AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

MARA · L · PRATT

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AMERICA'S STORY

FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

BY

MARA L. PRATT

IN FIVE VOLUMES

II. EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

A.D. 1000 TO 1609

BOSTON, U.S.A.
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AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN.

By MARA L. PRATT.

I. **The Beginner's Book.** History Stories for Second Reader Classes.

II. **Exploration and Discovery.** 1000 to 1609.

III. **The Early Colonies.** 1565 to 1733.

IV. **The Later Colonial Period.** 1733 to 1765.

V. **The Foundations of the Republic.**

Printed from large type. Fully illustrated from authentic sources. Bound in cloth, each volume containing about 160 pages.

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Preface.

America's Story for America's Children is a graded series of readers intended to prepare for the regular study of history and to supplement it. With this in view, care has been taken to give prominence to the elements of life and personality and picturesqueness, so as to develop centres of interest which more advanced and systematic study will bring into proper relationship.

The books present in vivid and dramatic style a series of pictures of our past, which sacrifice nothing of historic accuracy, and are replete with elements that will attract and hold the interest of the learner.

The Beginner's Book has already introduced the third and fourth year classes to the picturesque and personal incidents connected with the leading events in our history, North and South and East and West.

In the present volume the stories of the great discoverers and explorers are related in more systematic order, and they are told in a bright and animated style suited to the comprehension of the somewhat more advanced pupil. The pomp and pride of the Spanish, the good work of some of the monks, the simple life and customs of the natives, and the sturdy temper of the early English, Dutch, and French explorers, are all portrayed in a series of living pictures, and the pupil will carry to his more systematic study of history a set of mental impressions which will greatly lighten his own work as well as that of his teacher.

The illustrations, upon which much thought and care have been expended, are from authentic sources. In some cases drawings after famous historical paintings have been made for the sake of their value in giving correct ideas of costumes and other accessories, but the main idea in making the illustrations has been to set before the reader the person, the place, and the thing described.

The sketch maps are diagrammatic in character — so as to give the learner clear ideas of the relative situations of the places referred to — rather than complete in all the usual geographical details.

The summary of the historical facts in connection with each chapter and a list of the authorities consulted, given at the end of each volume, not only serve to show how trustworthy are the stories in the books, but will enable the teacher who wishes to pursue any subject further to do so without the trouble of great research.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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America's Story for America's Children.

I. The Coming of the Norsemen.

A.D. 1000.

"I AM the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

So sang the hardy Norseman, Leif Ericson; and all his boat's crew joined in the chorus:—

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

The Skrellings on the land heard this wild song and saw the strange men and their strange boats. Then out from the forests they ran, and down to the shores.

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

still sang Leif Ericson and his men as they lustily pulled at the oars.

No wonder the poor Skrellings were frightened. No wonder they ran back into the forest. And the boats! Were they boats? They looked like dragons. How could a simple Skrelling know what they were?

But whether boats or dragons, there they were, with their great shining heads, making straight for the shore. How these heads rose and fell and glistened on the waves!

With such boats and in this wild way, the Norsemen came to our American shores nine hundred years ago.

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

This was their song of greeting and of conquest.

The Norse people liked to sail far out upon the sea. They loved the great ocean; for it was like themselves, big and strong and boisterous. Other European people had never dared to sail out very far from their own shores. They believed that the earth was a flat disk; and so they were afraid that they might sail out over the edge.

But the hardy Norsemen were afraid of nothing. The sea was to them a joy, a plaything, and a friend.

The early home of the Norsemen was Norway, in the north of Europe, but they had also ventured

out upon the sea to the Shetland Islands and to Iceland, and they had lived upon these islands for a long time, and had built towns and villages upon them.

One of the bravest and strongest of the Norsemen in Iceland was Eric the Red. One day he said to his comrades, "Let us sail away in our dragon ships. Let us sail farther out into the unknown seas, — farther away into the west."[1]

Every man in Iceland would have been glad to follow the lead of brave, daring Eric the Red. So out of the harbor and over the rough sea, a brave crew rowed the dragon ship. As they sailed on, the words of their wild song rose above wind and wave: —

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!
Here in my fortress
Reign I forever!
My eyes are the lightnings!
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the thunder!"

On through the icy waters they sailed for many days, till at last they saw land ahead. Now the sailors pulled faster and sang more loudly. Soon the dragon ships rode in among the ice blocks, up to the very shores of a strange new land.

[1] You can see on the map at the beginning of this chapter the way they sailed across the sea.

It was a cold, barren island, but the sailors liked that. The trees were scrubby little pines, but they were used to such trees. Farther inland they found green fields; from these Eric named the new island Greenland; and here he planted a colony.

Now Eric the Red had three sturdy and daring sons. When the oldest son, Leif, heard his father's

A Northman's Ship at Sea.

story of the finding of Greenland, he also longed to go out into the wild western seas. Eric the Red was a hero; Leif would be a hero, too!

So a vessel was built, and manned with Greenland's bravest youths.

"We shall never return till we find a land fairer even than Greenland," cried Leif, as the vessel pushed out. "A land where the mountains rise to

meet the sky; where the trees are big and tall; and where the rivers are broad like the sea!"

Then the people on shore cheered and shouted; for they were proud of this brave son of old Eric the Red.

Leif turned his vessel toward the southwest.

"We must find a new land!" he said.

And after many days he did find a new land. Straight in front of him it lay, and it stretched north and south as far as he could see.

But, after all, it was only a barren shore. It had no great mountains, no big, leafy trees. So Leif turned his dragon's head still southward, and for many days more sailed along the shores of the new land. What a great land it was! Would the shores never end?

"But see," said Leif, "it grows more and more beautiful the farther south we sail. The air is softer and warmer, and the trees are large and have leaves."

Nobody knows just where the Norsemen landed; but it was where there were trees and flowers and fruits. There were grapes and trailing vines — so many that the Norsemen at once named the place Vineland.

Some people think that Vineland was on the coast of Maine; others that it was on the coast of Massachusetts. But wherever it was there were Red Men, — Skrellings, the Norsemen called them,

— and the Norsemen visited the Skrellings for many months.

But by and by Leif said, "Let us go back to Greenland and tell the story of this wonderful land!"

So the Norsemen set sail again in their dragon ship and left the Skrellings to themselves.

The Skrellings were not sorry to see their strange visitors go; for they had always been a little afraid of these bold, white-faced, yellow-haired people.

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!
I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!"

Again the sailors sang lustily, and pulling at their oars soon brought their golden-headed dragon ship home again to the little Greenland bay.

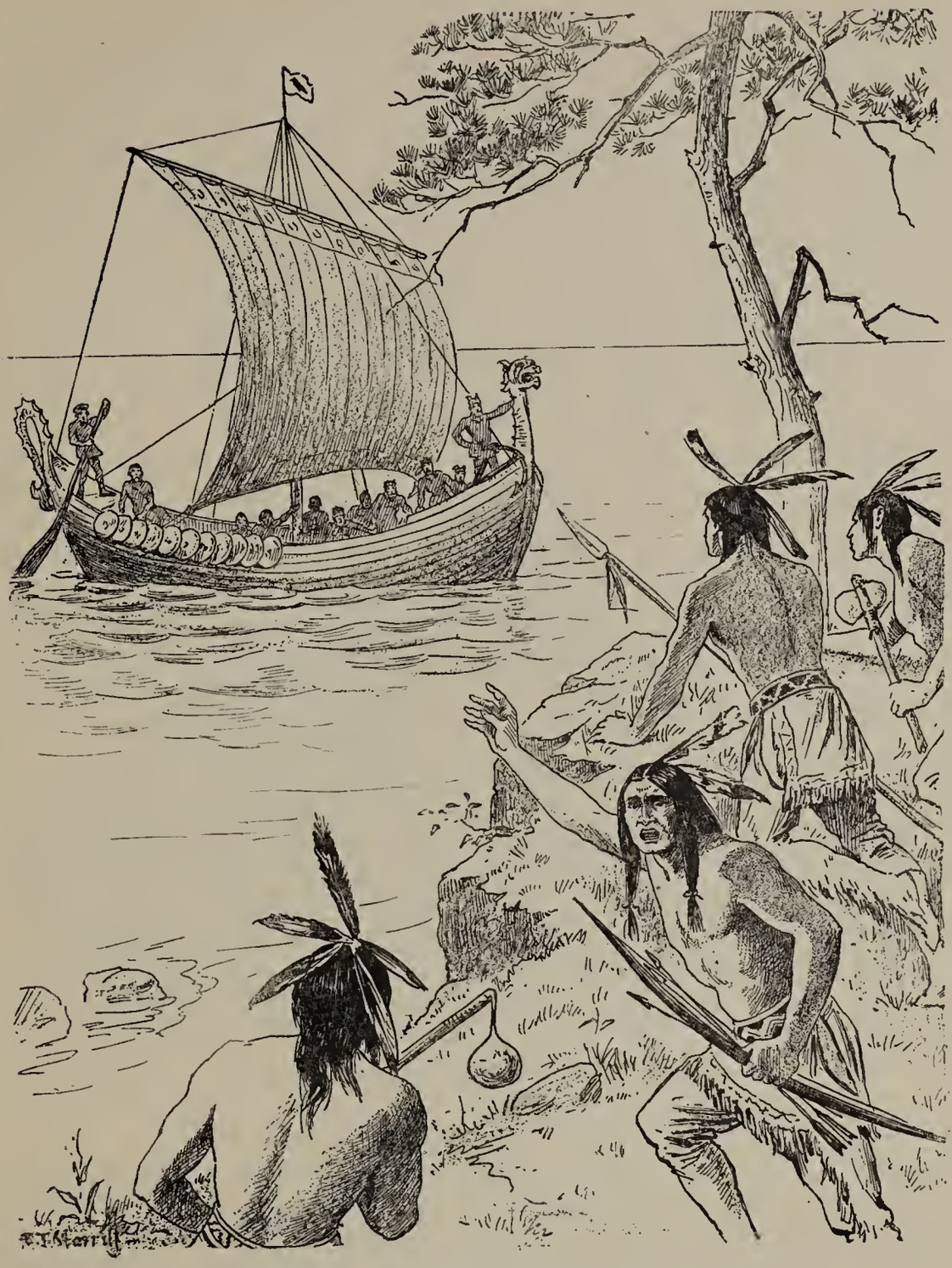
"What didst thou find, O Leif, son of Eric the Red?" the people cried.

Then Leif told his people wonderful stories of the warmth, the sunlight, the flowers, and the fruits of Vineland.

"We, too, will go! We, too, will go!" shouted the youths of Greenland. "We, too, will be heroes!"

Soon another dragon ship was sent down the coast, to the same beautiful land of vines.

"Wonderstrand! Wonderstrand!" Thorvald, the leader, said to himself. "It is as my brother Leif



THE SKRELLINGS GO TO FIGHT THE NORTHMEN.

has said. Let us plant a colony here, and dwell in the sunlight forever!"

But the Skrellings did not love the Norsemen.

When they began to build boats and houses, the Red Men counselled together. "We will drive these strangers away," they said. Fierce battles followed; the Norsemen were driven down into the waters, and were glad to reach their ships and sail away from the fierce Skrellings of Vineland.

Thorvald himself was slain, and his men returned to Greenland with a sorry tale. Then up rose another brave Norseman.

"I will avenge the death of Thorvald," he said. So with a crew of fierce sailors, he set out for Vineland.

For three years he tried to found a colony there. At first the Skrellings would trade with him; but they soon grew suspicious. Then more battles were fought; and the Norsemen were again driven back to Greenland. But as they sailed away they still sang their wild song: —

"I am the god Thor!
I am the god of war!
Here in my fortress
Reign I forever!
My eyes are the lightnings!
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the thunder!"

So ended, so far as we know, the voyages of the Norsemen to Vineland. In the Saga we read the story of that last battle with the Skrellings: —

"Then Thorfinn's people took a red shield and held it toward the Skrellings. The Skrellings leaped out of their boats, and they went against each other and fought. There was a hot shower of weapons because the Skrellings had slings. . . . Thorfinn and his people saw that, although the land was good, they would always be exposed to fear of attack from the Skrellings. They decided, therefore, to return to their own land."

THE NORTHMEN AT HOME TELLING STORIES BY THE FIRELIGHT.

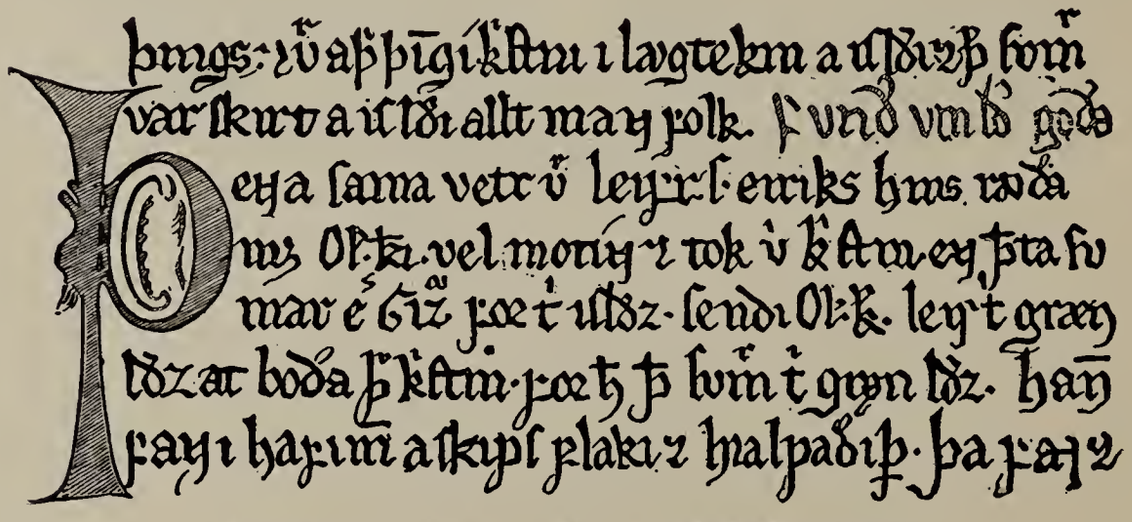
The Norsemen had wonderful stories to tell when they came back to their own people, and as long as these explorers lived, the people would gather round them to hear of the far-off Vineland.

"It is a wonderful land," the explorers told the people. "The air is soft and warm; the days and nights are of equal length. The summers are warmer than our summers, and the winters are not

so cold. The sun comes up in the east. It journeys across the upper skies, then goes down in the west. In the morning its face is red; in the evening it glows like fire; but at noon its light is white and dazzling."

Then the Norsemen would look out across their own twilight sky and wonder what this strange land with its strange sun could be like! For to the Norse people, in their land of the "Midnight Sun," this was like a fairy tale.

By and by there came a time when the Norse poets wrote the stories of their heroes in great books; and here we find the story of Leif Ericson and the voyages to the land of grapes and sunshine. This is what the writing looks like:—



FAC-SIMILE OF A BIT OF AN OLD SAGA MANUSCRIPT.

II. Until Columbus Came.

One would think that since the Norsemen had sailed across the ocean, and had come to no harm, the seafaring folk of other nations would have tried to sail across. Very likely this would have happened had other nations known just what the Norsemen had found.

But we must remember that the Norsemen lived up in the cold north, and seldom met the people of southern Europe. Again, the Norsemen did not know that they had discovered a continent. They thought that it was simply an island in the western waters, such as they had often discovered before.

Perhaps, even if the people of southern Europe had heard of the Norse voyage, they would have cared little about it, for they believed that the earth was flat and that there was great danger far out upon the western seas.

Then, too, European trade was carried on in the east. China and the Indies were in the east; and it was with these countries only that Europe traded. So you can see how little there was to attract southern Europeans toward the western waters.

But by and by a great shock came to the European merchants. The tribes of Asia made war upon one another. They seized the caravan routes across Asia, and lay in wait to pounce upon the merchants with their caravan loads of spices and silks and gold and precious stones.

This was a serious matter. It injured trade, and

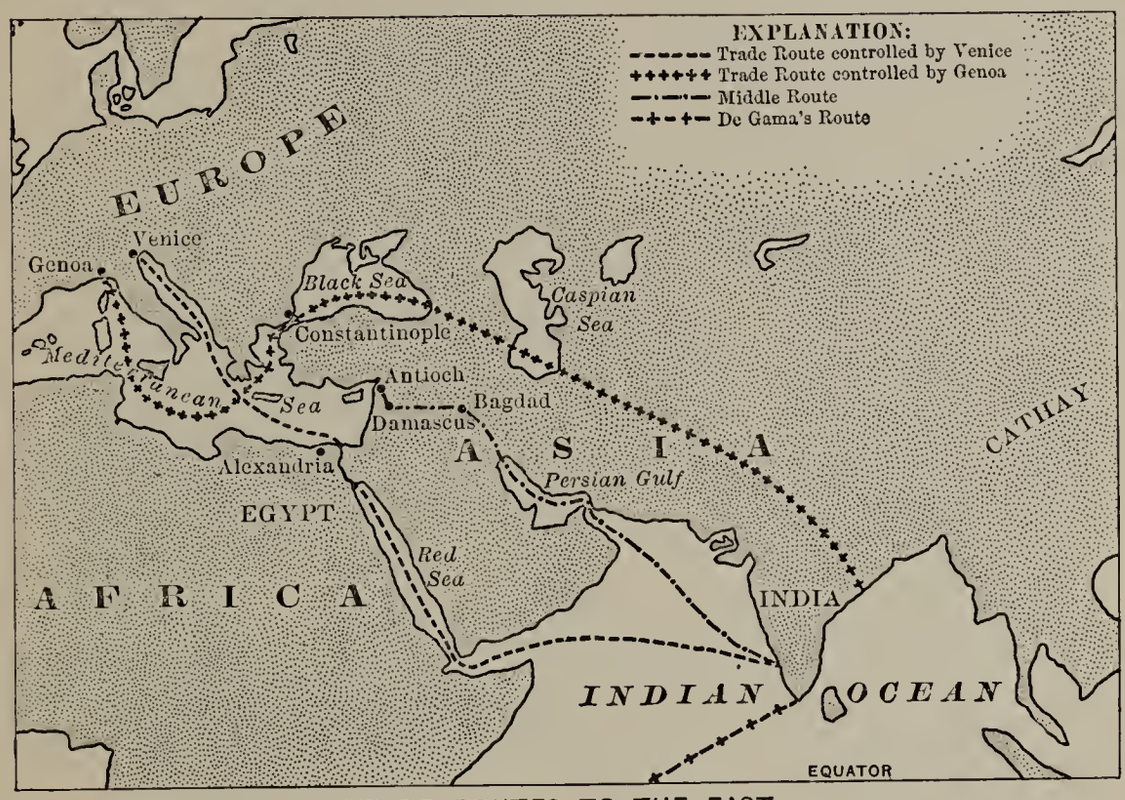
COLUMBUS'S ROUTE TO THE WEST.

many a merchant failed, owing to the loss of his caravans. This was not all. By and by the Turks marched down and took the city of Constantinople. "This will cut off the Mediterranean route to India!" the Turks said. "The merchants of Europe shall pay tribute or we will steal their ships!"

So it came about that the merchant looked upon

his ships with doubt as they sailed away; for it was more than likely that they would never come back again. Then the merchants began to say to one another, "We must find another route to India!"

"Perhaps there may be a water route around Africa," some said.



TRADE ROUTES TO THE EAST.

At that time the people in Europe knew nothing about Africa except what could be seen in the countries along the Mediterranean Sea. Once a vessel had drifted upon the Canary Islands; but its crew were frightened, and no one had ever ventured so far away from home again.

"Did ye find no dragons? Did the sea not

boil? Were there no giants upon the shore?" the people asked when the ship returned.

And though none of these things had been seen by the sailors, they were still afraid.

"But something must be done," said the merchants. "What shall it be? Who will venture?"

"Gold and honors to any one who will set forth to explore the African coast!" said the kings.

There were daring sailors in those days. So it came about, that after a time a vessel sailed again down the coast; this time even a little beyond the Canaries.

And no harm came to it.

Then another vessel ventured a little farther.

And no harm came to that.

Then another, farther still.

And no harm came to that.

Then the people began to think that their fears of boiling seas, and dragons, and giants were, perhaps, only foolish notions.

At last a vessel rounded a point of land and turned eastward along the gold coast!

Now, surely, the route to India was discovered! Great was the rejoicing among the sailors! Great was the joy among the merchants, when this ship came back to tell the wonderful news.

Another fleet was fitted out, and gayly it sailed away.

For days and days it, too, sailed along the gold coast. But, alas for the hopes of the sailors! Alas for the hopes of the merchants!

A Caravan, laden with Merchandise, crossing the Desert.

You can see from the map what happened. There came another bend in the coast; and again the ship must sail on to the southward. "We are sailing every day farther and farther away from the Indies," said the disappointed sailors.

Sadly this crew turned back to tell its story to the merchants of Europe.

"But you have pushed so far," said the merchants, "so much farther than we believed you could! Can you not push on still farther? There must be an end to the coast somewhere."

So more vessels were sent out. These sailed on and on, passing the mouths of great rivers. Still they found no dragons, no giants — only a few black people, away down the coast. But these black men told the sailors that very soon they could turn their ships to the east, and that beyond lay the spice islands.

"There are palms and dates and cocoanuts and figs on these islands," the black men said. "And there are pearls and shining gold."

"Surely these are the Indies," the sailors said; and eagerly they pushed on down the coast.

But the merchants began to lose interest in the coast route of Africa.

"There is no doubt," said they, "that we shall reach the end of this strange coast. But this route will be of little use to us. It is too long, far too long. It would take a vessel months and months to make a voyage."

All this was true. The merchants shook their heads and pondered. What could be done now?

III. Christopher Columbus.

A.D. 1492.

As we already know, most people in those days thought that the earth was flat. But a few great scholars had declared that the earth is round like a ball.

COLUMBUS, FROM THE BUST AT PAVIA.

The books in which the scholars had written their reasons for saying this were copied by monks with pens and paints, and were kept carefully hidden away in the convents where no harm could come to them.

The common people had never seen these books, and knew nothing of what was in them. But there was a man, Christopher Columbus, who had read some of the books, and was wise enough to understand them. So, when the merchants began to search for a short route to the

Indies, Columbus told them what he had read in the books and what he himself believed about the shape of the earth.

"Nonsense!" the merchants said. "What do monks and scholars know of the world beyond the convent walls? What do they know of the shape of the earth, when they have never travelled even across Asia? And if the earth were round, what difference would it make to our ships? It is a short route to India that we want."

"The shape of the earth has a great deal to do with your ships," Columbus answered. "Can you not see that if the earth is round like a ball, we can sail due west and come up on the other side of India?"

"What!" they cried. "Sail out into the unknown west? There are dragons and winds and boiling seas in the west!"

"We were told there were dragons and winds and boiling seas on the coast of Africa," said Columbus, "but we have learned how foolish we were. Why say it again of the western sea?"

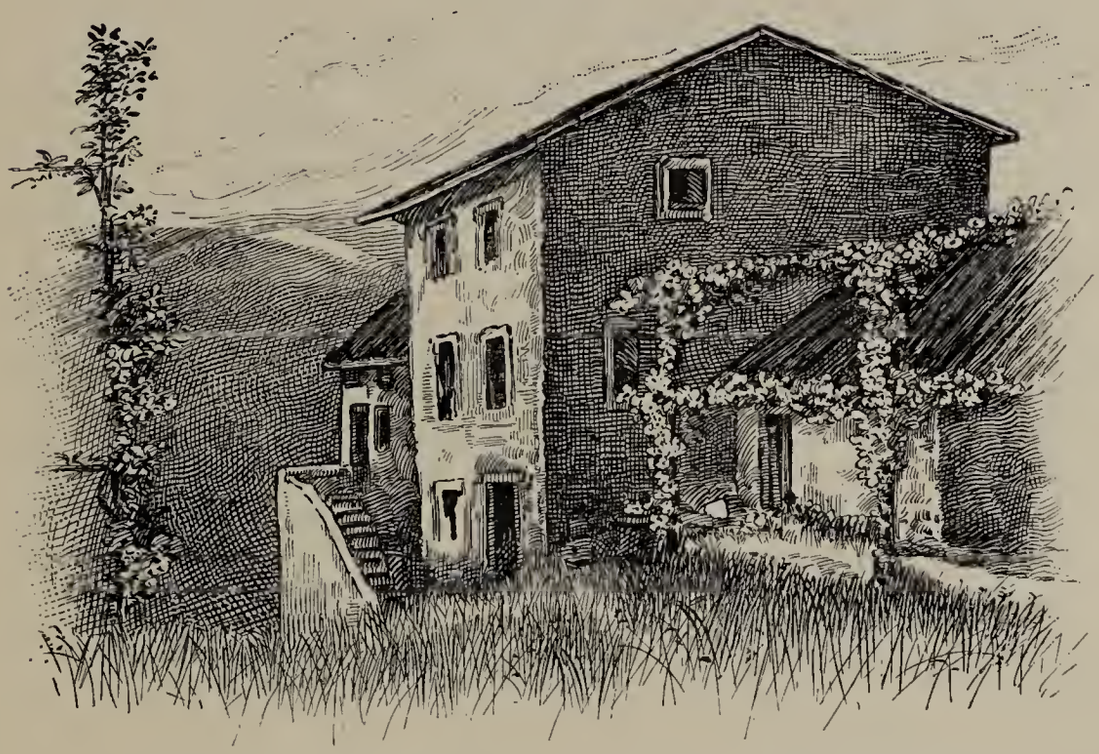
Then Columbus went to other merchants with his story. He talked about the true shape of the earth until by and by people began to say, "Don't listen to him! He is crazy!"

Sometimes they would hoot at Columbus as he walked along the streets.

"There goes the man who thinks he can sail up

hill!" they would cry. "There goes the man who thinks a ship could stand on its masts. There goes the man who thinks he could hold up a ship with his feet!"

But Columbus was wiser than these people. While they laughed, he worked, trying to prove that the earth is round. He went first to the



HOME OF THE FATHER OF COLUMBUS AT TERRAROSSA.

great men of Genoa, and when he had told them his plans, he asked them to fit out a ship for him.

"Who are you?" the great men said.

"My father was a wool-comber in this town," said Columbus.

"A wool-comber! Do you think that we will fit out a ship for the son of a wool-comber?"

Then Columbus went to the king of Portugal. The Portuguese king listened very closely. He believed that Columbus was right.

"But," thought the king, "I will send out a ship myself. Then, if it be true that the earth is round, I shall gain all the glory."

So he said to Columbus, "I will think about what you have said. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to help you."

Then the king secretly fitted out a ship. He told Columbus's story to the captain, and bade him sail westward.

The captain started out. But he had little faith, and his crew were afraid. By and by a terrible storm came up, and the little ship was nearly wrecked.

"Turn back! Turn back!" the sailors cried. "Turn back, or we will throw you overboard!"

The captain turned back; and when his crew stood again before the king, they were the sorriest-looking sailors that the king had ever seen.

Then Columbus went to the king of Spain.

"I will call the wisest men of my court together," this king said, "and we will listen to your story."

So Columbus brought his maps to the court of Spain. There he told his story, traced out the route, and begged the king to give him just one trial.

"The man is crazy!" said the wise men.

"How does he suppose that his ship would hold

on, when once it had reached the under side of the round earth?" said one.

"The trees on the under side must grow with their roots up!" said another.

"And when it rains, it rains up!"

COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS PLAN TO THE MONKS OF BURGOS.
After the picture by F. M. Dumond.

"Certainly, certainly," said the king; "it is as you say. Such things could not be. The man is crazy."

So Columbus was again turned away. He was now an old man. For years and years he had been trying in vain to find somebody that would believe his story.

But at last, a good, wise monk in Spain, who heard the story that Columbus told, said, "The man is right. I am sure the man is right."

The monk went to Queen Isabella and told her all that he could about Columbus, urging her to give him a hearing.

Isabella loved this good old monk, and had faith in his wisdom. "He shall come again into court," said she.

So Columbus was sent for. "I have little heart to tell my story again," said he, as he left the monk's house.

"Courage, courage, good friend," said the monk. "Keep up thy courage!"

And helped by these kind words, Columbus again entered the court, spread out his maps, and told his story.

Isabella believed it; others believed it too.

"A fleet shall be fitted out for this man," said the queen. Now when a queen commands, she is to be obeyed, and in time the fleet was ready. There were three little ships, — the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*.

Columbus knew full well that his sailors had little faith in him. Some of them had come, hoping to find gold; others had come because of royal threats.

For a few days the wind was favorable, and the vessel bounded swiftly along. Then the wind

COLUMBUS ASKING THE AID OF QUEEN ISABELLA.

After the picture by the Bohemian artist, Vaczlav Brozik.

changed; the clouds grew thick, and the ships tossed and pitched.

"The rudder is lost!" cried the captain of the *Pinta.*

"Let us go back!" growled the sailors, and they would not even try to make another rudder.

"So it was you who broke the rudder," thought the captain. "You were trying to make it an excuse to turn back."

He said nothing, however, but kept the men at work all day making a new rudder. The next morning the rudder was lost again; and the next morning, the ship had sprung a leak.

"This is the work of the two brothers who own this ship," the captain decided. So, when the fleet reached the Canaries, one of the brothers was put into another ship, and there was no more trouble. Indeed, the *Pinta* proved to be the best sailing ship of the three.

One day the sailors, terror-stricken, suddenly stopped their work; they fell upon their knees and wailed, and moaned, and begged to be sent back to Spain.

And all because they saw fire and smoke in the distance!

"Silence, foolish men!" thundered the captain. "It is but a volcano! Had you ever been out to sea, you would have known this."

But not until the ship had passed the volcano in

safety, could the sailors be made to believe that it was not some angry dragon ready to devour them.

A few days later a dead calm fell upon the sea. The water was like glass and the sails flapped idly. Again the sailors fell upon their knees and begged to be sent back to Spain.

DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS FROM PALOS.
After the picture by Antonio Gisbert. Fray Juan Perez blessing the expedition.

"We have reached the sea of calm!" they wailed. "There is no wind and there will be no more wind!"

"We are in the shallow water near the edge of the earth."

"Woe, woe to us! God is angry with us!"

But while they were whining, a stiff breeze came up, and away the three vessels sailed again.

That night a meteor shot across the sky and fell,

with a hiss, into the water. "This is an omen, a sign of the anger of heaven!" the sailors wailed again. Still nothing happened; and in time they grew calm once more.

By and by the vessels came into the trade winds, and were driven on furiously.

"Now," cried the sailors, "we are in the very home of the winds! This is the place where the winds are made! Surely, they are angry that we have dared to come into their home!"

From the day that they started out from the Canaries, Columbus had ordered his pilots to sail due west. But the pilots were afraid of the sea on the southern side; and so, whenever Columbus was not watching, they would turn the vessels a little northward.

"Why will you do this?" Columbus asked. "Do you not know that we must sail in a straight line if we would reach the Indies? You only lengthen the voyage by thus sailing north."

But those unknown southern seas! Better a long voyage, the pilots thought, than that the dragons of the southern seas should destroy the ships.

Every day the men grew more discontented. They were sullen and angry. They grumbled and growled and disobeyed orders.

The heart of Columbus was heavy. To go back now would be to lose all. Would his men hold out? He was sure that land was near. A tree had

floated by; land birds were in the air; and only last night he surely had seen a fog bank to the northwest.

"All these things prove that land is near," said Columbus to his men. "Watch! watch! Who

THE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS.

will be the man to receive the reward for sighting land?"

On the next morning, just at daybreak, a shout was heard from the *Pinta*.

"Land! land! land!" shouted the captain.

"Where? where?" cried the sailors; and they scrambled up into the rigging like cats.

"Land! land! land!" they cried. For there before them lay a long line of coast.

"God be praised!" said Columbus; and tears of joy ran down his cheeks.

But, alas! it was only a mirage; and when the sun rose not a sign of land was to be seen, and no one on all the ships was as sad as Columbus.

The sailors grew sullen again. "What would happen if Columbus should fall overboard to-night?" said one sailor between his teeth.

"We should turn about for Spain," answered another.

"Let us see to it, then, that he *does* fall overboard to-night," growled a third.

"No, no," said a fourth; "let us go to him, and demand that he turn back. Then if he will not—"

So the sailors went to Columbus and made their request. With it they made their threat also.

Columbus was grieved. "My men," he said, "I am sure land is very near."

"We care nothing for that. We want to turn back," was the sullen reply.

Then said Columbus, "Give me just three days more. If land does not then appear, I will turn back."

To this the men agreed, and there was peace for a little time. But the next three days were anxious

days for Columbus. Land was so near that little birds were flying over the vessels on their journey south. A bush with its leaves still green floated by. More than that, a plank shaped with tools was drawn up from the water. Certainly they were nearing land, and land that had people on it.

Night came. Columbus watched even through the darkness. Suddenly he saw a light. Three times it flashed. It moved along. Then it stopped and moved along again. Was it a light from some shore?

Then came a cannon boom from the *Pinta;* for this was the signal agreed upon, should land be seen.

"Land! land! land!" the sailors cried. And now the moon came out bright and full.

It was true. There lay the land before them.

Morning came at last, and the land was still to be seen. On the shore there were men running to and fro.

The ships were anchored; the boats were lowered; and Columbus, in a rich crimson robe and Spanish plumes, stepped out upon the shore. He had come to one of the islands of the Bahamas.

Such trees! such ferns! such flowers! In the midst of all this beauty Columbus knelt and thanked God.

Then a cross was raised, and Columbus took possession of the new-found land in the name of God

and of Spain, and gave it the name of San Salvador, which means Holy Saviour.

For a time Columbus cruised about in search of gold, visiting the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola. But when he was sure that no gold was to be found, he set sail again for Spain.

And now honors were poured upon him. He was met with music and processions, and in the evening the city was ablaze with lights. Cannons roared, bells rang, and "Long live Columbus! long live Columbus!" was heard on every side.

"Do not forget that Columbus is a Genoese!" said the men of Genoa. They had forgotten now that Columbus was only a "wool-comber's son"!

"We understood this great man and fitted out a fleet for him," said Spain, proudly.

When Columbus prepared to return to the land that he had discovered, he did not need to beg for sailors or for ships. Many a man was willing to offer a ship, and many a sailor was eager to go with him; for now men felt sure that the earth was round, and that there was no danger of sailing off the edge. In the midst of all this glory, Columbus sailed away again.

He made, in all, four voyages. Each time he explored farther than before. But he never knew how great a discovery he had made. He thought that the islands were a part of the East Indies, or perhaps a part of Asia.

SCENE FROM THE FIRST LANDING PLACE OF COLUMBUS.

The rest of the life of Columbus should have been one of honor and peace. But there were men in the colonies who hated him. They told untruths to the king of Spain. And sad as it may seem, Columbus returned from his third voyage a prisoner in chains.

In chains he was carried before the king. He was tried and condemned. He was afterwards set

House at Valladolid where Columbus died.

free, and made another voyage, but the king never forgot the false stories.

After the death of Columbus the king learned how unjust he had been. Then a monument was raised to his memory and riches were bestowed upon the family of the great explorer. That was all the king could do to show his regret.

IV. Ponce de Leon.

1512.

In the hearts of these people of so long ago there was much love of adventure. The more wonderful a story was, the more they enjoyed it.

Ponce de Leon.
After an engraving in "Herrera," 1728.

Once, long before Columbus discovered America, a man named Marco Polo made a long journey into the far east. When he came back he told stories so marvellous that all Europe was filled with wonder. Then he wrote a book, and the stories in the book were even more wonderful than the stories that he told.

All the scholars in Europe read this book. In it they found descriptions of giants, of dwarfs, of great deserts, of palaces of gold, and of trees and animals such as Europeans had never seen. As they read the book people knew not which things were true and which were "make believe." But it was very

wonderful, and everybody enjoyed the book, and talked of it and dreamed about it.

Then there was another traveller, who wrote a book not unlike that of Marco Polo. In his book he said, "At the head of the forest there is a city. And beside the city there is a mountain whereof the city takes its name, . . . and at the foot of this

A Picture from Sir John Mandeville's Book of Voyages and Travels.

mountain there is a well, noble and fair. And the water has a sweet savor as it were of diverse spicery. And each hour of the day the water changes; and whoso drinks . . . of that well shall be healed of what manner of disease he has; and nevermore shall he have sickness, but shall evermore seem young. I, John Mandeville, saw this well and thereof drank twice, . . . and evermore since that

time I feel haler and better. . . . Some men call this well the fountain of youth."

When an author tells of a wonderful well like this, and says that he himself drank from it, who could fail to believe it? Certainly, not the people of those early times; for the world was so new and strange to them that they doubted no story, however wonderful.

There was one Spaniard, Ponce de Leon (*ponss de lee'on*) who cared more for health and youth than for gold. He had crossed the ocean with Columbus, and so knew something of the land so far away. Moreover, when he was in those islands with Columbus, he heard the savages speak of a wonderful fountain like this one in Mandeville's book.

"If I could only find it!" Ponce de Leon said.

So with three little vessels he set out from Spain. First of all he was to search for the fabled islands of Bimini. There was something wonderful about these islands. Once some sailors, far out upon the ocean, had seen fair islands still farther to the west. When they returned to their country they told what they had seen. Three years later some priests sailed away upon the ocean and were gone a long time. When they came back they, too, told of the wonderful islands of Bimini, out upon the western waters.

There were cities upon these islands, the priests said; and there were great treasures of gold and of

silver. The people were kind and gentle, and always friendly.

So it was to seek the islands of Bimini, rather than the Fountain of Youth, that the Spanish king fitted out a fleet for Ponce de Leon. But in Ponce de Leon's heart was hidden the hope of finding the famous fountain.

One Easter morning the little vessels reached the bay near where St. Augustine now stands. It was a beautiful day, and the shores were richly covered with flowers and ferns. As Ponce de Leon looked out upon them, he thought of his home in Spain, where the churches were decked with flowers at Easter, and he said "Pascua florida," which means, "the flowers of Easter-tide." Then the men said also "Pascua florida," and they, too, thought of home, and it may be that some of them wished they were back in Spain again.

After spending a little time in this beautiful land, Ponce de Leon went back to Spain. The king made him governor of the new lands which he had found, and to which he had given the name of Florida. But he did not return to take possession of them for eight years, because his native country was at war with some of her neighbors, and the king needed his help.

When at length he did go, he took a number of his countrymen out with him, and founded a little colony. He still continued to search for the won-

derful fountain. But it was not very long before he was fatally wounded in a battle with the Indians, and went to Cuba only to die. Poor Ponce de Leon! For not in Florida, nor in the whole wide world, was that wonderful fountain to be found.

PONCE DE LEON AND HIS MEN IN FLORIDA.

The scenery is from nature.

V. Balboa.

1513.

Among the daring adventurers who went to the new world in search of gold was Balboa. He belonged to a noble family that had become penniless. In those days to belong to a noble family that had lost its money was a great misfortune. For no matter how poor a nobleman was, he must not work. Moreover, he must keep up "noble appearances." And how could a man do this unless he borrowed money from his friends?

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

After the engraving in Herrera, 1728.

Certainly Balboa could see no other way; and so there came a time when the people to whom he owed money began to urge him to join the searchers for gold in this new world.

He set sail in a good ship, and came to Hispaniola. The word "Hispaniola" means "Little Spain," and it is the name Columbus gave to that

one of the West Indian Islands which we now call Haiti. Here Balboa laid out a farm for himself, honestly hoping in this way to pay his debts. But he had little knowledge of farming, and it was not long before he was in debt to all the people on the island.

"It is Balboa!"

"I will escape from here on the next vessel that leaves this port!" Balboa said.

"No, you shall not!" answered the captain of the vessel that Balboa meant to board.

When the ship was nearly ready to start, a great

barrel was rolled over the gangway and stored away with the cargo. Then the ship put out from shore. By and by a great noise was heard down in the hold, where the cargo was. What could it be? The men rushed down to find out. Thump! thump! thump! Out flew the head of the great barrel, and there stood Balboa!

"Balboa?" cried the captain.

"It *is* Balboa," was the cool reply.

The captain looked at the man. Tall, handsome, fearless — what could be done with him?

"You shall be put off on the first desert island!" said the captain, sternly. But in his heart he thought, "He is too good a swordsman and too brave a soldier to come to this."

So it happened that, as no desert island appeared, Balboa sailed on with the crew. This was fortunate, for not many days later the ship foundered and went down with all the cargo and provisions.

The captain's courage failed. On an unknown shore, his ship lost, where should he go? What should he do?

"I have sailed these waters before," said Balboa, "and I know of an Indian village not far away. The country around this village is very fertile, and there is much gold to be found."

The captain's courage rose again, and Balboa led the crew to the Indian village. But the natives had seen Spaniards before, and when they came to the

shore the savages had their war-paint on and their arrows ready. Then followed a short, sharp battle; but the Spaniards conquered and took possession of the village.

"We will found a colony here," said the captain. The men at once set to work to build houses.

But the captain was greedy. The first thing he did was to make a law that if a man traded with the Indians for gold, the gold should be turned into the common hoard, to be divided among the men as the captain liked.

At this the men rebelled, for they were quite as greedy as their captain.

"You have no right," said Balboa, "to make such a law."

This brought about a struggle between Balboa and the captain.

"I shall make myself the head of this colony," said Balboa.

The captain was then tried by the little band, and Balboa was made the leader.

Now Balboa knew that not far away there was another Indian village where more gold was to be found. So without delay he started to find it. The chief received the Spaniards kindly. But when night came on, Balboa and his men fell upon him and took him prisoner.

"Have I deserved this?" the poor old chief asked. "Have I not received you kindly?"

"Where is your gold?" was the heartless reply. Then the old chief, eager to be friendly with these powerful white men, told where his gold was hidden. Soon after he gave his daughter to Balboa for a wife.

"Certainly," he thought, "Balboa will be friendly with the people of his own wife."

Balboa had discovered that this chief was powerful among the tribes round about him. "It will be well to have him friendly to us," he said.

So he accepted the young Indian princess as his wife, and promised the chief to help him make war upon an old foe. This Balboa did, and, to the delight of the chief, laid waste the enemy's lands and drove him into the mountains.

Balboa then went on to the village of another chief. This chief had three thousand warriors; and instead of fleeing when the white men came, he marched out to meet them. He was dressed in long, trailing skins, and brought with him his fine, strong sons.

"We invite you to our village," the chief said.

Balboa and his men saluted the chief and his sons with a great show of friendliness.

These men were like no Indians the Spaniards had seen before. When Balboa reached their village he found that they lived in houses, and that the houses were divided into rooms. The chief's palace was large and beautiful. The foundation was of

strong timbers, and the sides and roof were of narrow strips of wood, curiously woven together. In one part of the house was a large hall, in which lay the dead ancestors of the chief. There they lay like Egyptian mummies, rolled up and covered with robes, into which were woven gold and silver and precious stones.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.
From Charnay's "Ancient Cities of the New World."

"There is great wealth here," thought Balboa, and his eyes shone with greed.

The oldest son of the chief was a noble youth who scorned the Spanish greed and avarice. One day he threw a sack of gold at the feet of the Spaniards, and stood back to watch them struggle for it.

Two of the men fell to quarrelling over the

weight of the pieces. They even struck at each other with their swords. Then the chief's son strode forth. His eyes flashed.

"Shame upon you, to quarrel over this trash!" he said. "Is it for gold that you have come to our country? Is it for gold that you burn our villages and lay waste our fields? Is it for gold that you bear such hardships and risk such dangers? Then know that away beyond these mountains there is a great sea where there are ships like your own! And beyond the sea is a country where the rivers are filled with gold, and where the people eat and drink from cups of gold."

Now the Spaniards cared little for the young Indian's scorn and rebuke. "Where is this wonderful country?" they asked. "What is it called? Tell us where to find it." And from that hour Balboa looked often upon the mountains and longed for the time when he should climb their summits.

"Can it be," he would say, "that only a ridge of hills divides us from a great and undiscovered sea?"

Then he would think what an honor it would be to discover it, even if there were no gold. How richly the Spanish king would reward him! He would be a free and honored man.

So Balboa chose one hundred and ninety of his bravest men and started forth.

They marched for several days, through woods

so matted with vines that the men were forced to cut their way. There were rocky ravines over which bridges must be built, and there were rapid streams through which the men must make their way on foot.

The farther they went, the more tangled the forests grew. The ground was rocky and broken, and the tropical sun poured down hotter and hotter.

A Scene on Balboa's Route.

From Charnay's "Ancient Cities of the New World."

Many of the men sank beneath its scorching heat. Still Balboa pressed on, his eye fixed on one mountain peak — the highest in the range.

"That peak I must reach," he said. "From that peak I shall see a new ocean."

By and by the Spaniards came upon a savage tribe. When the savages saw the white men, they

rushed out with howls and yells, and attacked the strangers with arrows and slings and wooden swords.

Without loss of time the soldiers formed in line and charged. The savages were terror-stricken.

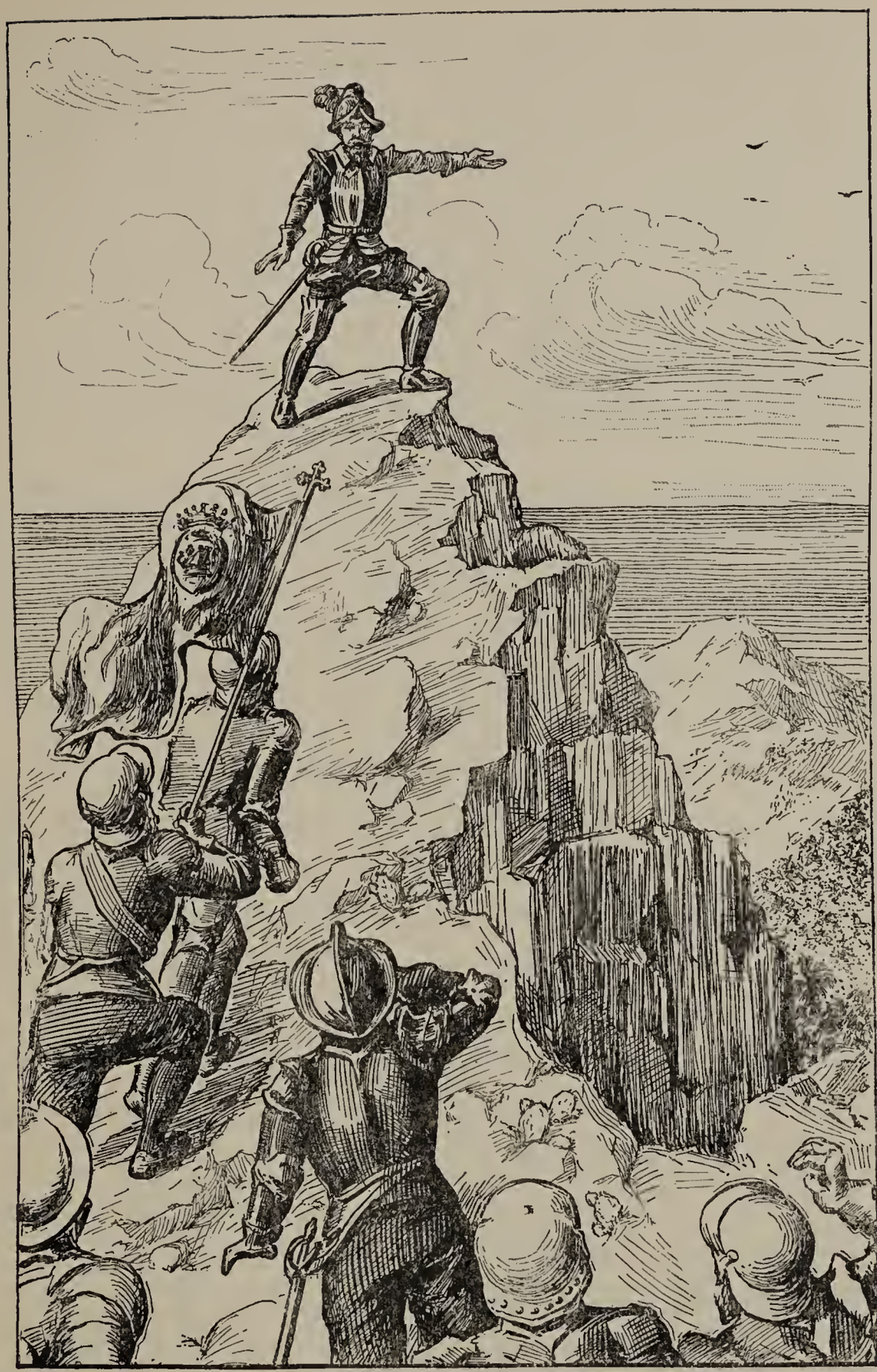
"Santiago! Santiago! Santiago!" the Spaniards shouted; for this was the Spanish war-cry. Then the Spaniards rushed after the fleeing savages, and fired upon them till hardly a warrior was left alive. Balboa marched into the village. Again he found a hoard of gold and treasure, which he divided among his men.

The Spaniards were now at the foot of the mountain. One day of climbing, and they would reach the summit. Did a great ocean lie beyond? Was Balboa to be its discoverer?

All night long Balboa lay looking up at the skies, for he could not sleep. At dawn he aroused his men. "Let us waste no time!" he said. "This is the great day of our lives!—a great day, perchance, for Spain!"

So up the mountain the brave little band started. They were weary and worn from recent battles, but they marched steadily on. For six hours they pushed forward through the dense forests which covered the sides, and at noon they came out upon the bare, rocky peak.

Balboa's heart beat fast. If the story that the chief's son had told were true, then glory and honor were close at hand.



A NEW OCEAN LAY SPREAD OUT BEFORE THEM.

"Rest here," he said to his men, "and I will climb to the summit alone."

He toiled up over the rocks and sliding stones. At every step he could see more and more of the sky. He hardly dared to believe his eyes; for there, at last, far in the distance, the sky met a water line, clear and blue and sparkling.

Balboa pushed on eagerly till he reached the very summit. Yes, there lay a new ocean spread out before him!

It sparkled at the foot of the mountain; it stretched away as far as the eye could reach. It was an ocean; there could be no mistake. Then Balboa, overcome with joy, fell upon his knees and raised his hands toward heaven.

The men below were watching eagerly. What would their leader find? What would he do? When they saw him sink upon his knees, they knew that the chief's son had spoken truly. There was an ocean, and their leader had discovered it!

With a shout these men rushed up the mountain, each eager to be the first to look out upon the new-found sea. When they saw it they, too, fell upon their knees. Some wept, some prayed.

"Let us sing a song of praise," said the priest. Then the men raised their voices, and the grand old words of the "Te Deum Laudamus" floated out over the western waters.

"Let us raise a cross," said Balboa, his voice still

trembling with excitement, "and take possession of this peak in the name of Spain."

So they cut down a tall, straight tree and dragged it to the mountain top. Then they heaped stones around its base, and Balboa carved upon its bark the names of all his band.

"We must go down to the very edge of this vast ocean," Balboa said. The little band hurried down the mountain side, and pushed on through the forests till they reached the water.

"Is it really the ocean?" the men said; and they tasted the water to see if it were salt like the Atlantic. Yes, it was salt; there could be no doubt. It was another ocean.

Balboa arranged his men along the shore and unfurled the Spanish banner.

"Now," said he, advancing into the water, "do we take possession of this great ocean in the name of Spain, and in the name of the Spanish king."

We should suppose that one who had made so great a discovery would have been honored all the rest of his days. But explorers were very jealous of each other. Each was greedy to get all honor for himself. No one of them could be sure of the friendship of another.

And so, when Balboa was given the honor of a captain's title, the governor of Darien was angry and jealous. He dared not march upon Balboa and kill him, because of his stanch, brave follow-

ers, but he laid a trap for him and had him brought to him a prisoner.

"You have been disloyal to the king," said the governor, sternly.

MAP ILLUSTRATING SPANISH EXPLORATIONS.

"Disloyal to the king!" Balboa exclaimed. But the governor had not brought Balboa there to talk. He gave his prisoner a trial; but it was only a farce, not an honest trial, and Balboa was beheaded.

If only Balboa's loyal little band could have known what was happening!

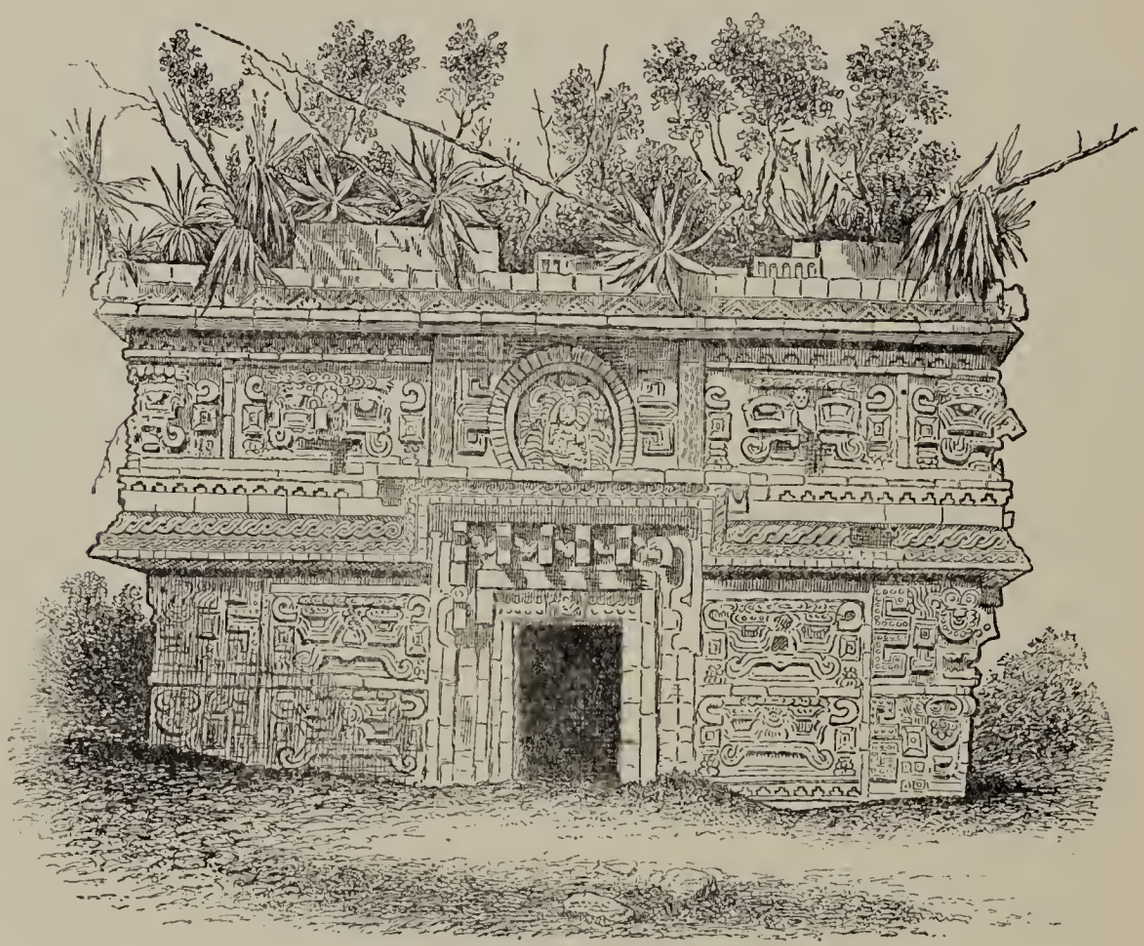
VI. Cortez and the Aztecs.

1519–1521.

The Spaniards at first thought that all American Indians were ignorant and savage and that they lived in wigwams. But in Mexico there were Aztec Indians who had a real city with temples and houses and streets. The temples and houses were grandly built, and some of them had towers of gold. The streets were straight and wide and paved. To-day the walls of some of these wonderful palaces may be seen. They are in ruins now; grass and shrubs grow out of them, but enough remains to show how beautiful they must have been. The people who lived in this city were richly dressed, and had a king whose name was Montezuma.

Now Montezuma was not at all the kind of Indian that the Spaniards had found on the island of Hispaniola. He was more like a European king. He sat upon a beautiful throne, with rich curtains about it and with chairs of gold upon it. None but Aztecs of high caste were allowed to wait upon him, and even these could not come to him without first taking off their shoes, and bowing their heads to the floor as they drew near.

When Montezuma dined, he dined alone, and a golden screen was set around him. His plates were of gold and silver, and even these were never used but once by his Majesty. When he was ready to dine, dozens of young nobles came, each bearing a



RUINED BUILDING IN MEXICO.
After Stephens, from Starr's "American Indians."

different dainty with which to tempt their king. Montezuma looked upon these dainties and pointed with a long golden rod to the one which chanced to please his fancy.

Then he sat at his golden table behind his golden

screen, and all his attendants stood with their backs to him, lest they should chance to see his Royal Majesty doing so common a thing as eating his dinner.

Poor Montezuma! I wonder if he ever wished that he might go out into the great hall and dine with the nobles of his court. Surely, they had much happier times together than he could have had, all by himself, on his golden chair, at his golden table, behind his golden screen.

But one day there came in upon all this peace and elegance the fierce Spaniard, Cortez, whose heart was filled with the greed of gold.

CORTEZ.

After a painting on a panel in the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection.

Now it had chanced that, once upon a time, so the Aztecs believed, there dwelt in their country a great and powerful ruler. He was a cloud gatherer, a wielder of thunderbolts, a ruler of the winds, and his name was Quetzalcoatl. He was the rain-god, the sun-god, the god of the seasons. He taught the Aztecs to polish stones, to make goods to trade with, to invent, and to till the fields.

But there came a time when he bade farewell to

his people and went away toward the south. Some said that he sailed away in a canoe made of serpent skins. Others said that he was taken up in a great sheet of fire, and that his soul went up to the Morning Star.

But whichever story was true, the Aztecs remembered his words to his people as he went away.

"I go away," he said. "But oh, my people, forget not these things which I have taught you. Watch, too, for one day I shall come again, and with me I shall bring men with white skins. Then shall I rule again over my people, and I shall overthrow the cities of men."

For this coming the Aztecs had been taught by the priests to watch and wait.

It was to the shore of this country that Cortez came. When the people on the land saw his strange ship, they ran terrified to their city and said, "Upon the waters are two great towers with wings, and they move to and fro."

Then other Indians ran down to the shore to see what this might mean, and they, too, ran back breathless and terrified.

"There are indeed two towers upon the waters," they said, "and they have wings like birds. From one tower a canoe came down, and it darted from tower to tower. And there were men in the canoe, men with white faces, and clad in shining raiment."

Other Indians went down to the waters, and

paddled out in their canoes to the winged towers. Cortez talked with these Red Men and gave them presents, and allowed them to come up into the winged tower. When they went back in their canoe Cortez said to them, "Tell your king that some day we shall come to his beautiful golden city."

SPANISH GALLEON.
Facsimile of the sketch in Juren de la Gravière, "Les Marins du 15 et 16 siècle."

The Indians hurried to Montezuma, and said, "Lo, we have talked with the gods!" and they drew pictures to show Montezuma how these gods looked, and what the winged towers were like.

When Montezuma heard this, he bowed his head. His heart was filled with gloom. "It is Quetzal-

AN AZTEC KING SEATED IN STATE.

coatl," he said, "and he has come to overthrow the city. The story that the priests have told us has come true."

If Cortez had only known this, how quickly he would have marched to the city, and said, "I am Quetzalcoatl!"

But he did not know.

When Montezuma learned that the white men had landed in his country, he at once sent a messenger to Cortez.

"In the name of the great King Montezuma, I come to ask who you are, and why you land upon our shores," said the messenger.

"I have come," said Cortez, "from the greatest king in all the world. And I bring a present from him to your king, Montezuma."

"There can be no greater king than Montezuma," the messenger answered.

But he took the presents that Cortez offered him — the gold ornaments, the crimson cap, the handsome chair, and the strings of colored beads. With these the messenger hurried to Montezuma.

"Do the white men say that they come from a king across the waters?" Montezuma asked. "And do they bring presents from him to Montezuma? This is strange!" Montezuma and his wise men were puzzled. The white men had said nothing of Quetzalcoatl. What did it mean?

By and by another messenger came, and then another. These, too, told the same story of the great king across the waters.

"It is not Quetzalcoatl," said Montezuma. The wise men, too, said, "It is not Quetzalcoatl."

Then Montezuma was angry that the white men had been allowed to land; for they were already in the heart of the country, marching on toward the city. He consulted the oracles and prepared for resistance.

"Permit not the white men to approach the city," said one oracle.

"Permit the approach of the white men," said the other oracle.

Montezuma was more puzzled than before. The oracles had failed him. He must do what in his own judgment seemed best.

So messengers were sent to meet Cortez, with rich presents from Montezuma, king of the Aztecs.

"Our king," said the messengers, "welcomes the white men to his country. He sends these rich presents, and he bids you fill your vessels from the riches of the kingdom. But he warns you not to enter the city of the king."

Little did Cortez care for the warning. He grew greedy as he looked upon the presents. "What must the city be that has such wealth as this!" he said. "On, my men, on to this city of gold! Let us capture it and divide the spoils."

So the army marched on. But the fever of the country fell upon the soldiers. The sun blazed

down upon them; provisions were failing, and there was danger of famine.

"Let us go back to Cuba," growled the men. But Cortez urged them on from day to day with promises of rich reward.

SCENE ON CORTEZ'S ROUTE.
From Charnay's "Ancient Cities of the New World."

So the army pushed forward, killing innocent people, and robbing the temples of the gold and silver which they found in them.

At length the army came to the gates of a great city. The horsemen galloped ahead, and saw the

shining walls of the houses. "The city is built of silver!" they cried.

Cortez and his men hurried forward; but, alas for their greed! the walls of the houses were of polished stone. It was the sunlight on this stone that made them glisten like silver.

The chief welcomed the white men royally, and offered them the finest houses in the city. As Cortez and the chief talked together, Cortez learned that the city was under the rule of Montezuma, and that tax-gatherers were already on the way from Mexico.

"Seize upon the tax-gatherers," said Cortez to his men.

The chief was terrified.

"Seize upon these tax-gatherers," repeated Cortez.

"These men must come from the gods!" gasped the chief. "No one but gods would dare defy Montezuma." And at once the chief of the city offered to join with Cortez against the king.

After another long, hard march, the gates of another wonderful city were reached.

Upon this city, too, Cortez and his men fell, destroying it and driving the natives into the forests. Nothing that Cortez had done before had alarmed Montezuma so much as this.

"Surely this leader is protected by the gods!" he said. "For who less than gods could have overcome this city?"

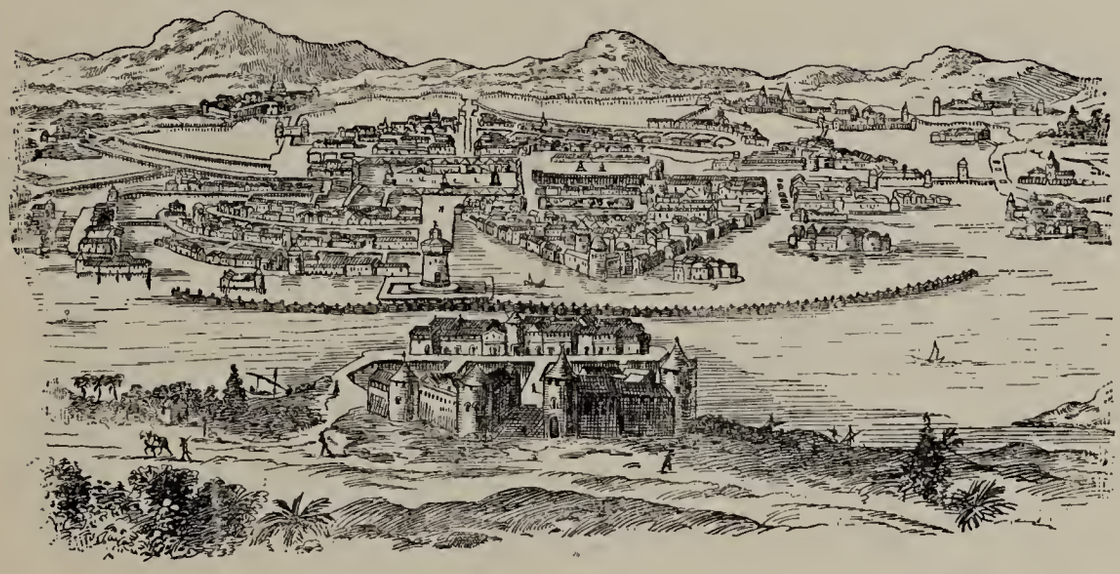
Then Montezuma sent more presents to Cortez.

Moreover, he promised to pay tribute money to the king of the white men, if only Cortez would make peace with the city of the Aztecs.

"So he begins to fear us," thought Cortez; and he marched on.

One day some natives who were with him began to hold back, terror-stricken.

"Why is this?" asked Cortez.



THE CITY OF MEXICO UNDER THE CONQUERORS.
From the engraving in the "Niewe Wereld" of Montanus.

"The volcano! The volcano!" cried the natives.

"Why do you fear the volcano?" asked Cortez. When he saw how great their fear was, he ordered his own men to climb these mountains, even to the very craters. When the men came back, the natives looked upon them with speechless awe. Surely these white men must be gods. No one but gods would dare to climb smoking volcanoes.

At last the army reached the city of the king.

Again Montezuma sent out messengers with rich presents. But the presents only fed the greed of Cortez.

"Tell Montezuma," said Cortez to the messengers, "that the white men thank him for his kindness; but that they cannot go back to their king till they have seen the great Montezuma."

Then Montezuma came out to meet Cortez.

"Welcome," said he; and he touched his hand to the ground and then to his head, for this was the Aztec salute.

Cortez and his officers were invited to enter the city. Handsome houses were given them, and the king made every show of hospitality.

For days Cortez and his officers dwelt in the city, and each day greater riches were poured upon them. But during all this time Cortez was making plots.

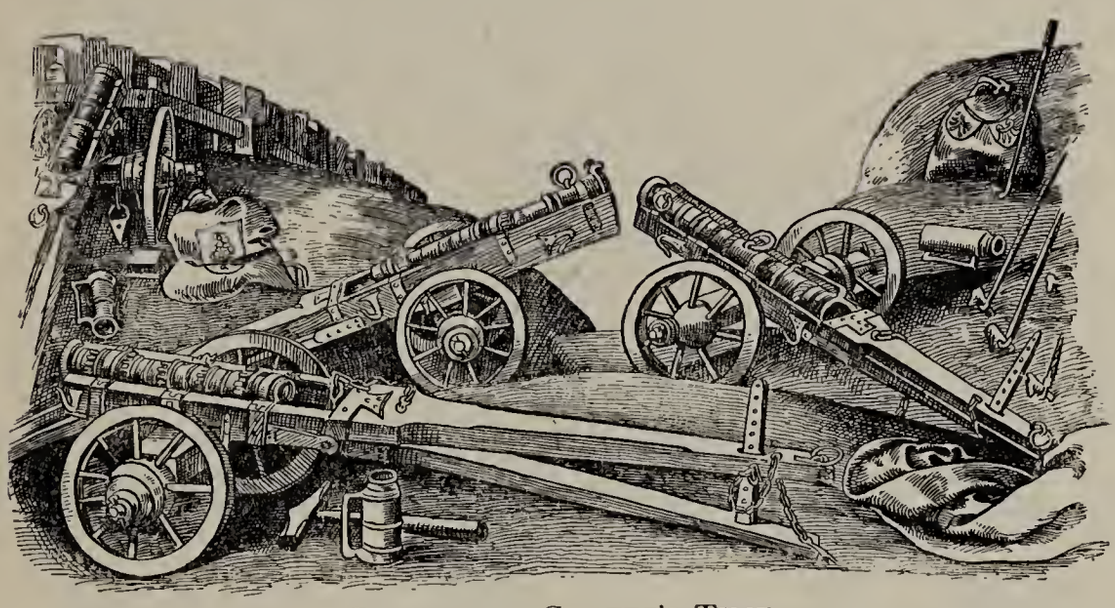
"There is but one thing to do," said he to his men. "Montezuma must be imprisoned."

So one day Cortez fell upon the Aztec king, and dragged him into the public square. Then the soldiers, with a cry of victory, turned upon the natives, slaying men, women, and children. Up and down the streets they rushed. They burst into the houses, they tore down the statues of the gods, they stripped the temples, and killed the priests like dogs.

Then on came the Aztecs. They spread their

banners, and raised their glittering lances; and with the strange whizzing, hissing sound with which it was their custom to burst upon a foe, they rushed upon Cortez and his men.

The Spaniards stood in line while the Aztecs drew near. Then, at a signal from Cortez, the cannon was discharged; and before its fire, hundreds of the Aztecs fell.



CANNON OF CORTEZ'S TIME.

From a cut by Israel Van Menken. There are, in the naval museum at Annapolis, guns captured in the Mexican War supposed to be those used by Cortez.

The Aztecs drew back. What were those great-mouthed, roaring guns? Who were those white men that they should have such wonderful weapons? All day long the Aztecs and the Spaniards fought; and not until darkness came did either side give way.

In the morning the Aztecs again bore down upon the Spaniards. Angry and furious, they fought like

wild beasts until the streets of the city were filled with the slain.

"Speak to your people!" cried Cortez to Montezuma, "and bid them cease." But Montezuma made no answer. "Speak to them!" thundered Cortez, "and stop this useless slaughter."

Then Montezuma came out from his prison. "I will do this to save my people," he said, "for, alas! it is I who brought them to this."

As he stepped forth upon the parapet, a sudden hush fell upon the Aztecs. All bowed before their king.

"Let this fighting cease, O my people!" he said. "You think that Montezuma is a prisoner, and you have defended him with your lives. But you mistake. These are Montezuma's friends and yours. Return, then, to your homes, and wait until he shall return to his rightful throne."

For a moment the Aztecs stood dumb with surprise. Could this be true? Then they remembered how Montezuma had been dragged from his home, out into the public square.

"Base Aztec! Base Aztec!" they hissed. And in a second they hurled a volley of stones upon their king. Beneath these he staggered and fell. Then the Aztecs were terror-stricken. They had slain their sacred king. With a cry of horror at what they had done, they turned and fled.

And so, with regret only for the gold they were

THE ARMOR OF CORTEZ.
From an engraving of the original in the museum at Madrid.

losing, fire was thrown everywhere among the buildings of the city.

"Will you make peace?" Cortez asked.

"Never!" thundered the son of Montezuma.

THE TREE OF TRISTE NOCHE.
Where Cortez gathered his men together after the fight.

At last the food gave out. There was no water, and the Aztecs could hold the city no longer.

"Will you make peace?" again Cortez asked.

"Never!" came the firm answer.

"But why keep up a battle that you cannot win?" asked Cortez.

"We ask only for death," the brave men answered. The battle was opened again; but the Aztecs were helpless, and the son of Montezuma was soon taken prisoner by Cortez.

"I have done my best to save my people," he said. "Slay me now with your sword."

So ended the war against the Aztecs. The city was a smoking ruin. The son of Montezuma was tortured with red-hot irons, but he would not tell where he had hidden the treasure. The Aztecs fled to the north; and Cortez gathered together his few sullen, discontented, empty-handed men, and made his way back to Spain to report the conquest of the kingdom of Mexico.

VII. Jacques Cartier.

1534–1535.

The Spanish were not the only people interested in the new-found world. Almost every nation in Europe sent out explorers.

Jacques Cartier.
Adapted from the portrait at St. Malo.

"Shall Spain have all the glory?" said France.

"Shall the Dutch have no part in the trade with the new world?" said Holland.

"Shall the English plant no colonies in America?" said England.

And so it came about that from time to time all these countries sent out their ships.

For a long time the English and the French, the Spanish and the Portuguese, had fished off the shores of Newfoundland. This island is close to the great continent, and we almost wonder that the fishermen did not know this.

But there were several reasons for their ignorance. The fishermen came only for fish. If they had been cast on the mainland, they would have got away again as soon as they could, for there were terrible tales told of those shores. In the waters near the shores were walruses with great tusks, and there were screaming birds ready to pounce upon men. On the land there were bears which stole the fish from the very hands of the sailors; and on the islands there were said to be griffins and demons, and savages who ate each other.

Indeed, on a map made in those early times, these islands were called the Isles of the Demons. More than that, the fishermen declared that as they sailed by, they had heard the screaming of those demon creatures.

One voyager wrote: "I have heard from a great number of sailors and pilots that when they passed that way, they heard in the air and on the tops of the masts a great clamor of voices, such as one might hear at a market-place. By this they knew that they were nearing the Isles of the Demons."

For these reasons, it was a long time before men began to explore the region of the mainland. But at last Jacques Cartier sailed from France, and when he found himself at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, he said, "This must be a mighty river, for no small river would have so strong a current."

Then hopes of a northwest passage sprang up in

the hearts of the crew. If the river were so mighty, it must be long. Perhaps it would lead to the ocean on the other side of the new world.

And so the ships were headed up the river. The pilot made his way very carefully, lest the vessels should founder on unknown rocks. By and by Cartier came to a dark, gloomy gorge, where the rocks rose in towering cliffs on either side.

Then he came to a great cliff that reached out into the river. Farther on he came to a beautiful, wooded island, where the trees were borne down with vines bearing loads of purple grapes.

The Indians came swarming down to the shores to see the white-winged ships and the white-faced men. They hardly knew which were the more wonderful. The chief made a long, earnest speech, which Cartier supposed must be an address of welcome. So he gave the chief bread and wine, and then, taking a single boat, set off with two companions to explore the river.

First Cartier passed through a narrow channel, beyond which he found the river spreading out like an open bay. There stood another great beaklike cliff, and upon its top was a village of Indian wigwams. This village — the site of the present Quebec — belonged to the Indian chief, and to him the little exploring party made a visit. This old chief also made a long speech of welcome; and in the middle of it the men and boys screeched at the top

OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND 300 YEARS AGO.
After a drawing by D. A. Thompson in Bonnecastle's "Newfoundland."

of their voices, and the squaws sang and splashed and danced knee-deep in the water.

Cartier gave these people a few colored beads for presents. At this, the squaws splashed and danced still more, and the men made more noise; for such was this little tribe's idea of a welcome.

But by and by these Indians began to be afraid that the white men would do them harm. So they made a plan to frighten Cartier. One day, as the

THE FIRST VIEW OF QUEBEC.

ships lay at anchor, three Indians came down the river in a canoe. They were dressed in black and white dogskins. Their faces were black, and they had horns on their heads. One of these Indians stood up in the canoe and made a speech in a deep, deep voice.

Cartier and his men watched, wondering what the Indians would do next. The three Indians paddled

toward the shore, fell flat upon their faces, and lay as still as death. Then out from the forests poured the warriors. They took the three make-believe dead men in their arms, and with cries and yells bore them away.

MAP SHOWING JACQUES CARTIER'S VOYAGES.
Thus: 1st Voyage ——— 2nd Voyage - - - - 3rd Voyage →→→

"What does this mean?" Cartier asked of his own Indian guides, who also were on the shore.

"It means," said they, "that the Indian gods are warning the Frenchmen not to go up the river. For snow and ice and tempests will destroy them if they do."

"Tell these savages that their gods are fools!" shouted Cartier.

Then the fleet sailed on up the river to the great

chief's own village. Here, too, the Indians came thronging down to the waters, singing and dancing.

It was a beautiful spot, and high up against the sky rose a mountain, gorgeous in its red and yellow autumn leaves.

"Mount Royal!" cried Cartier, pointing to this wall of color. When a French city grew up on this spot, the people still kept the name that Cartier had given it — Montreal.

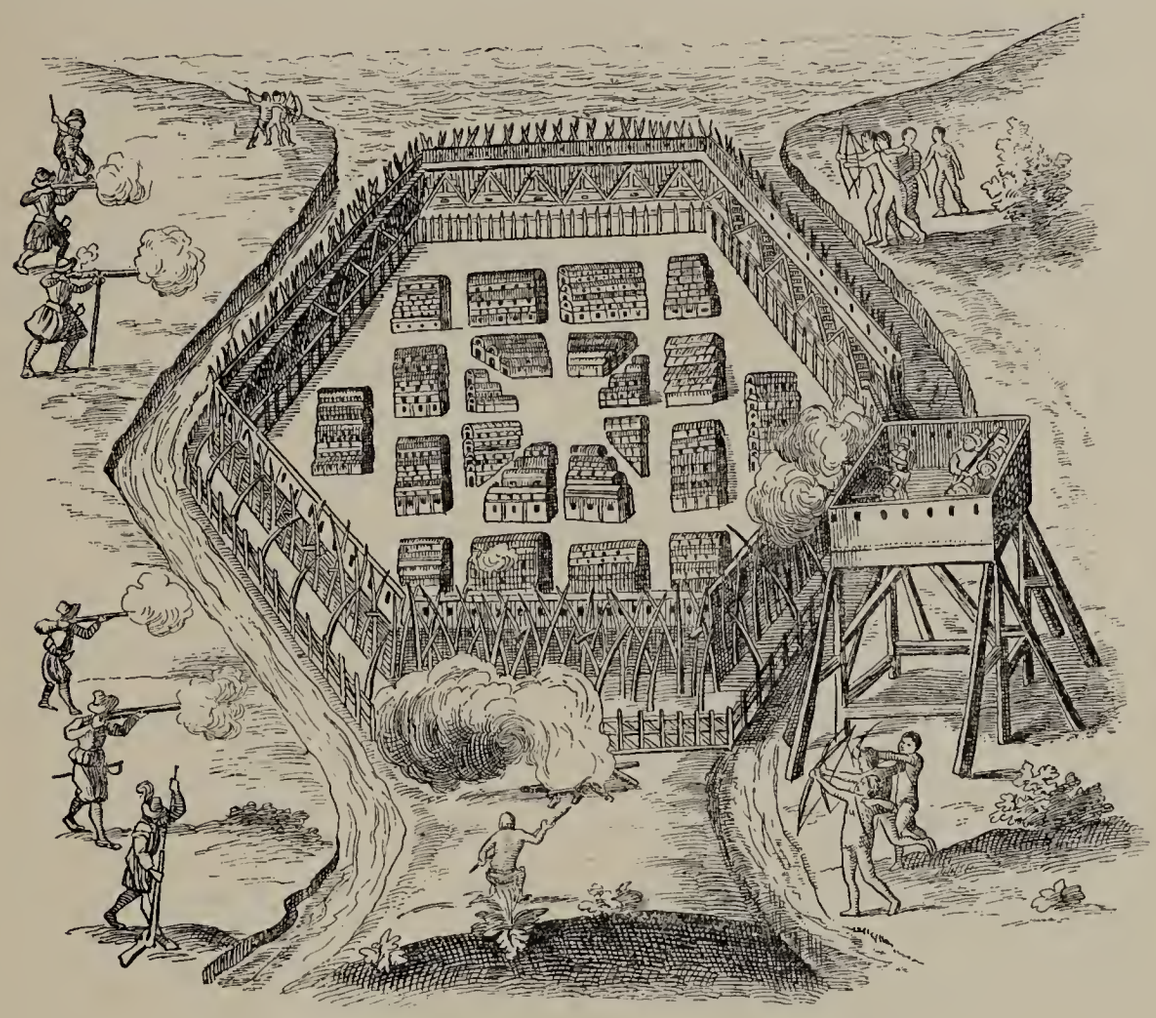
The Frenchmen marched inland from the river. There at the foot of the mountain lay the village which they had come so far to see.

Around it were three rows of palisades, firm and strong. Within these palisades there were high towers, and ladders to mount them; and from these places the people could throw stones down upon an enemy. In the village there were about fifty long houses, framed of saplings and closely covered over with sheets of bark.

In the centre of the village was an open square, and to this square Cartier and his men were led. The people poured out from the houses. The warriors seated themselves in a half circle about their visitors, and the squaws laid mats for the white men to sit upon.

Then they brought out their chief — their king. He was a poor, old, crippled warrior, but upon his head was a crown of colored porcupine quills.

For a long time the Frenchmen talked with these people. Then they gave them gifts, — axes and knives to the warriors, colored beads to the squaws, and rings and tiny images of saints to the children.



FORTIFIED INDIAN TOWN.

At last the white men marched away, blowing hard upon their trumpets; for the Indians liked the noise, and danced and shouted with joy at the sound.

Cartier now sailed back to the place where his fleet had been left. His men had built a strong, palisaded fort, and here Cartier spent the winter. It was bitterly cold. The rivers and the shores

were covered with snow and ice. The snowdrifts nearly covered the ships, and the masts and cordage of the vessels sparkled with the crusted ice.

By and by sickness came. Twenty-five of the little band died. Cartier hid his brave, dead comrades away in the snowdrifts, for the earth was so hard that no graves could be made.

Slowly this winter of misery wore away. As soon as the ships could be freed from the ice, Cartier and his men sailed out from the St. Lawrence. Then they went back to France to tell their story to the French court and the French king.

VIII. Ferdinand De Soto.

1538–1539.

Among Spain's many brave men who longed to seek adventure in the new world was Ferdinand de Soto. He had already won great honor for his bravery, and when he asked for a ship and an army, the king was very willing to grant them to him. A fine fleet was soon made ready, and with a choice army of Spain's most daring youths, De Soto set out.

Ferdinand de Soto.

Already Ponce de Leon — the man of dreams — had landed on the shores of sunny Florida, and Spain was ringing with stories of this wonderful land.

De Soto, however, believed that there might be gold and silver in Florida as well as flowers and ferns. So toward Florida the fleet made its way.

"We shall have trouble here," said De Soto, as he neared the coast, "for Spaniards have been here

before, and they have made the natives angry and revengeful."

De Soto's words proved true; for hardly had they landed when the Indians, with a great war-cry, pounced down upon them.

For a moment the Spaniards were panic-stricken. Then some of the men on their steel-clad horses plunged into the midst of the Indians. Flashing their swords in the sunlight, they so terrified the savages that they fled to the woods.

"We hate you!" cried the Indians, who had been taken prisoners. "We hate you! And we will fight till not a Spaniard is left alive. We do not forget the Spaniards of long ago. They burned our towns and killed our people. They tracked us with their cruel bloodhounds. They killed our children. These things we do not forget. We will fight to the end!"

"We must teach these red men," said De Soto, "that no harm shall come to them through us." Had the men listened to their leader, it would have been better for both Spaniards and Indians.

Inland there dwelt a great chief, and to him De Soto first sent messages.

"We shall have no dealings with Spaniards," was the chief's curt answer. "We know enough of them."

But in spite of this the army moved on, for it was believed that there was gold not far away.

Soon they came upon another village, and to this chief, also, De Soto sent kindly messages.

"Away!" was this chief's answer. "We know why you have come. We have seen your people before. You come to rob us, to steal from us, to murder our women and children. Away! We will not listen to your words."

Twice a plot was made to destroy De Soto and his men, and twice a terrible battle took place between the Spaniards and the Indians. By this time the Spaniards were losing all patience with the red men, and nothing that De Soto could say would keep them from killing the natives who

A Native Southern Indian.
By Capt. W. Smyth, R.N., in A. Forbes's "California."

fell into their hands. De Soto himself was wounded severely—so severely that for days he could not be moved, though the army was in the midst of hostile Indians.

But when at last De Soto was well again, the army pressed on over rough roads, through swamps, toward the gold region.

It was wonderful what these men would endure for the sake of gold. Home, comfort, food, rest—all were given up. Life or death, they cared little which, if only gold might be found. Gold, gold, gold!

For days De Soto and his men forced their way through the dense forests of this unknown land. For all they knew, the next step might sink them out of sight forever. But in spite of all danger, the men struggled bravely on. They were starved and wearied and fever-stricken; every day some of them were left by the way.

At last there was heard in the distance a roaring, rumbling sound. Could it be the falling of great waters? The men stopped to listen. Certainly it was like the sound of rushing water.

The men hurried on, for any change was a joy to them. As they neared the rolling, roaring sound, the trees grew less dense. In through the hanging mosses came the sunlight. Blessed sunlight it was to them. For days they had not seen it, so dense and dark were these forests.

And see! There were gleams of water! Could

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

After the picture by W. H. Powell in the Capitol at Washington.

it be the ocean? For an instant the soldiers believed that they had reached the ocean. The water was broad and deep, and it reached far to the north and to the south. But it was not an ocean; for far away they could see another bank. De Soto and his men had discovered a great river.

On the bank stood a little Indian village, and at the door of his wigwam sat the chief. The chief's back was bent, and his face was wrinkled and thin, for he was an old man. But he was a warrior. When he saw the Spaniards, he sprang to his feet, and forgetting his old age, seized his tomahawk.

In vain did De Soto try to make terms of peace with this old chief. Only four hundred of his brave men were left, and these were far too weak and sick to fight.

"We mean no harm to you," De Soto pleaded.

But the only answer was, "Ugh! ugh! We know you. Ugh! ugh! We have seen you before."

In less than three hours, four thousand savage warriors were gathered in the Indian village. Four thousand savages! Four hundred half-sick, half-starved white men! "In an hour we can bring to this village four thousand more," said the old chief, proudly.

But fortunately there was no battle. The Spaniards promised to go away in six days, if only they might be allowed to rest.

"You may do this," said the chief, "if you will promise to do no harm to my people, or to our grain-fields."

At the end of the six days the white men crossed the river, and marched along the western bank. They were a discouraged band, for De Soto had been growing ill and weak. Even the six days' rest seemed to have given him no strength. His face was haggard and worn, and he could barely drag himself along.

One day he called his brave men to him and said, "You have been faithful and true. We have had a terrible march; we have failed to find gold; and now your leader has fought his last battle. Receive, then, his gratitude for your courage and your faithfulness."

Big, strong, sturdy men as they were, the tears rolled down their bronzed faces as De Soto bade them farewell.

Then De Soto turned away his face and died.

"Let us protect his body from the savages," said the men, for they knew how the red men would rejoice to hear of De Soto's death.

At midnight, when all was dark and still, they carried him out into the river. And there, with tender reverence and care, they sank the dead body of De Soto in the waters of the Mississippi — the great river which he had discovered.

IX. Coronado and the Seven Cities.

1540.

At about the time when Cortez was making a great name for himself, another man set out with a fleet for the coast of Florida. He was sent by the governor of Cuba.

This man, whose name was Narvaez, hoped to add greatly to Spain's glory; but, from the very beginning, his expedition was a failure. When he had made a landing, he left his ships, saying to the captain, "Keep watch, while I explore the forests for gold."

For many days Narvaez and his soldiers wandered up and down, but found nothing.

"We may as well make our way back to the coast," said Narvaez, for he was disappointed and discouraged.

But when they came to the coast, no ship was in sight. The men climbed into the highest trees to look out across the waters. They made fires for signals; but no vessels came, though they waited for many days.

"What can have happened?" the men said.

"Could the captains have deserted? Could the

ships have foundered on unknown rocks? Could the savages have taken them?"

The smiling bay did not answer; and Narvaez never knew.

"Let us march westward," he said, "keeping close to the coast."

So the little band marched for four whole weeks, always watching for the ships.

"We shall never see them," Narvaez said at last.

Then five frail boats were made. In these the men coasted along for six weeks more, and came at last to the Mississippi.

"Here," said one of the men, years afterward, "we found a stream so large that it freshened the sea waters so that we could drink of them."

But a storm arose; and between the winds, the tide, and the mighty river current, three of the boats were lost. Narvaez himself was drowned, and only a few of the exhausted men dragged themselves to the shore. There they fell into the hands of savages, who prepared fires to burn them.

The poor Spaniards fought bravely. But there were hosts of Indians; and only four of Narvaez's men escaped to tell the story of this sad voyage.

These four, for some reason, were spared by the savages, but were carried off as prisoners. A hard, hard life they had of it, for their captors stoned them, and half starved them, and often marched them far beyond their strength.

Cortez had already tried at four different times to reach the Pacific coast, but had failed. As De Vaca, one of the captives, marched westward with his captors day after day, it was a comfort to him to know that he was exploring a country into which Spaniards had not yet come. The savages and their prisoners pushed on till they came to the Rio Grande River, and from there they marched overland as far as the Gulf of California.

This would indeed be something to tell, for no one had dreamed that the continent was so wide.

Happy men, then, were these four, when at last they escaped from their captors and made their way to a city in Mexico, where a Spanish governor lived.

Now when De Vaca and his companions came to the city, they were ragged and worn and exhausted. But they were heroes; they had visited lands never before dreamed of, and the people gathered around them to hear their wonderful stories.

The stories they told of the Seven Cities of Cibola pleased the people most. "Seven Cities of Cibola! Seven Cities of Cibola!" Everybody said these words over and over, and talked about the cities, and dreamed about them.

"I have not really seen them," De Vaca admitted; "but I believe that the Seven Cities do exist. We heard of them from the people all along the way.

"They are at the north. The people live in houses which are story upon story in height. The

houses are built of stone, and the people have much gold."

"How far away are these cities?" the greedy Spaniards asked.

"Forty days' travel, so the natives say. But the way lies across a great desert."

"We must march against these Seven Cities," said the Spanish governor.

"Let us set forth at once," said Coronado; and every Spaniard in the city was impatient to join the expedition.

"Let us send a missionary first," said the prudent governor. So first the monk Nizza was sent forth to find the Seven Cities.

"Find gold," said the people.

"Convert the Indians," thought the monk.

"Travel with great care," advised the governor. "Avoid quarrels with the natives."

"And you," said the governor, to the negro who was to go with the monk, "must obey in all things the commands of Nizza."

Now the negro was one of the four who had escaped the fate of Narvaez's party, and he felt very grand as he led the way for Nizza.

For many days these two travelled with their Indian guides across the desert. They came to a river valley; after that they crossed another barren plain; and at last they came to a city like those the Spanish prisoner had described.

Nizza was welcomed with great kindness by the people, for they had never before seen Spaniards, and so had not yet learned to fear them.

They took him into their homes and gave him food. They brought him presents. They knelt before him and stretched forth their hands to touch his robe.

"Where are the Seven Cities?" he asked of the Indians. "Where are the Seven Cities?"

"Farther north," was the answer.

"Are these cities built of stone? And are they rich in gold?" Nizza would ask.

The answer was, "It is the land of gold and turquoise."

"Surely," said Nizza, "we are coming to another city like that of Montezuma."

"Take three hundred Indians and push on to the north," said he to the negro. "When you come to a city, send back a guide. With him send a white cross, and let the size of the cross tell me of the wealth of the city."

The negro gladly hurried ahead, for he was quite as eager as Nizza. In ten days an Indian came back, bringing with him a cross of white wood as tall as the Indian himself.

"Thirty days' march," was the negro's message. "Thirty days' march, and we shall come to the first of the Seven Cities!"

Then Nizza hurried forward. What a wonderful

story this would be to carry back to Mexico! As he journeyed, he came to Indian villages where the people wore gowns of white cotton, reaching to their feet. They had broad, flowing sleeves embroidered with gold. Around their waists were girdles made of turquoise. In their noses and in their ears were rings of turquoise.

Each day the negro sent back messages, urging Nizza on. One day an exile from one of the Seven Cities came to Nizza, and the story he told was even more wonderful than any the monk had heard before.

"Do the people of Cibola wear girdles of turquoise?" the monk asked.

"They do," said the exile; "and over their white gowns they wear leather coats studded with precious stones."

But one day one of the negro's guides came back to Nizza, howling and groaning.

"What has happened?" cried Nizza.

The Indian only wailed and rocked to and fro.

"What is it? what is it?"

"The black man! the black man! He is dead!" he said at last.

Now the negro had marched on like a king. To amaze the natives he had decorated a long pole with feathers and bells, and this he bore aloft as he marched. But at last he came to a village of natives, who were not so friendly as those he had

met before. Here the people fell upon him and plundered him and threw him into prison.

"Why do you come to our country?" they said.

"I come from a land of white people," the negro told them. "The great king has sent me to explore. Two white men will follow me. Very soon they will be here. Then they will tell you wonderful things; for they are very wise."

The Indians of the village wondered.

"A black man from the country of white men. That is strange," they said. "And his manner! Does that look as if he came in peace?"

The chiefs shook their heads solemnly. No, it could not be. So the black man was led into the town and shot with arrows till he was dead.

The news of the black man's death frightened the Indians with Nizza.

"No, no," they said; "we dare not go on. Let us go back. Let us go back."

But Nizza was not to be turned back. "I shall go on," he said, "come what will. You may go back, or you may wait here for my return."

Then he divided his gold and turquoises among the Indians, and went on. Two chiefs only went with him. At last one of the Seven Cities could be seen in the distance. The golden sunlight was upon it, and its walls glowed and burned like walls of gold. "Let us not go into the city," said the careful Nizza. "The people might imprison us,

and Spain would never know what we have found."

So Nizza and his chiefs climbed a hill, and looked down into the city.

"It is as large as the city of Mexico," said Nizza.

Then he raised a cross, and heaped it round with stones, and took possession of the Seven Cities in the name of the governor of Mexico, and for his Majesty the king.

THE SHINING CITY.

From George Parker Winship's account of The Coronado Expedition in the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Now when Nizza returned to Mexico, the people were more eager than ever to go to the Seven Cities.

"Make ready an army, Coronado," said the governor.

And Coronado obeyed without loss of time.

It was on New Year's Day, 1540, that Coronado's

army marched in review before the governor. Mass was said in the public square of the city, and the governor made a great speech to the soldiers. For two days this army marched about the city, and the people turned out to cheer and shout. Never was there a more brilliant sight. There were fifteen hundred soldiers dressed in the gayest colors. There were a thousand horses. Trumpets sounded, banners waved, sabres glittered, and armor flashed.

Such was the army that set out from Mexico to surprise and terrify the simple natives of the Seven Cities.

But before two days had passed, the gay cavaliers began to realize that exploration was not play. Still Coronado marched on. The first city to which he came was only a miserable ruin, and the people were wretched, half-starved creatures.

"We will push on farther," was all that Coronado said.

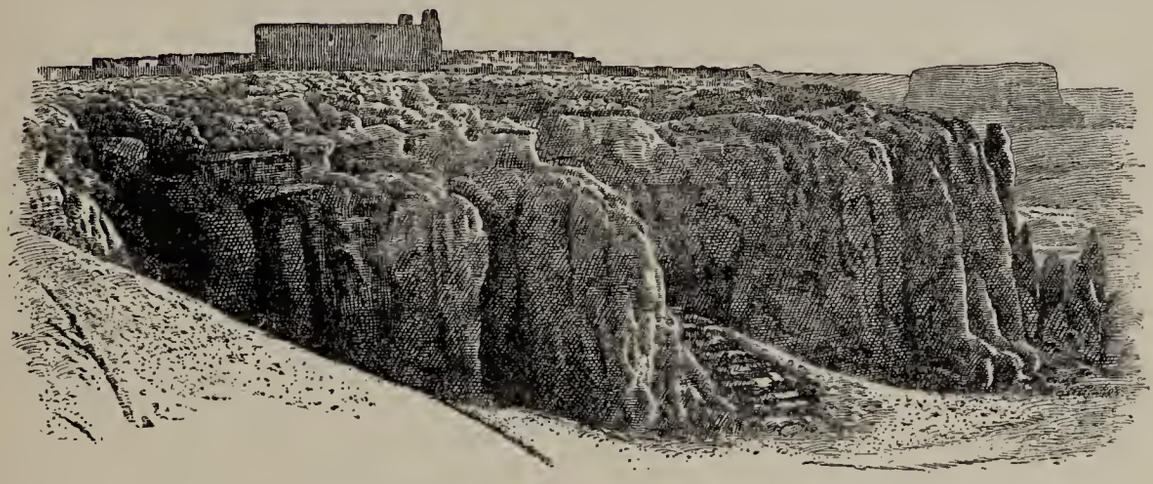
So the army marched on, across the hot, barren, lifeless desert. At last they reached the waters of a river. Red, muddy waters they were; but any water was a joy to soldiers who had dragged themselves across that weary stretch of sand.

Only a few miles farther on lay the city of Cibola. The men hurried forward, for they believed that they were now near one of the Seven Cities — the cities of gold and turquoises.

But, alas for the hopes of Coronado! He found

a city of only two hundred warriors. It was a wonderful city, to be sure, compared with the wigwams of the southern Indians; but it was far from being a city of gold.

The two hundred warriors had drawn themselves up for battle. Their city was on a cliff, and wind-



AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY ON A CLIFF.
After a photograph.

ing stone steps led up to it. The warriors stood upon the walls, waving their weapons and threatening the white men.

"Command them to surrender," said Coronado to his interpreter.

But the two hundred waved their weapons the more, and screamed at Coronado.

"We must conquer these people and get food," said Coronado. "Let there be no delay."

Leading the attack himself, he rushed forward to the steps which led up to the houses. Down upon the Spaniards came showers of stones. Coronado himself was one of the first to fall, severely wounded;

for his shining armor made a fine target for the angry cliff dwellers.

Steadily, though slowly, the Spaniards made their way up the steps, driving back the little band of warriors. In an hour the village was taken, the two hundred were prisoners, and the Spaniards were feasting on the corn they found in the houses.

"Now," said Coronado, to these conquered people, "send to the cities round about, and tell them that the King of Spain commands them to surrender. Tell them, also, to come and meet me in a council."

The messengers went away upon their errand. Only a few came to meet Coronado; but all declared themselves willing to obey the Spanish king.

This was a surprise to Coronado. "Why is it that these people surrender so readily?" he asked.

"We have looked for the coming of the white men," the people answered simply. "For long ago we were told that the white men would come from the south to conquer our country."

"Most fortunate!" thought the Spaniards. "Let us then make our camp, and from this place we will send out expeditions," said Coronado.

One night a few soldiers crept away across the plain, till they came upon another Indian village. By marching in the night, and without noise, the Spaniards reached the walls of the village before the Indians discovered them. There they waited in silence till day broke.

By and by the natives began to come out of their houses. They gazed in terror down upon the plain. What were these glistening, shining, armored beings? And the horses? They had never seen horses before. Some thought that the horse and rider were one. Some feared that the horse would breathe forth fire and smoke, for they had been told that such things had happened.

The interpreter went out to speak with them. "We promise not to harm you," said he. But the Indians would not believe the messenger, and they waved their tomahawks and gave their war-cry.

"Tell your chief," said one warrior, "that we shall not allow him to cross this line." And he threw his tomahawk to mark the place.

"Indeed, but we will!" cried Coronado, and rushing upon the Indians, the Spaniards soon drove them into their houses. Many were killed, and the few that were spared could only beg for mercy.

Meantime, the soldiers had been told of a great river — far to the west.

"We will explore it," said Coronado. So for twenty long, tiresome days a band of Coronado's soldiers dragged themselves across the desert.

"The Tyzon! the Tyzon!" shouted the guides one day.

But where? No river was to be seen.

"There! there!" cried the guides, pointing westward.

A Cañon in Colorado.

After the picture in J. W. Powell's "Cañons of Colorado."

Still the Spaniards could see no river.

The Indian guides rushed on ahead, shouting and waving their arms.

The soldiers hurried on after them. "A strange river, that cannot be seen!" they sneered.

But the guides still beckoned them on, and at last the soldiers reached the place where the Indian guides seemed to be looking down into the earth.

Such banks! And such a river!

Never had Spaniards looked upon a river like this.

Its banks were cut down straight into solid rock. And the cañon was so very deep that the river seemed a mere ribbon as the men looked down into it.

"It is a mile wide," the Indian guide said.

"A mile wide? It looks about a yard wide."

"And these cliffs?"

"They are a mile high."

The Spaniards doubted the Indian's story.

"We will go down these cliffs and measure for ourselves," said the soldiers.

For three whole days the army marched along the river, searching for a place where they might go down. At last they found a place that looked possible, and a few of the men tried to climb down the rocky wall. For a thousand feet they went down, but the wall of rock grew steeper and steeper, and the men could only climb or creep up into the sunlight again.

"We went down a thousand feet," they said, "and truly we seemed no nearer the waters. It is indeed a wonderful river."

One day a chief came to Coronado from the east.

"There are great plains and great herds of buffalo in the east," he said. And he showed Coronado some buffalo hides.

BUFFALOES ON THE PLAIN.

Twenty men at once set out with this chief to explore.

"There are cliff dwellers in the east, too," said the chief. And he described their wonderful houses.

The little band pushed on. What new wonder awaited them?

At last, high up in a cliff, they saw a cliff dweller's home. It was as wonderful as the chief had said, so high up in the cliff that shot from the Spanish guns could not reach it.

On all sides the walls were steep. First there were wide steps. Then the steps grew narrower and narrower. At last there were no steps at all. There were only places hewn out in the solid rock by which to climb with hands and feet. In this wall of rock dwelt two hundred warriors with their families.

Now in all this time the Spaniards had made many an enemy among the natives, for they had stolen their corn and attacked their villages.

"We hate the Spaniards," said the chiefs. "Let us destroy them."

For days the chiefs sat in council. At last a warrior came forth from the council and went to the camp of Coronado.

"Big land north," he said. "And great herds of buffalo. And beyond lies the rich land of Quivera. In Quivera there is a river six miles wide. In the river there are fishes the size of a warrior. The chiefs have canoes with twenty golden oars on a side. There is a throne in the canoe, and upon it sits the chief, robed in cloth of gold. The bowls from which the people drink are of solid silver, and their plates are of yellow gold."

"Can this be true?" The Spaniards looked at each other in wonder.

Coronado's greed was stirred. "I will go to Quivera myself," he said.

Coronado and his men marched on northward,

across the dreary desert. But on the thirty-sixth day food began to give out. The men were worn and starved. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, the desert stretched hot and dry beneath the burning sun.

"Still farther north," the Indian guides said.

Coronado dragged on. At last — after forty-eight days of weary march — the Spaniards came into the land of Quivera.

And was there so much silver? And did the chief wear robes of gold? Was the river six miles wide? And was there a boat upon it with forty golden oars?

Alas for the hopes of Coronado! There was only a little, narrow, muddy river. Upon its banks were miserable little houses. Silver and gold the natives had never seen.

"Why have you led us to this place?" said Coronado, to the Indian who had first told them the story of Quivera.

"Our chiefs sat in council," said the Indian, promptly. "We lured the Spaniards out upon the plain to die. We meant to tire you out, to starve you, to fall upon you and slay you."

The Indian rejoiced in his own daring.

"But why did the people we met upon the march tell us always the same story of the wealth of Quivera?"

The Indian's eyes shone wickedly.

"Were they, too, in the plot?"

"The chiefs counselled together," was all the savage would say.

Then the Spaniards fell upon their guide and strangled him. As for themselves, there was nothing to do but to go back again across the weary desert.

"We will go back to Mexico," said the discouraged Coronado. And with only a hundred of that grand army which had set forth with flying banners, Coronado, sick and disappointed, went back to Mexico.

Very coldly the governor received him. "You were bidden to explore and to remain in the new country," said he.

Coronado tried to explain how wearied his men were; but to the governor this was no plea at all; and after a few years of weakness both of mind and body, Coronado died — unhonored by his king and uncared for by his people.

X. Cabrillo.

1542

One exploration always led to another. When Coronado came back to Mexico, there were hosts of adventurers eager to set out.

"Let us fit out another expedition," they clamored. "Let us finish what Coronado has left unfinished. Let us push on even to the coast."

"But there is a range of high mountains to be crossed," said Coronado. "The natives told us so."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the adventurers. "That is an idle tale to keep us from exploring! Only cowards listen to the stories of savages. On, then! On to the coast!"

Then the maps that Coronado had made were brought out, and from these the adventurers planned a route for themselves.

"It is easy to explore on maps," thought Coronado.

"Perhaps it would be well to make this second exploration by water," said the governor. "Then we can avoid the burning heat of the desert and the mountain dangers as well."

And so, in 1542, a fleet was sent out from a Mexican port, to explore the western coast. It was July when the captain — Cabrillo — reached the southern point of California.

It was not a pleasant coast that lay before the explorers. The winds were high and the sea was rough, and Cabrillo was often obliged to put in at any port that could be found. In this way the fleet crept on, anchoring every few days.

"Little value will this coast be to Spain!" growled some of the sailors.

"We should have gone by land," said others. Some of those who had sneered at Coronado for coming back to Mexico, would have been glad enough if they, too, could have gone back.

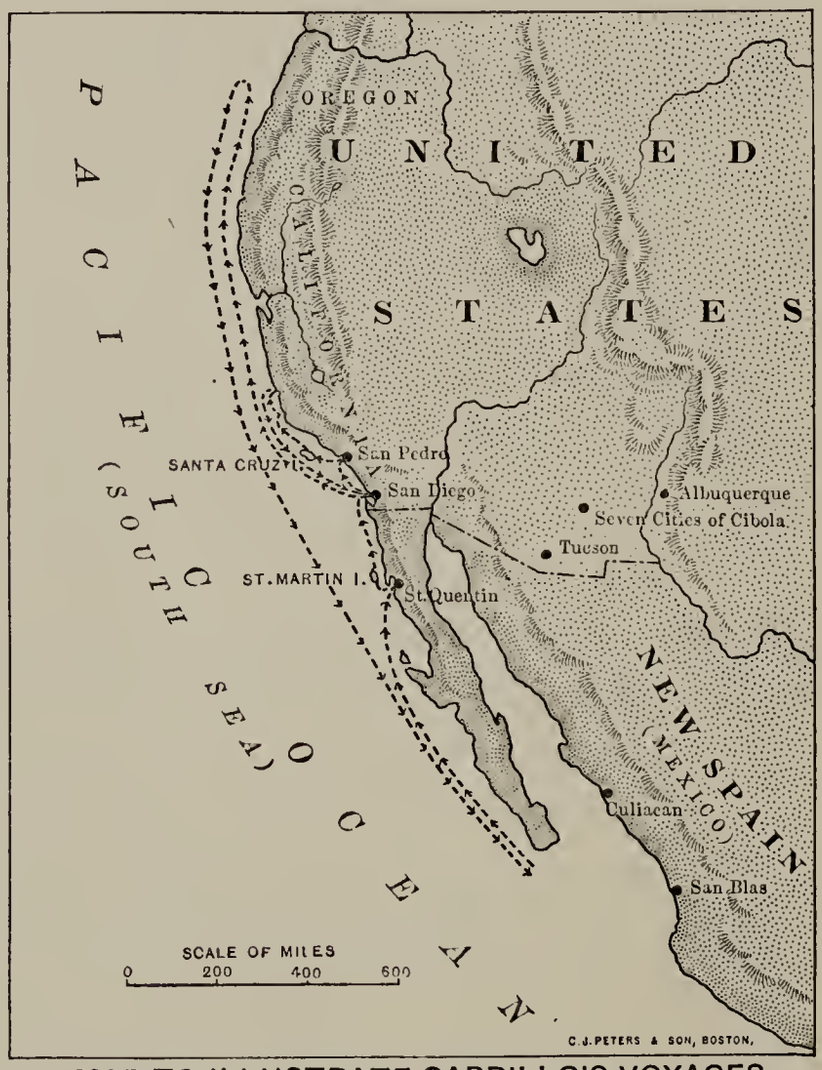
Now the heavy rains had set in. The winds were from the north and the vessels were often driven back into a port which they had left days before.

If Cabrillo had had the gold fever, like most explorers, all this would have discouraged him. But he was not one of the greedy Spaniards. He had an honest wish to explore and to add to Spain's greatness in this new world. More than this, he hoped to find the short route to the Indies.

"We must explore very carefully," he would say to his men. "It would be a sad mistake to pass an inlet that might lead through to the Atlantic waters."

At last the vessels came into the port now known as St. Quentin. Here the coast was pleasant enough to tempt the explorers to land and rest.

Then, too, the vessels had been out from Mexico for a long time; and there was need of wood and water.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE CABRILLO'S VOYAGES.

The Indians of St. Quentin were fishing when the vessels came into the port. When they caught sight of the strange white-winged ships, they dropped their nets and fled to the land. Nor did they halt

even when they reached land. They ran up the hills and into the forests without even looking back to see if the white men were following them.

"They have heard of white men before, I fear," said Cabrillo.

But the next day the Indians came back and stood on the hill-tops. From this safe distance they looked down upon the white men at their work.

Cabrillo sent a man to them loaded with presents; but nothing could coax them to come down and talk with the strangers.

"I am sorry, but there is only one thing to do," Cabrillo said to his men. "We must learn something about this coast, and must capture a native who can tell us about it."

The next day a native was captured. Cabrillo gave the captive presents and promised that he should go back to his people when he had told the white men about the country.

But the Indian would not tell. He did not understand Cabrillo's signs; or, at least, he pretended that he did not.

"We shall have to explore for ourselves," the sailors said, and sent the captive back to his people.

But on the next day this captive came again to the top of the hill. He had other Indians with him and he seemed to be urging them to go down to the ships. Again Cabrillo sent presents, but again the Indians fled into the woods.

"We shall have to go to them; for they do not mean to come to us," said Cabrillo. So he set out to explore the country. Beyond the ridge he found a broad, fertile plain; and in the middle of the plain an Indian village.

"This is where the tribe lives. Since they will not visit us, let us visit them," said Cabrillo.

The Indians were still afraid. The presents, however, had made them curious, and at last three of them ventured to go to the ship. But it was the hope of presents that gave them courage.

Cabrillo tried to make them understand his sign language; but he failed. So he gave these warriors more presents and sent them home.

How proud these three were of their presents, and of themselves for having been so brave! They were the heroes of their village for many a day. They dressed themselves in the red blankets and beads and pranced up and down the village, admired by all their people. Never had anything so wonderful happened to them in all their lives.

On the next day, the whole village was ready to meet Cabrillo when he came from the ship. The presents had at last won their hearts.

They were very friendly now. They talked to him as fast as they could. They made signs. They led the sailors to a lake of clear water. They told them, also, where salt could be found.

"We have seen white men before," the Indians

said. "They were like you. They wore beards and hats. They lived far away in the land of the rising sun."

"Can this be true?" Cabrillo wondered. "Who can the white men be?"

But the Indians would not change their story, however much Cabrillo doubted it. To prove that they had seen the white men, the Indians went to their village and painted themselves in black and white and red, to look as if they were dressed in slashed doublets.

"There can be no doubt that they have seen white men and that the white men were Spaniards," the sailors agreed. There could be no doubt; for the paint was very true to the Spanish style of dress.

"It may be that they have seen Coronado's men," Cabrillo thought. "It cannot be that there are Spaniards living in the interior. Surely, we should know if there were."

"Five days inland! Five days inland!" the Indians said over and over. But Cabrillo could learn nothing more than this.

"Can you take a letter to these white men?" Cabrillo asked.

The Indians promised faithfully to do this, and Cabrillo gave them a letter to carry to the mysterious white men in the interior. It is, however, very easy to misunderstand a sign language, and

Cabrillo went away from St. Quentin not at all sure that he had understood, or that he had been understood.

From St. Quentin Cabrillo sailed up the coast to the island of St. Martin. There were no people on this island; but the Spaniards were very sure there had been at some time. There were old fire beds, and here and there the sailors picked up Indian relics.

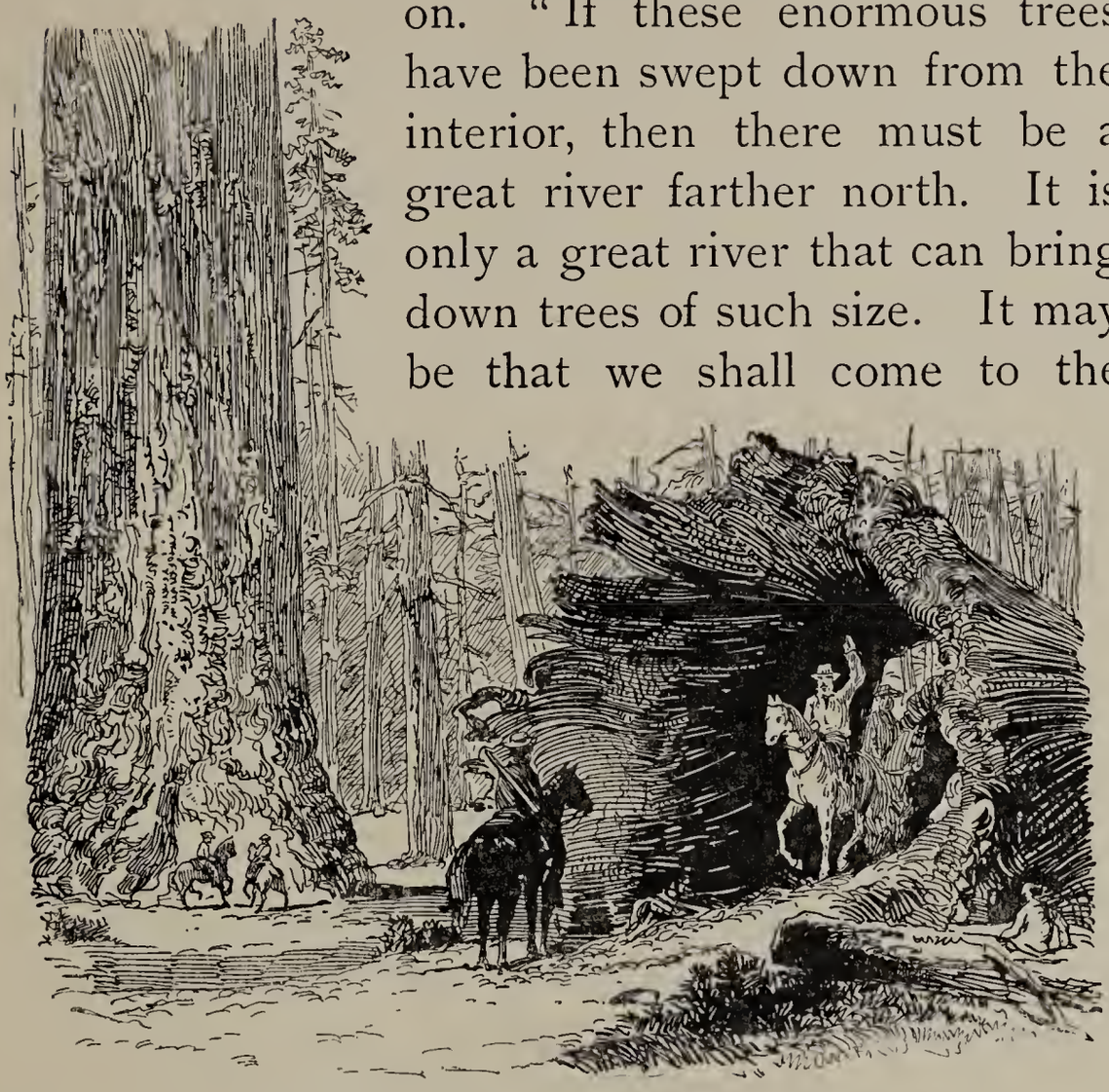
In the journal which the pilot kept during this voyage, he said that the men found cows' horns upon the island. But this could not have been true, for there were no cows in the country until the Spaniards brought them. It is probable that the horns were the horns of the buffalo, an American animal which the pilot had never seen.

On the shores of this island Cabrillo saw signs of the "big trees" for which California is so noted. Huge trunks were drifted up against the shore — washed there, so the journal said, by a strong tide. So large were these that two men could not clasp one of them around.

"How large! How wonderful!" said the sailors.

But to Cabrillo they were signs of something that he hoped to find. "They must have come from the mainland," he said. "Moreover, they must have come from the interior. For such trees do not grow on the coast." To this all the sailors agreed.

"But they tell me more than that," Cabrillo went on. "If these enormous trees have been swept down from the interior, then there must be a great river farther north. It is only a great river that can bring down trees of such size. It may be that we shall come to the



THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA (Sequoia).

mouth of a mighty river somewhere along this coast."

Cabrillo's reasoning seemed good, and the sailors were eager to go on. So far, their discoveries had not been very great and they had little to tell to their people when they returned to Mexico.

"And it may be — who can tell? — it may be that this mighty stream will lead us to the waters of

the Atlantic! If that should to be the fact, then the short route will have been discovered."

The sailors cheered. What glory this would be to Spain!

"Long live Spain! Long live Spain!" they cried.

Now, as Cabrillo had said, this might have been true. But, unfortunately, it was not, and Cabrillo died long before the real shape of the great continent of North America was understood.

With high hopes, the sailors pushed on up the coast. One day they came into the beautiful bay now known as San Diego. The winds outside were rough, but this little bay was like a peaceful lake.

There were large cabins near the shore, but not a native was to be seen. On the plains vast herds were feeding, and there were beautiful groves of trees, such as the Spaniards had never seen before.

So pleased were the explorers with this beautiful bay, that it was days before they were willing to put their vessels out to sea again. When the pilot wrote his story of it, it is feared that his imagination outran his real knowledge; for in his journal he wrote, "There were vast herds of animals that were like sheep. They grazed in flocks of a hundred or more. They had long wool, and they behaved like Peruvian sheep. They had small horns, and their tails were long and broad and spread out like a palm."

Now, it is said that no such animals were ever found on the shores of California, so it is a little doubtful if this description is quite true.

The little ships at last sailed away to the north. They next anchored in San Pedro Bay, and here the explorers found natives on the shores.

"If these Indians will talk with us, they may tell us if there is a great river in the north," thought Cabrillo.

But the Indians fled at the sight of the ships, and it was long before Cabrillo could get them to come near.

Again he was forced to capture them. In no other way could they be made to come to the ships; and Cabrillo needed to know what they could tell him.

The poor savages trembled with fear when their captors brought them to Cabrillo. But he talked with them kindly, and sent them away loaded with presents for all the warriors of their tribe.

These Indians, however, were not to be bought off with presents. They had heard of Coronado's warfare, and they were cautious. In spite of the presents and the seeming good-will of the Spaniards, they would not come to the ships again.

One day some of the sailors went farther up the bay to fish. But hardly had they thrown their lines when arrows came whizzing through the air, and three of the men were wounded. Still the

Spaniards were not discouraged. "It was some time before the St. Quentin Indians would trust us," they remembered.

So, on another day, they captured two Indian boys and brought them to Cabrillo. Again he loaded his visitors with presents, and sent them back to their people.

On the next day he was rewarded. Three fine, tall Indians came down to the shore and signalled to the ship.

Cabrillo received the Indians gladly, and spread a fine feast before them. Then the Indians began to talk. They seemed to think that they ought to make some apology for the way they had treated their visitors. And so, with much chattering which none of the Spaniards could understand, they told Cabrillo about the white men farther inland.

It was the same story the St. Quentin Indians had told. But these Indians of San Pedro Bay told a much longer story. They told Cabrillo how cruel the white men had been, and how they had burned the wigwams of the natives and taken the people prisoners. It was because of this, they tried to tell Cabrillo, that they had been afraid of his men.

"We cannot blame them," said Cabrillo, and to this even the three wounded sailors agreed.

From San Pedro the vessels sailed up to Santa Cruz. Here they found a beautiful island, and the sailors were eager to go on land again. But as they

drew near, a great crowd of Indians came whooping and yelling toward the shore.

Some of the Indians were bold enough to make signs to the Spaniards, but most of them fled again to the forests.

The Spaniards made friendly signs, and held up pieces of bright cloth for the Indians to see. It was interesting to watch these simple people. First they looked at the bright pieces of cloth, then they looked at the Spaniards, then they looked at each other, as if to ask, "Is it safe? Can we trust them?"

But their curiosity got the better of their fear, and six of them ventured to come down to the shore. Surely it was worth a little risk to get those bits of bright cloth and those shining beads!

From Santa Cruz, Cabrillo went to another harbor, where the Indians told him the same story of white men farther in from the shore. Two days later the little vessels came upon a village like those that Coronado had found. The men were eager to land and look at it, and talk with the people. It would be another thing to tell when they went back to Mexico; another proof that they had been in lands as wonderful as those Coronado's men had told about.

But the winter was coming on. Cabrillo had fallen ill, and it seemed wise to go back to San Diego. So the vessels turned back, and sailed once

more into the beautiful bay. Here the brave Cabrillo died, and the exploration was finished by his pilot.

"Promise me," said the dying Cabrillo, "that you will sail north again; for it is a beautiful coast, and I am sure that you will find a great river."

The pilot and the sailors promised; and when the spring had come the vessels set out again. On, on beyond the California coast they sailed — possibly as far as Oregon. But now the coast was turning more and more to the west. The continent seemed to be growing wider and wider. And if that were true, then they were sailing farther and farther away from the Atlantic. They would never reach it by this route. So the pilot took his longitude daily, and made his maps, and then turned his vessels southward.

They had done what they had promised; and they were sure that Cabrillo himself would now have thought it wise to go back to Mexico.

Glad enough were the sailors to get back again to their own people. They had met with no terrible disasters, they had found no great river as they had hoped, but they had explored a beautiful coast. And as long as they lived they would say to one another, "Nothing in this new world can be more beautiful than the coast of California!"

XI. The Spanish Monks.

1539–1565.

You will begin to think, I am afraid, that the Spaniards were a wicked, cruel race. But that is never wholly true of any nation. Some one has said: "No man and no nation is all black or all white. But all of us are of various shades of gray."

It was so with the Spaniards. Many were wicked and cruel; yet there were some Spaniards who would have been fair in their treatment of the Indians, had the Indians given them a chance. But the poor savages had been treated so cruelly by most of the explorers that they dared not trust even the Spaniards who would have been kind to them; and we cannot blame them. Yet they were so kind that they would not fight even when the poor Indians did attack them.

These kindly Spaniards were certain monks, who came to the New World to teach these savages the explorers had found, and to try to make them better and happier.

One of the first monks who came and lived among the Indians was Las Casas, whose father had been one of the soldiers of Columbus. When the elder

Las Casas came back from the New World, he brought with him one of the Indians to serve him as a slave; and very soon it came about that whole shiploads of Indians were brought to Spain to be sold as slaves.

One day Queen Isabella of Spain saw a group of these slaves standing in the market-place. "Who are these?" she asked.

"These, may it please your Majesty, are Indians. They are prisoners of war from your Majesty's colonies in the New World."

"And who are those standing farther away?"

"Those, your Majesty, are Indians who were captured, and who have been brought to Spain to be sold as slaves."

"Are they, too, prisoners of war?"

"No, your Majesty, they were captured because they are so straight and tall and strong. They will make most valuable slaves."

Then Isabella's anger burst upon the slave seller.

"Do you mean that these Indians are innocent, and that they have been stolen from their people?"

The slave seller had nothing to say. He could only bow very low.

"It is disgraceful! Disgraceful!" Isabella declared.

"But if the Indians did not fear being captured, they would be far more dangerous to the Spanish

colonies, your Majesty," said the men of the court.

"That may be true," said Isabella; "and our colonies must be protected. But let this difference be made. Let these Indians taken as prisoners of war be sold as slaves, since you say our colonies need that protection. But never let it happen again, that an innocent Indian is captured and brought to this country as a slave."

This was a great blow to the slave dealers. But Isabella had spoken; and Isabella's word was law.

"It was the slave my own father brought back to Spain," Las Casas used to say, "who stirred my heart with pity for the poor savages of the New World."

And thus it came about that one day Las Casas went to Hispaniola and became a missionary to the Indians.

For many years he worked among the savages, trying to save them from the cruelties of the Spanish adventurers and traders. The Indians learned to love him and to trust him. But it was little he could do for them as a race, for the Spanish would seldom listen to his pleas. He could never make the Spanish government understand how cruelly the Indians were treated. If the government had made laws protecting the Indians, the adventurers and traders would have had to obey the laws.

But, whenever Las Casas went to Spain to tell

his story, the adventurers and traders were there to tell their story. The Spanish government was too busy to listen to both, and the adventurers and traders were left to do whatever they liked.

"We must have gold!" the men of the court would say. Then the adventurers and traders would say, "But if you were to make the laws that Las Casas asks for, the Indians would be our masters. How, then, could we get gold from the savages?"

This argument was too strong for the court to put down, and the cruel treatment of the Indians went on.

Las Casas did not give up his work. He loved the poor savages and pitied them. So he gave his life to them, and taught them what he could and protected them whenever he had a chance.

But there came a time when the Spanish government wished that it had listened to the words of Las Casas. For misfortunes began to come upon the colonies. Spain did not get so much wealth from them as she had done before; for there were not enough Indians upon the islands to do the work that was necessary. There were not enough to take care of the plantations, or to prepare the fruit for the markets. The mines, too, were suffering for lack of slaves to work them.

And all this had come about because of the cruelty of the owners of the plantations and the mines.

LAS CASAS.

Adapted from the picture by Felix Parra in the Academy, Mexico. Las Casas is supposed to be imploring Providence to shield the natives from Spanish cruelty.

They had worked the savages to death. Little had they cared when a slave dropped dead, if only another one was at hand to take his place.

But there were other Spanish monks in other parts of the New World. In these days, every explorer took with him a good monk to teach the natives, if there should be an opportunity. Often the monk would stay among the Indians and devote his whole life to them.

When Coronado went up into the land of the Seven Cities, there were four monks who went with him. But the army halted in each place only long enough to burn the city or to steal the gold; and the monks found little opportunity to help the people. But when the soldiers started back to Mexico, the monks said, "Leave us here. We will try to help these poor people. Perhaps we can make them happier and better."

"You are only risking your lives for nothing," said the soldiers.

"It may be as you say," answered the monks; "the Indians are quite as likely to hate us as to love us. Still, we believe that it is worth the risk."

The monks were very sorry for the poor natives who had suffered from the coming of Coronado's army. But the Indians could not forget. They could not understand that these good monks wished to help them. They could only remember what they had suffered from other white men; so they

hated the monks because they too were white men.

One day, when one of these monks lay asleep beneath a tree, an Indian came and killed him. Another was kneeling at his prayers and an Indian shot an arrow at him as he knelt. Another — an old man with a heart full of love for the poor Indians — was seized and carried out into the river and drowned. As for the fourth, we do not know. He never came back to Mexico, and his story was never told.

Although the danger was so great, there were other monks who still dared to live among the savages. And, after a long time, the Indians began to forget the cruel treatment their people had received from the white men. Then the missionaries were able to go among them and teach them without danger. These Indians would allow their children to be taught; and by and by there was hardly a tribe within the limits of the Spanish possessions which did not have its little mission church and its monks.

"Let us go to the Indians on the Pacific coast," said some of the Spanish monks. "They also need to know the lessons that we can teach them."

The first monk who went to the Pacific coast was Junipero Serro. It was a long, hard journey that lay before him, for he must cross the desert as Coronado had done nearly two hundred years before.

But Junipero Serro was brave of heart, and he and his companions set out with good cheer. On, across the weary desert and over the mountains, they journeyed, walking all the way. Often they were very weary, and sometimes they were faint from the intense heat. But Junipero Serro sang his hymns and read his prayers, and marched on bravely day by day.

JUNIPERO SERRO.
From Winsor's "Critical and Narrative History."

It was just noon when he reached the ridge of hills above San Diego Bay.

"It was here that Cabrillo came!" he said to his companions. "Perhaps he stood just here and looked down upon this beautiful bay, even as we are standing now."

"Truly it is a beautiful bay," said his companions. "It is as beautiful as Cabrillo said it was."

It was the time of year when the hills of California are covered with the rich, golden poppies which grow upon the coast. Junipero stooped and gathered one of these golden cups; and as he raised it to his lips he cried, "Behold, friends, we have found the golden cup of our Saviour, — the Holy Grail!"

Then Junipero raised the cross; and, with his companions kneeling around him, said mass.

The natives had come to look at the white men, and when they saw the cross and heard the prayers, their hearts were filled with awe. Truly, these were a wonderful people, they thought.

But who were they? Why had they come? What did the great cross mean? The savages went away to their village, and the old men of the tribe told what they had heard of some white men who long ago had come like this to San Diego Bay.

But the stories they had heard were not pleasant stories. The old warriors did not look with favor upon the white strangers; and soon there was trouble between the white men and the Indians.

Hardly had Junipero built a little mission church when the Indians attacked it, and one of the monks was killed. Then the mission was moved, and for a time there was peace. But in a few weeks the Indians again fell upon the mission, and more of the good fathers were killed.

In spite of the discouraging behavior of these red men for whom the missionaries had come across the desert, brave Junipero Serro went on to Monterey, and there founded another mission church. Under a great live oak he raised a simple altar and hung the mission bells. Then a cross was built, mass was said, and the Spanish flag floated out over the waters.

Here at Monterey Junipero Serro began at last to win the love of the Indians. They watched him closely, and they found in his actions nothing but good-will toward them.

MONTEREY.
From drawing by Capt. Smyth, R. N., in A. Forbes's "California."

"He is our friend," they said at last; and from that time they were willing to come and trade with him. They learned to like the mission church and the music and the prayers. They did not know what it all meant, but the sound was pleasing to them, and they liked to watch the fathers at the service.

Then Junipero Serro went still further up the coast. In many of the beautiful bays he planted missions, and taught the Indians what the cross and the mass meant.

Now, these missions were named in honor of the saints of the church. "But is St. Francis to have no mission?" asked one of the monks.

"St. Francis will himself lead us to another bay. And there his mission shall be planted," said Junipero.

Then the monks journeyed on, and at last they came to the largest bay on the coast of California.

"This is St. Francis' bay!" cried the monks, when their eyes fell upon its sparkling waters. "Here shall be founded the mission that shall bear the name of St. Francis!"

The good monks fell upon their knees and thanked St. Francis, and implored his blessing upon the mission that should be planted.

It must be that St. Francis listened, for the mission flourished long after Junipero was dead, and the little settlement has long since grown to be a great city. We call the city San Francisco, in honor of the mission that Junipero founded.

For twenty long years Junipero labored among the Indians of the Pacific coast. When he lay dying in one of the little missions he said: "It has been a hard life. It has been a life of danger. But it has been a happy life, and I am content. Our missions have prospered. And five thousand Indians have been taught the better and happier way to live."

Then Junipero Serro turned his face toward the mission wall and fell asleep.

The monks tolled the mission bells. The funeral

RUINS OF A SPANISH MISSION HOUSE.
From Winsor's "Critical and Narrative History of the United States."

mass was read, and the Indians thronged in at the mission gates, begging to be allowed to look once more upon the face of the good monk whom they had learned to love and trust. For so did the Spanish monks win the hearts of the Indians up and down the coast of California.

XII. Sir Francis Drake.

1578–1580.

But what was England doing all this time? Were not her ships out upon the waters? Were not her brave captains exploring and discovering?

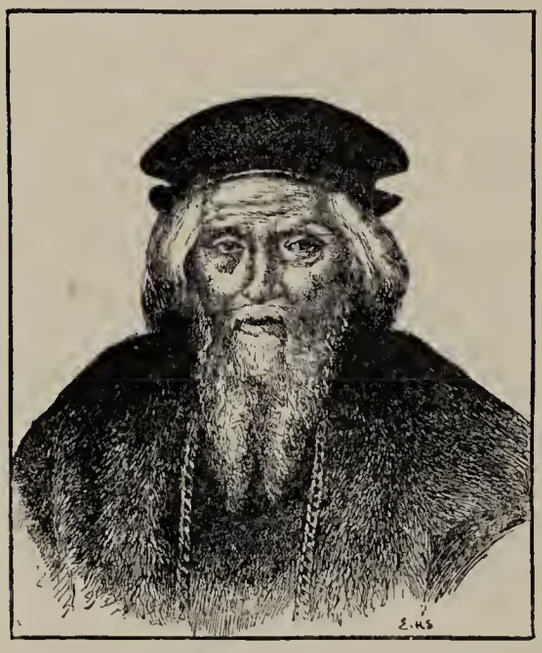
Indeed they were. There were the Cabots, — father and son, — who followed close upon the discovery of Columbus.

"Columbus has not yet discovered the gold islands and spice islands," said John Cabot to the English king; "but he has shown us the way to go. Let a fleet be fitted out by England, and I will sail westward till I find the land from which gold and spice come."

So King Henry VII. fitted out a fleet, and John Cabot sailed due west from England. Of course he reached the coast of this continent, and he was therefore the man who really discovered the mainland of North America — though he did not know it, for he supposed that he had found an island off the coast of Asia.

The next year, taking his son Sebastian Cabot with him, he again sailed west. Again he came to the continent and explored it for many miles, —

from Canada to South Carolina. He was sure now that it must be a continent, not an island, and that the continent was Asia.



SEBASTIAN CABOT.
After the picture ascribed to Holbein.

But though they found no gold and no spices, it was not until long after the Cabots and Columbus were dead that Europe began to suspect that this continent across the sea was not Asia, but a continent that white men had never seen before.

Now, of all the gay, dashing, daring English sailors, no one was more gay, more dashing, more daring than Francis Drake.

He had already crossed the Atlantic, and had taken a brave part in one of England's most desperate sea fights. He had met with many an adventure in Mexico, and, like Balboa, he had climbed the heights to look out upon the Pacific.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.
From the oil painting at Buckland Abbey, England.

He now longed to sail upon the Pacific; and to

go down through the Straits of Magellan and to cruise along the western shore of the new continent. To him this seemed a worthy thing to do, — especially if here and there he might defeat the greedy Spaniards, whom all other Europeans had long since learned to hate.

So he fitted out his ship gaily, not only with provisions, but also with games and music. "For," said he, "there will be many a tedious hour. Why should we not enjoy ourselves?"

He took with him sixty-four English gentlemen besides his sailors, several skilful cooks, and a whole band of musicians.

Was there ever such a fitting-out of an explorer's ship before?

First, Drake sailed down to the shore of Africa. But this was only to deceive the Spanish, who were on the watch for every ship that sailed the sea.

"Spain must think that we are only going to Africa for slaves," said Drake; "that will please her better than to know that we are going to the Pacific."

But from Africa the fleet sailed straight across to Brazil, then turned to the south, and went through the Straits of Magellan. As they cruised about at the extremity of South America, Drake caught the idea that, of all things, he would like best to see the very southernmost point of land. So he searched until he found a little harbor; then he took a boat

and went on shore alone. It was a small island, and easily explored.

Drake went on till he came to its extreme southern point. He looked out over the waters. The sea lay unbroken to the South Pole, he felt sure. There was a high cliff at the very point; and, like a boy, Drake climbed up to its top. Then he stretched himself out and extended his arms over the waters; stretching his fingers, even, so that he might reach as far toward the south as he possibly could.

"Where have you been, Captain?" his men asked, when he returned.

"I have been farther south," said Drake, proudly, "than any man has ever been. And as far south as any man ever will go!"

After this the ship was turned northward; and in a short time Drake was sailing along the shore where Pizarro had made his wonderful conquests.

Here Drake found some natives. When they learned that the white men were not Spaniards, but that they hated Spaniards, the natives were kind to them, and sold them fruit and eggs. As the ship was about to go away, one of the natives came down to the shore and said, "There is a Spanish vessel a little farther up the coast. We should be glad to see you capture her."

"And we should be glad to capture her," said Drake gaily. So away he sped, up the coast.

It was true. There lay the Spanish vessel. In the little skirmish that followed, not a life was lost on the English side, hardly a man was wounded; and the Spanish crew, amazed, surrendered.

Then the English boarded the Spanish ship, and, to their delight, found it loaded with precious freight.

"All for us, my men," cried Drake. And gaily they set to work to transfer these treasures. When this was done they bade good-by to the Spanish vessel, and sailed up the coast again. All that night and all the next day they feasted upon the fruits and nuts that they had taken, and the musicians added to the gaiety with their music from the decks. For such was the spirit of Francis Drake.

"But we must not leave Valparaiso unvisited," said Drake. So into that little port he sailed. But the people had seen the ship coming, and, as they had reason for not caring to meet the visitors, they fled, leaving all their treasures of gold and silver.

By and by the English landed at another little port. There lay a Spaniard fast asleep, and by his side were thirteen heavy bars of solid silver.

"Pray let us not disturb this sleeper!" said Drake to his companions. "But we will relieve him of his burden. It must be very heavy to carry." So Drake and his men took the silver bars and went away in high glee.

Farther up the coast they saw a native boy driving sheep, and on the backs of the sheep were bags of silver.

"You should never weigh the sheep down with bags like this," Drake said.

SPANISH TREASURE SHIP.

After drawings in the English State Papers, sent home by a spy.

The boy stared. But already Drake and his men were going off in their boats with the treasure.

One morning, another Spanish vessel was seen ahead. "Full sail, my men!" cried Drake. "That vessel must be ours."

So the sailors put on full sail, and went flying after their prize. The Spanish captain, seeing a ship approaching, kindly slackened his own speed, thinking that it was some Spanish vessel.

Before he could realize what was happening, the English were fairly upon him. Another battle followed, in which no one was hurt, and another Spanish ship was conquered.

"Now," said Drake to the Spanish crew, "you are free to go on land; but, as to the vessel, we are obliged to set her adrift."

Drake's ship was by this time full of treasure. There was enough for Drake and for every man down to the sailor of lowest rank. Why, then, should they not go home?

To this all agreed.

"But," said Drake, "we shall not find ourselves among the best of friends along the Spanish coast that we have just passed. It is possible that the surprised Spaniards have come to their senses, and will be on the lookout for us."

"Let us go out into the middle of the ocean, to avoid them," said one.

"Better still, why not find a northwest passage, and go home by way of it?" said Drake.

Then the men cheered. And the vessel sped on northward. For many weeks Drake kept on, sailing as nearly due north as possible.

"I can see no reason," he said, "why we should

not find a northern, as we did a southern, end to this continent."

But Drake did not know what we all know now, — that North America grows wider and wider, and that it does not end in a point of land, as South America does.

One day Drake's ship sprang a leak, and he and his men were forced to put into harbor for repairs, near the place which is now San Francisco.

There were Indians here; but as they had never been injured by Spaniards, they had no fear of the white men, and so were kind and hospitable. For a long time the Englishmen rested here; and when at last they went away, the Indians wept and wailed, and built bonfires all along the shore in token of their grief.

For weeks Drake sailed northward, looking for the northwest passage; but it grew so very cold, and the seas were so icy, and the winds so cutting, that he was obliged to give up the hope of finding it.

"There may be a northwest passage," said Drake; "but if there is, it will be of little use in such a sea as this. We may as well go back."

So the vessel was turned about. "There is one other chance for us," Drake said. "We can cross the Pacific and go home by the way of Good Hope, as Magellan did before us." So, putting in a plentiful supply of provisions, Drake set out across the Pacific.

IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

After the drawing by E. Whymper in Crawford's "Across the Pampas."

Many and many an adventure did this stanch little vessel have on these western waters, and many a dark danger did it escape. But at last, after

months of sailing, Drake entered the English harbor once more.

How glad the people were to see him back again! How eager to hear the wonderful story that he had to tell!

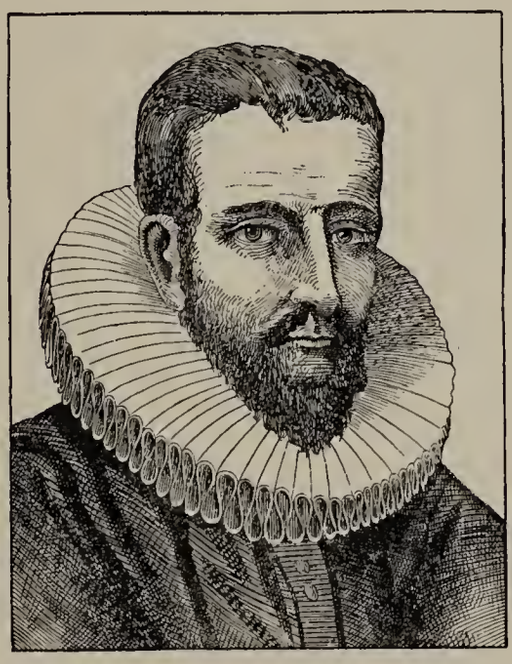
Queen Elizabeth was proud of him. Honors were heaped upon him. A great feast was made, and at that feast Queen Elizabeth made him a knight. The faithful little ship, too, was honored. For a long time it lay guarded in the harbor of Devon, England; but when its timbers began to decay, and it could no longer be preserved as a ship, an elegant chair was carved from it, and no relic in all England is valued more highly than this one made from the timbers of the first English ship that ever sailed around the world.

XIII. Henry Hudson.

1609.

THERE was in Holland at this time a company of merchants known as the East India Company.

These merchants, like all others, were interested in "the short route to India." They sent to Henry Hudson, an Englishman, and asked him to command a fleet for them, and sail across the ocean.



HENRY HUDSON.

From the painting said to be from the life, in the possession of the Corporation of the City of New York.

Hudson, like many other seamen in his day, had an idea that a little north of Virginia there was a way through to the Pacific Ocean. The water did extend far in from the coast — you can see for yourself if you look on the map. But when we remember that no one had any idea of the real width of the new continent, it is not strange that he thought as others did.

To explore this route was Henry Hudson's hope.

So he set out in a snug little Dutch vessel, — the *Half Moon*, — and in time came to the river that now bears his name.

There were Indians on the river; and when they saw the *Half Moon* coming they ran back into the forests to tell what a wonderful thing they had seen.

Some of these Indians were frightened, and fell upon their faces.

"It is the Great Spirit," said some.

"No, it is a great fish. See how it can swim!"

"Big wigwam!" said others, as it came near enough for them to see its cabin windows and its deck.

"Big white bird!" said others, when they saw the sails filling in the wind.

Then runners were sent to the tribes round about; for whatever it might prove to be, the Indians felt that it would be well to have large numbers ready to welcome it.

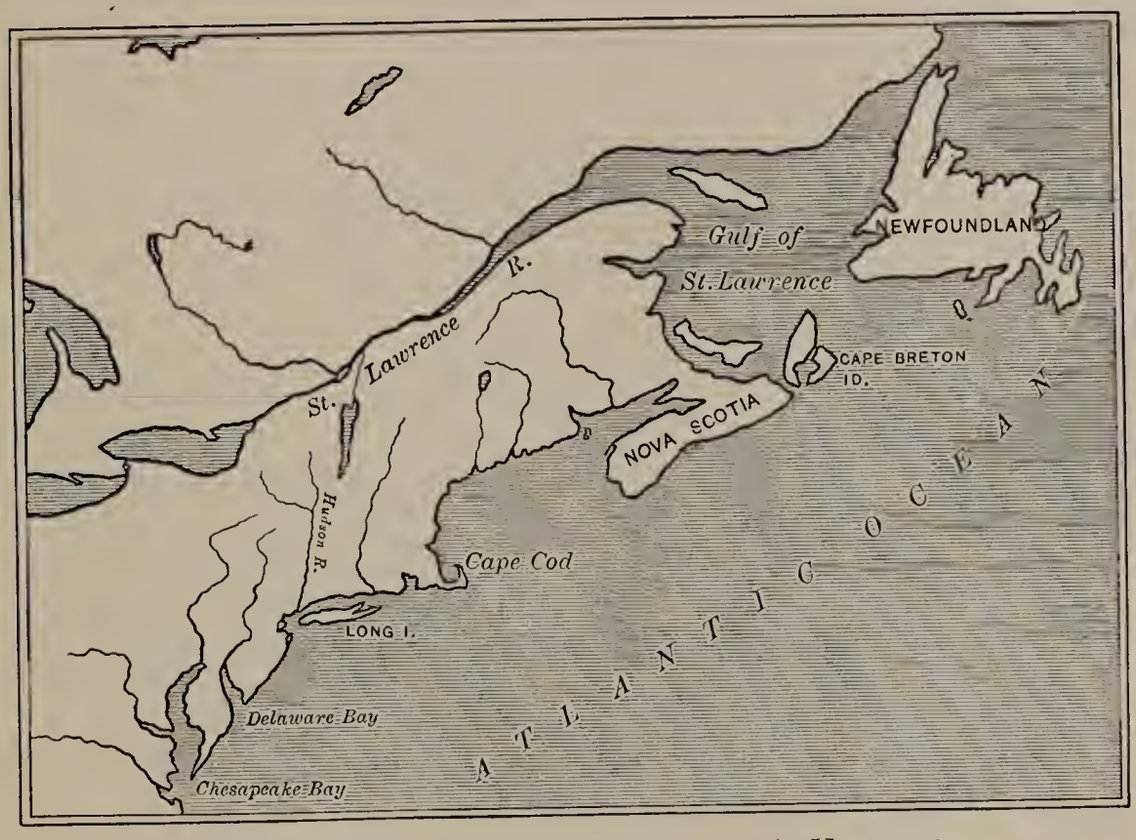
"Surely it is the Great Spirit, and this is his wigwam. He is coming to visit his people."

All this time the *Half Moon* was coming nearer, and the Indians shouted to it, half in fear, half in welcome.

"Let us anchor here," said Hudson, "and go ashore in our boats."

Little did Hudson know what the Indians were thinking when he rowed to their shore. As he

landed, the chiefs formed in a great half circle. Hudson walked up to them boldly, and spoke friendly words; but for a time the Indians were so amazed at his white face, his bright-red clothing, and the lace shining upon it in the sunlight, that they could not speak.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE HENRY HUDSON'S VOYAGES.

Then, as the Indians declared afterwards, the sailors brought up from the shore a *hock hack*, from which Hudson filled a cup and passed it to one of the Indians in the circle.

The chief looked into the cup, smelled of it, and passed it on to the chief beside him. This chief did the same; and the next; and the next.

But when the cup had reached the end of the

line, one of the chiefs sprang out before his people and said, in loud tones, —

"Shame upon us, rude ones, to refuse the cup which the Great Spirit brings us! Surely he will be displeased, and will perhaps destroy us! Drink, then; let us drink of the cup the Great Spirit brings."

Then the chief seized the cup and drank the contents, every drop. But, alas! It was "fire water"; and before long the Indians were terrified to see him reel and stagger, and at last fall to the ground.

This seemed to be Hudson's way of being friendly with those simple people. It was a strange way, we think — and so the Indians thought. And now they were surer than ever that the White Face must be the Great Spirit, for no Indians had ever known of a water so wonderful as this.

This was the way that Hudson bought his first land. "Sell us," said Hudson, "a small piece of land — as much as a bullock's hide can enclose."

The Indians, thinking this a very small piece to give out of their vast possessions, readily agreed.

Then Hudson and his men took the hide and cut it into the tiniest shreds that would hold together, thus making a rope of it. Then they laid the rope down, bringing the ends together, enclosing in this way a much larger piece of land than was thought of by the owners.

The Indians were amazed. Surely, no one but the Great Spirit could have such wisdom and such skill.

But by and by the *Half Moon's* crew was ready to go back to Holland. The Indians had not ceased to wonder at their strange white visitors, and, for a long time after they had gone away, the simple

THE "HALF MOON" AT THE HIGHLANDS.

After the painting by T. Moran.

natives would look up into the sky and at the mountains and down the river, and wonder when the Great Spirit would come back.

Henry Hudson sailed as far north as Albany, and learned that this river would never bring him out upon the Pacific.

"We have not discovered the short route to India,"

he said; "but we have found a river navigable for many miles. And we have built a fort, and taken possession of the country in the name of Holland."

But Hudson still hoped to find the "short route," and he again set sail from Holland. This time he turned his boat to the northwest, and sailed into the bay to which he gave his own name. It was a perilous expedition. The waters were blocked with ice; the winds were cutting; provisions soon gave out. For weeks Hudson could neither go on nor come back. Little hope was there that the "short route" lay in this region. If it did, it could never be found in such a sea of ice. And if it were found, it would be of little use to merchant ships.

Then the crew grew mutinous. They would endure it no longer. For three days they had had no food; they were starving, freezing, dying.

So one night the boatswain and another of the crew planned to take possession of the ship, and to put Hudson and the sick sailors into a little boat to drift where they might. Then they themselves would sail out into the Atlantic and go home.

This was a cruel thing to do; but these men were in "sore straits," as they said.

"Our allowance is giving out," they said. "The master will neither go nor come; we have not eaten for three days; we will either mend or end."

The little boat was lowered, and the chief of the mutineers called to Hudson and the sick men

to come forth. There was no hope, for nearly every man was angry with Hudson. One by one, the sick men climbed down into the little boat, Hudson last of all. The ship's carpenter, too, went with him. They were allowed a gun with which to shoot, should a wild duck chance to come within range; and they were also given powder and shot, some meal, some pikes, and an iron pot.

Then the ship's sails were raised, and she turned toward the ocean. The sailors cut the rope that held the little boat to the stern, and the small, helpless band was at the mercy of the ice blocks and the tide. The ship sailed out into the ocean, and the boat was lost to sight. This was the last that was ever known of Henry Hudson, the man who discovered one of the most important rivers in America; a river which opened up a great trade and a rich country to the colonists who by and by came to settle upon its banks.

Historical Notes.

The following notes give the basis of fact on which the stories in this volume have been founded. A bibliography of the authorities consulted is appended.

CHAP. I. *The Coming of the Norsemen.* The Norsemen's voyages and discoveries began under the guidance of Eric the Red, a Norwegian. In 874 they settled Iceland and in 986 founded a colony on the southwest coast of Greenland. In 1000 Leif, son of Eric the Red, sailed with a crew to a place which they named Vineland, probably somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts Bay. Several voyages were made in the next twelve years, chiefly for timber. One of these voyages was made by Karlsefni, who came with three ships. He intended to found a colony in Vineland, but the Indians proved unfriendly and after three years he finally gave up the attempt.

CHAP. II. *Until Columbus Came.* News of Norse voyages did not spread rapidly, partly because of the distance between the homes of Norsemen and other Europeans, and partly because the Norsemen were ignorant of latitude and longitude, and of the shape of the earth, and therefore did not know how important their discoveries were. On account of lack of nautical instruments, scientific records of voyages were impossible. All Europe was in confusion at this time, and was too busy to think of Norse voyages, even if it had heard of them. Now trade began to suffer from robbers in Asia, and the merchants began to look for a new route to the East. A route around Africa was proposed, and Prince Henry of Portugal, a cousin of Henry V. of England, became the leader of expeditions. The first success under his guidance was the rediscovery of Porto Santo and Madeira in 1418–25. In 1433–35 Giles Jones, after two unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in passing the dreaded Cape Bojador on the northwestern coast of Africa. This was a great opening. In 1442 Antonio Gonzalves brought gold and slaves to Europe. This was the beginning of the slave trade. Many other voyages were made up to 1487, most of the former theories and fears being overcome. But it was found that this was not the hoped-for route, and so it was given up.

CHAP. III. *Christopher Columbus.* Columbus sailed from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492, for the Canaries. On the twelfth of October land was discovered, which proved to be one of the Bahama Islands. He returned to Spain

with the news. A second voyage was made in September, 1493. He founded a colony on the island of Hayti, and cruised among the islands of the Caribbean Sea. He again returned to Spain. In 1498 he started on a third voyage. He discovered land which is now South America. His crew mutinied, and he was carried to Spain in chains, but was released. He made a fourth voyage, starting from Cadiz May 11, 1502. After reaching the Cannibal Islands, he intended to go to Jamaica. He stopped at San Domingo for repairs, but was ordered out. A severe storm came up, which was followed by a dead calm. His ships were carried to islands on the southwest coast of Cuba. He sailed farther southwest and reached Honduras; thence he sailed eastward, and while hunting for the Straits of Malacca he again encountered bad weather. He sailed eastward almost to the Gulf of Darien and then sailed north; but June 23, 1503, the wrecks of his ships were beached on the shores of Jamaica. He was obliged to stay there a year, but at last received some ships from the governor of the island and sailed for Spain, arriving in the port of San Lucar, November 7, 1504. After his third voyage he was never taken back into royal favor, and died a poor man, May 20, 1506, at the age of seventy years.

CHAP. IV. *Ponce de Leon.* Ponce de Leon had enriched himself in Porto Rico. He was deprived of the governorship, and decided to enlist in some new enterprise for finding wealth and fame. He heard of new lands of wealth and also of a fountain of perpetual youth; being old and rich, he thought most of the fountain. He sailed from Porto Rico in March, 1512. Crossing the Bahama Channel, March 27, he passed an island on the opposite shore, and a few days later landed on the mainland. It was at Easter; so he named it Pascua Florida (Flowery Easter). He made explorations in the new country. In 1521 he received an arrow wound in a fight with Indians, and returning to Cuba, shortly afterward died.

CHAP. V. *Balboa.* In 1501 Balboa joined the company of adventurers who followed Roderigo de Bastidas in his voyage of discovery in the western seas. Balboa settled in Hispaniola and tried to cultivate the land. In 1510 Encisco set sail from Balboa's part of the country, and Balboa, wishing to escape, hid himself in a cask on board Encisco's ship. Trouble arose among the men and with the natives of Darien. Encisco was deposed, and Balboa finally became the commander. Balboa now made excursions into the surrounding country and secured the friendship of many chiefs. Word came to Balboa at about this time that the king was displeased with him, and that he was to be summoned before him for trial. Balboa immediately resolved to do some great thing to conciliate the sovereign. Therefore on the first of September, 1513, he set out with one hundred and ninety men to cross the perilous isthmus. On the twenty-sixth of September he reached the summit of the

mountains and saw the Pacific. Three days later he descended the western side of the mountain and took possession of the sea in the name of the king. On the eighteenth of January, 1514, he reached Darien again and was received with great acclamation. A report of the discovery was sent to the king, and in due time letters came from the latter expressing his delight at Balboa's deeds and giving him the title of admiral. Balboa then determined to explore the western sea; but he was enticed to Acla by a crafty message from a jealous rival, and was executed in the public square of that city in 1517.

CHAP. VI. *Cortez and the Aztecs.* Cortez sailed from Santiago harbor, November 18, 1519. He touched at Macaca, and went thence to Trinidad (Cuba). From here the fleet departed for San Cristobal (Havana). They attacked a palisaded town of natives, and the native king saved himself from further assault by giving Cortez and his men large presents. They again sailed, and cast anchor at San Juan de Ulloa. Cortez had heard of the wonders of Mexico from former voyagers, and on February 18 the fleet started on an exploring expedition. When Montezuma, king of the Aztecs, knew that strange ships were approaching, he sent presents to Cortez, begging him not to enter his city, as he had had dealings with Spaniards before. But Cortez was bold, and being promised assistance from surrounding tribes, took Montezuma prisoner. Cortez forced some of the natives to despoil their temples and idols, and he set up altars and pulpits. This came near causing an insurrection; but Cortez at last quieted the angry mobs, though not until Montezuma had been seriously injured. The brother of Montezuma now took command and began to plan an insurrection. While the new commander was getting his forces together, Montezuma died, and his body was burned in the public square. The Spaniards now meant to evacuate the city, taking away all the gold and jewels they could carry. The Mexicans attacked the rear of the retreating forces, however, cutting off many of the Spaniards from the main body. These Spaniards were made prisoners and sacrificed. Though Cortez had spoiled their city, he lost heavily.

CHAP. VII. *Jacques Cartier.* Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo, in France, April, 1534. He reached the east coast of Newfoundland, and after a delay, steered north and sailed through the Straits of Belle Isle into the gulf afterward named St. Lawrence. He then sailed along the west shores of Newfoundland, but found it a very rough and poor country. He therefore crossed the gulf and entered a bay, which he named Bay of Chaleur. He took possession of the country, and set up a cross in the name of the King of France. The Indians objected, and Cartier made them presents. He obtained permission to take two sons of the chief home with him. He then sailed for France, arriving in September of the same year. He sailed again in May, 1535, arriving at the mouth of the St. Lawrence August 10. He sailed

up the St. Lawrence, and this time the Indians welcomed him. He landed below the falls of St. Mary, and named the hill Mount Royal (Montreal). Cartier distributed presents, and he and his men soon returned to winter quarters on the St. Charles River, where the men he had left behind had built a fort. The cold increased, and a pestilence broke out. Twenty-four of Cartier's band died. Then Cartier sailed to France, and landed July, 1536, with a report of the country for the French king. Though Cartier had not found the longed-for passage to Cathay, his voyage was a great stride toward a true knowledge of this part of the new country.

CHAP. VIII. *Ferdinand de Soto.* De Soto mustered his men in San Lucar, Spain. After a year's preparation in Spain and the West Indies, he sailed from Havana May 18, 1539, landing at Tampa Bay, Florida, May 30. They explored the interior, and De Soto sent a ship back to Cuba for provisions. After wandering for two years, they reached the upper part of what is now the state of Mississippi, and went into winter quarters on the banks of the Yazoo River. In the spring they started out again and came upon the Mississippi River. De Soto raised a cross on a hill and took possession in the name of Spain. They again explored, but found the country very poor and the Indians hostile. They then tried to sail down the river, but found so many swamps and bushes and so many bends in the river that they gave up the attempt. De Soto died May 21, 1542, and his men buried him at midnight in the Mississippi River, so that the Indians would not know that their leader was dead.

CHAP. IX. *Coronado and the Seven Cities.* Narvaez, a Spaniard, was sent out to capture Cortez. After a hard journey, he gave up and set out to explore instead. He sailed from Cuba in March, 1528, and landed at Apalache Bay and went to explore inland. On his return to the coast no trace of his ships, which were to sail up and down the coast watching for him, could be found. He and his men travelled for a month up and down the coast, and finally built five frail ships and coasted in them for six weeks, until they came to the Mississippi River. At the mouth of the river two of the boats capsized, and the men in them, Narvaez among them, were drowned. The crews of the other three boats were captured by the Indians. Those of the men who did not starve were murdered by their captors, except four, among them a man named De Vaca. These four men were captured by another band of Indians. Among these Indians they gained a reputation of being medicine men, and soon gained an influence over their captors. After a march of nearly 2000 miles with their captors, they came to the Gulf of California, farther west than any white man had ever gone before. From here they went to Culiacan, a frontier city of the Spaniards, and told the Mexican Spaniards the wonderful story of their adventures. About this time

the Spaniards were hearing stories of seven wonderful cities. The name of the first of these cities was said to be Cibola, and so the seven were spoken of as the Seven Cities of Cibola. Thinking that these seven cities might be in this vast territory that these four men had explored, they sent Fray Marcos on an expedition, but he met with disaster and returned to Culiacan. In six months Coronado started out with 300 Spaniards and 800 Mexican Indians. They visited Pueblos, discovered the cañon of the Colorado, and then marched northward, probably reaching somewhere near the boundary of Kansas and Nebraska. Many smaller expeditions were made by parties of his men, and a large amount of country was explored. In the spring of 1542 they returned to Mexico, greatly vexed at finding no wealthy cities.

CHAP. X. *Cabrillo.* In 1542 and 1543 an expedition which started under Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, explored the coast as far north as 44 degrees, reaching that point by coasting from 33 degrees, where he struck land. He made a port which he called San Miguel, which Bancroft is inclined to believe is San Diego; but the accounts are too confused to trace him confidently, and it is probable that Cabrillo's own vessel did not get above 38 degrees; for Cabrillo himself died January 3, 1543, his chief pilot, Ferrer, continuing his explorations.

CHAP. XI. *The Spanish Monks.* Las Casas was a Spanish monk whose father was with Columbus on his second voyage. When the father returned to Seville in 1497 with a slave, Isabella, Queen of Spain, said, "Who has empowered my admiral thus to dispose of my subjects?" The father gave the slave to his son, who soon became very much interested in the Indian race. He was ordained as a priest in 1510 and went to the New World as a missionary to the Indians. The Indians at this time were being sold as slaves and were being worked to death. Las Casas wrote a book giving his opinions. At first the Indians were worked on the farms, but when gold was discovered, they were sent in gangs to work in the mines. Many of them dropped dead, but their places were filled at once by others. Such hideous, cruel slavery had never been known. The Indian population rapidly decreased until it was impossible to find enough Indians to do the work. In 1510 a dozen monks came to the country, and together they set about to reform these conditions. But the Indians did not readily forget former wrongs. After a long time a church was built, the Indians voluntarily destroyed their idols, and slavery was forbidden by the Pope.

CHAP. XII. *Sir Francis Drake.* Sir Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth, England, and on January 17 arrived at Cape Blanco. June 20, after touching several points, he entered a harbor called by Magellan Port S. Julian. On the twentieth of August he passed into the Straits of Magellan, sailing into the south seas. He now set sail towards the coast of Chili; on the way an

Indian in his canoe met him and told him of a Spanish ship heavily laden, sailing from Peru. Drake gave the Indian presents and the Indian guided the vessel to the port of Valparaiso, where the ship lay. The ship was captured and plundered, as was also the town. He again sailed and came to a place called Tarapaca, where he landed. From here he sailed to Arica and from thence to Lima, arriving there on February 13. From here he sailed to San Francisco and then to Moluccas, arriving there November 14. He sailed to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, arriving there November 3, 1580. On the journey many merchant ships were captured and plundered, and nearly every port at which he touched was robbed of some of its treasure.

CHAP. XIII. *Henry Hudson.* Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailed from Amsterdam, under the charge of the East India Company, with a crew of Dutch and English sailors, in 1609. He sailed up the Norway coast towards the North Cape, and on May 5 passed the northern end of the mainland and sailed towards Nova Zembla. But the sea was full of ice and he could go forward no farther. He had had letters from his friend, Captain John Smith, saying that there was a river north of the Virginia colony which probably led across the continent. So, violating the orders which the company had given him, he sailed southwest, and in six weeks lay off the banks of Newfoundland. On July 18 he anchored in a bay on the coast of Maine, probably Penobscot Bay. Here the peaceful Indians came to trade, but Hudson's men attacked them and plundered the Indian village on the shore. Hudson, fearing revenge, again set sail, and in ten days Cape Cod was sighted and Hudson named it New Holland. He again sailed, touching Chesapeake Bay, and tried to sail up the Delaware River, but failed. He passed along the New Jersey coast, entered New York Bay, and landed on Coney Island. Again Indians attacked the boat, and he lost part of his crew. Hudson spent a week in the lower bay and then decided to sail up the river. He drifted up with the tide September 12, passed Manhattan Island, and at dark anchored near West Point. He again sailed, and on the 18th Hudson went ashore near where the town bearing his name now stands. The next day's sail brought them as far as they could go, as the river began to grow too shallow for his boat. Hudson then sent out the small boats to sound the river farther up, and while the men were gone, entertained the native chiefs. When the men returned they put the ship in order, and went down the river and sailed to the British Isles. From here Hudson sent report to officers of the company at Amsterdam. His discovery led to the opening up of a rich country and of a brisk trade.

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES.

(According to the Century Dictionary.)

Bimini, Bē-mē-nē .

Cabrillo, Cä -brē-lyo.
Cañon, Cän′-yon.
Cartier, Jaques, Kär-tyā′, pr. Zhack Carteeya.
Cibola, Sē′-bō-lä.
Coronado, Kō-rō-nä′-ŦHō.
Cortez, Kôr-tās′.

Darien, Dā′-ri-en.
De Soto, Dä Sȯ́-tȯ.
De Vaca, Dē Vä -cä.

Genoa, Jen′-o′-ä.

Hispaniola, His-pän′-yo-lä.

Las Casas, Läs Käz.
Leif, Lēef.

Magellan, Mạ-jel′-ạn.
Marco Polo, Mär′-kȯ Pȯ′-lȯ.
Monterey, Mōn-tā-rā′.
Montezuma, Mon-tē-zö′-mạ̈.
Montreal, Mŏnt-re-âl′.

Narvaez, När-vä-āth′.
Niña, Nēn′-yä.
Nizza, Nēt′-sä.

Palos, Pä-lös′.
Pascua Florida, Pās′-cou-ä Flō-ree′-tha.
Pinta, Pēn -tä.
Ponce de Leon, Pōn-thā-dā-Lāōn′.

Quetzalcoatl, Kāt-zäl-kō-wät′l.
Quivera, Kē-vē-rä′.

San Carlos, Sän Kär′-lōs.
San Diego, Sän Dē-ā′-gō.
San Pedro, Sän Pē′-drȯ.
Santa Cruz, Sän′-tä Kröth′.
Santa Maria, Sän′-tä Mä-rē′-ä.
Santiago, Sän-tē-ä′-gō.
Skrellings, Skrēl′-ings.
St. Quenten, Saṅ-Koṅ-taṅ′.
Serra, Junipero, Sar′-rä Hunipēr̂o.

Terrarossa, Ter-rä′-rȯs-sä′.
Thor, Tor.
Thorfinn, Tor-fin′.

Valladolid, Väl-yä-ŦHō-lēŦH′.
Valparaiso, Val-pạ-rī′-sō.
Vasco Nuñes de Balboa, Vās′-co-noonye′th dē Bäl-bō′-ä.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in *fat.*	*e* as in *met.*	*ī* as in *pine.*	*ô* as in *non.*
ā as in *fate.*	*ē* as in *mete.*	*o* as in *not.*	*u* as in *tub.*
ä as in *far.*	*ė* as in *her.*	*ȯ* as in *note.*	*ū* as in *mute.*
ȧ as in *ask.*	*i* as in *pin.*	*ö* as in *move.*	*u̇* as in *pull.*

The dot under any vowel, thus ạ, indicates its abbreviation and lightening without loss of its distinctive quality. The double dot under any vowel, thus ạ̈, indicates that it takes the short *u* sound of *but, pun.*

th as in *thin* ŦH as in *then* ′ denotes the syllable accented.