

The Story of the World



Volume 3: Early Modern Times

ALSO BY SUSAN WISE BAUER

The Story of the World

History for the Classical Child
(WELL-TRAINED MIND PRESS)

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The Story of the World

HISTORY FOR THE CLASSICAL CHILD



Volume 3: Early Modern Times

From Elizabeth the First to the Forty-Niners

REVISED EDITION

with new illustrations and timelines



by Susan Wise Bauer

illustrated by Jeff West

maps by Sarah Park



Charles City, VA

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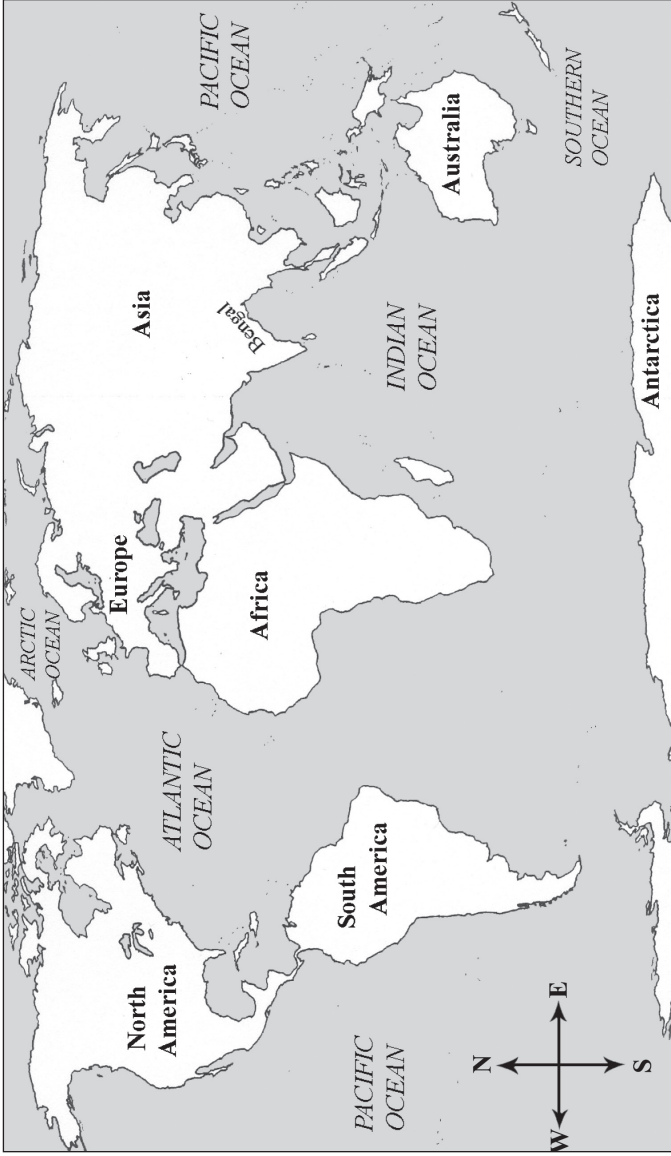
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The World



Introduction



Explorers discover treasure beneath mountain rocks. Pirates roam the seas. Kings huddle on their thrones, hoping that they will keep their crowns—and their heads. And adventurers sail around the world on tiny wooden ships, risking starvation and treacherous seas to find strange new lands.

Before you read these stories, you need to know a little bit about the world where they happened. The adventurers who sailed the sea in the year 1600 knew that huge oceans divided countries from each other—but they didn't know just how huge those oceans were. Today, we know that water covers almost three-quarters of the earth's surface. Geographers divide all this water into five oceans: Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Southern, and Arctic. Here's a limerick to help you remember them:

The Pacific is largest of all,
The Indian starts at Bengal,
The Atlantic Ocean
Is always in motion,
The Arctic and Southern are small.

Between and around these oceans lie large *continents*, or masses of land. We divide the earth's dry land into seven continents: North America, South America, Africa, Europe, Asia, Australia, and Antarctica. You can remember them by memorizing this poem! Look at a globe while you read the poem, and move your finger along the path that the poem describes.

Start at Antarctica, way down south, a cold and icy spot,
Head north into Australia, where the sun shines bright
and hot.

Keep going north, across the ocean, til you reach the land:
Now you're in Asia, where you'll find both ice and
desert sand.

Turn west, and Europe's mountains soon will loom up
into view,

In Europe you'll find Greeks and Germans, French and
Spanish too!

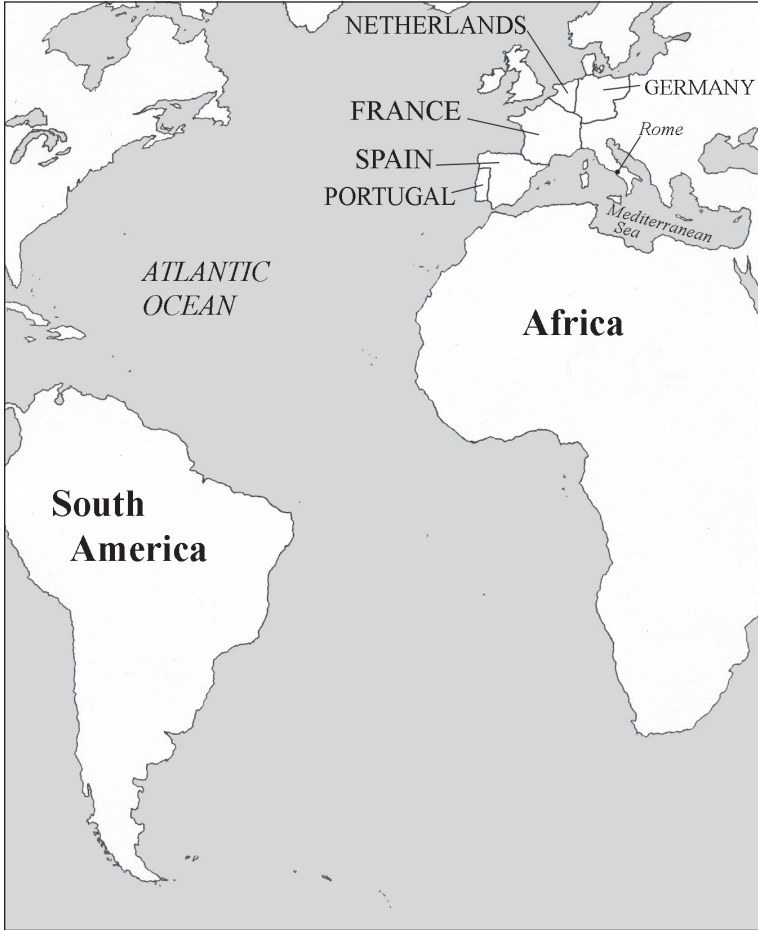
Go south from Europe, and you'll soon reach jungles and
wide plains:

Zebras graze in Africa, and lions shake their manes.

Now follow the equator west, to South American shores,
You might see llamas here, along with jaguars and condors.

Go north across the central bridge of land beneath the sun,
You'll be in North America. Your continent trip is done!

The Empires of Ferdinand and Philip



CHAPTER ONE

A World of Empires



The Holy Roman Empire

Imagine that you're a world traveler in the year 1600. You've spent the last twenty years journeying around the world. You've slept in Arabian tents, European palaces, and Native American longhouses. You've eaten fermented fish sauce in Rome, calf's-intestine pudding in England, sugar-coated beets in Wittenberg, and gilded boar's head in France. You only have two teeth left (the rest fell out because of scurvy and the sugared beets), and on your last journey to Iceland, you lost three toes to frostbite. You've been bitten by a camel in Asia, a cobra in India, and a water moccasin in North America.

In your travels around the world, you've seen two flags—one with a red cross on a white background, and the other bearing a two-headed eagle—all over the world. You've seen the red cross and the two-headed eagle in Spain and Portugal and all over Europe, from the Alps up to the soggy coast of the Netherlands. You've seen these flags flying over settlements in North America, South America, and even in the Philippines. No matter where you go, the red cross and the two-headed eagle are there!

The two kings who fly these flags, Philip II of Spain and Ferdinand I of the Holy Roman Empire, are nephew and uncle. And they rule over an enormous part of the world because of one very fortunate little boy.

A hundred years before our story begins, in the year 1500, this fortunate baby was born in a cold stone palace in northern Europe. His father was the king of the Netherlands. His grandfather ruled over lands in Germany. And his other grandfather was the king of Spain. This baby, who was named Charles, had three kings in his family!

When Charles was only six, his father died and Charles became king of the Netherlands. When he was sixteen, his Spanish grandfather died and left him the throne of Spain. When he was nineteen, his German grandfather died and he became king over the German lands. Charles was still a teenager—but he was a teenager with three thrones.

But Charles wanted even more. He wanted the title “Holy Roman Emperor.”

Fifteen hundred years before Charles was born, the Roman Empire spread across Europe and down into Africa. Everyone who lived inside the empire’s borders was expected to follow Rome’s laws and to live in peace. This “Roman peace” lasted until barbarians invaded. Then the Roman empire collapsed.

For the next five hundred years, warring peoples fought with each other all over Europe—until a great king named Charlemagne came to the throne of France. Charlemagne conquered the nearby German lands and added them to his own territory. He passed laws to keep his kingdom peaceful. His empire became so large that the pope—the leader of the Christian church in the West, called the Catholic Church—held a

special church service and proclaimed Charlemagne to be the Roman Emperor.

But the Roman empire had been destroyed centuries ago. So what did this mean?

It meant that Charlemagne's new empire would keep the peace over a large part of Europe, just as the Roman empire had done in ancient times. And since Charlemagne was a Christian, his new "Roman empire" could also spread Christianity through the world. That's why Charlemagne eventually became known as the *Holy* Roman Emperor.

Charles wanted to be known as the Holy Roman Emperor too. But first, he had to convince the pope to hold a special service proclaiming *him* Holy Roman Emperor! And the pope wasn't sure he wanted to give Charles this title—and the power that went along with it. Charles already ruled most of Europe. If Charles became even stronger, what would happen to the power of the pope?

The pope wasn't alone in his worries. The king of France was afraid that Charles might invade France. And the princes who ruled over Italy were also anxious to keep their independence from Charles. So the king of France, the pope, and the Italian princes all joined together to fight against Charles and his armies.

Charles wasn't discouraged. If he couldn't convince the pope to crown him emperor willingly, he would resort to force.

His strategy was simple—and shocking. For years, Charles had oppressed the Protestant Christians who lived in his territories. These Protestants believed that the Catholic church was corrupt and that the pope did not have the authority to tell all Christians how to worship and live. Charles had put Protestants in jail, taken away their land, and executed them. But

Charles knew that these Protestants would be willing to fight against the pope. So he hired an army of German Protestants and sent them, along with his own soldiers, to attack Rome!

This angry army, called the “German Fury,” marched down to Rome and surrounded it. The pope’s soldiers were outnumbered. They fired a few shots from the walls with



The German Fury

their old, battered cannons—but the invaders broke down the gates and streamed through the city. The pope and his soldiers retreated to a fortress inside the city and barred themselves in. For eight months, the pope remained a prisoner inside this fortress, while the German Fury stormed through Rome, burning, killing, and stealing treasure.

Meanwhile, Charles was still up in Spain, pretending that he knew nothing about the attack on Rome. He sent a message to the pope, claiming that the German Fury had acted without his permission. “I’m outraged!” Charles exclaimed. “How could such a thing happen?”

Did the pope believe this message? We don’t know. But we do know that the pope agreed to hold the special service which would crown Charles “Holy Roman Emperor.” In return, Charles helped the pope to fend off the Fury.

Now Charles could describe himself as “King of the Romans; King of Spain, Sicily, Jerusalem, the Indies and the mainland on the far side of the Atlantic; Archduke of Austria; Duke of Burgundy and Athens; Count of Habsburg and Flanders; Lord of Asia and Africa.” But despite his fancy titles, Charles had plenty of problems. He had spent years and years of his reign fighting, and wars cost money. He was growing poorer and poorer. Within his own kingdoms, Catholics and Protestants were constantly battling with each other. And his Protestant subjects no longer wanted to obey Charles’s decrees.

Twenty-four years after the pope crowned him as emperor, Charles decided that he could no longer rule his empire. Dressed in black, leaning on the arm of one of his favorite noblemen, he rose from his throne and told his followers, “I have done my best to protect my country and my faith. But I am too weak and ill to continue the struggle. So I must resign

my throne. I will give Spain, the Netherlands, and my Italian lands to my son, Philip.” All of Charles’s followers wept as the emperor sank back onto his throne.

One year later, Charles V gave the rest of his empire to his brother Ferdinand, who became the Holy Roman Emperor in his place. Charles went to live in a monastery, where he spent his days praying and reading. He died less than two years later.

The fortunate little boy had lost his kingdoms. But his brother, Ferdinand, and his son, Philip, now ruled over the richest kingdoms in the West. And their actions would change the world.



The Riches of Spain

A young boy stands in a dark cave. A heavy sack leans against his bare legs. Beneath his feet, he feels damp, slick clay and rough ridges of stone. Sweat runs down his face. Ahead of him, dim torchlight flickers in the blackness. The hollow sound of metal picks, hacking away at mountain rock, rings through the dark.

He turns around and sees a tunnel, sloping sharply up toward a far-away gleam of daylight. He bends down to lift the sack; needle-edged pieces of stone jut through its rough sides and scrape against his arms and back. He starts to struggle up the tunnel, bent almost double by the weight and gasping for breath. But the air is so warm and foul that he can barely pull it into his lungs.

He isn't much older than you. And he works in a South American mine, collecting gold for Philip II, the king of Spain.

The Spanish came to South America the very first time by accident. For hundreds of years, traders from Spain and other European countries had traveled east (*right* on your map) to India, where they bought cloves, nutmeg, and pepper. But the long and difficult road to India lay through dry deserts and over steep mountain ridges. So an adventurer named



A native South American boy in the mines

Christopher Columbus set sail from Europe and went west (*left* on your map), hoping to go all the way around the world and reach India from the other side. When he caught sight of land, he was sure that he had reached the islands near India. He named the people who came out to meet him Indians. And he claimed the land for Spain, because the queen of Spain had given him money to buy his ships.

After Columbus returned home, other Spanish adventurers, called *conquistadores*, followed his sea route to “India.” They realized that Columbus hadn’t reached India at all. He had found an entirely new land! And this new land held something more exciting than spices. The native people of South America wore gold jewelry. They offered the conquistadores gold and silver ornaments. And they told stories about a king called *El Dorado* (or, in English, the “Man of Gold”), who was so rich that he wallowed in gold dust every day.

When Philip II heard these stories, he decided that Spain needed this gold. So he granted Spanish conquistadores special contracts, called *encomiendas*. The *encomiendas* gave the conquistadores permission to sail to South America and take all its gold.

Of course, South America wasn’t a big empty country filled with gold. Native South American tribes called Aztecs, Mayans, and Incas already lived there. But Philip II announced that Spain could claim South America because the tribes who lived there were not Christians. “God has given all of the world to the pope,” one royal decree explained, “and the pope has given these new lands to the King of Spain.”

Not everyone in Spain agreed that God wanted Spain to have South America’s gold. Many Christian priests preached sermons against Philip’s *encomiendas*. But the conquistadores

ignored these priests. At first, they took jewelry away from the native tribes. Then they learned that bits of gold were mixed into the sand of the cold mountain streams. So they began to pan gold out of these streams. They crouched over the icy water with metal pans and dipped the pans down into the sand beneath the stream's surface, filling them about half full. Then they held the pans in the current, letting water run over the sand while they shook the pans gently up and down. The rushing water washed the sand out, while the heavy gold sank to the bottom.

But panning for gold didn't make the conquistadores rich enough. So the Spanish began to dig mines into the ground, looking for a rock called *quartz* that often has little lines of gold running through it. Miners hacked quartz out of the mines with iron axes, carried the rocks up to the surface, crushed them into powder, and heated the powder over a fire. The gold melted and ran off into molds, where it hardened into coins or gold bars called *ingots*.

The mines started to pour out gold—and silver as well. In all, the Spanish took five hundred billion dollars' worth of gold and silver out of South America.

Think for a moment about the number five billion. If you could count day and night, it would take you a hundred and fifty years to count to five billion. And if you could lay five billion pennies side by side, you would have a line of pennies that wrapped all the way around the earth more than seven times! Now imagine a hundred times as many. It would take you fifteen thousand years to count to five hundred billion—counting day and night. And your line of five hundred billion pennies would wrap around the earth over seven hundred

times. If you had five hundred billion dollars, you could buy a ten-speed bicycle for every single person in the world!

Spanish law declared that the king got a share of every load of gold brought from the New World. South American gold made Philip II the richest king in the world! And his people prospered too. Thousands and thousands of poor Spanish men and women traveled to South America and grew rich. “God has given me silver!” one Spanish settler wrote home from South America. “I am rich and honored here. Who would make me go back to Spain and live in poverty?” So many Spanish came to South America that parts of the continent became known as New Spain.

But while the Spanish prospered, the native South Americans suffered. The Spanish forced them to work long, miserable hours mining gold. Men spent months in the damp darkness of the mines. Women panned for gold and pounded quartz into powder. Even children spent their days gathering rocks and carrying them up to the surface of the mines. And the Spanish also brought slaves from Africa to work in the South American mines. Working hard, eating little, catching diseases from the conquistadores, thousands of Africans and native South Americans grew sick and died. “Dead slaves are buried every day in big piles,” one Spanish onlooker wrote home. South American gold brought riches and power to Spain and to Philip—but it brought misery to South America.

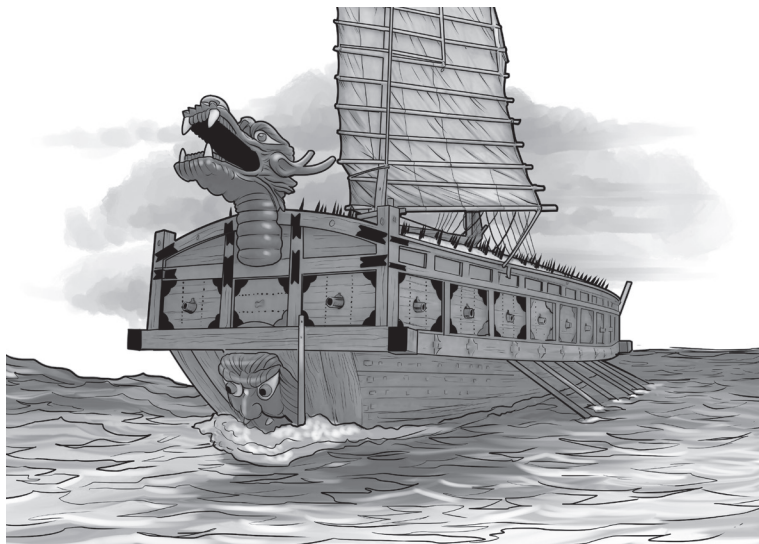
march through Korea into China. When his soldiers were ready to sail, he sent a message to Korea: "Make way. We are coming!"

Hideyoshi thought he was the most powerful man in the world and that the Koreans would immediately bow to his will. But the Koreans disagreed. They ignored Hideyoshi's demands! So Hideyoshi turned his landing party into an attack force. He sailed across the water, landed his army on Korea's southern shores, and ordered them to move toward China.

The Japanese soldiers rampaged forward, killing thousands of Koreans. But Chinese troops marched down into Korea to help drive back this Japanese threat. Against the combined Chinese and Korean forces, Hideyoshi's army began to falter. And Hideyoshi soon found that the Korean navy was much stronger than his own. Whenever he sent supplies across to his army, the Koreans attacked his ships with their famous "tortoise boats." These boats were covered with iron plates, so that they looked like turtle shells. Rather than firing guns, they rammed the Japanese supply ships with sharp iron spikes!

Outnumbered, Hideyoshi announced that he would make peace on one condition: the daughter of the Chinese emperor must come to Japan and marry the Japanese emperor. If a Chinese princess married the Japanese emperor, their sons could claim the right to the Chinese throne. But the Chinese simply laughed at this sneaky attempt to make China part of Japan. In response, they told Hideyoshi, "Your emperor only holds his throne because *we* allow him to. He should ask *Chinese* permission to rule in *Japan!*"

Hideyoshi was infuriated. He gathered his forces together for yet another assault on Korea. But the soldiers had barely



A Korean “tortoise boat”

set foot on Korean land when Hideyoshi became ill. Soon, he was too sick to direct the attack. The soldiers retreated, and Hideyoshi died not long afterward. He had gained power over Japan—but he had failed to conquer China.



The First Tokugawa Ruler

Hideyoshi was dead. Now it was time for Tokugawa Ieyasu to step into the spotlight.

Like Hideyoshi, Tokugawa Ieyasu had been Nobunaga's second-in-command. When Nobunaga died and Hideyoshi seized power, Ieyasu made the best of it. He swore to be loyal to Hideyoshi. As a matter of fact, Hideyoshi trusted Ieyasu

own good—or start wars simply to make himself richer or more important.

Isaac Newton, John Locke, and many other men and women in England and Europe began to accept these ideas about government, and also to believe that universal laws, discovered through observation, governed every part of human life. Today, we often talk about these ideas as “Western ideas.” Sometimes we talk about the years when these ideas became popular as the “Enlightenment.”

But in the days of John Locke, the eastern countries of the world often did not agree with the West. As a matter of fact, when Japan closed its harbors, one reason was to prevent Enlightenment ideas from coming in—and from encouraging Japanese citizens to question the power of the shogun!



Scientific Farming

It's five o'clock on a cold, dark March morning. Frost covers the stone steps of a farmer's cottage in the south of England; smoke has just begun to rise from the chimney. A huddle of sheep crowd against a stone wall nearby, looking hopefully toward the cottage. Occasionally one *baas*.

William Barkely has already been up for an hour. He's emptied the chamber pots, brought in wood, and stoked the fire. His wife Joan is already kneading the day's bread; it will rise near the fire until ready to bake for lunch. The three children are still sleeping, but Joan is listening for the first cry from baby Matilda. William takes a rope down from the wall

and lights his lantern. He's headed out to the cattle barn to slaughter one of the cows for the evening meal. He's already eaten his breakfast, standing; a piece of yesterday's oat bread, soaked in a dish of ale.

Far away, in a comfortable London manor, Isaac Newton—now seventy-nine—is still sleeping. In an hour or so, a maid will bring him his morning tea and stoke his bedroom fire. He'll sit up in bed, the blankets wrapped around his shoulders, and drink his tea, waiting for his valet to arrive and lay out his clothes. Once dressed, he'll sit down to a breakfast of grilled fish, dried apples, and fine white bread. His carriage is waiting for him, the coachman huddled on the driver's seat, shivering in the cold morning air. When Newton finishes his breakfast, the coachman will take him to the Mitre on Wood Street, a warm and comfortable tavern where he'll preside over a meeting of the Royal Society of scientists. After the meeting, he'll dine on sizzling roast beef, cold sage soup, wine, and apple tart, and then he will nap in a leather chair in front of the tavern's roaring fire.

The life of a wealthy philosopher and scientist seems very different from the life of a hard-working farmer! But although Newton, Locke, and the other thinkers who tried to discover universal laws were wealthy men who could afford to spend their days writing and thinking (rather than working with their hands), the Universal Laws they laid out changed the lives of farmers like William and Joan.

As William goes through his day, he'll be farming in a different way than his grandfather and great-grandfather. He'll be using new, *scientific* methods of farming—thanks to the universal laws of nature.

The idea that laws could be discovered to explain the natural world soon began to change the practical details of everyday life. After all, if the universe was governed by universal laws, and people were governed by universal laws, surely crops and animals were also governed by universal laws? If farmers knew those laws, they could use them to raise larger crops and healthier animals.

William Barkely is getting ready to slaughter a cow so that his family can eat meat. Twenty years earlier, no poor farmer would expect to eat meat in the winter or early spring! But William has plenty of meat for his family—because he knows some of the universal laws that govern plants and animals.

For centuries, farmers had known that fields planted with wheat year after year would give less and less grain. The wheat plants were using up all of the minerals in the soil—and as the minerals disappeared, wheat plants grew small and spindly. So farmers would plant wheat one year, barley the next, and then let the fields lie empty the third year, so that the minerals in the soil would return.

But when English and Dutch farmers began to investigate the universal laws of plants, they discovered that different kinds of plants use different kinds of minerals. Lord Charles Townshend, an English gentleman farmer with a large estate, came up with a new rotation of crops. Since turnips and clover actually *return* minerals to the soil, he suggested planting first wheat, then turnips, then barley or oats, and finally clover. Farmers who used this four-year rotation could plant their fields every single year. They had more grain—and more food for cattle, since cows liked turnips and clover. Soon, most English farmers were using Townshend's crop rotation—and

Townshend had earned himself the nickname “Turnip Townshend.”

Since farmers now had more grain and more cattle food, they could afford to keep larger herds of cattle alive all year round. Now they could eat meat any time of the year!

William Barkely and his family will eat beef for dinner tonight. After William Barkely prepares his meat to be cooked, he heads over to the sheep pen to feed the flock. William’s sheep are big, round ewes with plenty of thick wool. William has spent the last few years carefully breeding his best sheep together, hoping for large, healthy lambs. Now his flock is the finest in the countryside!

William’s grandfather couldn’t breed his best sheep together. In *his* day, farmers didn’t have private, fenced-off fields where they could raise crops and put flocks out to pasture. Open fields were owned by towns, and everyone in the town farmed the fields together. Everyone’s sheep and cows grazed on common pasture land together.

But with the new interest in scientific farming and crop rotation, each farmer wanted his own field to till in the most modern way possible. So the English government passed laws called Acts of Enclosure. These Acts divided the common fields up into smaller private fields, each one fenced off. Enclosure meant that each farmer could rotate his crops and fertilize his fields—and could control which animals mated together. A sheep farmer could breed only his best sheep. A dairy farmer could breed only the fattest beef cattle and raise more cows ideal for meat. As a matter of fact, one farmer named Robert Bakewell cross-bred the fattest cows from several different herds and created a whole new kind of cow, called the New Leicestershire. This animal put on fat quickly,

so that Englishmen could feast on roast beef with plenty of fat gravy all year round!

The Acts of Enclosure didn't please every farmer. When a town enclosed its lands, government officials arrived to divide up the fields. The farmers receiving the fields had to pay the government officials—and they also had to pay for new hedges or stone walls to surround their land. When William's town was enclosed, he had enough money to pay the fees, but other poorer farmers nearby didn't have enough money. They had to sell their farms to richer neighbors. William bought one. Now his farm is twice as large.

After feeding his sheep, William goes to harness his plow horse. It's time for the job that will occupy the rest of his day—sowing his early spring crop of wheat. He hitches his horse to a square wooden machine with two boxes on top and two sharp, hollow wooden blades below. This new



Robert Bakewell's new cattle

invention has made his fields even more productive! His father sowed wheat by walking through the fields, throwing seeds all around him. Some of the seeds sprouted—but many were wasted. Birds ate some. Others baked in the sun before they sprouted. And the plants that *did* come up didn't come up in orderly rows, so that William's father couldn't walk between the rows of his crop to care for and weed it.

But then a scientist-farmer named Jethro Tull invented the seed drill. When William's horse pulls the seed drill through his field, the two hollow wooden blades will cut narrow, even furrows into the ground. Seeds will drop out of the boxes, called *seed hoppers*, and fall into the furrows. Protected from the sun and from scavenging birds, fertilized by the rich earth where turnips were planted the year before, William's wheat crop will yield bushels and bushels of grain. He'll sell some of this grain; the rest will feed William's family, his sheep, and his cows.

All over England, farmers like William are using these new, scientific methods of farming. Ancient ways of growing crops and tending animals are disappearing. An Agricultural Revolution is taking place!

set men free. And while they danced, the slaves planned a rebellion.

On August 20th, 1791—three years after the Storming of the Bastille in France—the slaves broke out of their fields and their quarters. They set fire to every planter's mansion. They killed every planter they could find. They roamed across Saint Domingue, wrecking the fields where they had worked for so long.

One African, Toussaint L'Ouverture, watched the bands of slaves with worry. He saw no strategy, no attempt to make Saint Domingue free—just revenge. Toussaint had earned his freedom a few years before. Now, he helped the family of his old master to escape and then began to gather his own band of soldiers around him. Unlike most slaves, Toussaint had learned to read French. He knew a little bit about how armies should be run. He taught his men how to fight properly together.

Meanwhile, Spain had declared war on Napoleon. When Spanish soldiers came to Saint Domingue to help drive the rest of the French off the island, Toussaint joined them. Soon, he commanded four thousand men. Another ex-slave, Jean-Jacques Dessaline, became his lieutenant.

But Toussaint wasn't really an ally of Spain. He just wanted Saint Domingue to be free. When he realized that the Spanish who now occupied the island saw nothing wrong with keeping slaves, Toussaint announced that he would no longer fight for Spain. He would once again swear loyalty to France—to the France of the Revolution, the France which said all men should be equal.

The French, seeing a chance to get their island back, made Toussaint Lieutenant Governor of Saint Domingue. Toussaint



Toussaint L'Ouverture

turned his army against the Spanish and drove them out. Now he governed the island where he had once served as a slave!

Saint Domingue was wrecked. Towns were burned down. Roads were dug up. The fields had returned to weeds and young trees. Houses lay in ruins!

Toussaint announced that he would allow planters to return and that Africans must go back to work in the fields. But now, planters and Africans would work side by side. They would share the profits. No African could be whipped or punished.

Slowly, Saint Domingue began to produce sugar and coffee again.

But even though Toussaint claimed to be a loyal Frenchman, Napoleon refused to accept his loyalty. The Emperor hated Africans. He could not bear to leave an African governor in charge of the island which had once poured so much money into the pockets of France.

So Napoleon sent twenty thousand men to reconquer Saint Domingue! He put his own brother-in-law, Charles Victor Emmanuel Leclerc, in charge of the invasion.

On February 5th, 1802, Leclerc's army landed on the island. Toussaint's soldiers fought back, killing thousands of Frenchmen. But Toussaint could see that his men would never be able to keep on fighting against the enormous forces of France. Leclerc promised Toussaint that he could retire to a plantation and turn the island over to Dessaline.

So Toussaint agreed to surrender. But instead of letting him settle peacefully down, Leclerc had him arrested at once. The liberator of Saint Domingue was sent to a cold distant prison in the French Alps. He died there, less than a year later.

The people of Saint Domingue—four hundred thousand ex-slaves—waited nervously to see what Leclerc would do next. They didn't know that Napoleon had already sent his orders: They were all to be put back into slavery!

The World of Forty-Nine



The Gold Rush

Jim Marshall had spent years in the wild places of the United States. He'd been born in New Jersey, but he'd struck out for the west while still a young man. Jim Marshall had marched south with the army to fight against Mexico. He'd wandered north to work as a carpenter. He'd farmed in Kansas, drifted through Missouri, and raised cattle on a California ranch. Now he had a new job. A businessman named John Sutter had hired him to build a sawmill on the American River, in the Sacramento Valley.

Jim Marshall took his tools with him and went to work. John Sutter had given him enough money to buy supplies and hire help; he'd promised that Marshall would get one-quarter of all the money the sawmill earned. Marshall hired Native American workers, a couple of white foremen, and a cook and then set up a camp on the banks of the American River. In eight months, the sawmill was up and running. River water rushed past its wheel, turning the saw blades. Marshall tested the sluice gates, watching water run beneath them. He figured that the sawmill would make a lot of money for Sutter—and

for him. There were plenty of trees around to cut, and the lumber could be floated down the river and sold.

He walked over to the river's edge and stood looking around. A glint from the river's bed caught his eye. The afternoon sun bounced off the water, making it hard to see the sand and rock beneath. Marshall bent down and tried to touch the glint. His fingers closed around a pebble, "half the size and shape of a pea." He lifted it and let the water run off.

The pebble was the color of gold.

Marshall and his men sifted through the gravel and sand, looking for more yellow pebbles. Soon they had a whole handful of yellow chips and flakes. Marshall knew that the "gold" might be "fool's gold"—a worthless yellow mineral called *iron pyrite* that shone like real gold. If the yellow metal hammered out smooth, it was probably gold. If it shattered when struck, it was more likely to be iron pyrite.

Marshall put the largest pebble on a rock and smashed it with another rock. It flattened out into a thin, soft sheet.

The pebbles were pure gold.

The mill workers collected the gold bits and took them down to the local trading post to use for money. The owner of the trading post, a man named Sam Brannan, was amazed. How much gold was up there at Sutter's Mill? He went up to the mill himself to look. Sure enough, he collected a whole bottleful of gold!

Sam Brannan bought all the mining picks and gold pans he could find, went right back to his trading post, and put the tools on sale. And then he saddled up his horse and started on the hundred-mile trip to San Francisco. There, he rode through the streets, waving his bottle of gold. "There's gold at Sutter's Mill," Sam Brannan shouted to everyone who would



Gold miners of California

listen. “You can get rich mighty fast! And make sure you come buy your picks and pans at Brannan’s trading post, in nearby Suttersville!”