the railing of the ship, some one was sure to call, "Don't do that!"

If he tried to climb the ropes from the mast, somebody always dragged him down. Even when he sat down quietly to hold one of the babies, it was always, "Francis! See how you let his head hang down," or, "Just look at that baby's little feet! Francis, you *must* keep them covered." Then some one would come and say, "Let me take the baby. I am so afraid you will drop him."

Poor little Francis! He did not mean to be naughty, but he was a great trial to the Pilgrim mothers and fathers. When he was quiet for a few minutes, they felt sure he must be in some mischief—and they were usually right.

"Francis is not a bad boy," Elder Brewster used to say. "Just wait until his father begins to build his house, then Francis will be too busy to get into mischief. I believe there will not be a

harder-working boy in the village than Francis."

"Then let us hurry and find a place to build," said Mistress Billington, "for I am almost worn out."

While his father and the other men were away digging up corn in the Indian village, mischiefling Francis was wandering about the boat looking for amusement.

In his hands he held some of the pretty feathers of the wild duck. He thought what fun it would be to fill these quills with gunpowder and make some firecrackers. He called them squibs.

So he went down to the cabin where the powder was stored. There was no one in the room, but he soon found a keg which had been opened, and he began to fill his squibs. It was hard to make the powder go into the little quills; most of it went on the floor instead.

When the squibs were filled, he looked about and saw several old muskets hanging upon the wall. "How those women in the next room would jump if I should fire off one of those muskets!" thought the boy.

Muskets made in those days could not be fired by pulling a trigger. The powder must be lighted by a spark of fire. At that time no one had learned how to make matches; either. But Francis knew where to find a slow-burning fuse made of candlewick, and away he ran to get it.

Soon he returned, carrying the burning fuse right into the powder room.

Oh, Francis! Think of the powder upon the floor. And think of that open keg half filled with the deadly powder. If one little spark should reach it, the ship and every one on it would be blown to pieces.

But Francis never stopped to think twice about anything. He climbed upon a box and took down an old musket, then looked to see if it were loaded. Yes, it was all ready to fire, and Francis knew how to do it.

I think the very sun must almost have had a chill when he peeped through the tiny window and saw the terrible danger.

Boom! roared the old musket. Then came a blinding flash, and boom! Bang! Snap! Crack! Bang! Oh, what a deafening din!

When the thick smoke had cleared a little, a very angry sailor found a very frightened boy in a corner of the cabin. Francis did not know how he came to be lying there in a heap. He only knew that his eyes were smarting and his hands were very sore.

Women with white faces and trembling hands tried to comfort their screaming children. Sailors hurried to and fro looking for leaks in the boat.

But, wonder of wonders, no great harm had been done. The squibs were gone; two or three of the

loaded muskets had gone off; but the powder on the floor had flashed up and burned out without setting fire to the keg.

"If that keg had exploded, we should have found no more of the 'Mayflower' than a few chips floating upon the water," said Miles Standish, when he heard of it. "I wonder that it escaped."

"It was the mercy of God alone," said the Pilgrims.

A SAVAGE PEOPLE

IT grew colder and colder every day, but still the Pilgrims had not found a good place to build their homes.

So Governor Carver, William Bradford, Captain Standish, and others again sailed away in their boat. They carried guns and axes, blankets, and food enough to last them many days.

It was December now, and the bay was full of ice. The driving snow and sleet cut their faces and froze on their clothing. Some of the men nearly died of the cold.

Every day they went ashore to see if there was a good place to settle. There were so many things to be thought of.

They must find a place near the woods so they could get logs for their houses and wood for their fires. Yet the forest must not be too near, for they must have a clear space in which to plant their grain.

There must be a deep, safe harbor, and above all, a stream of clear, fresh water.

They landed again and again, but it was hard to find a place which had all these things. They would search all day and at night make a camp in the forest.

One night after a hard day's tramp, they built

a great fire and cooked their supper. They could get plenty of fresh meat in the forest, and they had brought bread, beans, and dried peas from the ship.

After they had eaten their supper and had prayers, all went to sleep except the two men who were to watch.

The light from the flames fell upon the tired faces of the men as they lay in a circle about the fire. It touched lightly the trunks of the tall trees, and stretched long, dark shadows across the hard frozen ground.

Sometimes they saw shining eyes peering at them from the darkness, but the animals were all afraid of the fire and soon slunk away.

About midnight the watchmen heard a long, loud cry in the distance. It sounded like the yell of Indians.

"To arms! To arms!" they cried.

The Pilgrims sprang to their feet and seized their guns. A long time they waited and listened, but no Indians came. "Perhaps it was only the howl of wolves or foxes," said the men, as they lay down again.

The Pilgrims were up before the sun, next morning, cooking their breakfast and preparing to sail farther along the shore. While some cooked the meal, others carried blankets and guns down to the boat.

While they were sitting about the fire eating their breakfast, they heard a frightful sound near by.

"Woach! Woach! Ha! Ha! Woach!" came the cry.

The Pilgrims sprang to the boat for their guns. They fired several shots into the forest thinking to frighten the Indians, but on they came.

Nearer and nearer sounded the cry. "Woach! Woach! Ha! Ha! Woach!"

In the faint morning light, the Pilgrims saw the forms of many savages slipping from tree to tree. Then whiz! whir! whir! sounded the arrows, as they flew thick and fast. Two of them stuck in John Howland's coat, and one struck Captain Standish above the heart, but he had his armor on and the arrow did no harm.

The Pilgrims quickly sprang away from the light of the fire. They tried to protect themselves in the dark shadows of the forest.

Whiz-z-z! Whir-r-r! The arrows were flying from every direction, but not an Indian was to be seen. They, too, were well hidden behind trees and bushes.

The Pilgrims kept very still. Then the Indians grew bolder. They crept silently toward the camp, their dark forms looking like dim shadows in the forest.

This was just what the Pilgrims were waiting for. Bang! Boom! roared the muskets. One

of the bullets struck the Indian chief in the arm. He could not draw his bow again. With an angry yell the savages fled into the forest.

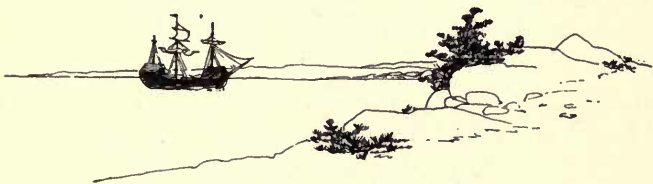
The Pilgrims followed them a short distance, shouting and firing their muskets. When they returned to the camp, they picked up many arrows. Some were pointed with a sharp bit of deerhorn, and some with eagles' claws. These arrows the Pilgrims sent to England when the "Mayflower" returned.

PLYMOUTH BAY

A STORM of wind and snow came up as the Pilgrims sailed along near the shore.

The sea was very rough, and the boat seemed in danger of being upset by the waves which tossed it from side to side. The rudder was broken, and the mast was split in three pieces by the heavy wind.

It was growing dark, and the men rowed hard to reach the bay which they could see ahead.



The "Mayflower" in Plymouth Harbor

There was an island near the mouth of the bay, where they hoped to land, but when they came near it, the night was so dark they could not see to steer between the great rocks along the shore.

As the storm grew worse the waves rose higher and higher. Through the darkness the men could sometimes see a flash of white foam which showed where the waves were breaking over the rocks.

The wind and water swept them on, and now the giant stones rose close on every side. Again

a great wave lifted the little vessel high upon its crest; every moment the men expected to be dashed against the cruel rocks. They grasped the sides of the boat and waited for the crash which would probably end life for them all.

Yet the boat was not dashed to pieces. When the wave rolled back into the sea it left the vessel upon a bit of sandy beach between the rocks. The moment the men felt the boat touch the sand they leaped out and pulled it high upon the shore out of reach of the waves.

The men gathered brushwood and, in the shelter of a great rock, built a roaring fire and camped for the night. Before they slept the Pilgrims knelt upon the ground and gave thanks to God for guiding them through the storm and darkness. Then they repeated a beautiful old song from the Bible, beginning:

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."*

The next morning the Pilgrims walked about the island, but they found no houses or people there. They climbed the hill to a great rock from which they could see all over the island. There were woods, ponds, and little streams, but no fields, nor any signs of life.

The island was not large enough to be a good place for their settlement. There would not be

*Read selections from Psalm CVII.

wood or game enough on it to last many years, and they needed more land for their farms.

The Pilgrims looked about for a tall, straight tree from which to make a new mast for their boat, and soon the chips were flying from a fine young cedar, as the men stripped off its branches and bark. When the new mast was in place and the rudder repaired, the boat was ready for another journey.

But the next day was Sunday, so the Pilgrims rested quietly on the island.

When Monday morning dawned the sea was still rough, but in the bay the water was smooth and blue. As they sailed slowly along near the shore, the Pilgrims sometimes stopped to measure the depth of the water. Here it was deep enough to float the largest ships.

One large rock lay at the edge of the water, and the men rowed the boat to it. They stepped out upon the rock and looked eagerly about them.

There was space enough on that sunny hillside for all their fields. At the foot of the hill flowed a brook of clear, sweet water.

After drinking from the brook the men walked up the hill to the woods. From the top of the hill they could see a long distance up and down the shore.

"If we build our village here, this high hill will be just the place for our fort," said Miles Standish.

The Pilgrims thought the matter over carefully, for there must be no mistake in choosing a place to settle.

Here were a deep, safe harbor and plenty of running water. The earth seemed to be rich and free from stones and stumps. It looked as though the Indians had once raised corn here. Perhaps they had cleared the land.

Since the forest was at the top of the hill, it would not be hard to get logs for their houses. What better place could they find?

So the men sailed back to the "Mayflower" to tell the other Pilgrims the good news. How glad they were to know that a good place had been found for their homes!

"If I am not mistaken," said Governor Carver, "the little bay where we landed has been called Plymouth Bay."

The Pilgrims decided they would keep the name. It would remind them of the town of Plymouth in England, where many of them had friends.

The Pilgrims were eager to begin their houses at once, so the "Mayflower" sailed into the deep, quiet waters of Plymouth Bay. When it was within a stone's throw of the shore, it could go no farther, and the smaller boat was made ready to carry them to the land.

The men were not the only ones to go. Several of the women wished to see the place which had

been chosen for their home. So the boat carried Mistress Brewster, Mary Chilton, Mistress Carver, and a number of others besides the men.

They rowed up to the large rock by the shore. It was the only dry landing place on the beach, for the water was very shallow there.

As the boat reached the rock, and almost before it came to a standstill, out sprang Mary Chilton upon this famous stone, saying with a laugh, "I will be the first woman to step foot in our new town." And so she was.

The rock upon which she stepped is still near the ocean where it was when the Pilgrims came. It is called Plymouth Rock, and each year many go to the town of Plymouth and look at the place where the Pilgrims landed.

When all had landed, Mary Chilton, Priscilla, and the Allerton girls tripped along the beach, stopping now and then to pick up a shell or a pretty stone. As they came near a little thicket of trees hung with wild grapevines, Mary stopped to listen.

"I hear the sound of running water," she said. "There must be a spring near by." The girls all stood still and listened to the trickling water. It was like sweet music to their ears.

They hurried on and soon came to a rocky nook where the water bubbled and sang as it escaped from the dark earth.

Never had water tasted so good, the girls thought, as they dipped it up in their large shells. Not in all the years they lived in Holland had they tasted water fresh from a cold spring.

"Here are some wild plum and crab apple trees. What a beautiful spot this will be next May when these trees are in bloom!" exclaimed Remember Allerton. Then the girls tried to think how this bleak hillside would look next summer when it would be dotted with cottages, and the fields were green with growing corn.

"I am afraid there will not be any bright gardens such as we had in Leiden," said Priscilla, "for I doubt if there is a flower seed on the ship."

"Oh, yes, there is," answered Mary Chilton. "I thought about that last summer, and gathered ever so many seeds. Each of us can have a little flower bed. We will save the seeds again and by another year we will have enough to make the whole village gay with blossoms."

A sharp, cold sleet now began to fall, and summer and blossoms seemed far away. The women hurried back to the boat, but some of the men stayed to plan for the new town.

THE FIRST WINTER IN PLYMOUTH

THE Pilgrims could hardly wait until morning to begin the town. It was scarcely daylight when they loaded their axes, guns, saws, and hammers on the boat and rowed to shore.

"First we will build a large log house at the foot of the hill," said Governor Carver. "It will be strong and safe, and we can all live there while we are building our own houses."

While some measured the space for the common-house, others went to the forest to cut trees. You could hear their axes ring from morning till night. They had no horses to help them, and their hands must do all the work. So they dragged and rolled the logs from the forest.

John Howland called Giles Hopkins, Francis and John Billington, Love Brewster, and several others. "Come, boys," he said, "bring your sharp knives and we will go to the pond and cut rushes to thatch the roof."

William Bradford saw them start, and he shouldered his gun and went with them. If Indians should come, one man could not protect so many children. When they came to the pond, they cut the long rushes and tied them in bundles to carry back to the men. Once they heard the wild yell of Indians, and sometimes the howl of

wolves in the forest, but they did not come near.

It was Christmas day when the first logs were cut and in three weeks the common-house was finished. It was a rough building, with its thatched roof and unplastered walls. The windows were made of oiled paper instead of glass. But it was their own, and the Pilgrims felt very happy when it was done.

They made a wide street from the shore to the top of the hill. It was named for their old home in Holland and is still called Leiden Street.

When the common-house was finished, the Pilgrims began to build their little cottages on each side of Leiden Street. There were nineteen families for which to provide. John Alden was to live with Captain Standish and help him build his house. Other men who were alone would live with those who had families.

The winter grew colder and more bitter. There were many days so stormy no work could be done on the houses. Food was scarce, and every day some of the men tramped through the deep snow in search of game. Often they returned nearly frozen, and with empty game bags.

The Pilgrims were often wet and cold, and they did not have proper food. Do you wonder that many of them became sick and died?

Rose Standish was the captain's young wife.

Her sweet face and gentle, loving manner had made her very dear to the Pilgrims. If any were homesick and lonely, Rose seemed to know best how to cheer them. She was always planning little comforts or pleasures for others.

But Rose was not so strong and well as the others. Miles Standish sighed as he saw her grow more weak and pale every day. "My poor little Rose!" he said. "You are too frail a flower for this rough, wild life."

"I shall be better when I can leave the ship and breathe the sweet, fresh air of the earth and woods," she said.

So, as soon as the common-house was finished, Miles Standish gently lifted Rose into the smaller boat and took her to the shore. He carried her in his strong arms to the new log house and laid her upon a little cot.

The brave captain trembled with fear as he saw her flushed face and held her fevered hand. He knew an enemy had come which he could not conquer.

A few more days of suffering, and then Miles Standish was left alone.

Soon William Bradford became very ill, and then Goodman White, Mistress Allerton, and many others. In the common-house were long rows of white cots where lay suffering men and women.

At last there came a time when there were but seven well enough to hunt for the food, care for the sick, and bury the dead.

All day Priscilla moved quietly about, bathing fevered faces, or with cool hand rubbing the pain from some aching head. Or she bent over the coals of the fire making broth or toast for the sick, or cooking for those who nursed them.

At night when only a dim candle lighted the room, Doctor Fuller or Miles Standish went from bed to bed, giving a cool drink to one, or turning a heated pillow **for** another. Often a cup was placed in the hand of one of the weary nurses and Priscilla would whisper, "Drink this hot broth. It will give you strength to wait upon others."

If it were their white-haired elder who was on watch, she would beg him to lie down and rest for an hour while she took his place.

"No, no, Priscilla," he would say, "you can not work all day and watch at night. Take your rest, child, you need it much."

Then she would go back to her bed, stopping to smooth a pillow or speak a cheery word to some one too ill to sleep.

But even tender nursing could not bring health and life to all. Every day there was a new grave to be made on Cole's Hill.

At last came a morning when Priscilla could not rise. She was burning with fever and in her sleep

talked of her old home in France. She thought she was a little girl playing with baby Joseph. She could not even know when, one by one, her mother, father, and brother were laid under the snow on the hill.

The Pilgrims were afraid to have the Indians see so many graves. Perhaps they would attack the town if they knew there were so few of the white men left.

So late at night a little group of men carried their sad burden up the hill. When the grave was filled, they covered it over with snow that the Indians might not see it so easily.

In a few weeks half of the little band of Pilgrims lay buried on Cole's Hill.

SAMOSET

AT last spring came bringing health and hope to the Pilgrims. Again the axes rang out in the forest, and the half-built cottages were soon finished. The snow melted from the sunny hillsides, and the ice in the streams broke away and floated into the sea.

One morning the men of Plymouth met in the common-house to make plans for their little army. "On the top of the hill we will build a large, strong fort, and mount our cannons upon it so they will point in every direction," said Captain Miles Standish. "If the Indians make trouble, we will bring the women and children to the fort for safety."

As he spoke there was a frightened scream from the children at play outside. The next moment a tall, half-naked Indian stood in the door before them.

Three eagle feathers were braided into his long black hair. Lines of red and black were painted upon his face. In his hand he carried a long bow, and a quiver of arrows hung between his bare shoulders.

The Pilgrims sprang to their feet, seizing their guns and swords. Perhaps he was only one of many who were already in the village.

The Indian did not move from his place, though he laid his hand upon a little hatchet at his belt. How sharply his bright eyes glanced from one to another of the men!

"Welcome, Englishmen!" said he.

"What! Do these savages speak English?" said William Bradford.

"Look to your guns, men," said Captain Miles Standish in a low voice. "He may not be so friendly as he seems."

Perhaps the Indian understood the Captain's words, for he said quickly, "Samoset friend of Englishmen. He come to say welcome."

Elder Brewster stepped forward and gave his hand to the strange visitor. "Thank you for your kind words, friend. Where did you learn our language?"

"Samoset is chief in little land in the sea. Many English come there to fish and buy furs. Samoset much good to Englishmen."

"How far away is your island?" asked the elder.

"Come big wind in ship, one day. Or canoe to shore, then walk, five days," answered the chief.

"And which way did you come, Samoset?"

"Samoset come in ship eight moons ago. English friend give Samoset and other chiefs long ride in his ship."

Then the Pilgrims asked the Indian to sit down in the common-house with them. They brought

him food and drink, and as he ate they asked him many questions.

"Are your Indian friends near here?" asked Captain Standish.

"Many Indians in forest," answered Samoset. "They bring many furs to trade with white men. Indians great hunters. White man not know how to make good traps like Indian."

The Pilgrims looked at William Bradford and smiled. He, too, was thinking of the Indian deer trap in which he had been caught one day.

"Samoset have Indian friend named Squanto. Him speak good English," said Samoset, as he took another leg of roast duck.

"Why did not Squanto come with you?" asked Elder Brewster.

"Squanto wise like fox. Him put his paw in trap one time. Him much afraid of white man now."

"Did the white men not treat him well?" asked Bradford.

Then Samoset laid down his bone and told them Squanto's story. He said, "Sailor-man tell Squanto to come have little ride in his white-winged canoe. Then he take Squanto and twenty other Indians to land of the sunrise, across the Big-sea-water. He sell them to be slaves.

"After many snows Squanto run away. Good fisherman bring him back home. He learn English in the white man's country."

Samoset did not seem in any hurry to leave the village. He walked about looking in at the doors or windows of the cottages. He knew the women and children were all afraid of him, and he seemed to enjoy their fright.

When night came he was still in the village. Some thought he was a spy sent to find out how strong the settlement was. They were afraid they would make him angry by sending him away.

"What shall we do with him?" they asked, as bedtime drew near.

"I believe he is a friendly Indian. He may stay in my house to-night," said Master Hopkins.

So Mistress Hopkins made a bed for him on a cot in the kitchen. But Samoset would not sleep on the cot. He spread a deerskin on the floor and slept before the fireplace. His dark skin glistened in the firelight as he slept.

But Master Hopkins did not sleep. All night long he lay and watched the Indian on his hearth. He dared not close his eyes for fear he would awake to find his family killed and his house in flames.

Very few of the Pilgrims slept well that night. If they heard an owl hoot or a wolf howl in the forests, they thought it was the yell of Indians come to destroy their town.

But the night passed in safety, and in the morning Samoset bade his new friends good-bye. The

Pilgrims gave him some beads and an English coat which pleased him very much.

“Come again to-morrow and bring your friends,” said William Bradford, as he walked with Samoset to the edge of the town. “Tell the Indians to bring their furs and we will pay for them, but you must not bring your bows and arrows, knives or hatchets into our settlement.”

THE TREATY OF PEACE

THE next day passed and no Indians came to the village. The day after this was Sunday, and the Pilgrims were always careful to make Sunday a holy day. They met in the common-house to sing and pray to God, and to listen to Elder Brewster's sermon.

When their service was over, they started quietly toward their homes. Before them marched Captain Standish with his gun, ready to give the alarm if he saw any danger.

Suddenly five great Indians came out of the forest. They wore suits of deerskin, and their faces were streaked with gay-colored paints. In their hair they wore long eagle feathers, and each man carried a roll of fine furs.

"It is Samoset and his friends. That means five more hungry men to feed," said Priscilla to Mistress Brewster.

"I think we have plenty of food to share with them," answered Mistress Brewster. "We will set the table for them in the common-house, and they need not come into our houses at all. It frightens the children to see them looking in at the doors."

After the Indians had eaten their dinner, they spread their furs upon the table. Then they

motioned to bowls and kettles, and knives, and other things which they wanted in return for their rolls of furs.

"No, Samoset, this is Sunday. This is our Lord's Day. Tell your friends we cannot trade with them on the Lord's Day. Come to-morrow and we will be glad to buy your furs."

Samoset could not see why one day was any better than another, but he told his friends what the Pilgrims had said. So the Indians rolled up their furs and without another word walked out of the village.

Several days passed and the Indians did not return. The Pilgrims began to wonder if the savages were angry because they had not taken the furs on Sunday.

The men were again in the common-house drawing plans for the fort to be built upon the hill, when Francis Billington and Love Brewster rushed into the room. They were pale with fright and out of breath with running.

"Indians! Indians!" they gasped. "We were down by the brook—gathering willows—to make whistles—and we saw—at least a hundred Indians—come out of the woods."

But Miles Standish did not wait to hear the end of their story. He ran to the door and looked toward the forest. Yes, the boys were right, there was a large band of Indians on the hill near

by. They talked together and pointed toward Plymouth village.

Quickly Captain Standish turned and gave his orders. Each man knew just where he was to stand and what he was to do in case of an attack.

Then Samoset and another Indian left the band and came slowly down into the village. Miles Standish and Edward Winslow went forward to meet them.

"This is Squanto, friend of English," said Samoset.

"You are both welcome to our village," answered Edward Winslow. "We hope you have brought many furs to trade with us to-day."

"No furs," replied Samoset. "Massasoit, the Great Chief of red men, comes to meet the White Chief. Massasoit would be the White Chief's brother."

When the Pilgrims learned that the king of many tribes waited to see them, they wished to show him honor. Governor Carver prepared some gifts for the chief, and Edward Winslow, wearing his finest armor, went with Squanto to the place where the Indians waited.

Massasoit looked very like a king as he rested his long bow upon the ground and stood to receive the white man. He was very tall and straight. His garments of deerskin were beautifully trimmed with shells and shining quills, and he wore a band

of eagle feathers which reached from the top of his head to the ground.

Upon the grass before Massasoit, Edward Winslow spread a red blanket of fine wool, upon



"Massasoit looked very like a king"

which he placed strings of bright beads, a knife, and a long copper chain.

When he had slowly and carefully arranged

all these things, Winslow arose and said to Massasoit, "My chief sends to you these gifts and invites you to his house. He would be your friend."

When Squanto had told Massasoit these words, the chief motioned Winslow to stay there until he returned. Then taking twenty of his warriors, he went to the village, led by Squanto.

Captain Standish, Master Allerton, and six other soldiers dressed in their bright armor met Massasoit and his men at the brook and escorted them to the common-house. Here a large rug was spread and cushions were laid for the chief and his braves.

Soon the sound of drum and fife was heard, and Governor Carver entered, followed by the rest of the little army.

Then meat and drink were brought, and, after the company had eaten together, Governor Carver and Massasoit made a treaty of peace.

Massasoit arose and in his own language promised that the Indians would not harm the white men, and, if other Indian tribes made war upon Plymouth, Massasoit would help the Pilgrims.

He promised that his tribes should not bring their bows and arrows into the white men's settlement.

When Samoset had told in English what Massasoit had said, Governor Carver spoke. He said the Pilgrims would not harm the Indians,

or carry their guns into the Indian villages when they went there to visit. He promised Massasoit they would always pay the Indians a fair price for the furs and other things they bought of them.

When the governor's words had been told to Massasoit by Squanto, a treaty of peace was signed. The Indian chief could not write, but, instead, he made a little cross. Massasoit did not understand the signing of the paper. When Indians make a treaty of peace the two chiefs always smoke a peace pipe. So the governor and the chief smoked the great stone peace pipe which Samoset brought to them. "Now are the white men and the red men always brothers," said Samoset.

Then Massasoit unrolled the gifts he had brought to his white brother, Governor Carver. There were the finest of furs, a bow and arrows like his own, and a necklace of bears' teeth.

When Massasoit and his company were ready to return to their camp, Captain Standish and his soldiers escorted them as far as the brook, to show them honor.

This treaty of peace between the Pilgrims and the Indians was kept for fifty years. In all this time they did not break their promises to each other.

SQUANTO

WHEN Massasoit and his people returned to their camp in the forest, Squanto did not go with them.

"Many, many moons ago wigwams of Squanto's people stand here, and here," he said, pointing to the shore and the brookside. "Many canoes on shore. Many camp fires on hillside."

"Did your tribe move to some other place, Squanto?" asked Elder Brewster.

"No," answered the Indian, sadly. "Black sickness come. Papoose all die. Squaws all die. Chief and braves die. Only Squanto get well. Squanto come home now, and live with white brothers."

The Pilgrims were glad to have Squanto live with them, for he helped them in many ways. He knew every path in the forest and was their guide when they went there to hunt. He knew just where the deer went to drink, and in which streams to find the busy beavers.

He taught the Pilgrims how to make a trap near the spring where the deer came to drink. He bent down a strong branch of a tree and fastened it to the ground. When the deer stepped upon the end of the branch, it caught his foot and flew up, carrying the deer high in the air.

"This is a cruel trap, Squanto. We will never use it if we can get food any other way," said William Bradford.

"No, better to shoot deer," answered Squanto. "Poor Indian not have gun like white man."

He taught them how to make a snare of willow twigs and put it in the brook to catch fish. He knew how to make a bear trap of logs, and how to call the wild ducks and other birds.

Squanto could go through the forest without making a dry leaf rustle or breaking a twig. He could lie down on the ground and move through the tall grass without being seen.

When the Pilgrims and the Indians met to trade, Squanto could always tell each what the other said. "How could we ever talk to the Indians if Squanto should die?" thought Edward Winslow. "I think I will learn the Indian language while Squanto is here to teach me."

So the Indian became Winslow's patient teacher, and when these two were together they used the Indian language. This pleased Squanto very much, for English was hard for him.

The printed page was a great wonder to Squanto. He called it the "speaking paper." Indians sometimes wrote with paint upon a great flat rock, or with a bit of charcoal upon a piece of birch bark, but their writing was all in pictures.

Squanto was eager to learn to read the white

man's books. "Teach Squanto to make paper talk," he said to Winslow one day.

So that evening when the candles were lighted, Squanto came to Master Winslow's house for his lesson. There were no primers or first readers in Plymouth then, but Winslow took down his Bible. It was the book from which he had learned to read; he would teach Squanto from it.

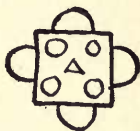
Every evening the Indian and his friend bent over the old book, spelling out its wonderful stories.

One day Squanto came in from the forest, carrying a little oak branch in his hand. Pointing to its tiny leaves, he said, "See! oak leaves big like squirrel's foot. Time to plant corn now."

Then he went down to the brook and set a snare to catch the fish as they swam up the stream. The next morning Elder Brewster met Squanto coming from the brook with a large basket full of little fish.

"Why, Squanto!" he said. "What are you going to do with those tiny fish? They are too small to eat."

"Indians plant corn in these fields many times," answered Squanto. "Ground hungry now. We



*Indian picture
writing*

must feed the hungry earth." So he showed the Pilgrims how to put two little fishes into each hill of corn. They were glad to do as Squanto taught them, for they had never planted corn before.

BACK TO ENGLAND?

ONE day, almost before the snow had melted from the ground, Priscilla, Mary Chilton, and some of the other girls began to look for spring flowers near the edge of the forest.

They brushed away the dry leaves to see if the violets or windflowers had started to grow. Sometimes they found, pushing their way up through the earth, a group of tiny rough balls which would some day unroll into a beautiful fern.

There were many pale little plants lifting their first buds up through the earth and leaves, but not a flower on any of them.

"It must be too early for blossoms," said Mary Chilton. "See, there are still patches of snow in that shady hollow."

"This is Mistress Brewster's birthday, and I did hope we could find a few blossoms for her," said Priscilla.

"Since she cannot come to the woods, let us take some of the woods to her," said Mary, digging up a handful of earth and leaves.

"Why do you take those dry leaves?" asked one of the girls.

Mary lifted the old leaves of the little plant she held, and showed the furry stems and buds of the hepatica. "They will open in a day or two if we

put them in the sun, and Mistress Brewster will enjoy watching them unfold," she said.

When the basket was filled with the dead-looking earth and leaves, it seemed like a queer birthday present for the dear old lady whom the girls often lovingly called "mother." But it was not many days until dozens of little furry stems lifted their dainty purple and white blossoms above the brown leaves.

As the girls came out of the forest, they looked across the water to where the "Mayflower" still lay in the harbor. The ship swung lightly to and fro as though glad to be free from the icy bounds which had held it so many weeks.

The spring storms were over now, and the "Mayflower" must soon return to England. Every evening for a week the Pilgrims had bent over their rough pine tables, writing letters for the "Mayflower" to carry to friends across the sea.

It was eight months since they had left England, and there was so much to write in these first letters to their friends. They must tell about the place where they had settled, the new homes they were making, and about their Indian neighbors.

Then there was the sad story of sickness and death, which must be told. Many of the letters were full of sadness and longing for England.

As the girls walked slowly down the hill each was thinking of all that had happened to the little

band since the "Mayflower" dropped anchor in that harbor.

"There must be a meeting in the common-house this morning," said Mary Chilton, as she noticed a number of people entering the square log building. "Let us go in."

When they entered the large room, they saw the captain of the "Mayflower" standing before the people. He was thanking the Pilgrims for the kindness they had shown to him and to his men; for nursing them when they were ill, and for sharing their provisions with them when food was so scarce.

"To-morrow, if the wind is fair, we set sail for England," he said. "You have had a sad, hard winter here. Many of those whom the "Mayflower" brought to this shore are dead. Now that there are so few of you, are you not afraid to stay here in this lonely land? If any of you wish to return to England, I will give you free passage."

The Pilgrims thought of the loved ones they had lost, and of the new grave on the hill where, only a few days before, they had laid their dear governor, John Carver.

Mistress Brewster's eyes grew dim as she thought of her son, and of Fear and Patience so far across the water. Should she return to them? "No," she thought, "we are making them a better home here, and sometime they will come to us."

William Bradford, who had been chosen as the new governor, was the first to speak.

"Men, you have heard the captain's offer. What do you say? Do any of you wish to return to England?"

"No," came the answer. "Our homes are here, and here we will stay."

"And these maids who have lost both father and mother, do they not wish to return to their old homes across the sea?" asked the ship's captain.

"Speak, Priscilla," said Governor Bradford.

"I have no home other than the one Elder Brewster and his wife so kindly offered me," said Priscilla.

"I have no wish to return, since all I have is here," said Mary Chilton.

Again Governor Bradford spoke. "Do not answer in haste," he said. "Think what it means to remain in this wild new land. Let each man answer for himself and his family. What say you, Master Allerton?"

"I and my family will stay," he replied.

So said all the others. Not one of the brave men and women accepted the captain's offer.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

THE summer days were full for the busy Pilgrims. In the fields there were only twenty men and a few boys to do all the work. There was corn to hoe, and there were gardens to weed and care for. When time could be spared from this work, there were barns to be built, and the fort to finish.

The brave men worked from morning till night preparing for the next long winter. The sun and the rain helped them. The crops grew wonderfully, and soon the hillsides were green with growing corn, and wheat, and vegetables.

When the warm days of early summer came, there were sweet wild strawberries on the sunny hills. A little later, groups of boys and girls filled their baskets with wild raspberries and juicy blackberries from the bushes on the edge of the forest. Sugar was too scarce to be used for jellies and preserves, but trays of the wild fruits were placed in the sun to dry for winter use.

The fresh green of the wheat fields began to turn a golden brown. The harvest was ripening. Before long the air rang with the steady beat of the flail, as the Pilgrims threshed their first crop of golden grain.

Soon the corn was ready to be cut and stacked in shocks. Then came the early frosts, and the Pilgrims hurried to gather the sweet wild grapes from vines which grew over bushes and low trees near the brook. The frost had opened the prickly burs and hard brown coats of the nuts, and every day Squanto went with a merry group of boys to gather chestnuts, hickory nuts, beechnuts, and walnuts.

At last the harvest was all gathered in. The Pilgrims rejoiced as they saw the bountiful supply of food for the winter. Some of the golden ears of corn they hung above the fireplace to dry for seed. The rest they shelled and buried in the ground, as Squanto showed them how to do.

As the evenings grew longer and cooler, the Pilgrims often went in to spend an hour or two at Elder Brewster's. The men piled great logs upon the fire. Then the girls and boys drew the chairs and benches nearer the huge fireplace, and all would sit in the twilight and talk.

Sometimes they spoke of old times in England or Holland, but usually it was of their work and the life in the new home. On this November evening all talked of the harvest which had just been stored away.

"Friends," said Governor Bradford, "God has blessed our summer's work, and has sent us a bountiful harvest. He brought us safe to this

new home and protected us through the terrible winter. It is fit we have a time for giving thanks to God for His mercies to us. What say you? Shall we not have a week of feasting and of thanksgiving?"

"A week of thanksgiving!" said the Pilgrims. "Yes, let us rest from our work and spend the time in gladness and thanksgiving. God has been very good to us."

So it was decided that the next week should be set aside for the harvest feast of thanksgiving, and that their Indian friends should be asked to join them.

Early the next morning Squanto was sent to invite Massasoit with his brother and friends to come the following Thursday.

When he returned, a party of men took their guns and went into the woods for two days of hunting. They would need many deer and wild ducks to feed so large a company.

Far away in the forest they heard the sound of wild turkeys. They hurried on in that direction, but the sound seemed as far away as ever.

Squanto knew how to bring the turkeys nearer. He made a kind of whistle out of a reed. When he blew it, it sounded like the cry of a young turkey.

"Squanto blow. Turkeys come. Then Squanto shoot! Ugh!" said the Indian, as he showed the Pilgrims his whistle.

When the men came back from their hunt they brought a bountiful supply of game. There were deer, rabbits, wild ducks, and four large turkeys.

The next few days were busy ones in Plymouth kitchens. There were the great brick ovens to heat, and bread to bake, and game to dress.

"Priscilla shall be chief cook," said Mistress Brewster. "No one can make such delicious dishes as she."

As soon as it was light on Wednesday morning, a roaring fire was built in the huge fireplace in Elder Brewster's kitchen. A great pile of red-hot coals was placed in the brick oven in the chimney.

Then Mary Chilton and Priscilla tied their aprons around them, tucked up their sleeves, and put white caps over their hair. Their hands fairly flew as they measured and sifted the flour, or rolled and cut cookies and tarts.

Over at another table Remember Allerton and Constance Hopkins washed and chopped dried fruits for pies and puddings. Out on the sunny doorstep Love Brewster and Francis Billington sat cracking nuts and picking out the plump kernels for the cakes Priscilla was making. What a merry place the big kitchen was!

When the oven was hot, the coals were drawn out, and the long baking pans were put in. Soon sweet, spicy odors filled the room, and on the long

shelves were rows and rows of pies, tarts, and little nut cakes.

In the afternoon all of the girls and boys took their baskets or pails and went to the beach to dig clams. "Clams will make a delicious broth. We shall need hundreds of them," said Priscilla.



"The boys and girls . . . went to the beach to dig clams"

While they were gone, some of the men brought boards, hammers, and saws and built two long tables out-of-doors near the common-house. Here the men would eat, and a table would be spread in the elder's house for the women and children.

It was Thursday morning, and the Pilgrims

were up early to prepare for the guests they had invited to the feast of thanksgiving. The air was mild and pleasant, and a soft purple haze lay upon field and wood.

"We could not have had a more beautiful day for our feast," thought Miles Standish, as he climbed the hill to fire the sunrise gun.

Just then wild yells and shouts told the astonished Pilgrims that their guests had arrived. Down the hill from the forest came Massasoit, his brother, and nearly a hundred of his friends, dressed in their finest skins, and in holiday paint and feathers.

The captain and a number of other men went out to welcome the Indians, and the women hurried to prepare breakfast for them.

Squanto and John Alden built a big fire near the brook, and soon the clam broth was simmering in the great kettle.

The roll of the drum called all to prayers, for the Pilgrims never began a day without asking God's blessing upon it. "The white men talk to the Great Spirit," Squanto explained to Chief Massasoit. "They thank Him for His good gifts." The Indians seemed to understand, and listened quietly to the prayers.

Then all sat down at the long tables. The women were soon busy passing great bowls of clam broth to each hungry guest. There were

piles of brown bread and sweet cakes; there were dishes of turnips and boiled meat, and later, howls of pudding made from Indian corn.

While they were eating, one of the Indians brought a great basket filled with popped corn and poured it out upon the table before Elder Brewster. The Pilgrims had never seen pop corn before. They filled a large bowl with this new dainty and sent it in to the children's table.

When breakfast was over, there was another service of thanksgiving, led by Elder Brewster. Then Governor Bradford took his friends to the grassy common where they would have games.

A number of little stakes were driven into the ground, and here several groups of Indians and Pilgrims played quoits, the Indians often throwing the greater number of rings over the stakes.

Then the savages entertained their friends with some wonderful tests in running and jumping. After this Governor Bradford invited the Indians to sit down on the grass and watch the soldiers drill on the common.

The Indians sat down, not knowing what to expect next, for they had never before seen soldiers drill. Suddenly they heard the sound of trumpets, and the roll of drums. Down the hill marched the little army of only nineteen men, the flag of old England waving above their heads.

To right and to left they marched, in single

file or by twos and threes, then at a word from the captain, fired their muskets into the air. The Indians were not expecting this, and some sprang to their feet in alarm.

Again came the sharp reports of the muskets. Many of the Indians looked frightened. "Have the white men brought us here to destroy us?" they asked.

"The white men are our friends; they will not harm us," answered Massasoit.

Hardly had he finished speaking when there came a deep roar from the cannon on the fort. The sound rolled from hill to hill. At this the Indians became more and more uneasy. They did not enjoy the way the white men entertained their guests.

Some thought of an excuse to leave the village. "We will go into the forest and hunt," they said. "We will bring deer for the white men's feast."

Captain Standish smiled as he saw the Indians start for the forest. "They do not like the thunder of our cannon," he said.

But the next morning the five Indians returned, each bringing a fine deer.

Saturday was the last day of the feast. How busy the women were preparing this greatest dinner! Of course the men and boys helped too. They dressed the game, brought water from the brook, and wood for the fire.

There were turkeys, stuffed with beechnuts, browning before the fire. There were roasts of all kinds, and a wonderful stew made of birds and other game.



"The Indians had never seen such a feast"

And you should have seen the great dishes of purple grapes, the nuts, and the steaming puddings. The table seemed to groan under its load of good things. The Indians had never seen such

a feast. "Ugh!" said Massasoit, as he ate the puffy dumplings in Priscilla's stew. "Ugh! The Great Spirit loves his white children best!"

So the happy day ended, and the Indians returned to their wigwams. The Pilgrims never forgot their first Thanksgiving day. Each year when the harvests were gathered, they would set aside a day for thanking God for his good gifts, and for years their Indian friends joined in this feast.

THANKSGIVING

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats, and the rye,
The golden corn and the pearly rice?
For the winter days are nigh."

"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme,
In the hive of the honeybees?"

"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton field
And the gift of the sugar cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root—
There has nothing been given in vain."

"We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,
And the measure is full and brimming o'er."

"Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift!
For the joy and the promise of spring,
For the hay and the clover sweet,
The barley, the rye, and the oats,
The rice, and the corn, and the wheat,
The cotton, and sugar, and fruit,
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
The country so fair and so free,
The blessings and glory of home."

AMELIA E. BARR.

FRIENDS OR FOES?

ONE day late in November, Governor Bradford and his friend Edward Winslow walked along the top of the hill toward Plymouth. They carried guns on their shoulders



*"They turned and saw an Indian
running toward them"*

and their game bags were heavy with the wild ducks they were bringing home.

Suddenly they heard a light, quick step on the dry leaves behind them. They turned and saw an Indian running toward them. He pointed to the sea and tried to tell them something, but the Englishmen could not understand his language.

The three men hurried to the village, and Squanto was called to the common-house. To him the Indian told his message.

"He says a great ship is coming," said Squanto. "It is not far away. He thinks it is a French ship."

Governor Bradford looked sorely troubled. The French were not friendly with the English. If their ship came to Plymouth it would try to capture the town. The governor thanked the Indian for coming to warn him of the danger, and gave him presents and food.

Soon every one in the town knew the word which the Indian had brought. Governor Bradford ordered a cannon to be fired to call home any who were away hunting or fishing.

Nearly every one came down to the shore to watch for the ship. They had not waited long when a sail appeared around the point. Yes, it was coming straight toward Plymouth harbor.

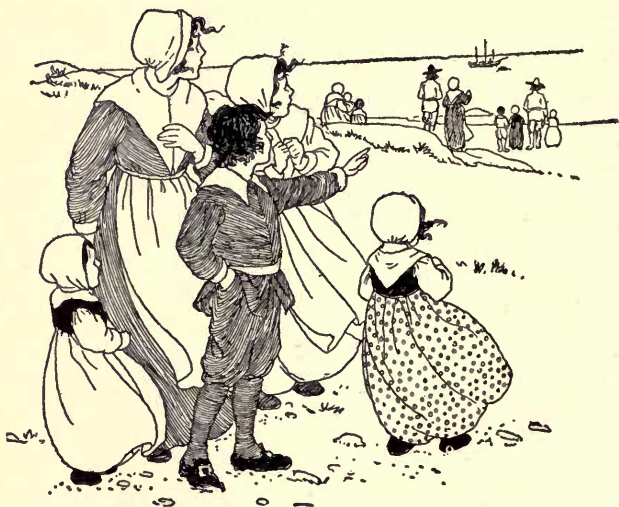
Captain Miles Standish and some of the other men hurried to the cannon on the hill. They carefully aimed them at the coming vessel.

"If it is the ship of an enemy, we will be ready

for it," said the captain. Every man, and every boy who was big enough, carried a gun.

As the boat drew nearer, the people became more and more excited. Hardly a word was spoken, but their white faces showed how anxious they were.

They shaded their eyes with their hands and



"All eyes were fixed upon the masthead"

tried to see what flag floated from its mast. In every heart was a prayer that it might be that of old England.

Nearer and nearer came the ship. All eyes were fixed upon the masthead. Now a flash of white could be seen, but what were the darker

colors? Breathless they waited. As the flag again fluttered in the breeze, a bright red cross flashed into sight.

"The flag of old England!" "It is an English ship!" "An English ship!" The hills rang with their joyful shouts.

From the cannon on the fort a roar of welcome boomed across the water, and a minute later came an answer from the cannon on the ship.

Priscilla darted away up the hill to the elder's cottage, where Mistress Brewster, too weak to leave the house, sat waiting at the window. One glance at Priscilla's sunny face told her the ship was from England.

"Oh, mother dear, it is an English ship. Perhaps Patience and Fear, or Jonathan is upon it," cried Priscilla. "Sit close to the window, and I will run home and tell you when I see them." Leaving Mistress Brewster with her face buried in her trembling hands, the girl hurried back to the shore. There the children who had been silent with fright now shouted and ran up and down the beach. They could hardly wait for the ship to land.

"I hope my brother Jonathan is on that boat," said Love Brewster, hopping first on one foot and then on the other.

"So do I," cried one of the others. "Let us play this is a fairy ship, and will bring each of us

one wish. You are the littlest, Samuel, so you may wish first."

"I wish it would bring some more little children to play with. You big boys never let me play with you."

"That is because you can't run fast enough, Samuel. You would get lost. What do you wish for, Francis Billington?"

"I wish it would bring me a soldier suit and a sword like the captain's 'Gideon,'" said Francis. This was a wild wish indeed. Who ever heard of a little boy having a soldier suit and a sword!

Giles Hopkins would not waste his wish on anything which he knew could not come true.

"I wish it would bring the cow we left in England. I am so hungry for some milk, and butter, and cheese. I am just tired of beans, and bread with no butter."

"Be glad you have the beans and bread, Giles," said Priscilla, coming up behind them. "Elder Brewster says there is hardly enough corn to last through the winter, and the other grain is nearly gone. We had better wish the fairy ship would bring us more meal."

Just then a small boat was lowered from the side of the ship. All watched to see the men climb down the rope ladder into it, though they could not see who they were at this distance.

Some of the Pilgrims were expecting brothers,

some were looking for sons or daughters, others for friends. It seemed to those on shore that the men rowed very slowly.

But at last the little boat touched the stone which we call Plymouth Rock. Almost the first to leap ashore was Elder Brewster's oldest son. Little Love had his "wish."

There were other dear old friends who had been left in England or Holland, and there were some people whom the Pilgrims did not know, about thirty-five in all. How glad the Pilgrims were to see them!

When the captain of the vessel came ashore, he brought a large bag of mail. It was now just a year since the "Mayflower" had brought the little band of Pilgrims to this new land. In all this time they had not heard one word from the friends at home. Now there were letters for all.

The candles burned late in Plymouth that night. In Elder Brewster's home the last candle had flickered and gone out, but still the family sat about the blazing fire and listened while Jonathan told them of Fear and Patience, and of many old friends in Holland.

The ship had not brought the provisions which the Pilgrims so much needed. It had not even brought food for its passengers. There had been hardly enough for the voyage, and the Pilgrims must give the sailors food for the trip back to England.

After that, they would have barely corn enough for themselves during the long winter; yet here were thirty-five more hungry mouths to be fed. What had been a bountiful supply of food for fifty was a very small amount for eighty-five.

But the corn, and the barley, and the dried fruits, and smoked fish were equally divided among them. They must all have been hungry many times, but none died for want of food.

The Pilgrims tried to buy corn from the Indians who lived near by, but they had none to spare. The snow was so deep and the ice so thick that hunting and fishing were almost impossible.

Winter dragged slowly. The food was nearly gone. Something must be done very soon. So Governor Bradford and a few others rowed away to buy food from a tribe of Indians who lived a long way from Plymouth. They were gone many days, but when they returned their boat was well loaded with baskets of corn.

At last spring came. The streams were full of fish. Deer, wild turkeys, and other game could be found in the forest, and there was food enough for all.

It was not long before many new cabins were built along Leiden Street, and other streets were being made. Scores of new farms were cleared that summer, and soon the sunny hillsides rocked with the waving grain.

During the spring and summer several other ships came, bringing hundreds of passengers. These people did not all settle at Plymouth. They made homes for themselves and formed new towns, or settlements, a few miles away.

At last the smoke went curling up from many chimneys in New England, as this part of our country is still called. One of these towns was Boston, another was Salem, and there were many others. They were all very friendly with one another, and the people were never again so sad or lonely as the Pilgrims had been.

TIT FOR TAT

DO any of you know where Squanto is? asked Miles Standish, coming into the common-house where Governor Bradford and Edward Winslow sat writing. "I can see an Indian running down the beach toward the town; I suppose he is a messenger."

"Squanto has gone to the forest to hunt deer, and will not be home until night," answered the governor. "Bring the Indian here and perhaps Winslow can understand his message."

So Miles Standish left the room, and soon returned with the Indian, who carried in his hand a bundle of arrows wrapped round with the skin of a large snake.

The Indian did not return the governor's friendly greeting. Throwing the bundle of arrows upon the table, with an ugly rattle, he gave them his message. But Governor Bradford and Miles Standish did not know what he said, and Edward Winslow could understand a word only now and then.

When the Indian had finished speaking, he turned to leave the village, but Governor Bradford would not let him go. "You must wait until Squanto comes to tell us your message," Winslow explained to him.

Captain Standish was given charge of the Indian, and he took his unwilling guest home to dinner. But the messenger had heard wonderful tales about the "Thunder Chief," as the savages called Captain Standish. Many of the Indians



"He . . . filled the snake skin with powder and shot"

believed he had the deadly black sickness buried under his cabin and could send it upon his enemies if he wished. The Indian was too frightened to eat, and insisted upon returning to his people.

Night came, and Squanto had not returned.

Governor Bradford came over to the captain's cottage and found the Indian walking angrily up and down the room.

"It is not right to hold a messenger against his wish," said the governor. "We will have to let him go." So the Indian was set free and he quickly sped out of the town.

The next morning when Squanto returned, the snake skin of arrows was shown to him. "What do you understand these arrows to mean?" asked the captain.

Squanto's eyes flashed with anger. "Arrows say, 'Come out and fight.' Soon many arrows fly in this village. Many white men die."

"Our bullets fly farther than arrows. We are not afraid," answered Bradford. He threw the arrows upon the ground and filled the snake skin with powder and shot. Handing it to Squanto, he said, "Take that to the chief. Tell him we have done him no harm, but we are ready to fight if he comes."

Two days later Squanto reached the village of the chief who had sent the arrows. These Indians did not own Massasoit as their king. They had never been friends with the white man. From a safe hiding place they had seen the second ship land its company of Englishmen upon their shores. "We will make war upon them, and kill them all now while they are so few," said their chief.

Squanto went at once to the wigwam of the chief. "The white men send you their thunder and lightning," he said, handing the chief the glistening snake skin.

The Indians had heard of the deadly weapon of



*"The white men send you their thunder
and lightning"*

the white man. A few of them had even heard its thunder, but none of them had ever touched a gun or seen powder and shot.

The Indians crowded around to see the strange

bundle, but not one of them would touch it. The chief would not have it in his wigwam a minute. He ordered Squanto to take it back to Plymouth, but he would not. "There is plenty more there," said Squanto. "When you come you shall have it." Then he turned and left the village.

The chief then called another messenger and told him to take the hated bundle away, anywhere out of his country. So the messenger carried it to another tribe, but they would have none of it. It was passed from one Indian village to another, leaving terror in its path. At last, after many weeks, the snake skin of powder returned unopened to Plymouth.

That was all the Pilgrims ever heard of war with those Indians. But they thought it wise to protect their town better, so a high fence of pointed posts was built all about the town. For many weeks a watchman was kept at the gate night and day.

MASSASOIT AND THE MEDICINE MEN

ONE cold March day another Indian messenger appeared at the gate of Plymouth.

He had been running many miles, and his body was wet and his veins were swollen.

"English friends come quick!" he cried. "Chief Massasoit much sick! Soon die!"

This was sad news to the Pilgrims, for Massasoit was their best friend among the Indians.

It was decided that Edward Winslow should be one of those to go with the messenger, for he was a good nurse, and he knew something of the Indian language.

The messenger was in too great a hurry to eat the food they gave him. He could hardly wait for Edward Winslow to prepare the medicines and food he wished to take Massasoit. "Great chief die soon!" he moaned. "Not see, not eat, for four days."

Soon the basket was ready and Winslow and another Englishman followed the guide into the forest. Faster and faster went the Indian, until the men could hardly keep up. Often the guide was so far ahead that he was almost lost to sight.

He must have thought the Englishmen very slow. He feared Massasoit would not live until they reached the village.

Indians do not usually say much about their

joys or sorrows, but Edward Winslow has told us how deeply this guide grieved for his beloved chief. Often he would cry in his own language, "Oh, my chief! My loving chief! I have known many brave warriors, but none so brave, so kind, so just as Massasoit!"

Sometimes he would say, "Oh, Master Winslow, what friend will your people have among the Indians when Massasoit is gone?"

On and on they hurried, hardly stopping to eat or rest. It was now two days since they left Plymouth. The sun had gone down in a bank of clouds, and already the shadows were black and deep in the forest.

The wind whistled through the tree tops, and soon a fine, sharp sleet began to fall. It was a bad night to be in the woods, but the guide told them that the village was not far off.

Above the voice of the storm came a distant moaning. At first Winslow thought it was the sound of a great waterfall.

"It sounds more like owls, or the cry of some animal," said his companion.

But the guide knew the sound came from the wigwam of Massasoit, and again he moaned, "Oh, my chief! My chief!"

Now and then a gleam of light could be seen among the trees. Presently, in a little clearing, they came upon the Indian village. A great

camp fire threw its unsteady light upon the wigwams about it.

The lodge of Massasoit was larger than the others. There were pictures painted upon its sides, telling of the great deeds of Massasoit and his people.

Before the door of the wigwam hung a curtain of fine fur. Winslow pushed aside the curtain, but the room was so full of visitors that he could hardly enter.

The poor old chief lay on his cot. His eyes were closed. He could no longer see the friends about him. "He is dying," said an Indian who stood near, rubbing the chief's cold hands.

In a circle about the cot were five or six Indian medicine men. Their half-naked bodies were painted in many colors; upon their heads they wore the horns and skins of beasts. They danced about the chief, leaping, yelling, and waving their arms to frighten the sickness away.

Poor Massasoit! No wonder he was dying.

When the Indians saw the white men, they told Massasoit that his English friends had come to help him. The great chief loved Winslow, and put out his hand to welcome him.

"Your friends at Plymouth are all grieved to hear of your illness," said Edward Winslow, in the Indian language. "Our governor has sent you some things which will help to make you well."

But Massasoit only shook his head. He did not think he could get well. His mouth and throat were so sore he could scarcely swallow, so he had eaten nothing for days.

Winslow opened his basket and took out two



*"They danced about the chief . . . to frighten
the sickness away"*

little jars of food which he had brought, the Indians crowding around to see. But, alas, the bottle of medicine he needed was broken. There was not a drop left.

He mixed the food with a little warm water and

put some of it into the chief's mouth. Massasoit seemed to enjoy the dainty food which Winslow fed him, and whispered, "More."

The Indians had not forgotten the broth they had at the Feast of Thanksgiving. "Massasoit will get better if you give him white-man's broth," said one of them.

Only Priscilla knew what was needed to make and flavor *that* soup. There was nothing here of which to make it, even if Winslow had known how.

So he wrote a note asking Doctor Fuller to send such medicine as Massasoit needed, and, also, a pair of chickens and whatever else was necessary to make a good broth. A fresh messenger sped swiftly toward Plymouth with the note.

There was no fresh meat in the lodge, but Winslow must make a broth of some kind. In a large earthen bowl he saw some corn. He asked one of the squaws to pound it into meal, and when this had been done he made a thin soup of it.

In the woods near the wigwam he found some sweet roots and some fresh, young strawberry leaves. When he had flavored the soup with these, it was very good, and the chief drank it eagerly. He was getting better. He was soon so much better that he was able to see again.

Then Winslow bathed his face and hands, gave him a drink of cool water, and bade the Indians go away and leave him in quiet.

This was just what Massasoit needed, and he soon fell asleep. When the messenger returned, the chief was so much better that he did not need the medicine.

Of course Massasoit now loved the English more than ever. He told all his friends what had been done for him. After that many Indians came to Plymouth to get help for their sick friends.

The Englishmen taught them to make broth. They taught them that good food, fresh air, and pure water would help them more than all the noise and dances of medicine men.

TROUBLES WITH THE INDIANS

MANY years had passed since the colonists first landed in New England. All this time they had lived at peace with the Indians. The savages often came to the villages to trade with the white men. They came to their houses, and many of them learned to speak a little English.

But the Indians were not all so friendly as Samoset, Squanto, and Massasoit. Many of them hated the white men and would have killed them if they had dared.

"See their cattle in our meadows," they said.

"They cut down our forests, and the deer no longer feed here," said others.

"They are not your forests and fields now," said Massasoit. "You sold them to the white men."

The Indians did not care for money. It was not pretty. They liked bright beads and shining buttons better. They liked English knives and gay red blankets.

But after a while the beads were lost and the blankets were worn out. The land which they had given for them did not wear out or get lost. The Indians looked at the rich farms; then they looked at their broken knives and ragged blankets.

"The palefaces have cheated us," they cried to

their chief. "Let us make war upon them. Let us drive them from our land."

But Massasoit never forgot the promise he had made the white men so long ago. "They are our brothers," he said. "We will not harm them. Have you forgotten how they came to my lodge when I might have died? They have made schools for you; they have cared for you when you were sick. They have paid you what you asked for your land. They have kept their promise to us. We will keep our promise to them."

So as long as good Massasoit lived, the Indians made the Pilgrims no trouble. He was a great chief and many tribes obeyed him.

But at last a sad day came when Massasoit lay still in his wigwam. His friends, the Englishmen, stood around him, but they could not help him now. The great chief was dead.

After Massasoit's death his oldest son became chief. He was not very friendly toward the white men.

It was nearly fifty years since the Pilgrims had founded Plymouth. In that time thousands of Englishmen had come to New England, and there were also colonists from France, Holland, and other countries.

Most of these people had come to gain wealth. They wanted the lands the Indians owned, and often fought for them instead of paying for them.

Often they were unjust and in many ways very cruel to the Indians.

One day the new chief went to Plymouth to talk the matter over with his father's old friends. While he was there he became very ill. The colonists took good care of him and tried to make him well, but in a few days he died.

After his death his younger brother, Philip, became chief. He hated all white men and wished to be rid of them. He believed they had killed his brother at Plymouth, and this made him hate them all the more.

So he sent word to many other tribes, saying that he was going to make war upon the settlers and asking them to join him. "We are stronger than the white men, now," said he, "and if we all join in this war we can easily kill or drive them all out of the country."

Swift Indian runners carried the message to the chiefs of other tribes. But they had seen how cruelly the white men punished the Indians who tried to harm them, and were afraid.

One band of Indians had tried to kill the people of a little town not far from Plymouth, and the white men had destroyed the whole tribe. So the chiefs of the other tribes told Philip they would not join his war.

But Philip believed that his tribes alone were strong enough to drive out the colonists, and a



"Suddenly the air rang with the yells of the savages"

terrible war was begun which we call King Philip's War.

The Indians never came out in open battle to fight like soldiers. They usually hid in the forest near some village until night, when the people were quietly sleeping; then, with terrible whoops and yells, they swept down upon it, burning the houses and killing as many people as they could.

Near King Philip's home was the little village of Swansea, and the chief decided this should be the first town to be destroyed. From their hiding place in the forest the Indians watched for a good chance to make the attack.

One Sunday morning, when all the people of Swansea were at church, Philip said, "This is a good time to get rid of these people. We will kill them all at once, when they come out of the meetinghouse."

When the service was over, the people came out never dreaming of the dreadful trouble awaiting them. Suddenly the air rang with the yells of the savages, and King Philip and his followers fell upon them.

When the sun set that day, the pretty village was in ashes and the streets were strewn with the dead and dying.

Sometimes a small band of Indians went into the country where there were little farms far from any town. They watched a cabin until they saw

the men of the family go into the field to work; then, slipping up to the house, they would kill or steal the women and children, and set fire to the cottage.

But the Indians did not always succeed in their cruel work of destroying homes. Many lives and many homes were saved by the quick wits and brave hearts of the boys and girls as well as of the older people.

In the following pages we may read the experiences of some of the children in those early days so full of danger.

