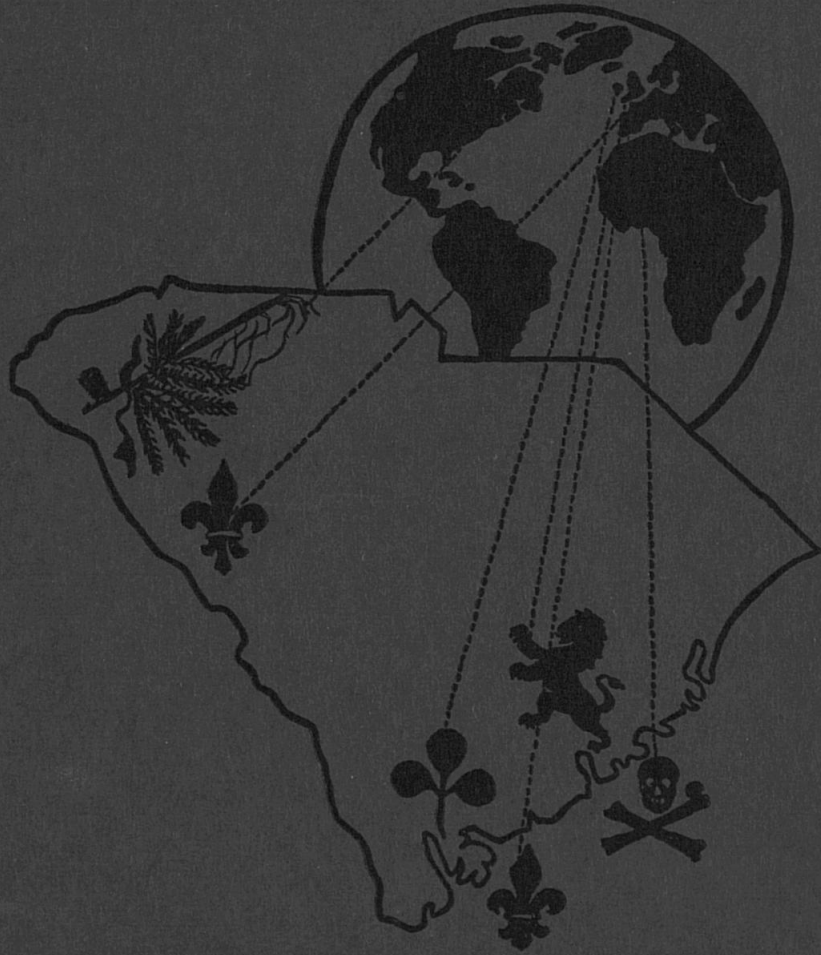
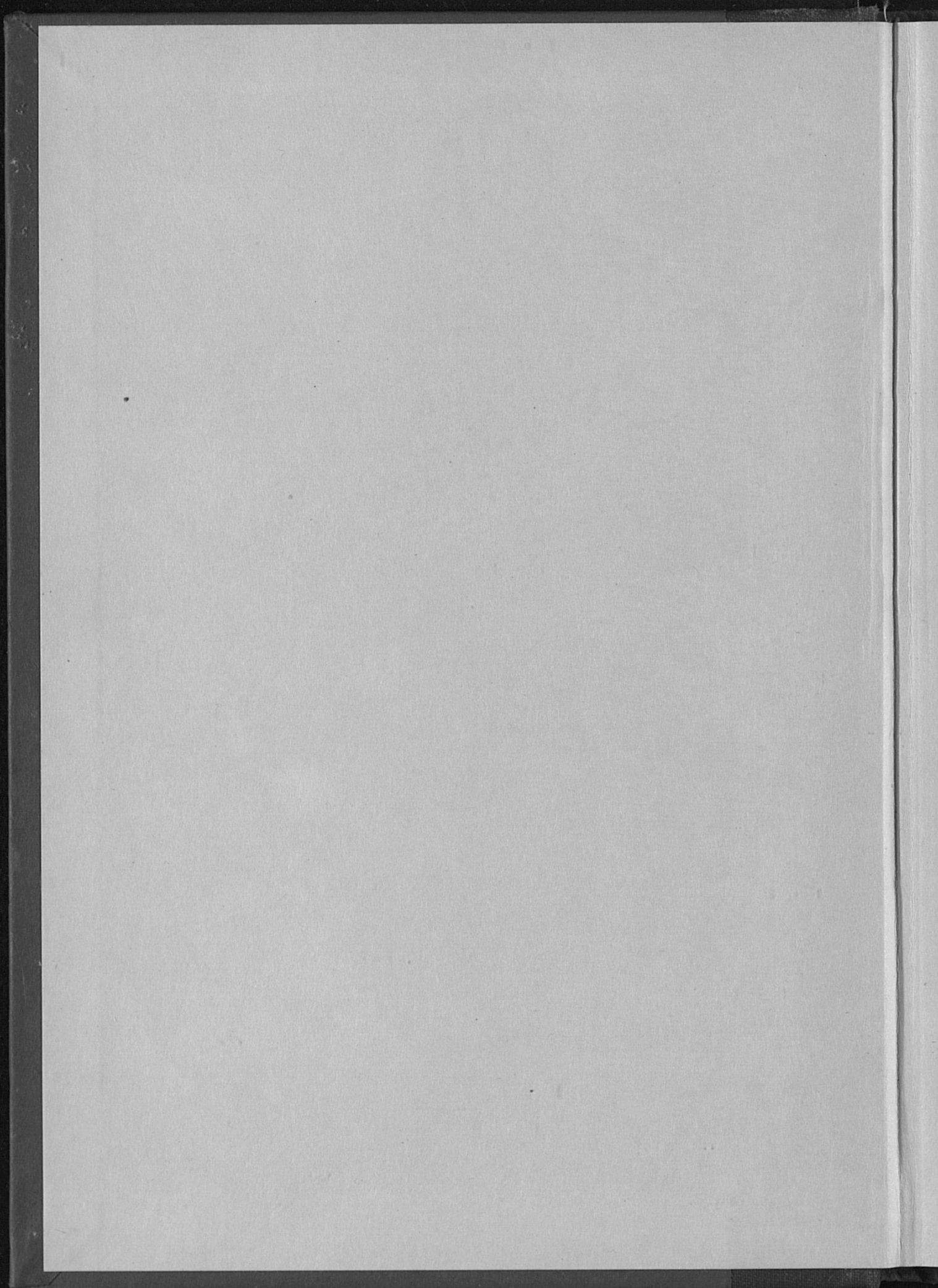


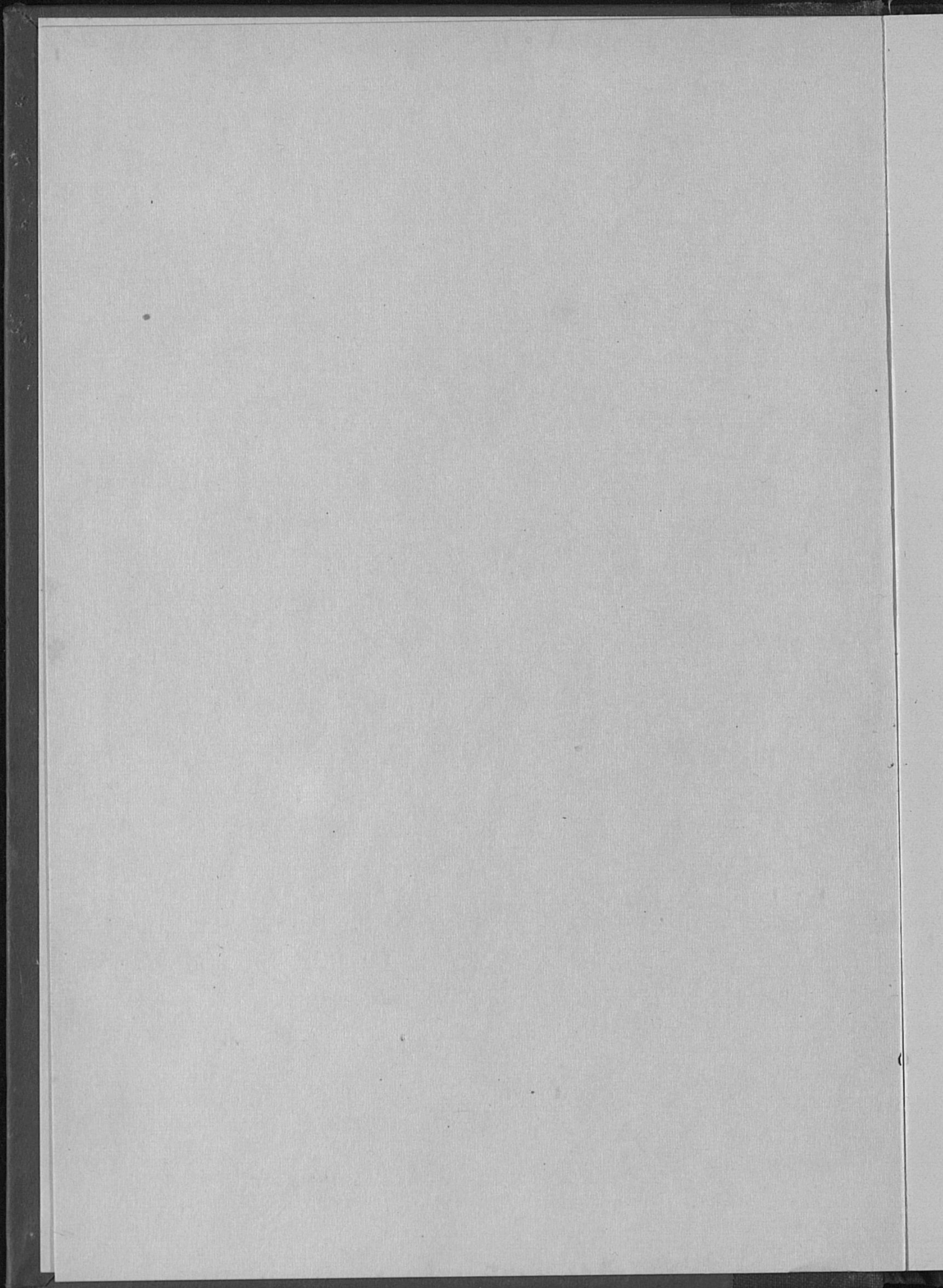
Palmetto Pioneers

SIX STORIES OF
EARLY SOUTH CAROLINIANS



AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES





AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES

Palmetto Pioneers

SIX STORIES OF
EARLY SOUTH CAROLINIANS

Compiled, Written and Illustrated

By

FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Sponsored by

THE DIVISION OF ADULT EDUCATION
STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
SOUTH CAROLINA

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FOREWORD

PALMETTO PIONEERS is one of the publications written by members of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration. Designed primarily to give useful employment to needy unemployed writers and research workers, this project has utilized their experience and abilities in the preparation for the American people of a portrait of America—its history, folklore, scenery, cultural backgrounds, social and economic trends, and racial factors.

Many books and brochures are being written for the American Guide Series. As they appear in increasing numbers we hope the public will come to appreciate more fully not only the unusual scope of this undertaking, but also the devotion shown by the workers—from the humblest field worker to the most accomplished editor engaged in the final critical revision of the manuscript. The Federal Writers' Project, directed nationally by Henry G. Alsberg, is a part of the Division of Women's and Professional Projects headed by Ellen S. Woodward, Assistant Works Progress Administrator.

HARRY L. HOPKINS
Administrator



PREFACE

South Carolina is a comfortable State in which to live. It is a State full of cities and towns, churches and schools, farms and mills, paved highways, electric lights and other conveniences.

Life in South Carolina, however, was not always this way. The first settlers found forests covering the land. Rivers were the only highways. Indians and wild animals roamed everywhere. The settlers had to cut down the trees for logs to build their homes. Fields had to be cleared and crops planted. Food and tools had to be brought from England.

The settlers had to be brave in those days. Women as well as men were in constant danger. They had to have courage even to start on the long and uncertain trip across the Atlantic Ocean. Of the trip which brought the first permanent English settlers to South Carolina, William Gilmore Simms, in his "History of South Carolina," says, "the voyage of these three ships . . . was one of the most terrible in history." He spoke truly, for the journey occupied nine long months filled with unceasing peril.

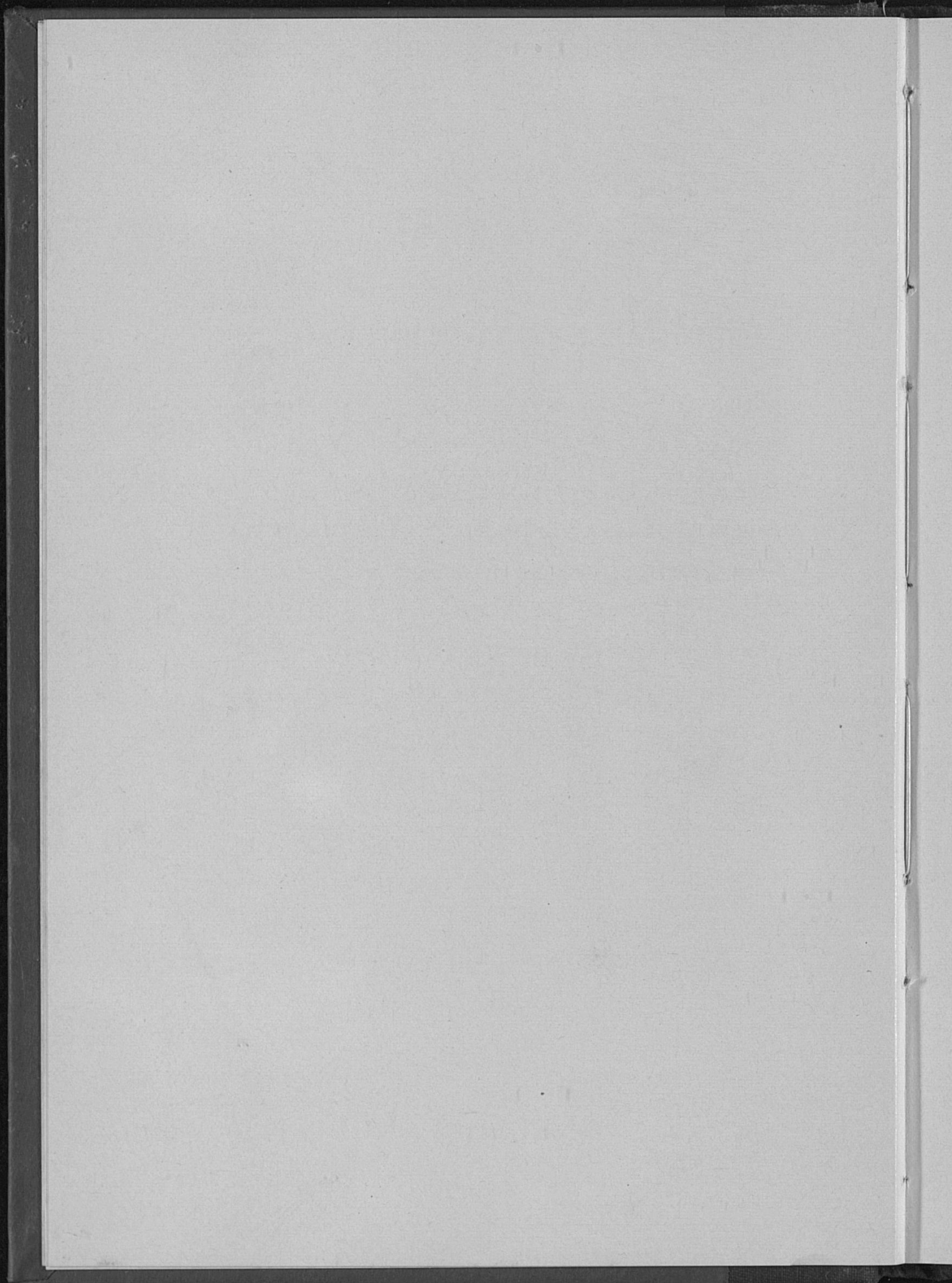
Unless we are reminded, we are apt to forget the price paid for the colony (state) by its early settlers, those men and women who first built homes and churches in the wild, dangerous forests.

In order to understand their staunch spirit in beginning a new life in a new world, this little book tells the stories of a few of the pioneers who laid the foundations for the present South Carolina.

MABEL MONTGOMERY,
State Director
Federal Writers' Project.

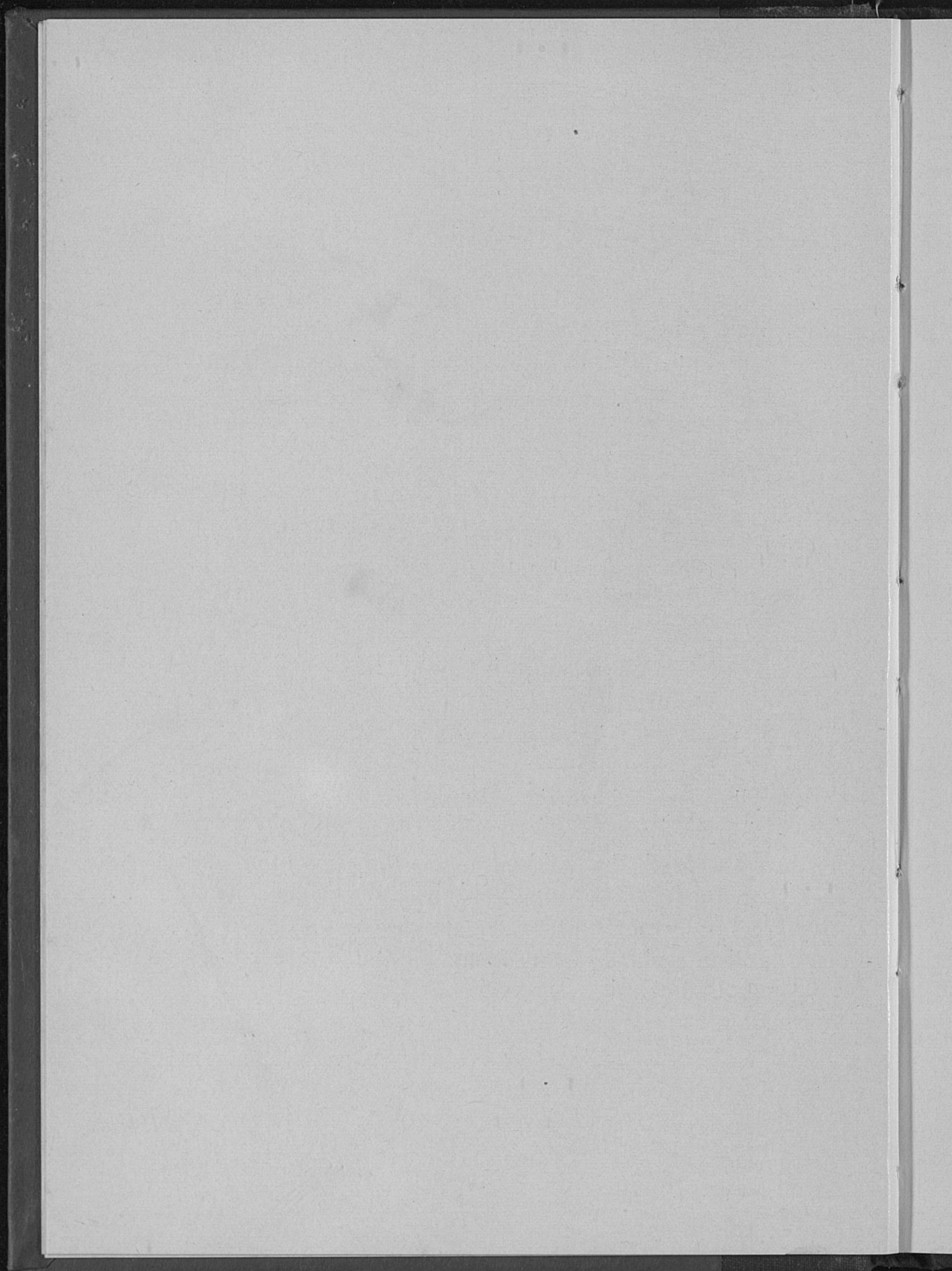
TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword	
Preface	
Jean Ribaut, champion of freedom and truth	1
Joseph West, an early leader	14
How Tuscarora Jack got his name	26
Colonel Rhett and the Pirates	35
Jean Louis Gibert, a pastor of the desert	47
Attakullakulla, an Indian who was a friend . .	60
Appendix	72
Bibliography	77



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Cover Design. Six Historical Events.	
Jean Ribaut and his men, watched by the Indians, thanking God for a safe trip . . .	2
Charlesfort Monument	13
A storm-tossed ship	15
Settlers from England building their homes near the present Charleston in 1670	17
Year after year the ships sail away to America	27
John Barnwell making peace with the Tus- carora Indians	34
The pirates spoke back with a blast of shot	42
The pirate captain drew his pistol and turned on his men	45
Pastor Gibert holding service at night in a forest in France	50
Silkworms which the Huguenots at New Bordeaux raised for the making of silk	57
"We are all the children of one father, who is the great King," said the Indian chief to King George	65
Indian emblems—the peace pipe and the tomahawk	71



JEAN RIBAUT

Champion of Freedom and Truth

Four hundred years ago a brave but unhappy man lived in France. His name was Jean Ribaut (Reebō). Jean Ribaut loved three things above all others. He loved his country, France; he loved his church, the Protestant (called Huguenot, in France); he loved his work, the Navy.

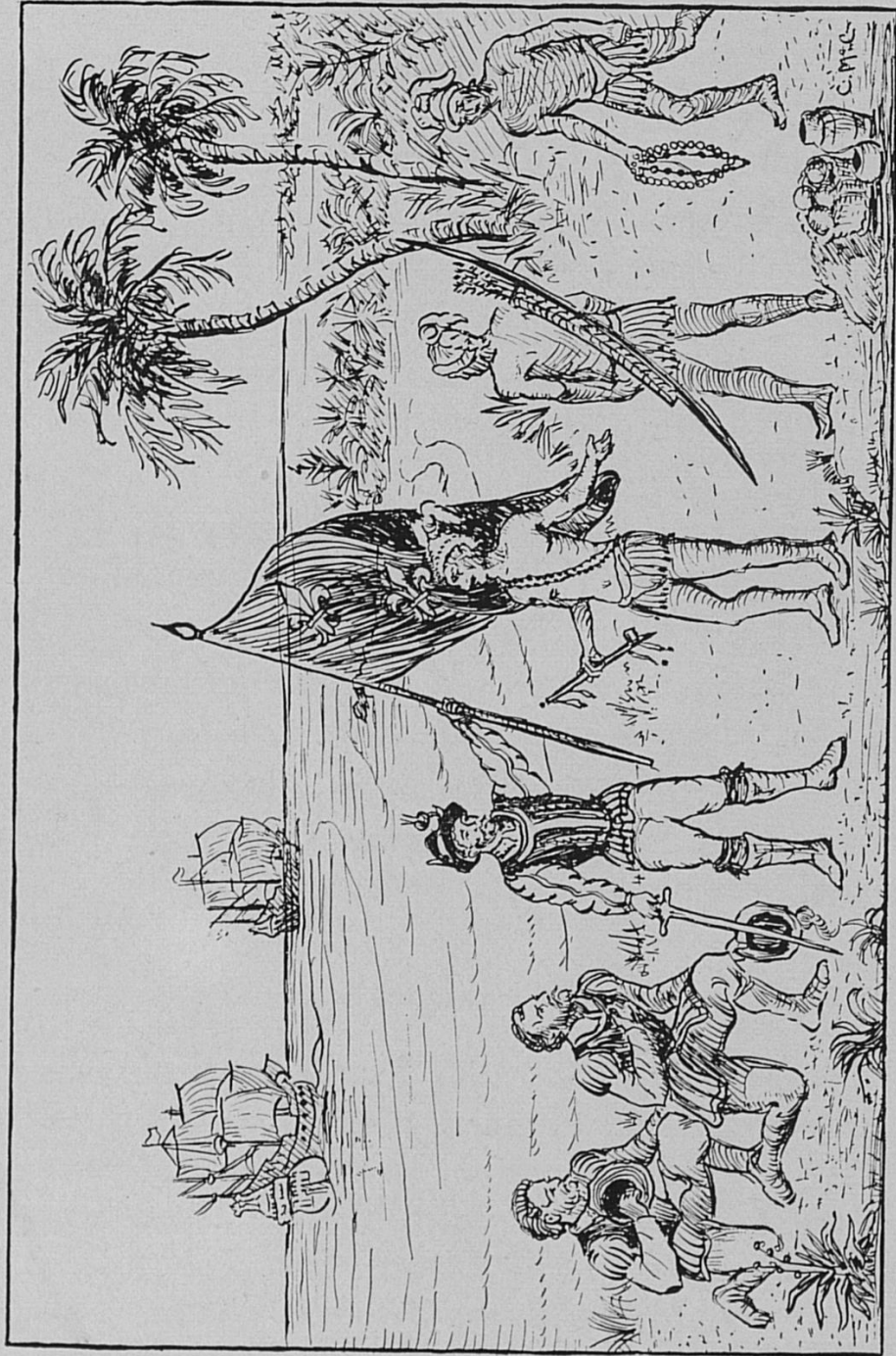
The Catholics did not like the Huguenots. The Catholics persecuted the Huguenots and would not let them worship God as they wished.

“Let’s go to America,” said the Huguenots. “There we can worship God as we wish.”

King Charles IX of France gave them permission to leave France and Captain Jean Ribaut was placed in command of the group.

TWO SHIPS SET SAIL

On February 15, 1562, Jean Ribaut and one hundred and fifty Huguenots set sail in two ships. When Columbus came to America seventy years before, he crossed the ocean in a roundabout way and stopped at certain islands. But Jean Ribaut sailed straight across the Atlantic Ocean. Two



Jean Ribaut and his men, watched by the Indians, thanking God for a safe trip

months and three days after leaving France, he sighted the coast of Florida.

Jean Ribaut and his men went ashore. The first thing they did was to kneel down and thank God for bringing them safely across the ocean. The Indians, who had never seen white men before, came down to the beach and watched them. When Ribaut arose from his knees, he pointed upward to show the Indians that he and his men had worshipped God. The Indian chief nodded and pointed two fingers upward. By this the chief meant that he and his tribe worshipped two gods—the sun and the moon. Ribaut made friends with the Indians by giving them presents. The presents were knives, hatchets, beads and bright colored cloth. In return, the Indians brought the white men such gifts as baskets, pearls, furs (skins) and silver.

A HARBOR IS DISCOVERED

Then Jean Ribaut and his men returned to their ships.

“We shall sail northward,” said Ribaut. “Perhaps we may find an even fairer land on which to settle.”

Sailing up the coast for several hundred miles, they came to a large and beautiful harbor, which Ribaut named Port Royal. He wrote of this harbor

in his report to France, "It is one of the greatest and fairest havens of the world, where without danger all the ships of the world might be harbored."

Ribaut visited several nearby islands. On one of them he set up a stone pillar, claiming the land for France. This island he found covered with forests which were as full of game as the waters were of fish; the Indians were friendly and helpful. Ribaut decided to locate his colony there. The island he chose is now Parris Island, in Beaufort County, South Carolina.

A FORT IS BUILT

Jean Ribaut and his men built a small fort, which they named Charlesfort in honor of Charles, their king. The little fort had a cannon for protection. Powder and food were stored within the fort.

"Now," said Ribaut to his men, "I shall return to France where many of our Huguenot people still suffer because of their religious faith. This new land has plenty of room for all of them. I shall tell our people of this new country, the fine harbor and our colony."

"How long will you be gone?" asked the men.

"Only six months," Ribaut said. "You can get along without me for that long."

"Who will be in charge while you are away?" the men asked.

"I shall select a new captain," Ribaut said. "Who will stay while I return to France?"

"I will stay while you are gone," answered one Frenchman.

"And I," said another.

"And I," said the men, until twenty-eight had agreed they would stay at Charlesfort.

RIBAUT RETURNS TO FRANCE

One June day, in 1562, the wind blew and filled the white sails of Ribaut's two ships. The blue water of Port Royal danced in the sun. Palmettoes fluttered their green fronds along the island. The men lined the shore to see their leader off.

Ribaut leaned over the rail of his ship.

"Remember," he said in a loud voice so all could hear, "I'll be back in six months."

Anchors were hauled and the two ships moved away.

"Goodbye!" Ribaut called to the group on shore.

"Goodbye, Captain!" the men shouted. "God-speed."

The ships grew smaller and smaller. The sails became as small as kites against the sky. At last the ships were out of sight. Twenty-eight men were left on an island in a strange new country.

HELPLESS IN PRISON

When Jean Ribaut reached France, he found that many things had happened while he was away. War had broken out between the Catholics and the Huguenots. Ribaut at once began to fight for the Huguenots. Finally he had to flee to England for his life. When he tried to leave England, he was arrested and put in prison. Day after day he sat in jail, thinking of the men he had left across the ocean.

“What are they eating?” he worried. “The food must have given out long ago. Indians may have killed them. Oh, that I were there instead of here and helpless!”

THE MEN LOOK FOR A SAIL

Jean Ribaut had every reason to worry about the men at Charlesfort. There was plenty of work for them to do, but they did not work. First of all, they should have cleared the ground and planted a crop in order to have plenty of food. Instead, the men sat around and did nothing day after day.

They looked toward the distant skyline over which the two ships had disappeared and kept hoping Ribaut would soon return.

"Do you see anything?" they would ask each other day after day.

"Nothing," they would agree sadly.

Sometimes one would think he saw something.

"A sail! A sail!" he would yell.

"It is only a bird," the others would sadly reply. "Only the white flash of a sea gull's wing against the distant blue sky."

TROUBLE AT CHARLESFORT

When people are idle, trouble starts. The men began to quarrel among themselves. The captain whom Ribaut had left in charge was a hard master. He punished the men severely when they refused to obey his orders. One of them, a drummer, he put to death. Another, named La Chere, whom everybody liked, he banished without food to a distant island. The men became so angry when the captain sent La Chere away to starve, that they fell upon the captain and murdered him. Then they elected a new captain and brought the half-starved La Chere back from the distant island.

Food began to run low. At first the friendly Indians traded food in exchange for knives and

hatchets and trinkets. But the Indians did not have much food, either. They, too, were lazy. They worked only when they had to work but they were not selfish with what they had. They gave the white men as much as they could spare. Once the men brought home food secured from the Indians but a fire burned to ashes both the food and the house in which it was kept. The Indians brought more food and helped the pioneers build another house. Still there was not enough to eat. The men were hungry and unhappy.

THE ATTEMPTED RETURN TO FRANCE

"We cannot go on this way," said one of the homesick men.

"Captain Ribaut must have forgotten us," said another.

"He is never coming back," said a third.

Another man had an idea.

"Let us build a boat and sail back to France," he said.

Faces grew bright. "That's what we shall do!" they cried.

The men went to work at once. They cut down trees to make a boat. They used sheets and their shirts for sails. At last the boat was ready, the first sea-going boat built in America. And in this small,

clumsy boat all the men, except one who chose to remain with the Indians, started across the wide Atlantic Ocean.

At first all went well. The wind blew strong and the boat sailed along. About a third of the Atlantic was crossed when one day the wind stopped blowing. The boat stopped, also. Waves tossed it around. Food ran so low that each man had to live on only twelve grains of corn a day. The drinking water gave out. The salty sea water made the men thirstier than ever though some of them scooped it up and poured it down their dry, burning throats. Finally, there was not a grain of corn left. The men were so hungry they even ate their leather jackets and shoes. The boat began to leak. Weak as they were, the men had to bail water constantly in order to keep the boat from sinking.

LA CHERE DIES TO SAVE OTHERS

"We are too weak to struggle longer. Let us lie down and die," said the men. "Alas, we shall never see France or our loved ones again."

"It is far better for one to die than for all to die," replied La Chere. "If one dies, the others can drink his blood and eat his flesh to keep alive. You saved me from starvation on the lonely island. Let me die to save all of you."

"No, no," cried the others. "We will cast lots."

They cast lots and the lot fell upon La Chere.

"I die gladly," said La Chere, "that you may live."

La Chere let himself be killed so that the others might eat his body and live.

A few days later an English ship came into view. The ship stopped near the little boat, took the men on board and carried them to England.

RIBAUT RETURNS TO AMERICA

While Ribaut was in prison, ships had been sent from France to Port Royal. The captain of these ships heard that the men had left Port Royal. He therefore went on to Florida and made a new settlement, which he named Fort Caroline.

Ribaut was let out of prison in 1565. He was at once sent with supplies to Fort Caroline as he learned that his men had left Charlesfort. At Fort Caroline he found the Spaniards were also claiming the land. Spain sent out ships to attack the French but the Spaniards were met by Ribaut and driven off. On the way back to Fort Caroline, Ribaut and his men ran into a storm. Their ships became scattered. One ship was wrecked on the coast near St. Augustine, Florida. Starvation drove Ribaut and one hundred and fifty of his men into the

hands of the Spaniards who had settled a part of Florida.

THE SPANIARDS TRICK RIBAUT

Ribaut was tricked into giving up to the Spaniards; the Spaniards let him believe that he and his men would be saved. But the cruel Spanish captain, Don Menendez, asked each one:

“Are you Catholic or Protestant?”

Although he knew they were about to die, Ribaut, the brave leader, said promptly: “I and all here are of the Reformed faith. We are of earth and to earth must return; twenty years more or less can matter little.”

A few of the frightened soldiers thought it better to change their religion and live.

“We are Catholics,” they told the Spanish captain.

Ribaut and the rest were stabbed to death and their bodies hanged from the limbs of a tree.

Afterwards Menendez, the Spanish captain, spoke high words of praise of Ribaut, even though he had been Ribaut’s enemy.

“And I consider it great good fortune,” said Menendez, “that he (Jean Ribaut) should be dead, for the King of France could effect more with him and five hundred ducats than with other men and five thousand ducats. And Ribaut could

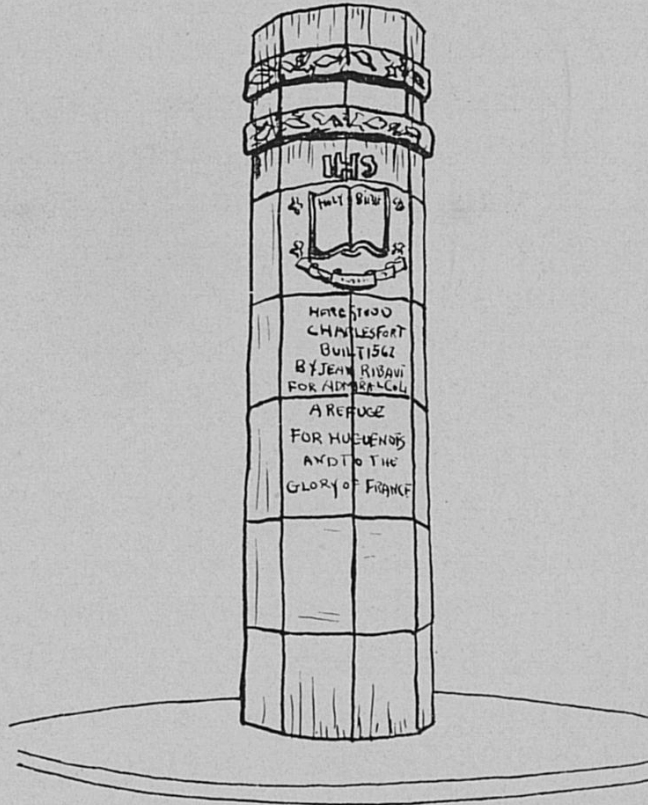
do more in one year than another man in ten, for he was one of the best naval leaders in the world.”

RIBAUT IS HONORED

All this happened almost three hundred years ago. Today there stands on Parris Island a monument to Jean Ribaut and his bravery. It was put up by the Federal government in 1925. The inscription on the monument reads:

“Here stood
Charlesfort
Built 1562
By Jean Ribaut
For Admiral Coligny
A Refuge
For Huguenots
And to the Glory of France”

At the top of the monument are written the simple words: “*Religious Freedom and Truth.*”



Charlesfort Monument

JOSEPH WEST

An Early Leader

South Carolina was begun with the grant of large tracts of land by King Charles II of England to eight noblemen who were called Lords Proprietors. The king gave the land to his friends, the Lords Proprietors, in the year 1663, and they began planning to settle it at once. Seven years passed, however, before their first colony landed near the present City of Charleston, named Charles Town for the king.

Joseph West was in charge when three small ships full of settlers left England for Carolina in August, 1669. The three ships were the *Carolina*, *Port Royal* and *Albermarle*. The Lords Proprietors had employed Joseph West as commander-in-chief. He was also to act as governor until he could turn his authority over to Sir John Yeamans, who was awaiting the ships at Barbadoes, an island in the West Indies. Sir John had had much experience in settling plantations in the West Indies. For this reason the Lords Proprietors thought he would make a good governor and they asked him either to become governor himself or to get a suitable man to serve as governor of the new settlement of Carolina.

SHIPS MEET MISFORTUNE

Barbadoes was reached in safety by all three ships but from there on they suffered one misfortune after another. Even before leaving Barbadoes, a terrible storm drove the *Albemarle* on some rocks and destroyed it. The *Port Royal* and



A storm-tossed ship

the *Carolina* were damaged, also. After repairing the last two and getting another ship to take the place of the *Albermarle*, the entire party started toward Carolina. More storms racked the ships. The *Port Royal* was driven ashore by terrific gales and several of the settlers on it were drowned. Another vessel was found to replace the wrecked *Port Royal*, and again the party sailed toward Carolina.

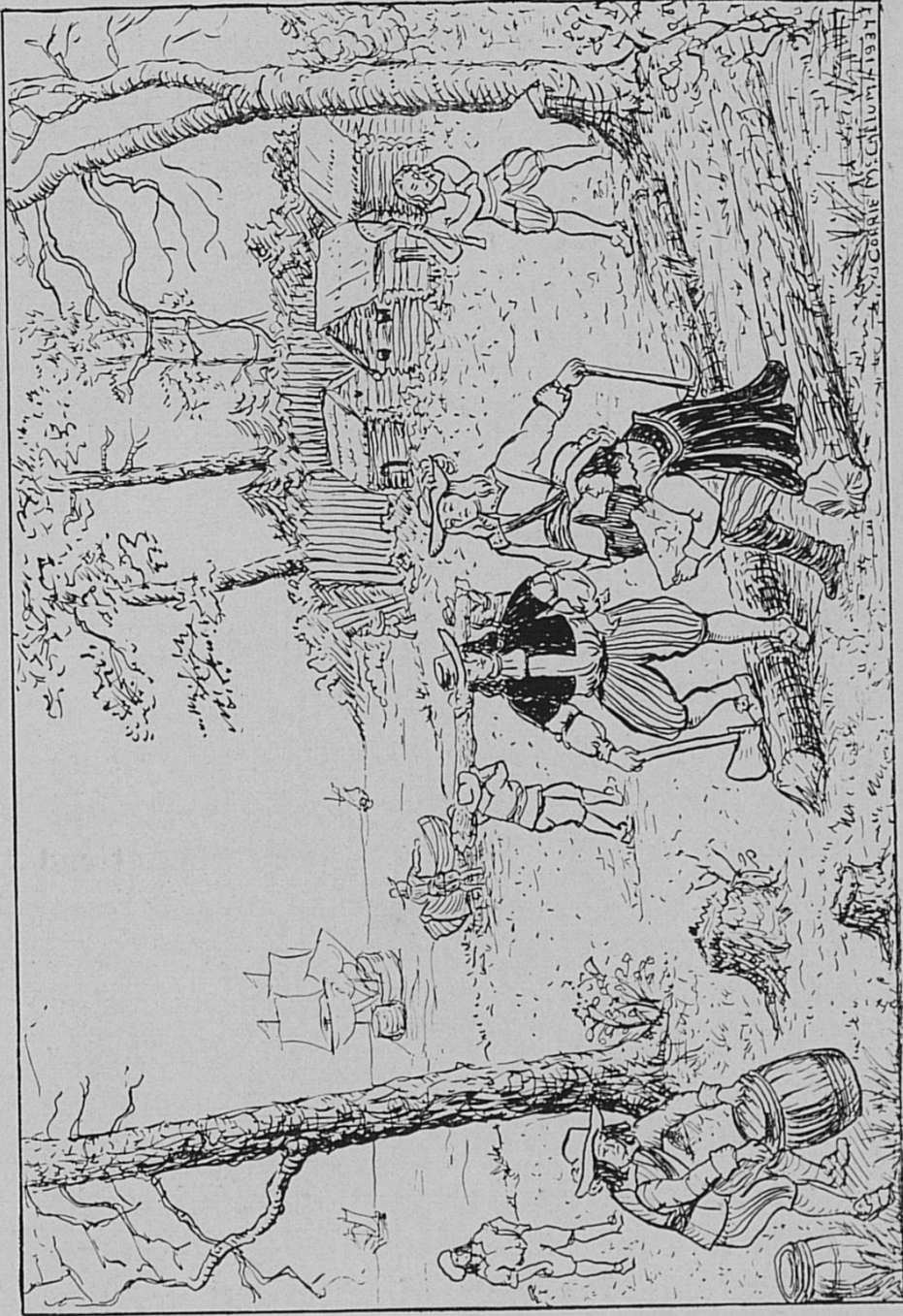
A NEW COLONY IS SETTLED

In April 1670, the settlers landed on the west bank of the Ashley River, about ten miles from where Charleston is today. Nine long, weary months had passed since leaving England. What lay ahead no one could tell; but behind was a long voyage filled with storms, shipwreck, suffering and constant danger. One hundred and fifty people composed the entire party.

Imagine the settlers coming ashore that April day! How beautiful the world must have seemed to those first South Carolinians who for many weeks had been shut up in their storm-tossed ships! The fresh marsh grass extending to the water's edge looked like a green carpet. Thick woods stretched back from the beach. Wild birds filled the air with song. Sweet, cool breezes swept across the land and peace and quiet reigned everywhere.

MUCH WORK TO BE DONE

Men, women, and even children helped to unload the ships. They carried with care treasures brought from England. Joseph West as the leader worked harder than any of the rest. He helped each settler choose the place for his home; he managed well the lands which belonged to the Lords



Settlers from England building their homes near the present Charleston in 1670

Proprietors. He held court and punished law-breakers. He kept men at work. He divided tools and supplies. He wrote reports to the Lords Proprietors.

Because West was fair and honest, because he was a hard worker, and because he was brave and wise, he became very popular with the men and women who composed the colony. Governors changed from time to time, according to the wishes of the Lords Proprietors who appointed them, but Joseph West remained in charge.

EVERY MAN AN EQUAL SHARE

One of West's first jobs was the building of two houses in which to keep supplies. One house held war supplies; the other held the general stores. Once a week West furnished the settlers with supplies and gave them an equal amount from the general store. To each three men West gave nine pounds of dried beef and fourteen pounds of either dried peas or oatmeal, or ten and three-quarter pounds of bread. No man could have more than his share.

In all these things, Joseph West tried to do what was best for the settlers. He also tried to please the Lords Proprietors in England, for the land belonged to these eight men and their whole

idea in starting the colony was to make money for themselves. To the Lords Proprietors, the colony was a business, or investment, into which each Proprietor put a certain amount of money. Naturally, the Proprietors wanted their money spent wisely in order that profits would result.

The Lords Proprietors trusted West to spend about \$15,000.00 a year. He built forts, public buildings, roads and high fences around the settlement as protection. He bought new supplies for the Indian trade because this trade with the Indians was one of the main ways by which the new colony brought profits to the Proprietors.

PROFITS EXPECTED FROM FARMING

The Lords Proprietors hoped to make money through good farming. They wanted the settlers to raise ginger, indigo, grapes, olives and cotton. The Proprietors told West to try all sorts of crops on all sorts of land. In this way he could find out what crops would succeed in Carolina. The Proprietors were willing to pay, for the experiments would mean more money for them in the end.

At first things did not turn out well for either the settlers or the Proprietors. The supplies began to run low before the settlers could raise more. The first crops failed for several reasons. Some of

them needed a warmer climate than Carolina's. A freeze the first October killed other crops. Part of the seed was not good. A time came when all West had to give out was a pint of peas a day for each man. Fish were in the streams and game in the woods. The men, however, did not have time for hunting and fishing. They spent all their days clearing fields and building cabins. Cutting down tall trees and clearing large fields was not an easy job in a warm climate. No man could work hard and keep happy on one pint of peas a day.

West wrote the Lords Proprietors in England about his troubles. He told them his men were suffering from hunger and asked the Proprietors to send more food. He also told them that he expected the settlers to raise enough food crops for another year.

TROUBLE FROM SPANISH AND INDIANS

Food, however, was not the colony's only problem. There was always the danger of attacks from the Spanish who had settled Florida. The Spanish claimed that Carolina was their land. They had already broken up an earlier Carolina settlement. West had to build strong fences around the settlement and keep men on watch all the time.

The Indians caused even more worry than the Spanish. West had to make friends with the Indians and manage trade with them wisely. He had to be on guard against those Indians who were secretly paid by the Spanish to stir up trouble. And he had to remember that the Indians did not understand the ways of white men. After the settlers had planted and raised crops, the Indians took what they pleased of the crops, which made the white settlers want to fight them.

At last the settlers did have to fight them because the Indians came down on the colony and killed the hogs, turkeys and geese which belonged to the settlers. The settlers defended their property and several Indians were killed. Other Indians were taken prisoners and slaves made of them. Some of the captured Indians were sold as slaves in the West Indies. This displeased the Proprietors who felt that all the slaves possible were needed in clearing lands in Carolina.

THINGS IMPROVE

In spite of all these troubles, things grew better each year. More settlers came over and more land was cleared. Corn, potatoes and vegetables were planted in abundance. Indian hunters were employed to supply fish, wild fowl and venison

the year round. Oyster beds were found. Ships were sent to Virginia to buy cattle. The grassy marshes suited the cattle so well that in a few years the Carolina settlers were selling hogs and dried beef as well as lumber to planters in the West Indies.

No one in the colony got anything without working for it. West made those who asked for help prove that they tried to raise crops and that their need was not caused by laziness. Weak and selfish men and women did not succeed. The life of those who cleared the forests, built log houses and made plans for a better future was a hard one.

THE COLONY GROWS UNDER WEST

West saw the colony grow under his management. There were one hundred forty-six settlers in 1670. Three hundred more came within a year. Of course all of them did not remain; some died, some went to other colonies which were already established, but there were four hundred six men, women and children in January, 1672. Ten years later, Joseph West was the leader of more than two thousand people. In 1680, the town was moved from the first location to its present site and named Charles Town.

During those years the governors had changed several times. The Lords Proprietors did not want Joseph West to be governor because he was not of noble birth and did not have a title; they only wanted titled men as governors. But the Lords Proprietors wanted Joseph West to continue doing all the work, which he did. Finally, the Proprietors gave the title of Landgrave to Joseph West in order that he might be governor in name as he was in reality. When he was made governor the Proprietors promised him a salary of one hundred pounds, which in our money today would be around five hundred dollars. He was also given several tracts of land.

Joseph West does not seem to have been as good at managing his own affairs as he was at managing for the Proprietors. After he had worked for the Proprietors for eight years, they owed him 415 pounds, equal in present money to around \$2,000.00. The Proprietors settled with him by turning over to him the plantations he had cleared for them as well as some debts due them. In one of the Charleston County offices today is kept a map made in 1673. The map shows "cleared land belonging to the Lord Proprietors, wherein Colonel Joseph West now liveth." It also shows a strong fence around West's plantation, with buildings and gardens facing the Ashley River.

ANOTHER GOVERNOR APPOINTED

After Joseph West had been governor for more than ten years, the Proprietors appointed a new governor to take his place. Probably the Proprietors thought it would be a good thing to change because they hoped that a new governor could persuade more settlers to come to Carolina. And the more settlers who bought land for homes, the more money the Proprietors would make. Although a new governor was appointed, the Proprietors did not take the management of the colony from West. The colony had grown too well under him.

Joseph West must have been a man of fine spirit. Instead of being angry at what the Proprietors had done, he helped the new governor. However, the new governor did not please the Proprietors very long and they sent still another governor who died within a month after reaching the colony.

ASKED TO BE GOVERNOR AGAIN

The Proprietors then asked Joseph West to be governor again, but he refused. For fifteen years he had been manager for the Proprietors. He was the busiest, most important and most unselfish man in the colony even during the times he was

not governor. He had handled thousands of dollars for the Proprietors. He had given out public supplies. He had laid off tracts of land and kept the records.

All these things he had done without making an enemy. Both the Proprietors and the people trusted him. But West decided he had done the thing he had set out to do; to found a colony in the New World. He declined to be governor and left for New York where he died about six years later.

Most undertakings which end in success are due to the strong and honest leadership of one person. In the case of South Carolina, the one person was Joseph West, whose name is known to very few today. It should be remembered, however, that this fine man was the leader during the first fifteen years of our State's existence.

HOW TUSCARORA JACK GOT HIS NAME

Tuscarora (Tus-ka-ro-ra) Jack. What a strange name! What a very strange name for a man!

Two hundred and twenty-five years ago it would not have seemed a strange name. The Tuscaroras were a tribe of Indians who lived in North Carolina. The Tuscoraras had lived there for a long, long time. They might have lived there even longer if it had not been for this man called Tuscarora Jack.

Tuscarora Jack's real name was John Barnwell. He was born in Dublin, Ireland. His father and mother were well-to-do Irish people who had made a place in the world for their son. They thought John would want to live as they had lived. They thought he would love Ireland as they loved it and never want to leave it.

They watched their son grow up. They knew what he ate. They knew his body was strong and healthy. One thing about him they did not know, and that was what went on inside his mind. John Barnwell had an asking mind. It was a mind which wanted to find out. He had a daring spirit. It was a spirit with wings. His spirit wanted to fly to far places. His spirit wanted room to stretch and grow.

JOHN BARNWELL HEARS OF AMERICA

As John Barnwell grew older, he found Ireland too small for him. Ireland was already made. It was like a house which had been built and furnished. Nothing remained to be done.

There is fun in building things. There is excitement in building things. John Barnwell's father had helped to build Ireland. His grandfather and great-grandfather had helped to build Ireland. Nothing much was left for John Barnwell to do.

While he was still a young man, however, John Barnwell heard of America, the new land across the sea. There was plenty to be done there. The ships that sailed away from Ireland to America



Year after year the ships sail away to America

and came back again brought tales of a place called Charles Town, an English colony on the banks of the Ashley River. The tales were full of Indians and pirates, of hardships and danger, of constant excitement.

These tales failed to frighten John Barnwell. They only made his heart beat faster and his eyes shine brighter. Year after year he watched the ships sail away. Every time a ship sailed, John Barnwell said to himself, "I wish I were on it."

JOHN BARNWELL MAKES UP HIS MIND

John Barnwell went on living the life his father and mother had planned for him. His boyhood passed. His young manhood passed. Finally, in 1701, when he was thirty years old, he decided to leave for America.

"Goodbye," said John Barnwell to his people in Ireland. "I am sailing for Charles Town."

The years John Barnwell had made himself stick to his people and his job and his country had taught him many things. These years had trained him for a life in a new country. These years had made him finish whatever he started out to do. These years had made him strong and wise. They had made a real man of him.

The new colony at Charles Town had great need of real men. In those days South Carolina was not a very safe place in which to live. Danger surrounded the settlements. Wild animals filled the woods. Indians were everywhere.

There was much work to be done and not enough men to do it. All the country was a great forest. The people had to cut down trees to get timber for their houses. They had to cut down more trees to clear the land so they could plant crops.

LIFE IN THE NEW COUNTRY

For almost a hundred years before John Barnwell came, the Spanish, the French, the English and the Indians had fought one another because each of them wanted this new country of Carolina. John Barnwell decided to cast his lot with the English because he believed they were in the right. The English were glad to have him on their side. They knew he was brave, and they made him one of their leaders. They saw in him just the sort of man they needed. John Barnwell could think straight and fast. He could work hard and cheerfully. He could be trusted. In the new land, where no one was richer than another, these were the things by which men were judged.

John Barnwell was a true Irishman. He was as quick-tempered as he was brave. He was not afraid to speak his mind when he felt he was right. People who are not afraid to speak their minds often get into trouble—which John Barnwell did.

About three years after he came to Charles Town, the people fell out among themselves and split into two parties. The cause of the falling-out was some church laws. Of course John Barnwell took sides. He sided with the party that was against the church laws. That caused John Barnwell to be hated by the other side and he was turned out of his high office. He was no longer one of their leaders, and this made him very unhappy.

JOHN BARNWELL LEAVES AND IS RECALLED

“My old friends have turned against me,” said John Barnwell. “I can not help them without their support. I’ll move to Port Royal Island, near Beaufort, and start life again.”

John Barnwell left Charles Town. He settled a large plantation of more than two thousand acres on Port Royal Island. Very soon, however, the party with which John Barnwell had sided gained control of the government at Charles Town. They sent for John Barnwell, and again made him one of their leaders.

In 1711, the Tuscarora Indians in North Carolina went on the warpath. The Tuscaroras grew angry because a colony of Swiss people settled on their lands. The Tuscaroras fell upon the white

settlers, torturing and killing them. The Tuscaroras burned the homes of the white settlers and destroyed their crops. North Carolina asked South Carolina to send help. South Carolina sent John Barnwell with a few soldiers and several hundred friendly Indians.

FIGHTING THE TUSCARORAS

John Barnwell had a hard time while he was away. It was a long trip. There was little food to eat because the Tuscaroras had destroyed the crops. There were no roads through the forests. There were no bridges. The little settlements of white people were far apart. The soldiers almost starved. It was winter and bitter cold. Many of the friendly Indians grew tired and ran away.

John Barnwell followed the Tuscaroras through the woods. He followed them across the rivers. He followed them up and down mountains. At last he drove them to a fort on the shores of a river in North Carolina. A battle took place. More than three hundred Tuscaroras were killed and one hundred captured. The rest of the Tuscaroras fled into the fort. John Barnwell's men closed in on the fort and surrounded it.

The Tuscaroras were just where John Barnwell wanted them. His soldiers could have rushed

the fort and killed every Indian within. But John Barnwell had reasons for not wanting to do this.

His men, worn out from the long trip, were weak with hunger. Many of them were sick and wounded. John Barnwell himself was wounded. If he tried to take the fort, it would mean death for many of his brave soldiers before they could overcome the Tuscaroras.

A LITTLE GIRL IS TORTURED

Then, too, the Tuscaroras had carried with them into the fort a number of white people. Some of them were children. The Indians told John Barnwell they would torture and kill every white person if he let his soldiers take the fort. They said they would torture the children, too. The Indians proved they meant it.

They held up a little eight-year-old girl and put her to a horrible death before the very eyes of the soldiers outside the fort. The little girl's father was in the crowd outside. Other men had children and loved ones inside the fort.

"Let's make peace," begged the men. "If we storm the fort, the Tuscaroras will kill every white person inside. They know now that we can kill them if we wish. Peace will be better."

"It may be my little girl next," said one.

"Or my wife," added another.

John Barnwell knew that his men were right. A treaty of peace was drawn up and signed. By this treaty the Tuscaroras promised to free the prisoners, they promised to go back to their own lands and to let the white people live in peace.

John Barnwell had done what he was sent to do. He and his soldiers returned to Charles Town. John Barnwell was praised for his bravery. The governments of North Carolina and South Carolina thanked him. In honor of him, the spot where the fort stood is called Fort Barnwell to this day. And ever after John Barnwell was called Tuscarora Jack.

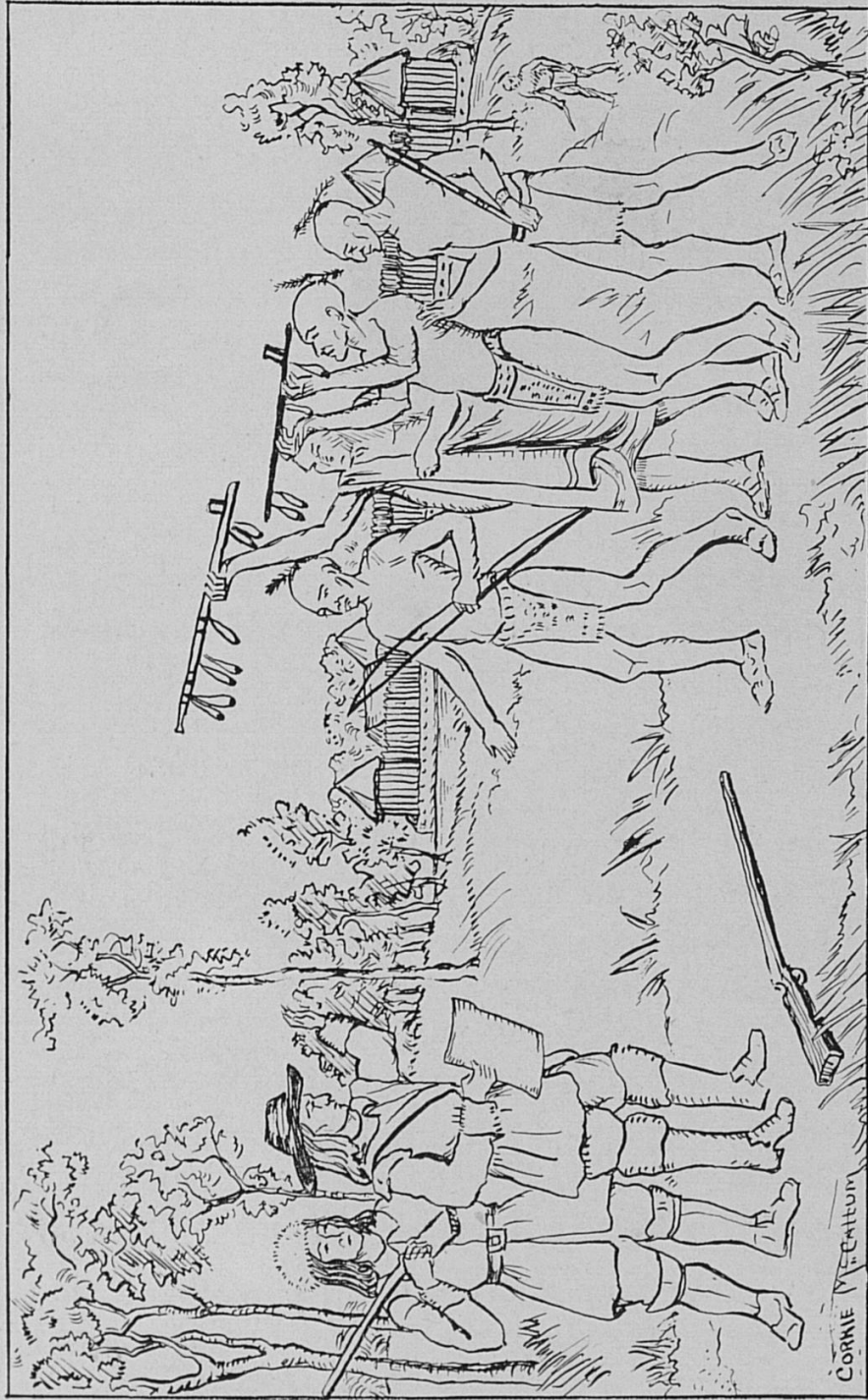
A GREAT LEADER IS REMEMBERED

John Barnwell served Carolina in other useful ways until his death in 1724. The people of the colony missed him very badly. No one else could do things so quickly or so well. They hardly knew where to turn without him.

He lies buried in the churchyard of St. Helena Episcopal church, at Beaufort. The wording on his tombstone is:

"Colonel John Barnwell—Tuscarora"

Those who read it today remember that Tuscarora Jack helped make South Carolina and North Carolina safe places in which to live.



John Barzwell making peace with the Tuscarora Indians

COLONEL RHETT AND THE PIRATES

William Rhett, who lived in Charles Town, South Carolina, about 1718, helped rid our sea-coast of cut-throat pirates.

Many of the ships that set out from our shores at that time were filled with valuable goods. Meat, furs, rice, and skins were some of the things South Carolina sent to sell in England, the West Indies, and other parts of the world. Incoming vessels brought rich cargoes from England to sell to the settlers.

Quite often the ships of trade were held up by thieves who robbed them and sank them—after taking prisoner or killing every soul on board. These robbers of the sea became known as pirates, and were feared by every honest sea captain.

As the pirate toll became more and more heavy, people—especially the merchants of Charles Town—grew very angry and said that something had to be done about it. Robert Johnson, the governor of South Carolina, tried to think of some way to end the danger to ships.

BLACKBEARD APPEARS

About this time a mean, brutal pirate, called Blackbeard, drew up in front of Charles Town

with four ships. Each of the ships flew from her mast the pirate flag of skull and crossbones.

In the first few days that Blackbeard anchored in Charles Town harbor he captured eight or nine vessels which had set out for Europe. On one of these vessels was Samuel Wragg, a well-known merchant, who was on his way to England with William, his four-year-old son.

Some of Blackbeard's crew were sick and in need of medicine. Blackbeard sent word to Governor Johnson that if the governor did not send him medicine at once, the heads of Samuel Wragg and other prisoners would be cut off.

Governor Johnson of course did not want to help the pirates. Neither did he want to risk the lives of the South Carolinians whom Blackbeard held as prisoners. Finally, he sent the medicine.

THE MEN ARE FREED

While Governor Johnson was making up his mind what was best to do, Blackbeard thought the medicine was not coming. Mr. Wragg and his friends gave up hope. They were sure Blackbeard would carry out his bloody threat. In fact, had the medicine not reached the vessel on the third day, Blackbeard would without doubt have beheaded them. As it was, the South Carolinians

were saved. But when Blackbeard freed Mr. Wragg and his friends, the pirate left them on a bleak island where no one lived. Blackbeard also took all of their money; and he had his men strip them of most of their clothes. Mr. Wragg and his friends were in a sad plight when at last they found their way back to Charles Town.

Governor Johnson swore that he would make Blackbeard and other pirates pay for Blackbeard's vile trick. The chance came three months later when Stede Bonnet, a pirate captain who had once been with Blackbeard, was said to be at Cape Fear River, North Carolina. Colonel Rhett went to see Governor Johnson about it.

THE GOVERNOR HAS A GUEST

"Ah, Colonel, I am glad to see you," the governor said. "What can I do for my good friend?"

"I have come," Colonel Rhett said, "to suggest a plan by which we might rid our shores of the curse that has all but torn our trade to shreds."

A light of deep concern flared in the governor's eyes.

"The pirates?" he asked.

"Yes," said Colonel Rhett, "the pirates."

"It had been on my mind for weeks," replied the governor. "What would you suggest?"

"My plan," said Colonel Rhett, "is to wipe out the nest of rogues. I can do it if you will give me a ship and some men."

Governor Johnson shook his head in doubt.

"Bonnet has a large crew," he said. "Sixty men, they say; and each man a cut-throat."

"Even so, your lordship, I think it can be done."

For a while Governor Johnson said nothing; his eyes were busy going over the man before him from head to toe. He saw a large man, with big strong arms and a fine, proud face . . . a back that was held very straight . . . a jaw that made one think of a bulldog. A look in the man's eyes showed he was brave and would stand up well under fire.

"IT SHALL BE DONE"

The governor said to himself, "Colonel Rhett has a stout heart and nerves of steel. He would see the pirate job well done."

Governor Johnson made up his mind.

"It shall be done!" he cried. "But where Master Bonnet has one ship, you shall have two. The pirate crew numbers sixty; your crew shall number twice as many."

In a few days Colonel Rhett was ready for the pirate hunt. His two ships, the *Sea Nymph* and

the *Henry* rode the quiet swell of Charles Town harbor. On the day they were to leave, a large number of people came down to the dock to wish them luck and wave them goodbye. Governor Johnson himself was there. Just before the two ships left, Governor Johnson strode up on the deck where Colonel Rhett stood, tall and straight.

The governor said, "Godspeed. We shall pray for your safe return."

COLONEL RHETT SETS SAIL

Governor Johnson wrung Colonel Rhett's hand, then Colonel Rhett watched him go down on the dock where he could be seen standing among the crowd.

Colonel Rhett said, in a brisk, clear voice, "Haul anchors!"

The iron anchor chains made a loud noise as they piled up on deck. A stiff breeze caught the wide white sails and flung them open till they were like the wings of birds in flight. A loud shout went up from the group on land. The ships were on their way!

It was late in the day when the *Sea Nymph* and the *Henry* reached the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Colonel Rhett was the first to sight the pirate ship. With a spy glass to his eye, he saw

the masts of Bonnet's vessel high up the river. But when he tried to reach the pirates, both his ships stuck fast on a sandbar. What hard luck! It would be late that night before the high tide floated the ships free.

Bonnet, too, had a spyglass. What he saw made him give sharp orders to his men. He knew that as soon as the sun came up next day, a fight to the death would begin.

THE FIGHT DRAWS NEAR

Colonel Rhett also gave orders. Each of his men was told what to do when the time came for him to do it.

As day broke, the calm of the night gave way to swift action. Bonnet stood by the helm of his ship, the *Royal James*, while his vessel began to sweep down the river under full sail. Faster sped the *Royal James*, straight for Rhett's two ships! The pirate's scheme was to run between the *Sea Nymph* and the *Henry* and reach the open sea. It was his only chance of escape.

As Bonnet's vessel drew near, Colonel Rhett gave orders for his two ships to hem in the *Royal James*. Bonnet tried to steer around the two ships in his path. However, Bonnet ran into the same snag that had held up Rhett and his men the day

before. The *Royal James* stuck hard and fast on a sandbar. Colonel Rhett tried to move his two vessels close up to the *Royal James* but he, too, was held tight by a sandbar.

HELD BY THE SAND

All three vessels were aground. The *Henry* was no more than a pistol shot's distance from the *Royal James*, and the *Sea Nymph* was too far away to be of any help to the *Henry*.

Colonel Rhett saw that he could not break away from the sandbar.

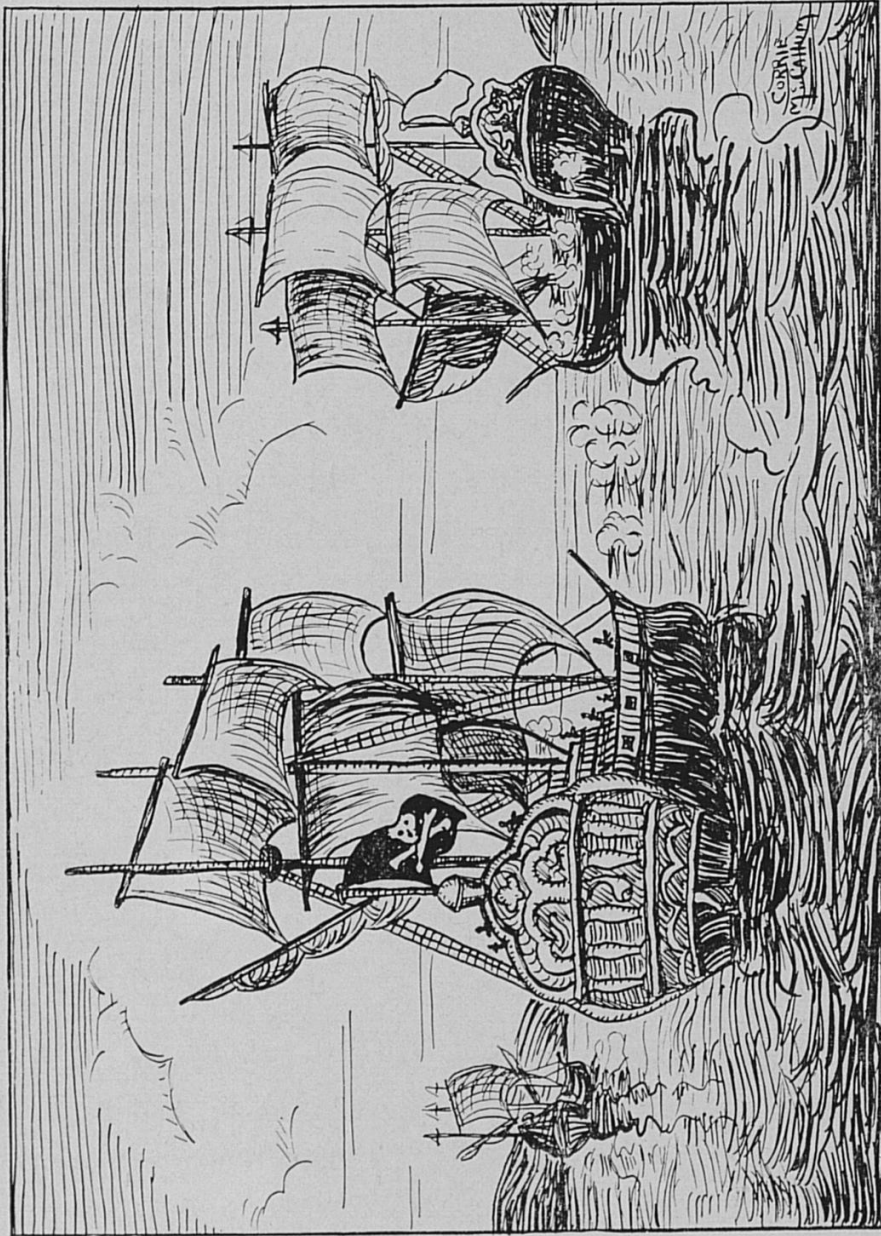
"Fire!" he cried to his men.

The pirates spoke back with a blast of shot.

The cannons of both the *Henry* and the *Royal James* boomed loud and long. The air became filled with smoke and flame. Each ship's crew kept up a steady fire with small arms (pistols) while broadside after broadside of cannon swept both decks.

Swung sideways by the stream, the *Henry* became an easy target for the pirate crew. Through the noise and heat of battle, Colonel Rhett strode among his men. His fine face was grim but calm.

"Stout hearts, my lads," he said. "High tide is on the way and we shall soon be free to close in



The pirates spoke back with a blast of shot

on the rogues. Then we'll see Master Bonnet get down on his knees."

HAVE THE PIRATES WON?

The colonel's words cheered his men; they fought twice as hard.

For a while it even seemed as if Bonnet had won the day. Heavy blasts from the *Royal James* dealt death to numbers of Colonel Rhett's men and more than a score of them lay wounded on the *Henry's* decks.

When the fire from the *Henry* grew light, the pirates thought they had the fight well in hand. They waved their hats and shouted for the South Carolinians to give up.

But the end had not come. Suddenly, Colonel Rhett and his men felt their ship move. The tide was in! The *Henry* was free!

Colonel Rhett turned his ship about, swung it alongside the *Royal James* and his men blasted away in fresh fury.

As long as Bonnet's men thought they would win, they did not mind giving battle in order to save their skins. But with many of their number falling before the *Henry's* steady stream of fire, they were ready to give up.

THE PIRATES SURRENDER

Bonnet saw his men would like to quit. He also saw something else, something that made him feel a little sick. In his mind's eye he saw a hangman's noose, waiting for his neck.

The pirate captain drew his pistol and turned on his own men.

"I'll blow out the brains of the first man who tries to leave his post!" he cried.

"We'll all die in our shoes if we don't give up," one of the pirates shouted.

Bonnet cursed the man who spoke. The poor pirates stuck it out a while longer but it was not long before even Bonnet knew that they could not last. He ran up the white flag of surrender. The fight was over.

Back to Charles Town went Colonel Rhett with the pirates as prisoners and the *Royal James* in tow.

A HERO IS CHEERED

As the vessels made their way into Charles Town harbor, their sails were seen by people on shore. Word spread through the town:

"Rhett is back! He has the pirate ship in tow!"

In less than an hour a large crowd waited at the dock to greet the colonel and his men and to cheer them for their brave deed.



The pirate captain drew his pistol and turned on his men

The pirates were put in prison. Before they could be tried, Bonnet and one of his men escaped. Colonel Rhett at once pursued them. In a pistol fight on Sullivan's Island, Bonnet was captured

and his man killed. All the pirates were then tried for their lives before Judge Nicholas Trott. Bonnet was calm through most of the trial, but when he was found guilty and told by Judge Trott that he would have to die for his crime, the pirate captain grew pale and begged for his life.

Colonel Rhett, who went to the trial with Governor Johnson, said to his friend, "It seems as if Master Bonnet's back has a streak of yellow."

TO BE HUNG BY THE NECK . . .

Judge Trott told the pirates why the court had found them guilty. He passed sentence upon them, "to be hung by the neck until dead."

Thus Stede Bonnet and twenty-three of his men paid for their crime.

Other towns along the Atlantic Coast heard how South Carolina had set the pace to end the pirates. Other towns then sent out their brave men to clear the sea of robbers who blocked the harbors and robbed the ships. In time there were no pirates left and trade came back.

Much of this was due to Colonel William Rhett, who had a stout heart and nerves of steel.

JEAN LOUIS GIBERT

A Pastor of the Desert

Today we enjoy many blessings which our forefathers did not have. One of the greatest of these blessings is the right to worship God as we choose. We are able to do this because our forefathers who lived hundreds of years ago were willing to suffer for the sake of religion.

Among those who suffered most for religion were the Protestants, called Huguenots, who lived in France. At that time the Catholics controlled France. They wanted everybody to belong to the Catholic church. Because the Huguenots refused to give up their religion, they were put in prison, killed, or—even worse—made to spend the rest of their lives as slaves in ships. The brave Huguenot pastors had the hardest time of all. A price was set upon their heads and they had to spend most of their time on horseback riding from one spot to another in order to escape the French king's soldiers. The pastors dared not spend more than one night in a place for fear the soldiers would catch them.

A YOUNG MAN BECOMES A PASTOR

One of the bravest of these was Jean Louis Gibert (Ji-bert)—or, as we would say in English,

John Lewis Gibert—who led two hundred and twelve French Huguenots to South Carolina. They made a settlement in what is now McCormick County.

Gibert was born June 29, 1722, in the village of Lunes among the mountains of France. Gibert's family had owned and lived in the same house for two hundred years. When Jean Louis was only a young man, he went to Switzerland, where he studied to be a pastor. After he had finished his studies in Switzerland, he went back to his home in France to preach. He worked very hard and preached sermons which made the people better and braver Christians. It was not long before large crowds were coming to hear him preach.

TROUBLE FOR THE HUGUENOTS

Huguenot meetings and services were against the law. The king of France had said that no church, except the Catholic, could hold services. Because of this unjust law, the Huguenots had to hold their services in all kinds of places where the king's soldiers were not likely to find them. Sometimes the meetings were held in faraway valleys, sometimes in the middle of thick forests, sometimes in caves. Always they were held at night. Trusted messengers would tell the church

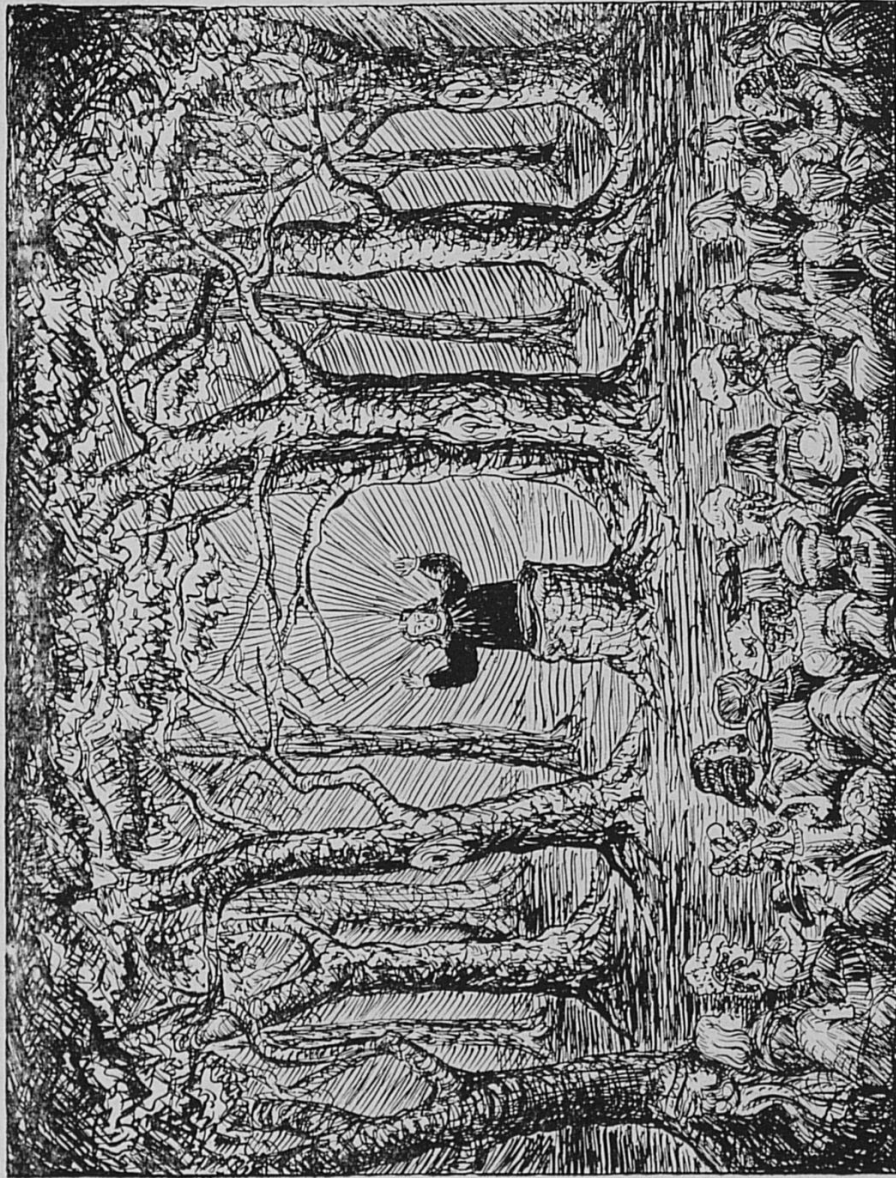
members beforehand where the meeting would be held. If a letter had to be sent out about the meeting, it was written in a secret code which the soldiers could not understand, should the letter fall into their hands.

For about ten years Gibert worked with the French Huguenots. Often he had to dress as a shepherd or a farmer in order to keep the king's soldiers from catching him.

A MEETING IN THE FOREST

One of the last meetings of Gibert with the church in France was held at night in the forest of Valleret. Two days ahead of time people began coming to the meeting place. The people stayed with Huguenots who lived nearby, or with friendly Catholics who thought that the king should not treat the Huguenots so cruelly. Torches spread a dim light over eight thousand people gathered together to worship God and to hear the gospel preached. The pulpit was set in place between two large trees. Those who carried arms put them down. All joined in singing the eighty-fourth psalm and the singing sounded very loud in the stillness of the night.

Some enemies hidden among the trees heard the singing and came to the meeting. Gibert, not



Pastor Gibert holding service at night in a forest in France

at all frightened, told his friends to disarm the enemies and to let them hear the sermon. He wanted the enemies to see that all the Huguenots were doing was worshipping God. Many children were baptized, young people were received into the church, marriage ceremonies were performed and the Lord's supper was observed. The meeting lasted five hours.

DREAMS OF A NEW COUNTRY

The king and the king's soldiers treated the Huguenots so cruelly that Gibert felt sure his people would never be able to live peacefully in France. He began to think of America, the new land, where the Huguenots could go and worship God as they pleased. He read all he could about that faraway country. He decided that America was a good place in which to live in spite of the dangers and the Indians. He liked what he heard and read about Carolina and its mild climate, where crops grew easily. He thought the Huguenots could earn a living in Carolina by making wine and spinning silk cloth which they could sell because in France those were the businesses which they had followed.

At last the king's officers became so angry about Gibert's work that they said they were going to

hang him. Before this cruel sentence could be carried out, Gibert fled to England. After he reached England, Gibert asked the English king if he might take some of the Huguenots over to Carolina and there build a town in which they could live in peace. The English king agreed. He said if the Huguenots could escape from France to England, he would send them in a ship to Carolina.

GIBERT'S PEOPLE LEAVE THEIR COUNTRY

Gibert got word of this plan to his people. Those Huguenots who could sell their property in France, did so. Small groups of them made their way to England and in escaping, did many exciting things to get past the French soldiers.

Even Gibert's own wife had a harrowing experience in getting away. After her husband went to England, the French soldiers kept a strict watch to keep her from following him. But Mrs. Gibert dressed so no one would know her, and slipped away to a town on the seashore.

There she met two faithful friends. The friends put her in an empty hogshead, which is a large barrel, and nailed down the top. They were going to lift the hogshead on board a ship sailing at dawn for England. The men who were loading

the ship had to work all night, which made them very cross. One of the workmen kicked the hogshead which held Mrs. Gibert.

"Let's throw this old hogshead into the sea," he said. "Then we will have one less to put on board the ship."

ALMOST THROWN INTO THE SEA

Of course the workman did not dream what was inside. Mrs. Gibert's two friends wiped the sweat of fear from their faces. At first they didn't know what to do. Finally one of them said to the workman: "This is hard work. Take this money and buy us a drink of wine. After we drink we can throw the hogshead into the sea."

As soon as the cross workman had gone for the wine, the two friends lifted the hogshead which held Mrs. Gibert. They set it carefully down on the ship and put another hogshead in its place. When the workman came back, the two friends helped him throw the empty hogshead into the sea.

Mrs. Gibert had a hard time inside the hogshead. She had very little air, not much food or water, and of course she could not move in such a small space. She took with her a Bible and a few clothes. When the ship reached England

after a rough voyage, and the hogshead was opened, the surprised captain and crew cheered their stowaway. Mrs. Gibert was very glad to step out and meet her husband, who knew of her plans in advance and waited for her in great fear.

THE HUGUENOTS SAIL FOR AMERICA

On January 25, 1764, two hundred and twelve Huguenots left Plymouth, England, in an English ship. From the very first they had a hard time. The ship had hardly set out, when a storm drove it back. The captain was forced to return to England and start again. It took forty-seven days for them to cross the Atlantic Ocean and reach Charles Town. In a journal kept by one of them, Pierre Moragne, said of the voyage:

“We have undergone much trouble which is too bitter to speak of here.”

The people of Charles Town were very kind to the Huguenots. The French people there let Gibert use their church building for services. The Huguenots were given a large house in which to live until they left for their new home. Three Huguenots were sent into the Up Country to look over the land which the English king had given them.

In those days travel was very slow. There were no good roads or highways. There were only Indian paths. It took a month for the three men to go from Charles Town to the Up Country and return.

GIBERT'S PEOPLE BUILD A NEW TOWN

At last everything was ready. The Huguenots set out for their new home. For every five persons, they took one cow and a calf. They took horses and their housekeeping things. What a long train they must have made as they left Charles Town! Wagons with furniture in them. Wagons with women and little children in them. Some of the men riding horseback. Some of the men walking. The boys running along by the wagons. The dogs following close beside their masters. The paths were so narrow in places they had to be widened for the wagons to pass.

After thirty-six days they reached the spot selected for their new town. Everybody helped, because there was much work to be done. The land was cleared and the trees were used in building houses. A fort, called Fort Bonne (the French word for "good"), was built as protection against the Indians. A town was laid out and a name for it chosen. Many of the people remembered lov-

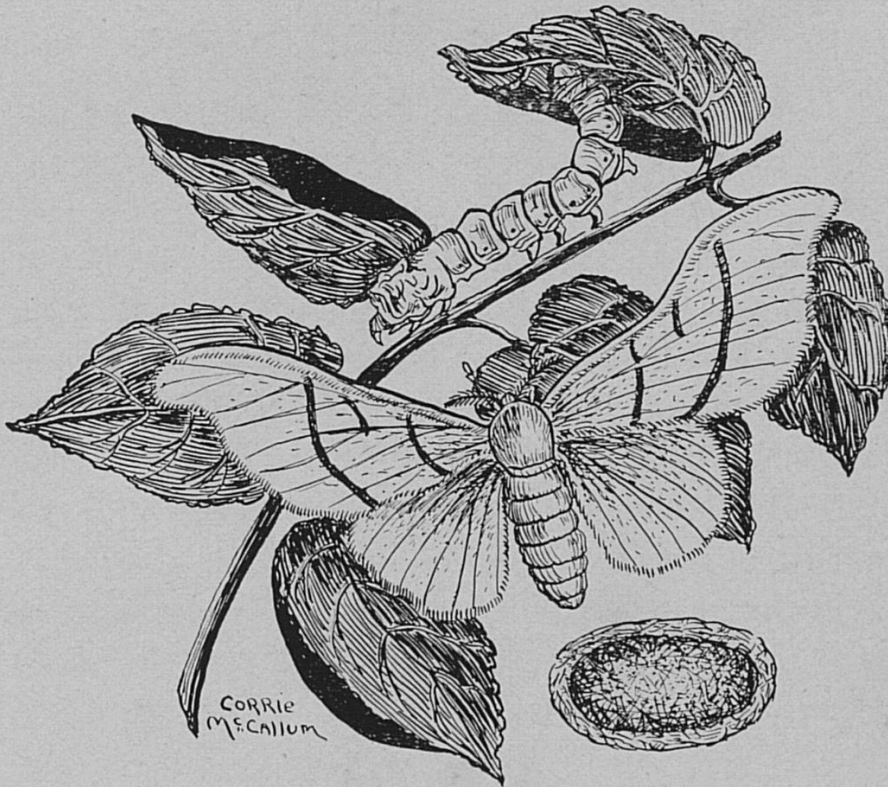
ingly their old home at Bordeaux, France; so they named their town New Bordeaux.

NEW BORDEAUX BECOMES A BUSY PLACE

As soon as the houses were built, the men began clearing land for farms. Beans and corn were planted, grape vines set out. The first year the Huguenots had barely enough to eat; the second year they had plenty because their crops were good. Mulberry trees were also planted and silk worms raised. The silk thread was spun into silk cloth and sold. A silk factory was built. Because they were very thankful to the English king for giving them a place to live and worship, every year the Huguenots at New Bordeaux sent a beautiful piece of silk to London where it was made into a fine dress for the English queen.

Gibert was very busy for he was the leader of these people. He directed the affairs of the town. He married the young couples and baptized the children. He taught school, too.

In a few years the Huguenots began to be more comfortable. Every one worked and did his share, and the people were very happy in their new home. Above the hum of work could often be heard the sound of a psalm sung in thanks for the trials and sufferings that had been escaped.



*Silkworms which the Huguenots at New Bordeaux
raised for the making of silk*

Though the Huguenots were now free to worship God as they pleased, there were many dangers. The Indians were likely to come and fight them. Wild beasts roamed the forests around them. They were far from other white people. But they were brave and good and had their fine pastor to lead them.

A GREAT MAN IS LAID TO REST

It seems sad that Gibert lived only nine years in the new home, but he did many fine things in that length of time. The leader died in the month of August, 1773, and was buried near his house. His death was caused by eating a dish of poisonous mushrooms. It is hard to tell harmless mushrooms from the poisonous ones, and the cook thought he was getting the harmless kind.

The stone which marks Gibert's grave is square in shape and has inscriptions on each side. One inscription is in Latin, one is in French and one is in English. The fourth side carries the dates of his birth and death.

“THE DEPTHS OF A WILDERNESS. . . .”

The inscription in English reads:

“The Devoted Huguenots
Not like other adventurers
Constrained by poverty to seek
Their fortunes on a distant shore
but in the true spirit of humble
and heroic martyrdom
they plunged into the depths of
an untrodden wilderness

to secure the liberty of conscience
which they could not enjoy in
their own beautiful land.”

Nothing remains today of New Bordeaux except the memory of it, and the descendants of those brave Huguenots who, through hardship and suffering, were true to their religious beliefs. How proud the descendants must be to claim kinship with such noble ancestors as the Huguenots.

ATTAKULLAKULLA

An Indian who was a Friend

In the early days of our state (colony, it was called then), the first settlers were welcomed by the Indians. The settlers needed but little land for their towns, therefore the Indians were glad to give it to them. The friendly feeling between the two races did not last, however. More and more white men crossed the ocean and made their homes here. They needed more and more land. The more land they needed, the less the Indians had for hunting, fishing and planting.

What land the settlers were unable to get in exchange for bright beads, mirrors, hatchets and knives, they took with guns. It is not strange that trouble arose between the early Carolinians and the Indians.

FRENCH SPIES PLAN TROUBLE

French spies made the feeling worse. The French were jealous of the English, and they tried to stir up trouble among the Indians. Their spies went to the Indians and said:

“The English are not your friends. They are your enemies. They will take your lands. They will make slaves of you.”

One wise Indian did not listen to the spies. He was Attakullakulla, a chief of the great Cherokee nation. Attakullakulla had been a friend of the English ever since he was a young boy. The way he became their friend is the following interesting story.

In 1730, a Scotchman living in Charles Town tried to win for the English a lasting treaty of peace with the Cherokees. The Scotchman's name was Sir Alexander Cumming. Many people in Charles Town thought Sir Alexander would never be able to make peace with the Cherokees. They said: "The Cherokees are too angry and dissatisfied. They will never make peace."

CUMMING TRIES OUT HIS PLAN

But Sir Alexander Cumming thought it was worth trying, even if he failed. The Cherokee tribe was very large and powerful, and their friendship was most important to the Carolina colony. The land of the Cherokees lay among hills and valleys, stretching over a great part of upper South Carolina and other nearby colonies, colonies which today are divided into the States of Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina.

Sir Alexander and several of his friends visited all of the Cherokee towns to talk peace with the

tribe. But first they went to Keowee which was on the Savannah River, three hundred miles from Charles Town. Keowee was the principal town of the Cherokees.

Knowing that all Indians loved fine clothes, Sir Alexander and his men dressed themselves in the brightest clothes they had—red coats with gold lace and hats with tall waving plumes. In all their finery they appeared before the chiefs at Keowee. The Cherokees thought them very grand, indeed.

KING GEORGE, THE WHITE BROTHER

Sir Alexander made a speech. He told the Cherokees about England, three thousand miles across the ocean. He told them about London, where King George lived in a fine palace. He told them King George was their white brother, and that he wanted peace between his friends, the Cherokee Indians, and his people, the English settlers.

When Sir Alexander finished the speech, he and his friends gave presents to each of the Cherokee chiefs. In return, the Cherokees gave the white men five eagle tails and four scalps of enemies. The feathers showed the glory of the Cherokee

tribe; the scalps proved the Cherokees were brave in war.

After much talk between the chiefs and the white men, Sir Alexander Cumming asked some of the chiefs to go with him to England. He said he wanted them to see and talk with King George.

"Your brother George will be glad to see you," he said. "He will give you many presents. He will put gold chains about your necks to bind his heart to yours."

SEVEN CHIEFS VISIT ENGLAND

At first none of the Cherokees wanted to go. They were afraid to take such a long trip from home. Finally, however, one of them spoke up. "I will go," he said. He was Attakullakulla. Because Attakullakulla was so young, the older chiefs were ashamed to let him seem braver than the rest. They, too, agreed to go to England.

The trip across the Atlantic was made by seven Cherokees. They had never been on the ocean before, and it made them rather sick. But they had a wonderful time when they reached England. Attakullakulla perhaps had the best time of all, because he was the youngest.

Crowds gathered wherever the Cherokees went in London, for few English people at that time

had ever before seen an Indian. England was new and exciting and strange to Attakullakulla and his friends, who were surprised and pleased with everything they saw.

DIFFERENT LANDS, DIFFERENT SIGHTS

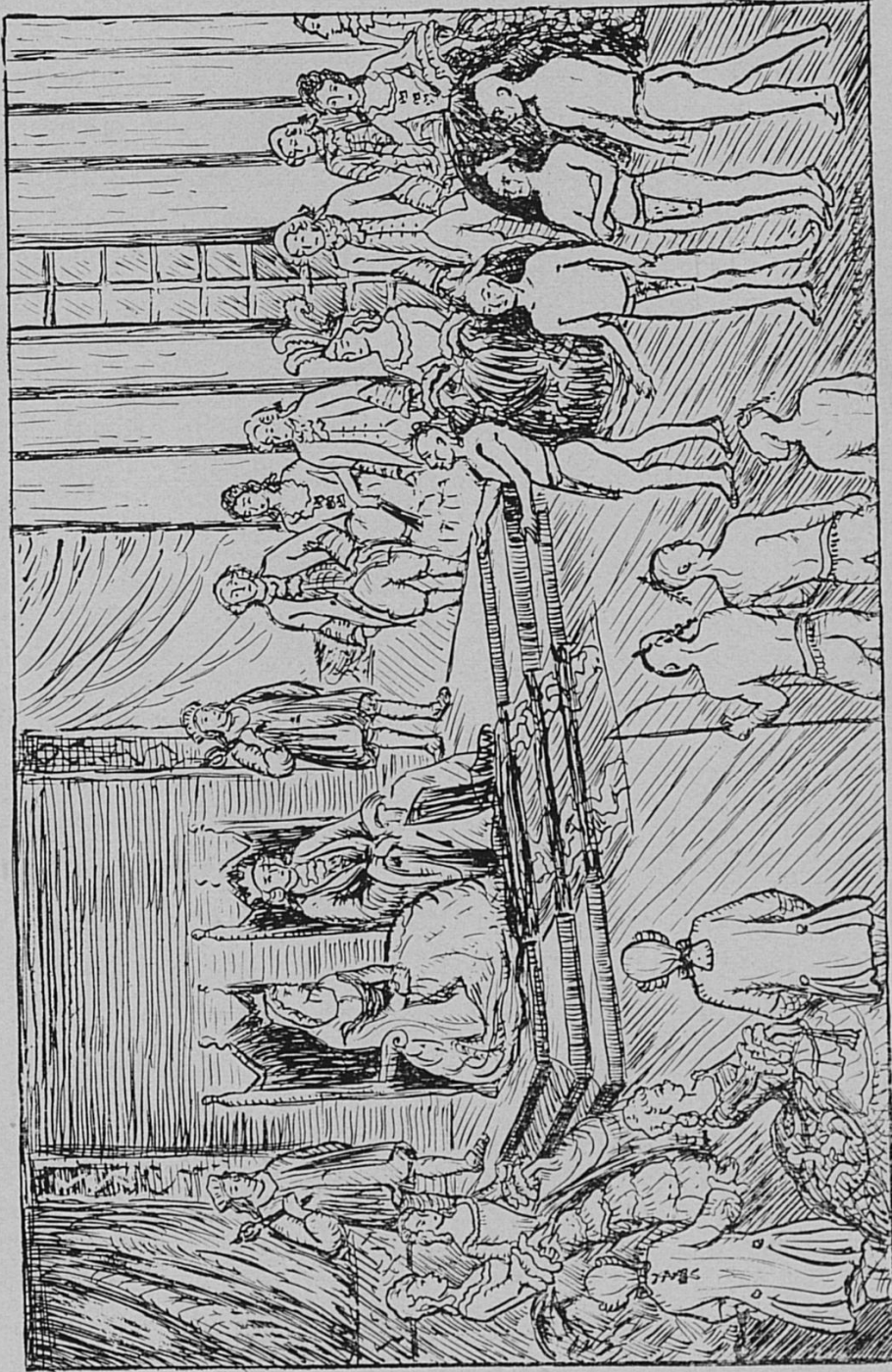
In America the chiefs and their people wore few clothes, and those were made of animal skins. But in England, men and women of King George's court wore fine soft clothes, the threads of which were spun of silk, wool and cotton. In America, the Indians lived in small crude huts, with nothing but the ground for a floor. In England, of course, the king's palace was built of wood and stone. Some of the rooms were so large they could have held dozens of Indian huts! Mirrors and pictures hung on the palace walls; hand-carved furniture was everywhere, some of it painted to look like gold.

King George welcomed the Indians, and a treaty was made. The treaty was supposed to last as long as the rivers continued to run, the mountains to stand, and the sun to shine.

CHILDREN OF ONE FATHER

One of the chiefs said to King George:

"We love the great king. We look upon him as the sun. He is our father; we are his children."



*"We are all the children of one father, who is the great king," said the Indian chief to King
George*

Though you are white and we are red, our hearts are joined together. In war we shall be one with you. Your enemies shall be ours. Your white people shall build their homes beside ours. We shall do them no harm, for we are all children of one father, who is the great king."

When he had finished speaking, the Indian chief laid a bunch of feathers before the king. "These feathers," the chief added, "stand for our words; they are the same to us as letters in a book are to you. They stand for all we have said."

Attakullakulla never forgot his visit to England. Because of the kind way he had been treated, he always felt friendly toward the English. Deep within his heart, he hoped the Cherokees would always be able to live at peace with his white friends, the English settlers.

For twenty years after the Cherokee chiefs visited England, there was not much trouble between the English and the Indians of Carolina. Robert Johnson, who was governor at that time, was wise and just in his dealings with the Cherokees, and they were satisfied.

THE INDIANS BECOME RESTLESS

Gradually, however, the Indians became restless. They were forced to give up more and more

land. They were losing their hunting grounds. Settlers were killing all the animals for the furs that brought them good prices in England. This made meat scarce for the Indians. The English built many forts throughout the colony, and filled them with armed men. All of these things naturally caused the Indians to feel unfriendly toward the white people. The young Indians, especially, resented what was going on around them. They became so angry that the English had to make another treaty of peace.

This time Captain John Stuart went with several other white men into the Indian country where the new treaty was signed. Attakullakulla, the boy chief who had visited King George years before, had grown into a man. He was now the great chief of the Cherokees. Captain Stuart placed a golden chain about the neck of Attakullakulla, and said:

“I fasten this chain to the breast of the Cherokee wise man to bind our friendship. The English and the Indians must be as the children of one family.”

A NEW VOW IS MADE

Other treaties had not been kept, but Attakullakulla felt that this one must be different; it must not be broken. He tried to teach the hot-headed

young men in his tribe that the English and the Cherokees had made a solemn promise to live in peace, and that the Indians would bring dishonor upon themselves if they broke their pledge.

For a while, the treaty held good. The two races lived in peace as they had lived before. The Cherokees fought bravely on the side of the English when the French and English had trouble from 1755 to 1759. Before very long, however, something happened to end the treaty that had been signed at Keowee. Some of the young Indians found several horses that seemed to have no owners. They saw no reason why they should not take the horses.

THE SETTLERS STRIKE BACK

To the early settlers, horse-stealing was almost as serious a crime as murder. When they found their horses gone, they did not wait to ask wise Attakullakulla to settle the matter with the young men of his tribe. The settlers followed the Indians and killed several of them.

To the Indians, these murders were poor payment for the great help they had just given in the war with the French. An Indian's idea of justice was that one life should pay for another. So the young Cherokees at home began murdering white

men to equal the number of Cherokees who had been killed for stealing horses. Parties of young braves rushed down on lonely settlements and killed and scalped the settlers.

Attakullakulla and other of the older Cherokee chiefs tried to make peace before it was too late. But the feeling of bitterness between the two races, as a whole, had grown too strong. Hope for peace was gone. A terrible war was ahead.

A BLOODY WAR BEGINS

The English sent out armed troops, and the whole Cherokee nation went on the warpath. The cry of each young Indian was:

“I am for war!”

All through the newly settled country, the houses of white settlers were burned; men, women and children were killed and scalped. Settlers who lived near forts fled to them for protection. The Carolina governor asked the English of nearby states, even those of New York, to help in fighting the Indians.

In all the fighting, many were killed, others were captured, both Indians and whites. Among those who fell into the hands of the Cherokees was Captain Stuart.

When Attakullakulla heard that Stuart had been captured, he decided to do what he could to help him. He remembered the treaty made with Captain Stuart years before. He also remembered the golden chain given to him by the English soldier. Attakullakulla now repaid that kindness by buying the brave captain from his captor. In exchange for Stuart, he gave his rifle and many other belongings dear to him. As long as it was safe, he kept his white friend with his own family. Later, he took him on a long hunt and allowed him to escape.

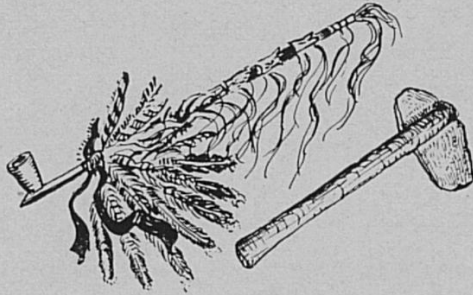
THE INDIANS ARE DEFEATED

Finally, eight years after their first trouble with the Cherokees, the whites forced the Indians to flee for their lives. From nearby hills the red men looked down and saw their towns burned and their cornfields destroyed. The Cherokees starved or died of cold, until at last the young men were willing to listen to Attakullakulla. Then the Cherokees sent the wise chief and his young son to Charles Town to ask for peace.

Attakullakulla and his son met Governor Bull outside of Charles Town. A fire was kindled and the pipe of peace was smoked. After a long silence, Attakullakulla began to speak, asking for peace.

He said: "I have come to see what can be done for my people who are in distress. God is the father of the red men and the white men. We all live in one land. Let us live as one people."

Governor Bull granted Attakullakulla's plea. A treaty was signed; the bloody war was ended.



*Indian emblems—the peace pipe
and the tomahawk*

APPENDIX

For Use With Classes

The following tests have been made in an effort to emphasize the chief points to be remembered in each story. Check the tests in order to see that the stories are thoroughly understood.

JEAN RIBAUT, WHO FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM AND
TRUTH

Check correct answers:

1. Why did Jean Ribaut and the Huguenots wish to leave France?
 - a. Because they wanted to travel.
 - b. Because they were tired of living in one place.
 - c. Because they were persecuted for their religion.
2. Why did La Chere die?
 - a. Because of illness.
 - b. Because he was crazed by starvation.
 - c. To save others.
3. What causes us to remember Jean Ribaut?
 - a. He was a courteous French gentleman.

- b. He made the first settlement in South Carolina.
- c. He was a selfish adventurer hunting riches.

JOSEPH WEST, AN EARLY LEADER

Check correct answers:

1. The Lords Proprietors invested money in the new settlement:
 - a. To help the poor.
 - b. To make money for themselves.
 - c. To spite the king.
2. Life in Carolina in the early days was:
 - a. Easy.
 - b. Hard.
 - c. Uninteresting.
3. Joseph West put first the call of:
 - a. Duty.
 - b. Pleasure.
 - c. Profit.

HOW TUSCARORA JACK GOT HIS NAME

Check correct answers:

1. What quality made John Barnwell a leader?
 - a. Courage.
 - b. Carelessness.
 - c. Selfishness.
2.
 - a. John Barnwell made a strong leader for the settlers.—Yes. No.
 - b. John Barnwell had a quick temper and spoke his mind.—Yes. No.
 - c. John Barnwell believed in fair play for Indians and whites.—Yes. No.
3. John Barnwell came to America because:
 - a. He was forced to leave Ireland.—Yes. No.
 - b. America was a new land full of adventure.—Yes. No.
 - c. Ireland was a country already made.—Yes No.

COLONEL RHETT AND THE PIRATES

Check the correct answers:

1. Pirates are:
 - a. Honest men.

- b. Sea robbers.
 - c. Good citizens.
2. Colonel Rhett was:
- a. Afraid.
 - b. Fearless.
 - c. Lazy.
3. What did Colonel Rhett do for South Carolina?
- a. He took a pleasant sea trip.
 - b. He bragged about what he did.
 - c. He freed the coast of pirates.

JEAN LOUIS GIBERT, A PASTOR OF THE DESERT

Check the correct answers:

1. The Huguenots had trouble in France because:
- a. They were Catholics.
 - b. They did not love France.
 - c. They wanted religious freedom.
2. Jean Louis Gibert was:
- a. A shepherd.
 - b. A farmer.
 - c. A pastor.

3. The Huguenots left France because:
 - a. They were tired of their homes.
 - b. They were persecuted.
 - c. They liked to travel.

ATTAKULLAKULLA, AN INDIAN WHO WAS A
FRIEND

Check the correct answers:

1. Attakullakulla was:
 - a. A faithful friend.
 - b. A treacherous enemy.
 - c. A white settler.
2. The Cherokees found England:
 - a. A country without houses.
 - b. A country with a president.
 - c. A civilized land.
3. The early settlers had trouble with the Cherokees because:
 - a. They forgot who owned the land first.
 - b. They were kind and friendly to the Indians.
 - c. They were just and honest to the Indians.

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