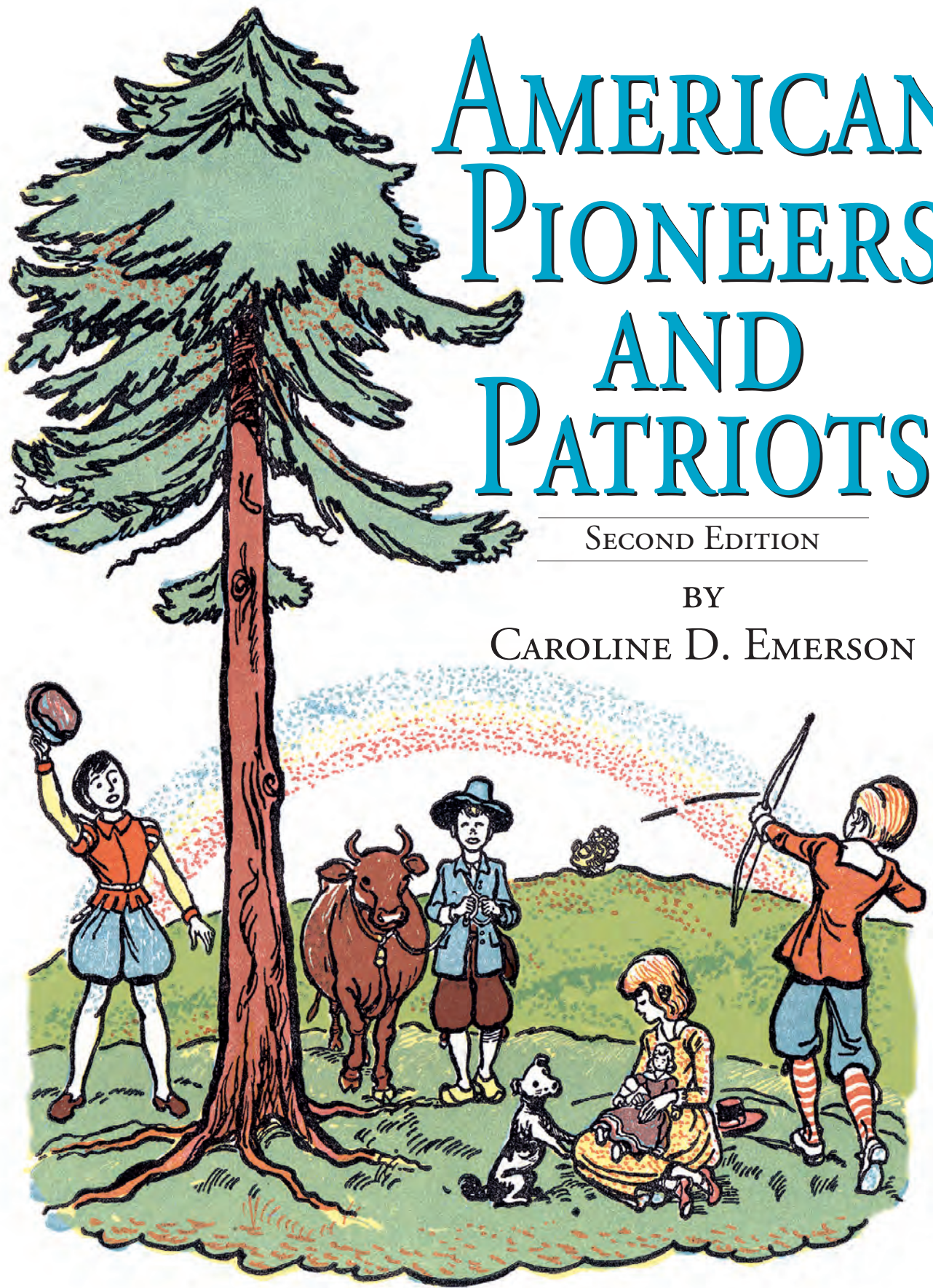


AMERICAN PIONEERS AND PATRIOTS

SECOND EDITION

BY
CAROLINE D. EMERSON



American Pioneers and Patriots

Original Title: *Pioneer Children of America*

Written by: Caroline D. Emerson

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Author: Caroline D. Emerson

Editor: Michael J. McHugh

Copyediting: Diane Olson, Lars Johnson

Graphics: William Sharp, Eric Bristley, Bob Fine, Edward J. Shewan

Cover image: William Sharp

Design and layout: Bob Fine

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Foreword

The stories that follow will present young students with a uniquely rewarding study of early American history and culture. Young people will be exposed to more than a dry, narrow study of major political and military events from the annals of our country's history. They will learn about the growth and development of the United States from the perspective of those who lived through this time.

A true study of history is, in many respects, a study of people. Sometimes it seems as though grown-up people have more than their fair share of exciting adventures. This seems especially true when we read about the days of old in America. Grown men like Captain John Smith had the fun of landing in Jamestown, and Daniel Boone had the joy of cutting a trail west through the forest. These men and other pioneers built the first houses. They hunted and trapped animals. They were the ones who had adventures with the Indians.

However, the grown people had only half of the adventures. Families founded our country, and families meant boys and girls. These early American families were large, and the young people counted for a great deal. The boys and girls had more than their fair share of hard work to do. They had their share of danger and risks, too. There were whole families that went west across our country in covered wagons. That meant crossing deep rivers and hot, dry wastelands. It meant walking, walking, walking, for hundreds and hundreds of miles. It meant, perhaps, being killed by Indians.

This book is made up of stories about boys and girls who lived in different places and times in our country. They are exciting stories. It is important, however, to remember that these fictional stories represent real boys and girls who lived during this time in history.

The boys in pioneer days cut down the forests and burned the brush. They did their share in planting the land and reap-

American Pioneers and Patriots

ing the crops. They also took care of the cows and pigs and sheep. And they hunted with their fathers. In addition, the girls learned to spin and sew and bake. Girls learned to shoot, too. They learned to stand by their fathers and brothers and load the old-fashioned guns when Indians attacked.

It was exciting to be a boy or girl in those days, but it is just as exciting to be young today. In fact, it is more exciting. Pedro, who came to Florida in a sailing ship, had never seen a train or an airplane. Molly Harris, the little girl in this book who went over the Wilderness Trail to Kentucky, had never seen a city, an automobile, or a movie. Today boys and girls can see more, hear more, learn more, and do more than in the days of the pioneers. Only by studying the past can young people realize how greatly God has chosen to bless our beloved country. Children in America too often take their modern conveniences for granted.

It is just as important for young people to be effective today, as they were in early America. The more we know, the more useful we can be. The more we learn, the more we can help make our country a better place in which to live. These stories help children to understand that God's gifts of faith, courage, and determination are what transformed our early pioneers into patriots.

Michael J. McHugh

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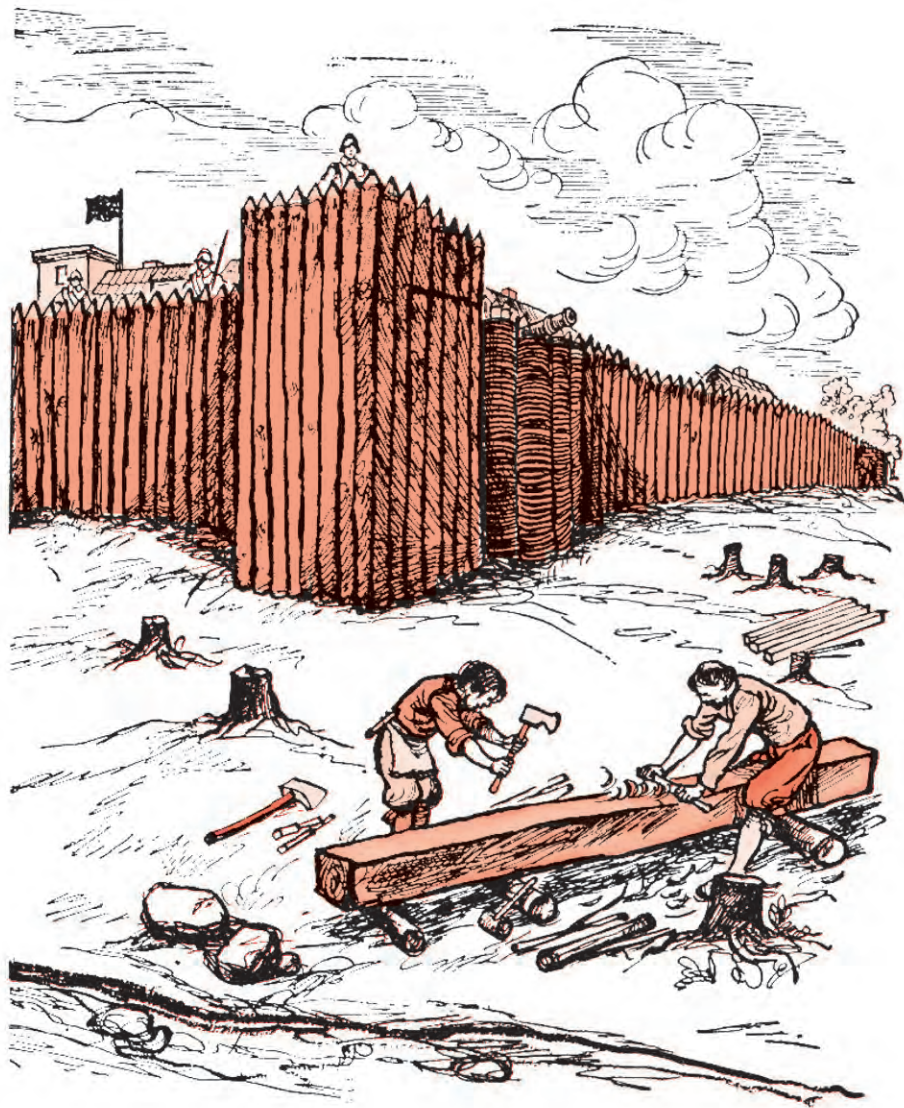
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English Pioneers

UNIT 2



A STORY OF PIONEERS IN VIRGINIA



In the year 1607, three small ships brought pioneers from England. They sailed up the James River, and they started a little town called Jamestown. It was named for King James of England.

It was hard work building homes in this new land. Many men had come to Jamestown hoping to find gold. They hoped to grow rich. Instead, they found hard work.

Many men grumbled. Many were hungry and sick. Then one man took charge. He was called Captain John Smith. He said that anyone who did not work should not eat. After that more work was done.

Trees were chopped down. A few poor huts were made. A fort was built. A wall was built around the little town. It was needed, for many of the Indians did not want the white men to come to this land.

Captain John Smith went often to the Indian villages. He bought corn from the Indians to keep the white men from starving. The English people had never seen Indian corn before. They learned to use the

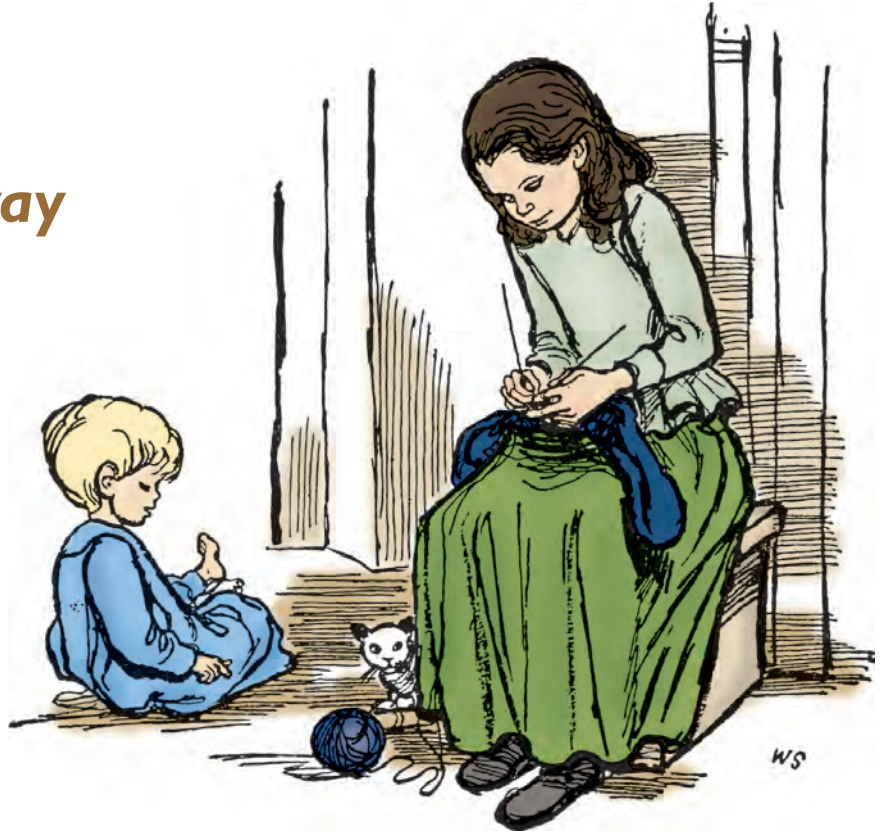
Indian corn for corn bread. They learned to plant it in the little fields outside the wall of the town. Corn became their most important food.

Captain John Smith did all that he could to keep peace with the Indians. But other Englishmen were not so wise as he. Often there was trouble with the Indians. People felt safer to have a fort with guns on it. People felt safer to have a wall around the town with a giant gate to shut at night.

At first there were only men in Jamestown. But soon mothers and children came across the water from England. It was hard for the mothers to make their families comfortable in this new, strange land. There were no stores to buy what was needed. A few things were brought from England. The people must make the rest for themselves.

What was it like living in Jamestown in those early days? The next story, "The Runaway," will tell you.

The Runaway



Chapter 4

Sally and Richard

Eight-year-old Sally sat in the doorway knitting. Knit, knit, knit! Was there ever an end to it?

Sally had to knit stockings for two brothers. Her fingers were never still. She must work all summer to be ready for winter.

In winter, feet were often cold and wet. There were no rubber boots in those days. There were no hard, dry sidewalks. In Jamestown there were only dirt paths, and they were often muddy. Warm knitted stockings were a comfort to cold feet in wet shoes.

Knit, knit, knit! Sally's fingers flew.

"Sally!" called her mother. "Watch the kettle that is hanging over the fire. Do not

let the dinner burn. And mind the baby. I am taking the clothes to the river to wash."

It was easier to carry the wash to the river than to pull bucket after bucket of water from the well. Goodwife picked up a big bundle. The mother of a family was called "Goodwife" in those days, and a good wife she needed to be with all the work there was to do. Goodwife took a gourd filled with soft soap from the shelf.

Sally had helped her mother make that soap. It had been hard, hot work. They had saved grease and fats. Also, wood ashes had been saved from the fireplace. The ashes were put in a barrel and water was poured

through them. That made the lye. When the lye was ready, the fat was boiled in a big soap kettle. Then the lye was put into it. "Lye was magic," Sally thought. Lye turned fat into clean soap.

Off to the river went Goodwife with her bundle of clothes on her head and her gourd of homemade soap in her hand. She was a good housekeeper. There was no better one in all Jamestown. Her linen was always white and clean. Her fire always burned in the fireplace.

That fire! Two years it had been burning. Never once had it gone out, day or night. Each evening, Goodwife covered the red coals with ashes. Every morning, she blew on the red coals and fed them little bits of dry sticks till the fire blazed up. Never once had her fire gone out.

Sometimes neighbors were careless. Sometimes they let their fires go out at night. Then they came running to Goodwife. They borrowed red coals to light their fires, because there were no matches in Jamestown. In those days, no one had ever heard of matches.

Sally went to the fire now, and peeked into the big iron kettle that was hanging in the fireplace. The deer meat smelled good. She put more wood on the fire. Then back she went to her knitting.

Small Richard played on the floor with some shells. He was only three. No small boy today would wear the clothes Richard wore. He had on a long skirt. Boys in those days did not wear pants until they were six or

seven years old.

As Richard stood up, he stepped on his skirt. There was a loud tearing sound.

"Oh, dear," sighed Sally. "Another patch! There is more patch than dress now!"

It was hard to get cloth in this new land. Eight-year-old Sally knew how to mend and patch as well as knit.

Richard was pointing to a box on a shelf.

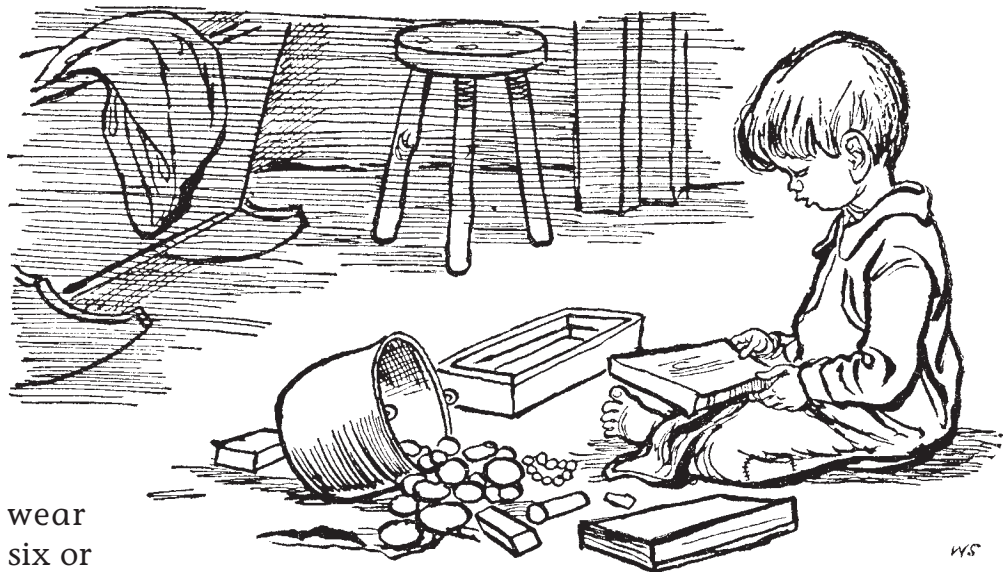
"No, no, Richard! You cannot have it," said Sally firmly.

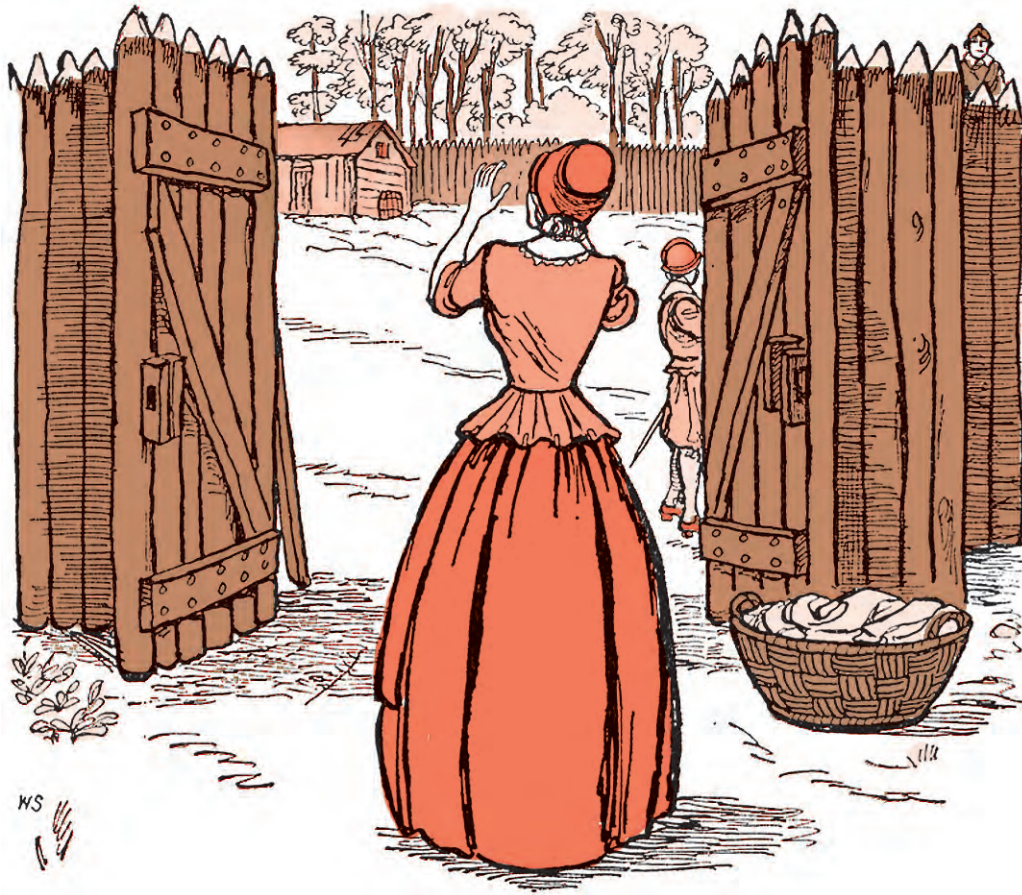
Sally longed to peek into the box herself. Brother Ralph had brought home a baby squirrel. He had caught the tiny thing in the forest. He was taming it.

Ralph had made the box from pieces of wood. Sally had watched the squirrel curl up in it to sleep. The little animal had spread out its fluffy tail for a covering. Sally had laughed with delight.

Now Richard wanted to play with the squirrel. It was good that the shelf was high. Sally gave Richard a bit of cold corn bread. For a while he forgot the box. He ate the bread eagerly. He was hungry.

"The boys always seem to be hungry," sighed Sally. She was often hungry herself. Sometimes she sat and thought about good things to eat.





There was not much food in the house. Last year's corn was nearly gone. This year's corn was not yet ripe. In the morning, the children ate their hot corn meal and scraped the wooden bowls clean. They did not ask for more. They knew better.

But the men had shot a deer yesterday. There would be deer meat for dinner even though there was not much else. It smelled good as it cooked over the fire.

Richard grew sleepy. Sally put him in the old wooden cradle. Father had made that cradle. She rocked and sang as she knitted. Soon Richard's eyes closed.

Then Sally heard her mother calling. Goodwife wanted her to help in spreading the linen on the ground to whiten it in the sun. Oh, there were so many napkins to spread out! They needed a lot of them be-

cause there were no forks in Jamestown. People did not use forks in those days. There were only spoons and knives, and people ate their meat with their fingers.

"Sally!" called her mother. "Come and help me."

Sally ran out into the sunlight. Since so much white linen lay on the ground, it looked as though it had been snowing.

Goodwife was famous for her linen. She had spun the thread and woven it. She had brought a big chest of it with her from England. There might not be much to eat on her rough wooden table, but there were always fresh napkins.

While Sally worked, something was happening inside the house. □



Chapter 5

Outside the Gate

While Sally was away, something happened. A fly tickled Richard's face. In those days, there were no screens to keep flies out. Richard woke up. There was no one there. He sat up and looked around the cabin.

He saw the box on the shelf. The squirrel was inside. Richard rubbed his eyes. Then he climbed out of the cradle.

There was the big chest against the wall. Richard climbed onto it. He stood on his tip-toes. He could just reach the shelf. Little by little he pushed the box toward the edge.

The box fell. There was a crash! The top

flew off. Out jumped the tiny animal. It ran around the room. Richard nearly fell off the chest as he tried to catch it.

The squirrel sat up and scolded him. Then it ran out the open door into the sunshine. Richard hurried after it.

When Sally came back, she found the room empty. She saw the box on the floor. There was no Richard asleep in the cradle. There was no sign of Richard in the small house.

Sally ran outdoors looking and calling. She ran to the neighbors, but no one had seen the runaway. Her mother had gone

back to the river. She was out of sight.

Then Sally saw marks of small bare feet in the path. The marks led toward the gate in the wall that protected the town. Sally ran toward it. There was no guard at the gate. The men were all working in the fields outside the wall. No one had seen the runaway.

Sally's heart beat fast. Where was Richard? What had happened to him? Sally stopped at the gate. Beyond the fields was the forest. In the forest the trees were tall and dark. The forest was full of flowers and birds and sweet wild strawberries. But there were Indians and wild animals, too! The men always carried guns when they went into the woods.

For a moment, Sally stopped and prayed to God for help. Then she saw the marks of Richard's small bare feet. She followed them out the gate as fast as she could go. They led across a small cornfield. Then they went into the forest.

On and on Sally ran, following the tracks. Bushes caught her dress and tore it. There were ugly red scratches on her arms and legs. Then a vine tripped her up.

"Richard! Richard!" she called. "Where are you, Richard?"

Just then she heard an answer. There was a clearing in the woods ahead. She peered around the big trunk of a tree.

There was that little rascal! There was Richard! He was sitting on a grassy spot eating wild strawberries. His face and hands were red.

Sally threw herself down on the grass beside him and thanked the Lord for His help. She was hot and tired. Then she saw the berries. They looked like little glowing red coals. She,

too, began to eat. They were sweet and juicy.

Suddenly Sally remembered that they were far from home and alone.

"We must get home, Richard," she cried.

She pulled Richard to his feet. They started back. But which way should they go? For a minute Sally's heart stood still. Then she heard noises. Guns were being fired. There were shouts and cries.

It was easy now to tell which way to go. Sally started toward the sound of the guns. She dragged Richard after her. He was tired and scratched and crying.

Another gun was fired. What was happening?

"Hurry, Richard! Hurry!" cried Sally. "Something has happened!"

Perhaps Indians were attacking the fort. She must get Richard inside the wall. Perhaps the gate would be closed when they reached it. No one knew that they were outside. Sally half carried tired little Richard.

At last, she saw the gate ahead. It was still open. Sally ran through it and pulled Richard after her. Then she stopped for a minute to get her breath.

People were running through the little town with buckets in their hands. The men had rushed back from the fields at the sound of the guns. Now they were carrying buckets of water from the river.

Sally saw that smoke was pouring from the door of her home. □





Chapter 6

Friends in Need

There were no fire engines in those days. There were no fire hoses and pumps. The men stood in a line from the river to the house. They passed buckets of water from one man to the next as fast as they could.

Sparks had flown out from the fireplace in Sally's house. One spark had landed in Richard's cradle. The soft wool blanket had blazed up. Soon the wooden cradle was in flames. Then the wall started to burn. Wooden houses burned easily! By God's providence, a neighbor had seen the smoke. She had run for help. Ralph had fired a gun to call his father and the men from the fields.

Water was dashed on the flames. Bucketful after bucketful was thrown on the fire. At last, there was only smoke.

Sally followed her father into the kitchen. Tears ran down her face from the smoke and the smell of burning wool. But the fire was out. The house was saved.

Then everyone began to talk at once. It was sad that the blanket was burned. Also,

it was too bad that the cradle was gone. The wall would have to be patched a little, but that was all the harm done. Everyone agreed that the house had been saved by God's grace!

"It was my fault! It was all my fault!" cried Goodwife when she heard Sally's story. "I never should have called Sally to help me. I should not have called her away. This would never have happened if I had not called her away."

She praised God and held Sally and Richard close in her arms. But just then, Sally looked toward the kettle.

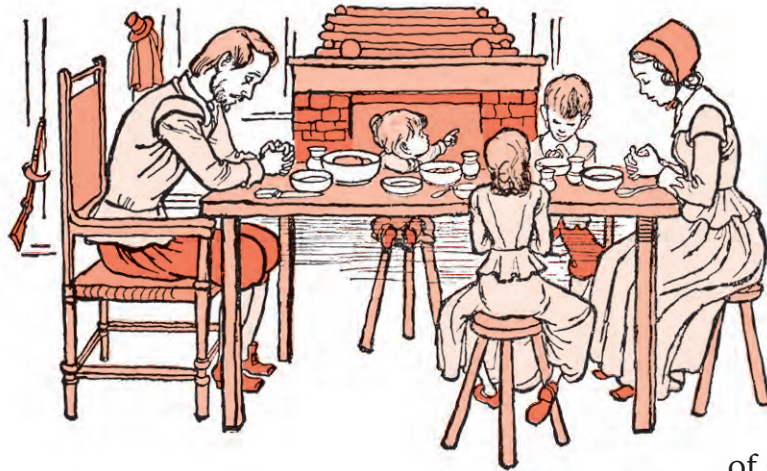
"What will we eat for dinner?" she cried.

The deer meat was burned to cinders. There was nothing in the kettle but black coals. What were they going to eat? What were they going to do?

There were no freezers to go to in those days. There were no cans to open. There were no stores to run to. Thankfully, there were good neighbors. They did not have much for themselves, but they shared what they had.

With a little of this and a little of that, these good friends put a meal on the bare wooden table. As it so often is, those who have the least, share the most. They know what it is like to have children go to bed hungry.

At last, the family sat down to dinner. Father sat at the head of the table in the big chair that had come from England. The rest of the family sat on



three-legged wooden stools that Father had made from logs.

Before they ate, Father bowed his head in prayer. He gave a prayer of thanksgiving to God for all His goodness and mercy.

“Oh,” thought Sally, “there is so much for which to be thankful! God is good, indeed.”

She was thankful that Richard was safe. She was thankful that the house had not burned to the ground. She was thankful that the neighbors had given them something to eat, because she was very hungry.

Suddenly there was a little sound at the window. Everyone looked that way. A tiny nose peeked in. Two very bright eyes looked at them.

“It’s the baby squirrel!” cried Sally. “It has come back!”

The tiny thing ran to Ralph. It cuddled

down inside his jacket. It was lonely. The baby squirrel had missed him.

“That’s something else for which to be thankful,” said Sally.

That evening the family sat around the open fire as usual. Goodwife was busy mending. Sally knitted as fast as she could. Ralph worked with his knife, cutting out a wooden mixing bowl from a piece of oak wood. He was making it for his mother.

And Richard sat on his father’s lap.

As they worked in the evening, their father often told stories of the old days.

Sometimes he told of the trip across the ocean from England. Sometimes he told of the first hard winters in Jamestown.

This evening, Sally asked for the story that she liked best. It was about the little Indian princess, Pocahontas, who had saved the life of Captain John Smith.

Pocahontas had been brought up in the forest. She was the daughter of a great Indian chief named Powhatan. On one occasion, Powhatan’s brother captured Captain John Smith and brought him to the great chief. Powhatan ordered one of his warriors to kill the white man, but Pocahontas threw herself between the warrior and the white man. She begged her father to save the man’s life. Her father looked at her in surprise. Then he gave the sign, and the warrior stepped back. Captain John Smith was saved.

Sally had often seen Pocahontas in Jamestown. Pocahontas was a graceful, slender Indian girl. Many times the little princess had helped the English settlers. She had brought them corn when they were starving. She also had warned them of Indian attacks. After several years, she became a Christian and was baptized



with the name Rebecca.

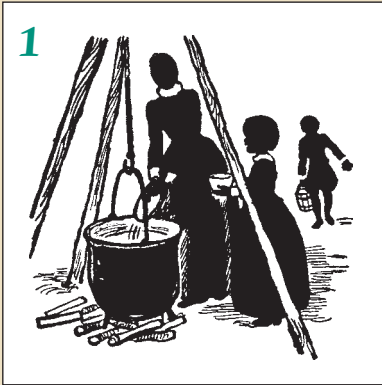
Of all the stories that her father told, Sally liked best the story of Pocahontas.

At last, Sally's head began to nod. Richard was sound asleep in his father's arms. Since his cradle was burned, he would sleep with Sally in her bed in the corner of the kitchen.

Sally felt herself lifted up in her father's strong arms. She was carried across the

room. Her mother slipped off Sally's clothes. Soon she and Richard were tucked safely in the little bed.

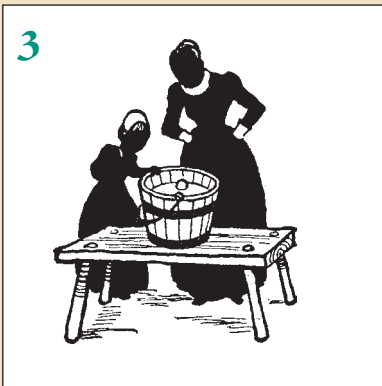
Ralph climbed to the loft where he slept. He carried his squirrel with him. Goodwife covered her red coals carefully so that the fire would keep for the night. Soon all was dark and quiet in the little house in Jamestown. □



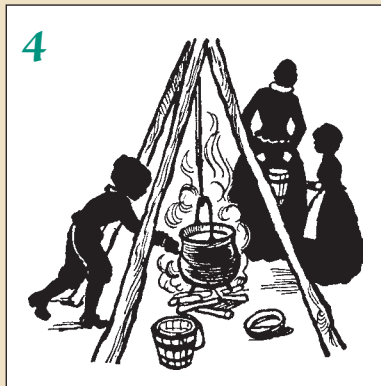
1. Soap making was hard, hot work! Everyone dreaded the day. Scraps of fat and grease from cooking were saved in a big iron kettle.



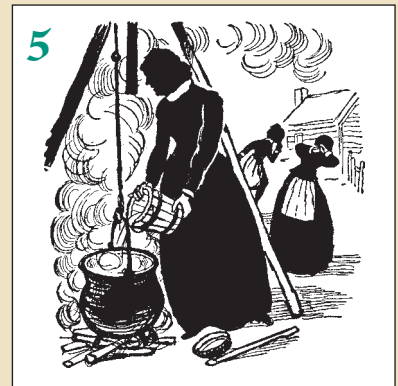
2. All winter, wood ashes were saved in a barrel. Water was poured in. It soaked slowly through the ashes and made lye.



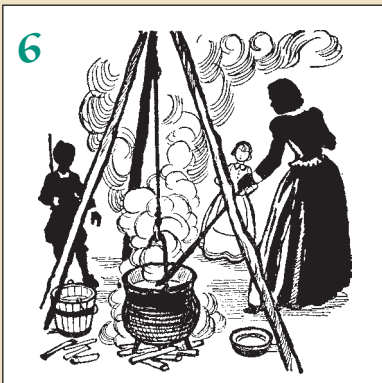
3. The lye had to be strong to make good soap. When an egg would float in the lye, it was strong enough. Only a little of the egg should show.



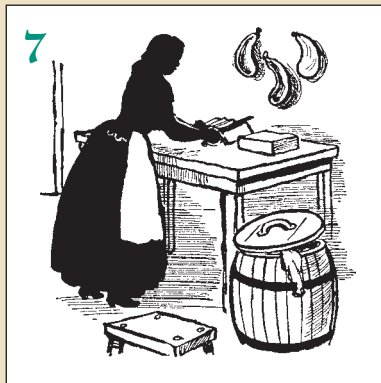
4. A fire was built under the big kettle outdoors. The boys chopped the wood. Smoke got in everyone's eyes. Everyone hated the smell of hot fat.



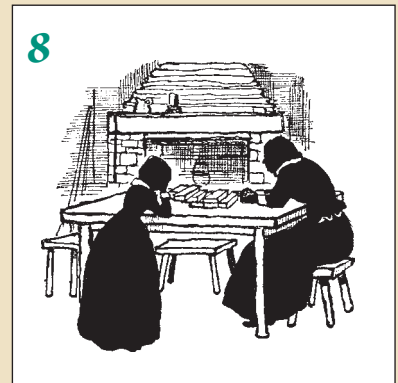
5. The lye was poured carefully into the hot fat. Lye burns. It must not splash on hands or clothes. Be careful!



6. The lye was stirred with a long wooden spoon. If it was just the right strength, it turned the grease into soap.



7. The top of the soap was hard enough to cut into cakes. The rest was put into a soft-soap barrel. It was dipped out with a gourd.



8. At the end of the day, everyone was tired out. But there was soap enough on hand to last a long time. They were careful not to waste it.

Questions

1. What are some things, which the pioneers made at home, that we buy in stores today?
2. Why did the people at Jamestown build a wall around their town?
3. From where did the people who settled Jamestown come?
4. From where did the people who settled St. Augustine come?
5. What did you eat for breakfast? What did you have that the first settlers in Jamestown could not have? Why can we have more things today?
6. Explain how Sally helped her mother make soap.

Things to Do

1. If you can, bring a gourd or an ear of corn to class. How did the pioneers use gourds? Learn the names of the different parts of the corn:

husk *stalk* *silk* *ear* *kernel*
2. Plant a few kernels of corn in a pot of soil. Place the pot in the sunshine, and keep the soil moist. What happens? Pound some kernels between stones to make corn meal.
3. Before the days of matches, a fire was hard to start. If you know a Boy Scout, get him to show you one way to start a fire without matches. **Do not try to start a fire without your parents' permission!**
4. If someone in your family can knit, ask them to bring their knitting to class. What can you see in the room that is knitted?
5. Act out something that happened in this story. Let one or both of your parents guess which scene it is.