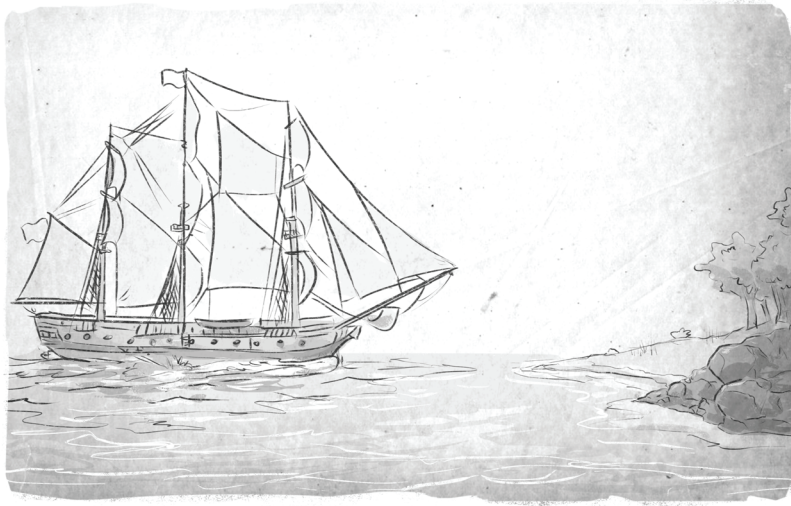


*Adventures on the American Frontier*

# The First American Colonists

Part One

The First Colony in America



A Royal Fireworks Production

Royal Fireworks Press  
Unionville, New York



**Other books in this series:**

**Mystery at Roanoke Island**

**John Smith: The Man Who Saved Jamestown**

**The Mayflower Brings the First Pilgrims to Plymouth**



This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

---

Copyright © 2020, Royal Fireworks Online Learning, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

Royal Fireworks Press  
P.O. Box 399  
41 First Avenue  
Unionville, NY 10988-0399  
(845) 726-4444  
fax: (845) 726-3824  
email: [mail@rfwp.com](mailto:mail@rfwp.com)  
website: [rfwp.com](http://rfwp.com)



ISBN: 978-0-88092-896-0

Printed and bound in Unionville, New York, on acid-free paper using vegetable-based inks at the Royal Fireworks facility.

Publisher: Dr. T.M. Kemnitz  
Editor: Jennifer Ault  
Book and cover designer: Christopher Tice  
Audio and narration: Christopher Tice



14oct20



The flags of France on two little ships  
were spots of color on the Atlantic Ocean.  
They moved toward America, the land of  
mystery and shadow.



Seventy years had passed since Columbus had chanced upon islands not far from the land the ships were sailing toward. In that time, many ships had crossed the sea, but most of them had gone farther south than the two little French ships.

People had come to live in the New World, but there wasn't yet one white settlement in all of the land that is now the United States of America. The settlements that had sprung up were farther to the south, in what is now Mexico.



On the last day of April, 1562, a great shout arose from the deck of the leading French ship. High in the crow's nest, a man pointed toward the west. "Land ho!" he cried.

Soon every man could see what the watchman's long spyglass had shown him. The faint dark ridge between the sea and the sky became a strong line through the morning mist. As the ships drew nearer, the men could see that the dark line was a forest beyond a white beach.

The ships turned north. Jean Ribault, commander of the two ships, watched for an opening in the shoreline that could mean a harbor.

The next day was May 1st, and Ribault was back on deck at dawn. His fingers clamped on the heavy wooden rail as he thought of what this new month could bring to him and his men: a new life or sudden death. Did his men have the strength to live in the new land?

The soldiers in Ribault's group were used



to a rough life, but the young adventurers traveling with them had always had servants to wait on them. They called themselves gentlemen, and a gentleman never did any work with his hands.

Ribault lifted his spyglass to his eye again. There, just ahead, was the mouth of a great river—a river that would be marked on later maps as the St. Johns River. The Spanish called this land Florida and claimed that they owned it because some of their explorers had been there.