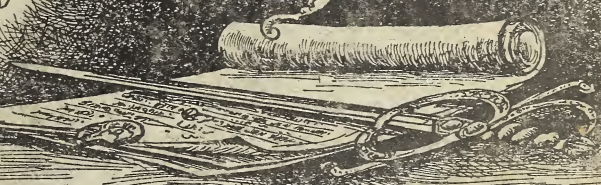
YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY

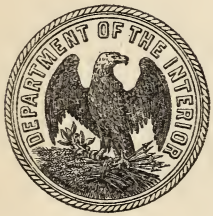
OF

AMERICAN HISTORY



M. L. PRATT

COLUMBUS AND DE SOTO.



YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

COLUMBUS

AND

DE SOTO.

BY MARA L. PRATT, M. D.

Author of "American History Stories,"—"Cortes and Montezuma,"—Etc.

BOSTON.—CHICAGO.
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1891.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Map	6
Christopher Columbus	7
Plans of Columbus	9
Appeal to Spain	14
Columbus and His Son at the Convent Gate *(Illustration.)*	15
Columbus before the Wise Men. *(Illustration.)*	21
Columbus Favored by Isabella	23
Columbus Appeals to Isabella. *(Illustration.)*	26
Queen Isabella. *(Illustration.)*	28
Columbus' First Voyage.	31
Taking Possession of the New Land. *(Illustration.)*	36
Treachery to the Natives.	38
Alonzo Pinzon.	40
The Return Voyage.	47
Columbus' Reception on his Return to Spain *(Illustration.)*	49
The Second Voyage.	51
Treachery of the Spaniards	56
Columbus in Hayti Again.	62
Columbus' last Voyage	65
Ferdinand de Soto	69
De Soto angers Don Pedro	71
Don Pedro takes De Soto to America	73
The Spanish Colony.	75

PAGE.

De Soto Fights a Duel 76

Uracca, the Indian Chief. 79

De Soto Joins Pizarro 90

The Death of the Peruvian Inca 91

De Soto Returns to Spain 96

The Landing in Florida. (*Illustration.*) 99

Ucita's Courtesy to De Soto 104

Vasca Porcallo and Ucita 105

March to Ochile 108

The Parade 112

A Second Conspiracy 114

Onward! 117

Death of De Soto 121

Burial of De Soto. (*Illustration.*) 122

Poems 124


NORTH
ARCTIC OCEAN
GREENLAND
NORWAY
LABRADOR
EUROP
NORTH
AMERICA
SPAIN
ATLANTIC
ASIA
AFRICA
WEST
EAST
SOUTH
AMERICA
OCEAN
ANTARCTIC OCEAN
SOUTH

Christopher Columbus.

In the grand old sea-port town of Genoa, lived the little lad whom to-day the whole world knows as Christopher Columbus.

He was a thoughtful boy; and, as year after year he saw the ships come in, and heard the wonderful stories that the sailors told, there grew in him a longing to visit those far away lands, a thirst for adventure, a hope that he, too, might find a "new land."

Christopher Columbus was not an ignorant boy. His father, although a simple workingman, seems to have been intelligent; a man who strove to keep alive in his children a love for education, and to give them all the opportunity within his power.

Columbus had a fair, common-school education, as we should call it, and had given no little time to drawing, designing, and to the study of astronomy and navigation.

It was when Columbus was about twenty-five years of age that he was sent out in command of a squadron to aid a certain king in his struggle to recover his kingdom. There is little known of this conflict, as far as Columbus is concerned, farther than that "the squadron of Columbus gained much renown for its valor."

In a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, then king and queen of Spain, Columbus gave a brief account of one of his adventures, when his vessel was sent to attack a galley in the harbor of Tunis. In some way report reached the ears of his crew that this galley was protected by two other ships. "It would be foolhardiness to attempt an attack upon a galley so armed," said they, "and we refuse to proceed."

"Very well," answered Columbus after a reasonable amount of arguing with his crew, "we will go back for re-enforcements."

But this was far from his real intention. So quietly altering the direction of the compass, he spread full sail. Night came on. Quietly they sailed on; but when morning dawned, behold they were in the harbor where the galley lay. History does not tell us what the result of this strategy proved to be; so I suppose the lesson we are to learn from it is that Columbus was quick-witted, able in command, equal to an emergency.

These were days of peril and hardship for sailors; pirates infested the seas, and every sailor had need of soldierly training as well as an understanding of nautical affairs. At one time Columbus was engaged in a most desperate sea-fight with one of these pirate vessels. The two vessels were lashed together with iron grappling-hooks, and both were wrapped in flames. Not until the last minute did Columbus leave his ship. Then, when all hope was lost, he leaped into the raging sea, and buoyed up by an oar, made his way safely to the shore — six miles away.

At such a time as this, Columbus received his sailor-training; and this it was, that, in the years to come, fitted him for the hardships of his adventurous discoveries and explorations.

PLANS OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus was thoughtful. He had sailed far to the north, and had there heard vague rumors of a land far away, which had been visited by the sturdy Northmen. Then, too, his habits of study had led him to doubt the theories of that time regarding the shape of the earth and the movements of the planets. In a let-

ter to a friend, he once wrote, "For forty years I have been studying, trying to seek out the secrets of nature." And so it came about that it was to him that the revelation of the true shape of the earth and of the "new continent" was given.

In his wandering from sea to sea, and from port to port, he had often met mariners, intelligent, observing men, who had, as he had done, explored all seas and visited all lands then known to the world. From those who had sailed farthest west, he heard of drift-wood that had been found on the waters, different from any known growth. One sailor told Columbus of two dead men who had been washed ashore far out upon the Azores, who were very different from any races of Europe or Africa.

These, and other stories of these westward voyages, began gradually to awaken in Columbus a belief that somewhere, far away towards the setting sun, there must be other lands, and perhaps other people.

Columbus was quiet, thoughtful, free from selfishness, given rather to doubting his own power than to pushing himself forward.

Night after night, when this idea was at last clear to him, he would sit pouring over the maps of those days, and studying the reports of sailors from every port. What was there beyond the Azores! Was the earth a globe, and was there, perchance, another

country far, far away on the other side? Would it be possible to sail around this globe — could that land be found?

Then he put to work his knowledge of astronomy, estimated from the sun's speed on its journey across the heavens what must be the size of this earth, if indeed it should be proved that its shape was that of a sphere. All this study and discovery, all these estimations with their seeming proofs, which our self-taught philosopher was able to bring before his hearers, began to attract the attention of thoughtful men.

Of course, there were many ignorant, unthinking people, who jeered at Columbus and called him a fool. Such men as he, to whom any revelation has been granted, are apt to be called fools by the common people; and human nature was just as ignorant, and just as jealous and skeptical then as it is now. But Columbus had grasped a truth; and all the ignorance in the world could not take it from him.

Now, Columbus was a poor sea-captain, without money and without influential friends. Still, spurred on by his own absolute confidence in his schemes, he went to the King of Portugal, laid his plans before him, and asked for money and a fleet with which to set forth upon a voyage of discovery.

The king listened to his plans as he would have listened to those of an insane man, with wonder and

amusement. When Columbus had finished, the king bowed him politely from the audience-room, with a smile half of scorn, half of pity, saying to himself, "He is a half-crazed creature. Quite probably the hot sun of the tropics has turned his head."

But there was something in the courteous, dignified bearing of Columbus that had impressed the king more than he would have been willing to acknowledge. The plans that Columbus had presented would not be shut out from his thoughts. "If they are true," said he to himself, "What a glory it would be to me, as King of Portugal, to aid him in this scheme!" Day after day, the king turned over and over in his mind the possibilities Columbus had presented to him. At last, calling to him a certain well-known Portuguese sea-captain, he told him of Columbus, aided him in gaining all the additional knowledge possible, and then, with what the king had already learned from Columbus, he gave the captain instructions to push on in the track which Columbus had marked out, and reach, if possible, the new land; or, if there was no new land, to sail on and on to the Asiatic coast.

A fleet was fitted out, and the captain sailed away — sailed away to *steal* Columbus' glory from him. You will be glad to hear that the captain lost his way, that a terrible tempest arose, that the sailors set up such a clamor that the captain was compelled to return

to port and report to the king that his treacherous scheme had failed entirely.

When Columbus was informed of this meanness of Portugal's king, he was bitterly disappointed that the royal court, on whom he had been taught to look with reverence, could stoop to so contemptible an act.

"I will go to the Genoese Government," said he. "Perhaps there may be help there."

"Who is this Christopher Columbus," said the Genoese Court, "that he comes to us?"

"He is a sailor — one of our Genoese sailors," was the answer. "The son of Dominico Columbus, the wool-comber."

"The son of a wool-comber!" cried the Court, shocked that one from so common a family should dare urge a claim at the Grand Genoese Court.

Columbus was now in deep poverty. He had hardly money enough to keep himself and his little son Diego from starvation.

"We must go," said he, taking the little fellow up in his arms, "to the King of Spain. Do you think, my little man, that you and I can journey, perhaps on foot, to the camp where Ferdinand and Isabella are busy with the war against the Moors?"

What Diego's reply was we do not know. But, as he was a very brave little fellow, and had great faith in his quiet, gentlemanly father, we have no doubt it

was a brave answer; and who knows but it may have encouraged the disappointed man more than he knew!

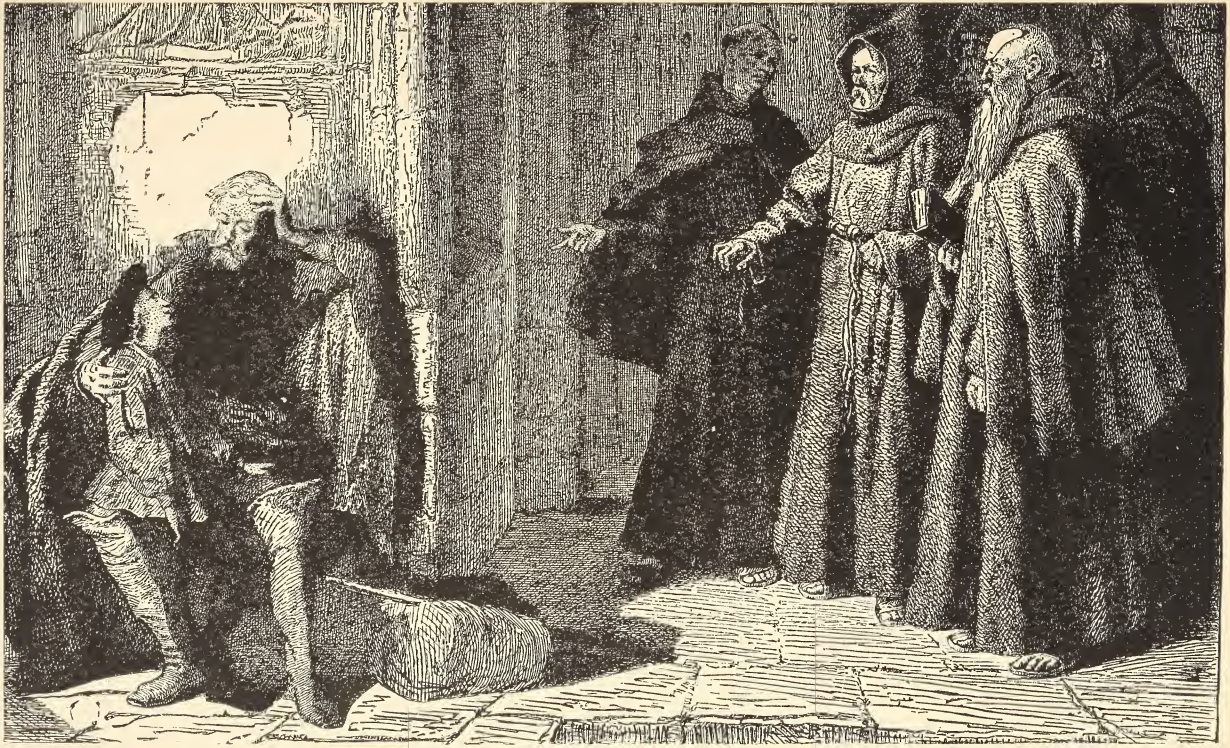
At any rate, Columbus and Diego set forth to seek the king and queen. They sailed from Genoa to Palos, and then began their long journey to the royal camp.

APPEAL OF COLUMBUS TO SPAIN.

Fortunately for the little Diego, they had advanced but a mile or two when they came to a great stone convent. Diego was hungry, and O, so thirsty. His tired little legs were growing rather heavy, and but for the brave little heart, determined to share his father's hardships, the tears, I fear, would have gone rolling down his cheeks.

Knocking at the great gateway of the convent, Columbus asked for a cup of water and a slice of bread for his child. It chanced that the Prior was just then coming to the gate; and when he noted the courteous manners, the dignified carriage, and the intellectual face of the stranger, he knew that it was no ordinary begger that asked for help.

"Come in, good friend," said he, "and rest. The little one looks tired and hungry."



15 COLUMBUS AND HIS LITTLE SON AT THE CONVENT GATE.

Columbus gladly entered; and, as we might well suppose, knowing how full Columbus' heart was with his plan, it was not long before the two men were in earnest conversation. Now, in those days, knowledge was confined to a few people, who had given up their lives to study, and had gone away from the world into convents where they might have the use of books, and might be taught by the few teachers of that day.

THE PRIOR.

The prior was one of these educated, thinking men; and so, as Columbus unfolded his plans to him, setting forth his scientific reasons for the hope he had, the monk was able to follow him intelligently. Indeed, so convinced was he that Columbus was right, that he promised to use whatever influence he had in the church as a monk, and in the court as a man of

learning, to aid Columbus in carrying out his project.

Day after day Columbus and the prior pored over the convent books and maps, discussing whether the earth was a globe or merely a flat expanse; whether by sailing around it Asia would be reached; or whether somewhere, far out at sea, might there be a great unknown continent as large, perhaps, as the one already known.

"Leave the little Diego here," said the prior, "and with letters of introduction which I will gladly give you, make your way to the camp at Cordova, where you will find Ferdinand and Isabella. I can not but think they will see the grandeur of your scheme, and will help you."

Rested, and better still, cheered by this good man's helpful words, Columbus set forth. It was a marvellous military display that Columbus entered upon at Cordova. All the chivalry of Spain, gleaming and glittering in rich armor, was there; the horses resplendent in their gorgeous mountings, the bright banners, the waving plumes, the grand, martial music — all these made the scene one of rare beauty. But Columbus hardly saw all this, felt no inspiration to join this mighty throng, no pride that Spain was so grand and powerful. He had a larger motive than that of going forth to kill his fellowmen. This inspiration had come

from truth, and he had a work to do that should benefit the world.

Isabella's chaplain, to whom the prior had written a letter introducing and recommending Columbus, received Columbus with a coldness that might well have chilled the ardour in a man with a less important cause to present than Columbus had. "Even a slight degree of intelligence and sense of time and fitness of opportunity," said he, "might teach you that it would be but an intrusion to present any plan, however great and probable, to say nothing of this absurd scheme of yours, to our sovereigns, oppressed as they are now with the cares of war."

But as has always been the case in all history when the cause has been great enough to swallow up self, Columbus persevered regardless of the chaplain's scorn and refusal to acquaint the king and queen of his desires. He lingered about the camp, earning what little he could from day to day by designing charts and maps, telling his plans to any one intelligent enough to listen, hoping, yes, *determined* that in some way, sooner or later, he would gain an audience with the queen.

Of course, like every man or woman, then and now, who catches the glimmer of a light before it reaches the dull eyes of the world, Columbus was jeered at and called a fool, an adventurer, a lunatic — a crank,

as we say to-day. But now and then he found a listener who could understand him, and who helped him with sympathy and understanding, though they had no money and no ships for him.

COLUMBUS TELLING HIS STORY TO THE MONK.

At last, report of Columbus' plan reached the ears of the grand Cardinal of Spain. This man had so much influence with the king and queen that he was often called the third king.

He sought Columbus out that he might for himself hear what the stranger had to tell. Columbus, full of

faith in his theory, told his story with enthusiasm, and with simple eloquence.

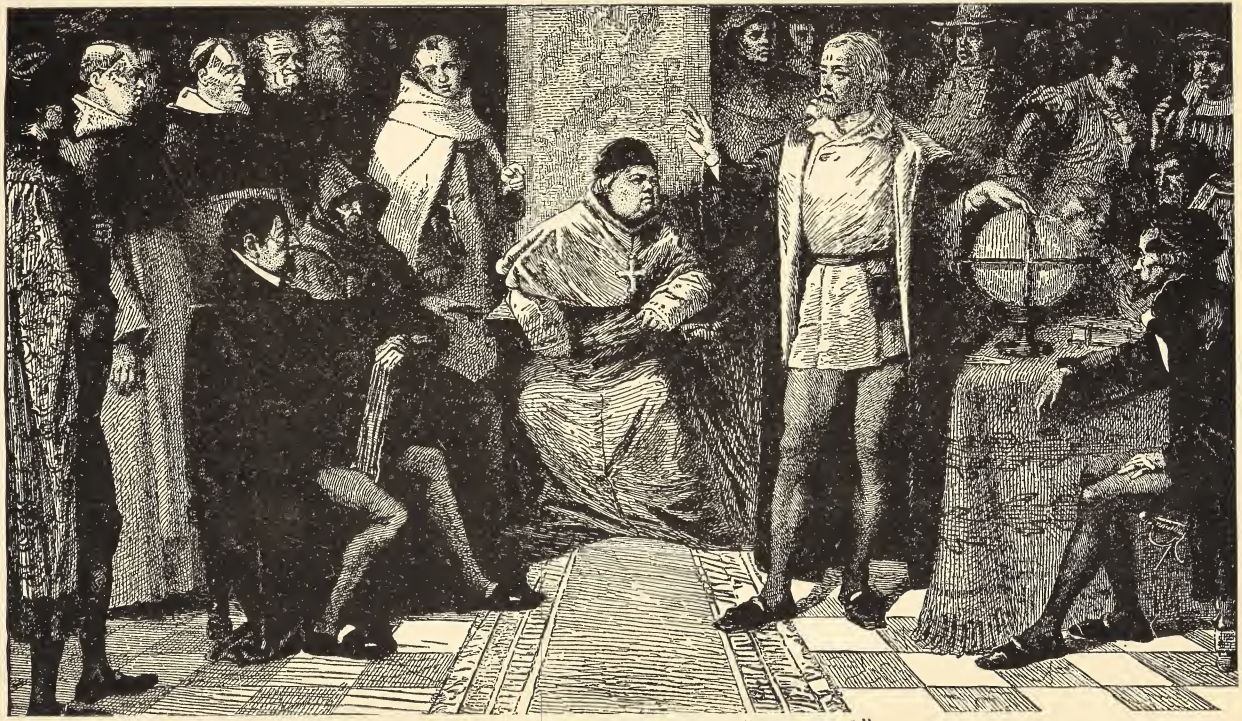
"This man is no fool," said the Cardinal. "He is a thinker; he is educated; and he is not, as I have been told, a half-crazed dreamer. His plans seem plausible; he knows whereof he speaks. The king and queen should receive him. There is more in his theory than idle fools can see."

It was, therefore, through the cardinal that Columbus did at last obtain a hearing with the Spanish sovereigns. Again did Columbus, with outspread maps and astronomical charts, repeat his story. Not one point or question but he could meet with reasonable reply. The king, a cool, philosophical man, listened critically, carefully questioning and weighing every point. His ambition was excited. "If this man's story is true," said he, "think what glory, what wealth, what power will be added to Spain through his possible explorations and discoveries."

But Ferdinand was a cautious man. "I will call a council," said he, "of Spain's wisest men; and they shall hear the story of this man Columbus, and they shall decide what shall be done."

Columbus now rejoiced. The Cardinal and the King believed him. Certainly the Council would believe him too.

These "wisest men of Spain" met Columbus, who, more



21

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE "WISE MEN."

and more filled with enthusiasm with each recital, more certain than ever of the truth of his enterprise, repeated his story with the eloquence that is born of inspiration. It would seem to us to-day that a very child might understand. But alas for Columbus! these wisest men proved his bitterest foes. First the scientific men arose. "The theory of this man," said they, "is absurd. Any one of common sense might know this earth is flat. Suppose, for an instant, it were round like a globe. Let us see what must follow. Why, if there were people around on the under side, then they must be walking with their feet up and their heads down. The trees must be growing with their branches down and their roots up. When it rains it must rain upwards. Everything must be upside down, even if the people and the animals and the houses could stay upon the earth, But we know, moreover, that they would fall — down, down, down, we know not where. Our noble king is far too sensible to be imposed upon by this half crazy woolcomber."

Then some churchmen arose: "We condemn this man's scheme above all, because it is blasphemous," said they. "It is in opposition to the teachings of the Bible, and that is enough. The Scriptures tell us the first people were born here on this side of the earth; and they never could have wandered around to the

land on the other side of the earth even if there were any land to wander to. How could a ship sail up and back round to Spain again even if it could get down to this man's visionary land underneath. It could not be. But above all, we condemn this man for blasphemy, for heresy, for contempt for the teachings of the Bible and the Church."

To all these arguments, if such foolish words can be called arguments, Columbus answered clearly and simply. But it was lost upon these bigoted men. He was dismissed; and the convention broke up, delighted, no doubt, with the brilliancy of their own logic.

COLUMBUS FAVORED BY ISABELLA.

It was a bitter disappointment to Columbus that he had been so unreservedly condemned in this convention of "wisest men." For a time hope seemed dead. The council, however, had unwittingly done him service, in that it had brought Columbus into public notice, and had set the whole country talking and thinking about him. And in spite of the decision of the Council, there sprang up here and there men who dared claim that the Council had made a grave mistake.

For more than a year Columbus remained about the Court, still urging his claim whenever he could find a listening ear. Again he was condemned by a Council of "wise men." Wars arose, and Columbus was cast aside. "Intrude upon our sovereigns no further," said one of the Court, "until we are free from war at least."

There seemed, indeed, little prospect of aid from Spain. Seven long years now he had spent begging the government to aid him in a project which was sure to bring Spain nothing but honor and glory.

"I will go again to the convent and see my boy Diego; then I will appeal to the French Court," said Columbus.

Again, travel-worn and weary, his face now furrowed with care, his hair whitened, his body bent with fast approaching age, Columbus arrived at the convent gate. The good prior received him with hearty welcome. Again they talked over the belief of possible lands across the sea; and when Columbus proposed now turning to France for aid, the prior, more convinced than ever as the years rolled on, was aroused. "This glory must not pass out of Spain," said he. "Something must be done. How can the philosophers and the churchmen be so short-sighted?"

Accordingly, he wrote a long letter to Isabella, urging her to consider well Columbus' claim, and to allow no prejudice to blind her to the truth that seemed

so clear. Now, this prior was a great friend of Isabella's, and was held in high esteem by her.

Isabella, though weighed down with cares, gave heed to the prior's appeal.

THE PRIOR ON HIS WAY TO ISABELLA.

"Come to me," wrote she in reply. "I would hear of this man and of his claims. I feel there is much of truth in them."

COLUMBUS APPEALS TO ISABELLA.

When this letter came, great was the rejoicing in the little convent. "I will set forth at once," said the prior, "and tell your story to our Queen."

Now, Ferdinand was King of Aragon only; and Isabella was Queen of Castile in her own right. She had, therefore, her own revenue, her own army, and her own court; and was able to move in this matter, as in any other, freely and independently of Ferdinand.

"I have never given this much thought," said she. "The Council met with Ferdinand the King, and, busy with other matters, I inquired little of this. But it interests me. It impresses me. You will send Columbus to me at once."

Once more the star of hope seemed to have arisen. Presenting himself before the Queen, not as a beggar, but as one who offered her a golden opportunity, he said, "I ask only for a few ships and a few sailors with which to travel westward over the now unknown ocean. I will thus find for your majesty a new and shorter route to India, and will open to you an unknown land, the wealth and power of which no man can estimate. In return, I ask only that I may be made Viceroy of what I may discover, and that I be granted one-tenth of the wealth that I may bring to Spain."

"What audacity!" cried the courtiers. "To make

terms with the Queen! A mere beggarly sea-captain! A common wool-comber!"

Influenced by these courtiers, the queen summoned Columbus again to her, offering to aid him if he would make his own demands less extravagent.

But Columbus would not yield. "I go not as a hireling," said he with pride.

Isabella was annoyed. She was willing to assist him; more than that, she desired to assist him; but to be dictated to as to her terms, was something new to her queenship; and Columbus was dismissed with a great show of freezing dignity.

Now, indeed, Columbus' last hope of aid from Spain was dead. Sadly he remounted his mule, and started upon his journey back to the convent.

"I am not content to have dismissed this man Columbus," said she to Ferdinand. "The character of his mind, the grandeur of his schemes, his education, and his fine breeding tell me he is no common adventurer. And if his story *should* be true, and some other country should aid him, what disgrace would be reflected upon us, and what a loss would it be to our country."

"But war has cost us so much," said Ferdinand.

"Still something tells me it should be done. Yes, and it *shall* be done. I will pledge my jewels to raise the funds!" cried Isabella, moved by a sudden impulse. And, calling a servant, a courier was sent

with all speed to overtake Columbus and bring him again to the queen.

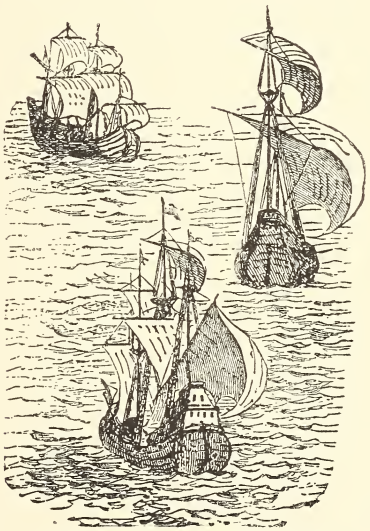
Now, these words of Isabella sound very heroic and self-sacrificing. They have made a pretty little speech to pass down in history by the admirers of this queen. But I am afraid we must admit that while they were genuine in their impulse, they were not so geniune in the spirit of sacrifice; for when we read that in the recent war Isabella had filled her coffers to overflowing, by her almost perfidious conduct towards the Moors of Malaga, we have to acknowledge that there was little call for her to sacrifice her jewels. Still let us respect her impulse, and remember that, if she had not moved perhaps no one else would have, and Columbus, already old and broken, might have died, and so the result of his thought have been lost.

Columbus, with bowed head and heavy heart, was toiling across the sands, only a few miles advanced on his journey. Deep in thought as he was, the clattering of the hoofs of the courier's horse did not reach him until he heard, "Columbus! Columbus! In the name of the Queen I command you to return to the Court."

For a moment Columbus hesitated. So long had he waited, so often had he been repulsed, he had little now but distrust of both Spanish sovereigns. Assured by the courier, however, that the queen was really in earnest now, he turned back, half in hope, half in doubt.

COLUMBUS' FIRST VOYAGE.

When Isabella came to a decision she was quick to act. She at once summoned Columbus to her presence, and told him that she readily assented to all his demands, and that a fleet should at once be fitted out.



SANTA MARIA, NINA AND PINTA.

As the expedition was considered among the common people to be one of foolhardiness, it was not an easy thing to find a crew willing to risk the dangers of the voyage. Added to this, the ominous headshakings of some persons, and the prophecies of disaster to any enterprise that was so plainly in opposition to their

belief, so played upon the ignorant superstition of the people that it was sometime before the ships could be manned and all got in readiness for the departure.

It was early on a bright, sunny morning in August, 1492, that Columbus with his little fleet of three vessels — the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta — set out from the harbor of Palos.

Columbus directed his course to the Canary Islands. For a time, and as long as the way was familiar, the crew behaved fairly well. But as day after day went by, and land was no longer to be seen, mutiny began to show itself. The sailors were all ignorant, superstitious men, many of whom had been forced by the government into this service. Only the third day out and the rudder of one of the vessels mysteriously disappeared. Columbus had good reason to suspect that it had been unfastened by some one of his cowardly crew; but he wisely said nothing and quietly went to work to replace it.

At the end of the seventh day the Canary Islands were reached. This was the farthest known limit of the world. For three weeks Columbus remained here, repairing his vessels and replenishing his supplies. At the end of that time the fleet set forth again, this time really out upon the "unknown sea." Hardly were they out of sight of the islands when a "dead calm" settled upon them. For three whole days did this

last, and the vessels, wholly at the mercy of the waves, rolled and dipped upon the glassy water.

The sailors were terror-stricken. "Are we to lie here and die?" asked one. "Are we beyond the reach of the wind!" asked another. "We must be in shallow water near the edge of the earth!" cried another.

"Perhaps we shall be rocked over, down, down into space!" whined another, his knees shaking with fear.

"It is as the people said," groaned another; "no good will come of such a sacrilegious voyage as this."

"May the Father forgive us!" cried another. "He knows we would not have come. His curse will fall upon them that forced us to this."

All this, together with the sullen looks and the angry mutterings, was anything but a help to Columbus, weighed down as he was himself with anxiety.

Glad indeed was he when at last a stiff breeze arose, and again the vessels were speeding along. The sailors were convinced that they were not beyond the reach of the winds, at least.

So the days passed on. One night a meteor shot across the sky, falling with hissing rage into the ocean. Again the superstitious sailors were convulsed with fear. "This surely was a thunderbolt from heaven!"

By and by they struck the trade winds. Again the seamen were terrified as the vessels were swept along from east to west.

"Now," said the sailors, "we are in the very centre of the home of the winds. They are angry with us that we have found their home."

LOOKING FOR LAND.

With such men as these, and with so much at stake, is it any wonder that Columbus resorted to all sorts of artifices to keep the crew from knowing the great distance they had sailed. Two tables did Columbus keep — one of which was accurate, the other only half-

reckoned, with which he could keep the fears of the crew within control.

Now there were signs of land. Great masses of sea-weed now and then appeared. Birds alighted on the mast-heads. A green branch floated by.

Great was the joy of all, Columbus as well as his crew, when the cry of "Land! Land! There is land ahead!" rang out over the waters.

All rushed to the deck. Sure enough! there was land ahead. During the night a strange light had been seen moving to and fro. Now indeed were they sure that land was near. As the sun rose, throwing its light more and more brightly upon the land, they saw that there lay before them a beautiful, low island, rich in its wealth of tropical foliage. To the weary sailors' eyes it seemed as if there never were such trees, never such green earth, never such a beautiful shore!

Out from the forest thronged the natives, chattering and gesticulating in the wildest manner. The boats were lowered; and Columbus, dressed in rich robes of scarlet, and with rich Castilian plumes, approached the shore. Such a wealth of flowers down to the very water's edge! In the midst of them, Columbus knelt and gave thanks to God. His sailors, some of them truly penitent, others cringing, in the hope that their cowardice might be forgotten, knelt about him weeping, praying, rejoicing — all full of

36 TAKING POSSESSION OF THE NEW LAND.

wild delight that the perils were over, and that in spite of the croakings of the Spanish monks, they were safely on shore once more.

With most imposing ceremony, Columbus took possession of the new land in the name of Spain. The natives, timidly looking on, with awe-struck faces, watched every movement of the "people of the sky" as they believed they were. By and by, finding that their visitors seemed in nowise inclined to do them harm, the natives came forward, bringing fruit and bread, and showing in every possible way through sign language, their desire to welcome their guests.

All day long the sailors wandered about the island, eating the rich fruit, wondering at the strange homes of the natives, and admiring the grand beauty of the forest. At night all returned to the ships. In the morning, at the first sign of life, a throng of natives plunged into the water and swam to the ships' sides. Kindly they were received, and after a short visit, during which they sharply inspected the "strange white birds" as they called the ships, they swam back, delighted as children with the bits of colored beads that Columbus had given them.

TREACHERY TO THE NATIVES.

In a day or two Columbus set out with his boats to make a tour of the island. Everywhere he found the same beautiful foliage, the clear, sparkling waters, the abundant fruits. But Columbus, like his successors in Spanish explorations was looking for wealth. Rich foliage and sparkling waters were hardly gifts to carry back to Isabella.

One morning, there appeared at the water's edge, some beautiful women decked out with bright feathers, and with bright yellow rings of gold in their noses. Eagerly Columbus approached them, and made offers to exchange his bright colored beads for the golden rings. "Here at last," said Columbus, "is an indication of gold. We must find where it came from."

Closely inquiring of the natives, they told him, or at least he thought they did, judging as well as he could from their signs and unknown words, that somewhere, farther south, was a land of gold. There was a king there, so they said, who sat upon a golden throne and was served upon golden dishes.

"We must seize some of these natives," said Columbus, "and teach them Spanish. We can never learn anything without interpreters. Seven men were accordingly chosen, and were carried on ship-board Some say these seven natives went willingly: but

there is a story told of one, who, seeing a canoe-load of his people at a little distance from the ship, sprang overboard and swam to them so rapidly that the Spaniards could not overtake him. This story, if true, looks as if the natives were given very little choice as to whether they would serve their Spanish guests or not.

A boat set off in pursuit of the canoe; but reached it only in time to see its occupants flee into the forests, leaving the canoe upon the shore. The canoe the sailors took back to their ship, as a trophy to be exhibited by and by in Spain. This was a mean act; for the generous natives would gladly have given them more canoes than they could have carried; and simple-hearted people that they were, would have been proud that they had anything that seemed worthy to be carried away by these "people from the sky."

At another time, a native, having heard that the Spaniards would buy their balls of cotton, paddled up to the ship's side and held up a large ball for the sailors to see. The sailors, leaning over, and pretending to examine the cotton, seized the poor native and dragged him on board.

Columbus, who had seen this mean act, ordered the captive to be brought to him. The poor Indian, trembling with fear, dropped upon his knees before Columbus, holding up the ball of cotton, as if to say,

"I meant no harm. I only wanted to change my cotton for a bit of colored glass. O, children of the skies! let me be free, let me be free!"

Columbus, sternly rebuking his sailors, gave the poor Indian a string of bright beads, placed upon his head a gay colored cap, and ordered him to be put into his canoe and allowed to return to the island.

Columbus, it is said, was always kind to the natives, and was careful that his sailors, as far as he was able to command, should also be careful in their treatment of them. It would have been well had the successors of Columbus followed his policy in this respect, as well as in many others.

ALONZO PINZON.

Alonzo Pinzon was the commander of the Pinta. Being a man of equal intelligence in affairs of the sea, he had lent his wealth and influence most heartily to aid Columbus in his enterprise, and had, during the voyage, proved himself Columbus' "right-hand man," as we say. It was he who assisted Columbus in fitting out his ships; it was he, who, during the first days of the voyage, when the superstitious sailors

were beside themselves with fright, encouraged and cheered them on with promises of reward; it was he, who, later on the voyage, when there was grumbling and muttering and mutiny, helped Columbus to keep the crew in check, and make it possible to reach the newly discovered country.

One would suppose from all this, that Columbus and Pinzon would have been the best of friends; that they would have held their success so much a thing of common interest and of common glory that separation would have been an impossibility.

But the same old enemy, self, that is always getting

in our way to make us do unworthy acts, seems to have taken possession of these two men. Columbus, good man as he was, began to grow a little jealous of Pinzon. He grew suspicious of him, thought he was a little too commanding, and hardly as willing to yield to Columbus' authority as he ought to be.

Pinzon, on his side, thought thus: "I am not Columbus' follower. Was I not one of the chief workers, both with money and with influence, in this enterprise of his? What do I owe this man? Does he not rather owe me money, labor, influence — everything that has made it possible for him to succeed in his undertaking? And now he would make a mere hireling of me. We'll see. I shall show him that Alonzo Pinzon is no slave of his."

For some time this feeling between these two men, who should have been the best of friends, had been growing more and more bitter. Each was on the alert for some offence committed by the other.

One night, when the three ships had been cruising about among the islands, Columbus, as usual, put up the signal to return to the harbor. But Pinzon paid no heed whatever. On he went, and when morning dawned, the *Pinta* was no where in sight. Pinzon had evidently gone on a cruise of his own.

Columbus was annoyed and angry. Had Pinzon gone cruising about by himself; or what would be

worse still, had he set out for Spain, that he might be the first to announce the tidings of the great discovery, and so enjoy the glory that would be heaped upon him when the wonderful success of the voyage was known. "Little credit for its success," thought Columbus bitterly, "will he be likely to give to me."

But it was of little use to pursue Pinzon's vessel. The ocean was far too large — and the ocean tells no tales. Columbus, therefore, continued his explorations from island to island, desiring now, more than ever, that somewhere he might find gold and silver, and so carry home to Spain something to weigh in his own favor over and above any reports, any mere word-pictures, with which Pinzon might endeavor to steal from him the favor of the Spanish sovereigns.

On one island, he was told there lived a tribe of man-eaters — the Caribs, as they called them. On another island he found trees so large that the natives were able to dig out from one of them a canoe large enough and long enough to carry a hundred men. On another island, which he named Hispaniola (Little Spain) he found the natives living in houses with gardens, and these grouped in little villages. The people everywhere were friendly, welcoming the Spaniards always as wonderful beings just come from the skies; and at Hispaniola the king, so Columbus wrote to Isabella, was so generously inclined, and so proud of

his visitors that he everywhere presented Columbus to his people as "my brother."

At one time, when the sailors were rambling about the island, they came in sight of a band of natives playing and laughing and racing with each other. At sight of the Spaniards, the islanders fled. The Spaniards gave chase. One beautiful young girl was captured and carried to the ship. Poor, frightened child! trembling like a leaf, she was brought before Columbus. Again did he win the confidence of the simple-hearted people, and the respect of all of us who read about him, by treating her with gentle kindness. Putting upon her a beautiful robe, and giving her a bunch of little tinkling bells, he bade his sailors return her to her people. "It was vastly amusing," Columbus wrote, "to watch this young maiden strutting up and down the shore arrayed in her wonderful robe, and followed by throngs of admiring natives." A few days later, when Columbus and his men went on shore, this same maiden was borne upon a sort of litter down to the shore to greet the Spaniards as they landed. She was still arrayed in her robe and was prouder of her little bells and the strings of colored beads than ever was a queen with all her costly jewels.

Among all these people, Columbus found great readiness and willingness on their part to give to the

new comers anything and everything they owned. But Columbus never took advantage of their simple generosity. For every bit of gold, he always returned something from the ships which to the Indian should be of more than equal value.

One morning, just as the sun was gilding the ocean with its golden light, a great canoe pushed off from an island near by and darted forward towards the ships.

In this canoe, gayly arrayed in bright plumes and feathers, sat a messenger from the island chief. He brought to Columbus a beautiful belt, embroidered with beads, carved bits of ivory, and decorated with a little head, very neatly carved, and set with bits of gold.

The ambassador brought from their chief greeting, and an invitation to come to their island to visit. Columbus of course accepted this cordial invitation. He found the chief living in a beautiful town, laid out with streets and a large, nicely-kept public square. From all the towns about, the natives thronged to see the people from the sky. "Their hospitality," wrote Columbus, "might well have put to shame the hospitality of many a civilized town."

It was off the coast of this island, that Columbus vessel was one night wrecked. And when word of the disaster reached the island chief, it is said he wept aloud. Then summoning all his men, he ordered

every canoe, great and small,to hasten to the Spaniards' relief. The chief himself worked hard a whole day and a whole night, helping to unload the sinking vessel. Standing over the cargo himself, he guarded it faithfully; and not one article, tempting as it must have been, to the natives, was stolen. Indeed, there seemed no inclination on the part of any of the natives to carry away anything from the ship. The things were to the natives all wonderful and beautiful; but the simple fact that they did not belong to them, seemed reason enough why they should not be taken; and a certain noble sense of honor seemed to hold them above any thought of taking advantage of the Spaniard's misfortune.

For sometime Columbus and his men remained upon this island. In comfortable houses, living upon rich fruit and the freshest of meat and fish, surrounded with every possible comfort, the sailors would hardly have rebelled had Columbus resolved to live on and on with no thought of return to Spain. But with the *Pinta* gone, he knew not where, the other ship wrecked, Columbus felt that it would be wisest to hasten to Spain before some disaster overtook their one remaining vessel.

And so, leaving a little colony who should await his return, he sailed away.

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

It was in January that Columbus set forth again to cross the water. Baffled by calms and head-winds, the little vessel made its way but slowly out from among the mountains. Hardly had it sailed fifty miles when the pilot cried, "The *Pinta*! the *Pinta*!"

Sure enough, there was the *Pinta*. At once a signal was run up which this time Pinzon readily obeyed.

It was a weak sort of an excuse Pinzon had to offer for his desertion, which, even if Columbus had been a little unfair in his treatment of him, was not quite an honorable thing to do.

Columbus was not at all deceived by his excuses; but accepted them without rebuke, thinking it policy just then to have no trouble with Pinzon.

The truth of Pinzon's disertion was this: An Indian had told him of a rich mine, a short distance from where the vessels were, and he, his greediness aroused, conceived at once the plan of finding this mine, speedily filling the vessel, and returning to Spain with his precious freight. As an excuse for separating himself from his commander, he proposed to say that a storm had drifted them apart, and that being unable to find him, he had at once loaded his vessel and set forth for Spain alone.

No mine, however, had been discovered, and now

Pinzon had sailed back to Hispaniola in search of the other ships.

The return voyage was one of peril. Storms and calms followed one after the other in swift succession. Black tempests, roaring billows and dense darkness so confused the leaders that their reckoning was lost.

After one terrible night, during which the ocean had dashed with maddened fury against the frail vessel, and nothing could be seen or heard save its fierce, white-capped crests and their deafening roar, Columbus, far more concerned that the knowledge of his discovery should be saved than that he should live to bear it to the queen, wrote an account of it, sealed it in a strong, water-tight cask, and threw it overboard, hoping that someway it might fall into honest hands, and be delivered up to the sovereigns of Spain.

But Columbus and his crew were not to be lost. The storm cleared, and the vessel made its way in safety to Spain.

You may be sure Columbus and his men were glad indeed to sail again into the harbor of Palos.

Such an excitement as was created all through Europe. The glad tidings swept like a mighty wind over Spain. Bonfires blazed from every high place, church bells rang, salutes were fired.

In the midst of all this joyous celebration Pinzon's vessel, which had been lost sight of during the terrible

49 COLUMBUS' RECEPTION ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

gales, now came sailing up the harbor. Driven by wind and wave it had made its way to the Bay of Biscay, from whence it now came.

Bitterly now did Pinzon regret his ignoble behavior, Generous as he had been with his wealth, valuable as he had been with his aid, it seems a pity that this one error of his should now steal from him the honor really due him, and plunge him into such disgrace.

Sailing into the harbor midst all this enthusiasm over the arrival of Columbus, and knowing how little of the good will would the people give to him, he hurried him self into a small boat, secretly landed, and made his way to his own home.

Pinzon was in deep disgrace. He was forbidden to appear at court; and, indeed, little courage had he to appear even in the streets of his own city, so deeply did he feel the scorn that the common people were so ready to pour out upon him.

Pinzon lived only a short time. Crushed by the sense of his own folly, and stung by the jeers and laughter which everywhere greeted him, he sickened and died.

Let us remember that in everything but this one act of desertion Pinzon had been brave and true, and was by no means deserving of quite so much disgrace as was heaped upon him. I have always been glad that, at a later day, in recognition of his valuable ser-

vices, his family were highly honored by the court, given the rank of nobility and a coat-of-arms, suggestive of the great discovery which, in no small part, Pinzon had helped to make.

THE SECOND VOYAGE.

Columbus for the time being was indeed the hero of the world. The people of Genoa, that so shortly before had called him an ignorant wool-comber, now began to boast that Columbus was a Genoese. Spain puffed herself that she had rendered him the aid he asked for.

England quoted loudly the fact that an ambassador of hers had been, at the very time Isabella had recalled Columbus to court, far on his journey Spain-ward to offer Columbus her support in his plans for sailing around the world. All the friends who had believed in him before he sailed, now strutted about, glorifying themselves in his reflected light. And even those who had scoffed at him and jeered at him, managed by great stretch of conscience and of memory, to recall some little word of approval or of encouragement that they had given him, which should now be made to redound to their own honor. "O, there's nothing succeeds like success," some one has humorously

remarked. And wouldn't you suppose that after a time human nature would learn to be cautious, even if it can't be generous, when some one like Columbus comes forward with some great thought, some great plan, some great invention, which, at the time, does seem almost impossible to be proved true. Let us remember this :— there never yet has been *a great man* or *a great woman* but the world has sneered at, scoffed at, and called either a knave or a fool. It should teach us to be careful lest we do the same thing ; and, like the scoffers at Columbus, find ourselves eating very "humble pie" after the opportunity to be generous has gone by.

When Columbus started on his second voyage, there was no lack of money, or vessels, or of sailors, you may be sure. He had quite as much trouble now in this flood of encouragement as he had previously had in the drought.

One of the men who went on this second voyage with Columbus, was named Ojeda. He was of noble birth, had been brought up under the care of a distinguished duke, one of the richest and most influential in all Spain. Ojeda was a most reckless cavalier ; one who seemed to know not the meaning of the word fear, but seemed rather to rejoice in the wildest, most dangerous adventures.

On this voyage the fleet put in at the Antilles. Here

they found, so some of our histories tell us, an island of man-eaters. These man-eaters ravaged the island, killing the aged, stealing the strong, young maidens to hold as slaves, and eating the young men. A small party of Spaniards went to explore this island. It was long past the time for them to return, still no sign of them. Columbus was alarmed. Trumpets were blown, guns were fired; but no reply came to their signals.

Then Ojeda volunteered to make an exploration of the island. The island was searched for days, but the lost ones could not be found. It was with a sad heart that Columbus prepared to sail away. Just then the men appeared. Ragged and hungry, their appearance was pitiful. They had been lost in the tangled thickets of the forests, and only with the greatest difficulty had made their way out.

On another island, when the Spaniards landed, the people,—Caribs, fought with desperation—men and women alike. The canoe from which they were hurling their arrows was overturned; still they fought on, hurling their arrows seemingly as rapidly as from their boat. They were captured at last. Such hideous creatures! long, straggling hair, wild eyes, their faces daubed with paint. They were like wild animals; and though strongly bound, they behaved like caged tigers, clanking their chains and yelling and howling.

From here Columbus sailed on to islands he had discovered in his first voyage. One night, as they "lay to" not far from the shore, a canoe came towards the vessel. An Indian stood in the bow. Coming up close to the ship he asked for Columbus; nor would he come on board until Columbus himself appeared on deck.

He came to tell Columbus that the island upon which in his first voyage he had left a little colony of Spaniards, had been attacked, many of the natives killed, and the chief himself severely wounded.

The next day Columbus went to the island, but found the towns in ruins. Could it be that the good chief had been treacherous? Or had the Spaniards driven the natives to desperation by some cruel domineering behavior on their part. Columbus almost feared it might be the latter. Clearly had he warned the men that both for policy's sake and because it was *right*, they should be fair in their treatment of the simple-hearted natives.

It was sometime before any reliable report could be gained. The truth came out, however, at last. And the trouble was, as it always was afterwards in the annals of Spanish doings in this country, all due to the perfidy of the Spaniards. No sooner had Columbus gone, than these men began a series of petty persecutions upon the natives. The natives and the neighbor-

ing tribes endured it as long as they could. Then an attack was made upon the white men and everyone of them slain.

So the cruising about the islands went on. Colonies were founded, gold was collected, and the time came when Columbus thought it wise to return to Spain. There had been many pleasant things connected with this voyage, but there had been much that was disappointing, heart-sickening, discouraging.

As he sailed away, he was overtaken by a canoe in which were an Indian and his family.

"Good friend," said he, coming up to the side of the vessel, "we wish to go with you to your land. We wish to be under your protection, and become subjects to your king and queen."

Columbus looked upon these Indians with compassion; and when he thought what unfair treatment, what slavery would be their share in his country, he had by far too great compassion on them to allow them, innocent and ignorant as they were, to be carried away from their native land. So loading them with presents, and promising that in some future time he would come again, he sent them back to their island.

The voyage to Spain was as perilous as had been the first return. Tempest assailed them, the fleet was scattered, and the crew suffered bitterly from cold and

starvation. Columbus, working side by side with the sailors, worn out with toil and suffering, overtaxed with anxiety, was stricken with illness. In a state of unconsciousness, he was borne from the vessel on its arrival at the Spanish port, into the presence of the sovereigns.

TREACHERY OF THE SPANIARDS.

As soon as Columbus had sufficiently recovered to be able to cross the ocean again, he was anxious to get back to his colonies. He had many bitter enemies — envious, jealous men — both in Spain and at the town of Isabella, which he had founded and had made a centre; but he had equally strong friends. It was fast coming to be a question which party should succeed before the sovereigns. The lightening never strikes the grass, you know; but if one puts his head above, standing out as Columbus did, like the grand oak, he must know that he makes himself a target for the arrows of hate.

When Columbus came away from the island of Hayti, he had left a Spaniard there with four hundred soldiers to explore the island.

Don Pedro Margarite was the Spaniard's name. Regardless of the instructions of Columbus, he began at once to take possession of anything and everything on the island that suited his fancy. The Indian dwellings were robbed, the maidens stolen, the children massacred.

Report of this unwarranted behavior reached the ears of Columbus' brother who was in charge in another island. But the proud Spaniard sent back the reply that he did not propose to be subject to wool-combers.

He paid no heed to the warning, but plunged into cruelty more deeply than ever.

At last, the natives, goaded to desperation, rose in rebellion. A confederacy was formed. Thousands of warriors marched against Margarite and his band. A terrible insurrection was at hand. Ojeda, like a fanged wolf, leapt madly into the fiercest of the conflict.

Margarite, angry that Columbus should be in control over him, hastened to the town of Isabella, and plotting with other nobles there, who now that the poor wool-comber had met the peril and borne all the hardship of discovery and exploration, were ready to destroy him, seized upon several of Columbus' vessels and sailed for Spain. They reached there shortly after Columbus had been taken into the presence of

the sovereigns, and taking advantage of his illness, they raised a general clamor against him.

Sadly did Columbus listen to stories of Spanish cruelty and of the Indian uprisings. His only thought was of how peace was to be restored.

There was one Indian chief of influence to whom Columbus appealed. He sent messengers to him, and assured him that the cruel behavior of the Spaniards had been contrary to his commands, and that it was his desire to live in peace with the natives.

There was one chief, Caonabo, the leader in the confederacy of natives, and the fiercest of warriors. "And I," said Ojeda, "am the fiercest of Spaniards." There was between these two a sort of fascination. "I will capture this chief," said Ojeda, "or he shall capture me."

So, selecting ten companions, all mounted on most powerful horses, they plunged into the forests and bore down upon the village in which Caonabo lived,

Approaching him with great show of reverence, Ojeda said, "I come from Columbus. I bring rich presents and implore you to cease from quarreling, and to agree to terms of peace."

Caonabo had suffered terribly from this cruel warfare, and was not unwilling to make terms with his foe.

Ojeda quickly saw this, and so pressed his plans farther.

"If you will come to Isabella," said this scheming young Spaniard, "you shall receive the highest of honors from Columbus. You shall be loaded with presents, and Columbus himself awaits you."

Still the chief hesitated. And now came Ojeda's master-stroke. "My chief," said he, "bade me tell you that he had long known your liking for the bell that hangs in the tower of our chapel at Isabella. And he wished me to tell you that already workmen are prepared to take it down from the tower that he may be able to present it to you."

This was irresistible. The chief now consented to go with Ojeda to the Spanisn town.

When the time came for departure, behold, Caonabo brought with him a great number of his fiercest warriors.

"Why these warriors?" said Ojeda, suspicious that Caonabo, too, might be playing a double game.

"It is not becoming that so great a chief as I should go into the presence of so great a chief as Columbus without attendants," replied Caonabo simply.

As they went on their march, Ojeda produced a set of steel hand-cuffs.

"What are those?" asked Caonabo, his eye attracted by their glitter.

"Ornaments," answered Ojeda carelessly. "Would

you like to take them? We Spaniards wear them only on grand occasions."

"Let me take them," said Caonabo.

"Mount this fine horse behind me," said Ojeda, "put on the ornaments on your wrists, and we will ride into the presence of Columbus."

Caonabo mounted, the manacles were placed upon his hands — the great chief was a prisoner.

Then with a rush, the cavaliers gathered around him, bayonets were pointed, and away the company galloped, leaving the attendants staring in open-mouthed wonder.

Bitterly did Caonabo deplore his captivity. One of his brothers, raising an army, marched against the Spaniards. But Ojeda fell upon them with such fury, the terrible animals on which they rode snorted and pranced so wildly, and the fierce blood-hounds did such deadly havoc, the poor natives were soon put to rout.

Meantime, Margarite and his friends had succeeded in stirring up suspicion against Columbus in Spain. A commissioner was sent over the water to see if the stories reported against him were true.

Columbus listened to the story of the commissioner with dignity, and at once set out for Spain.

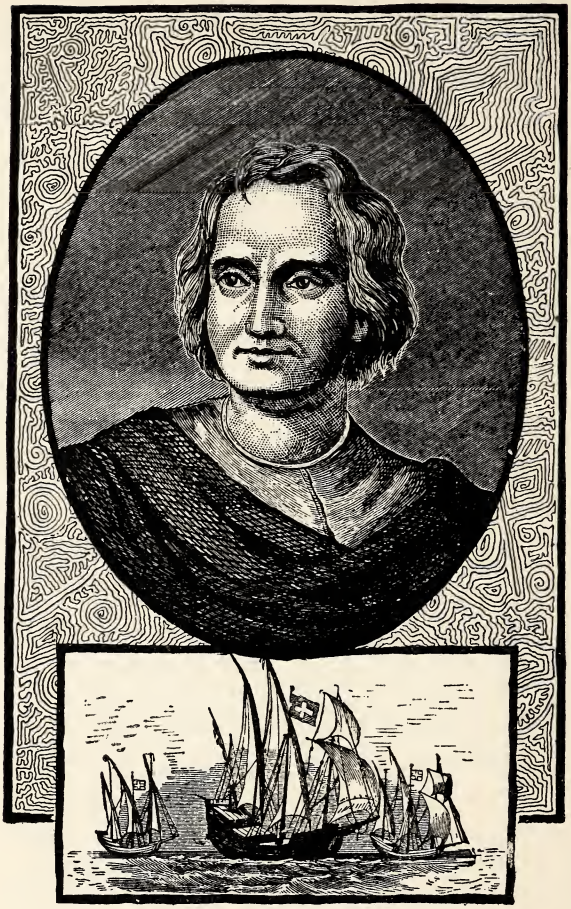
Reaching there he was received with kindness by the sovereigns. Another fleet was promised him, and

all seemed at peace again. But Columbus had many enemies at court, and these came more and more to have influence with the king. He looked upon Columbus with suspicion. Isabella only remained firm in her confidence in his honorable dealings.

Months passed, and Columbus was still waiting. The insolence that from time to time, he received from his enemies drove him sometimes to distraction. Many a time he resolved to go not one step farther in his enterprise.

After two years of waiting, he at last set forth for a third time.

Again he had a perilous voyage, and at its end found the colonies in a far worse condition than ever before. The Indians had, thanks to the cruelty of the Spaniards, grown more and more hostile; sickness prevailed; supplies had given out, and misery and wretchedness everywhere abounded.



COLUMBUS IN HAYTI AGAIN.

A low Spaniard, named Roldan, had formed a conspiracy against Columbus. With a band of followers in character like himself, he set forth on an expedition robbing the natives, burning their homes, killing their

children — all for the mere amusement of it and for the gratification of their low, cruel natures.

There was nothing Columbus seemed able to do to stop them; and when the crew from three of the vessels he had brought over in this third voyage joined them in a body, Columbus was indeed heart-sick.

And now came a man named Amerigo Vespucci. Ojeda was with him, and together they proceeded to attack the islands, capture the prisoners — all without reference to Columbus, who still held, or supposed he did, the governorship of all lands not yet discovered.

Columbus was not a little disturbed by this, and sent Roldan, with whom he had made a half-satisfactory peace, to meet Ojeda.

These two cavaliers were well-matched, both for daring and for lack of principle. Ojeda met Roldan boldly, showed papers from the king, proving that he had permission thus to take possession, and ordered Roldan to go back to Columbus with this report — that he was fast losing favor in Spain, and that he himself had been sent over for the express purpose of bearing intelligence from the king which might not be pleasant for him to hear.

Columbus' command was really at an end. No one obeyed him now. A conspiracy to assassinate him was on foot, At last a new governor was sent over by the two soverigns. He seized Columbus and threw

him into prison. Like a criminal he was paraded through the streets, to be stoned and jeered at — and all this degradation because of the treacherous stories of men like Ojeda and Roldan!

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

Chained, he was sent back to Spain. The captain of the ship, indignant at such brutal treatment, would have removed his chains. But Columbus said "In the letter sent over by my successor from the king and queen, they bade me obey the new governor, Bobadilla. By their authority he claims to have put me in chains. Then I will wear the chains until they themselves shall free me."

You will be glad to know that when the king and queen heard of the action of Bobadilla, they were indignant, indeed. "We gave him no such authority," said they; "and he must at once be recalled."

When Isabella met Columbus, she burst into tears. This touched the heart of the kind-hearted, well-meaning Columbus as no reproof could have done, and he fell on his knees before her, sobbing like a child.

As soon as possible another governor was sent to supercede Bobadilla; but it was a discouraging task to attempt to bring anything like harmony out of the condition on the islands now, so thoroughly were the natives aroused to vengeance.

COLUMBUS' LAST VOYAGE.

Once more Columbus set forth for the land of his discovery. He was now an old man; and though broken in health, and exhausted by anxiety and care, his active brain seemed tireless.

As Columbus sailed into the harbor, he met Bobadilla sailing out. His ship was loaded with gold which had been stolen from the unhappy natives, and with this Bobadilla hoped to gain the favor of the king.

It was a beautiful day, but Columbus with true mariner's foresight, knew that a storm was brewing.

Kindly he warned Bobadilla, but received from him only insults in return. Bobadilla sailed forth. Soon the storm arose, and Bobadilla and all his crew were swallowed up in the raging billows.

Again Columbus saw the same picture of woe and misery on the islands, the same scenes of brutality and cruelty among the Spaniards. His heart sank within him. Shipwreck drove him upon a hostile island. Sick and half starved, he called one of the natives to him and said, "Our God is angry with you that you do not bring us food. He will to-night hide his face from you. That will be your warning. Then if you do not help us, some terrible curse will be sent upon you."

The Indians listened in amazement. Some laughed, others were frightened.

But sure enough, when the moon was up high in the heavens, its light began to wane. Darker and darker it grew. The Indians fell prostrate upon the ground, begging Columbus to intercede for them with the angry God.

Columbus pretended to hesitate, saying that he doubted if God would forgive such awful sins as these. The Indians grew more and more frightened. Provisions were brought from every dwelling, and laid at Columbus' feet. Then the moon began to come out again; and the panic stricken Indians returned to

their dwellings, promising never to hold back help from the "sky people" again.

The new governor all this time would not allow Columbus to enter the port, and the old man found himself little better off, and no more held in respect than when under Bobadilla.

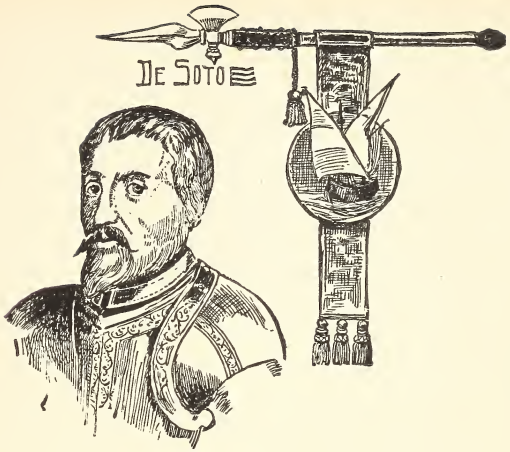
So time passed on. The new governor governed all. And even when, by and by, Columbus was allowed to enter port, he was everywhere treated with insult and indignity.

At last he returned to Spain. He went at once to Seville. Wretchedness followed him there. In utter poverty, he appealed to Isabella. But she lay dying, crushed with the griefs and disappointments of her own sad life. Seeing her friends gathered about her, she said, "Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in prayers for my recovery. I do not wish to live."

The death of Isabella was a great blow to Columbus. No one now remained in whom he could trust. Faithfully he told to the cold-hearted Ferdinand the story of his last voyage, but not one word of encouragement had the king for his faithful servant.

A few months longer, spent in the deepest physical agony and the most bitter poverty, and Columbus died. Knowing that death was near at hand he said, "I welcome thee, O, death! You free me from the wretchedness of life. And into thy hands, O, Lord, do I commend my spirit."

His remains now rest in the cathedral at Havana; and the world is just now beginning to appreciate how good a man for his times he was, and is willing at last to render him the homage that seems so justly his due.



FERDINAND DE SOTO.

"Such a quaint, simple little village!" That is what travelers say of the little village of Xeres in Spain. And indeed it is quaint and simple. It is one of those quiet, nestling little villages, lying at a long distance from any railroad routes. A village that, unmolested by new people and new fashions, has gone on and on year after year, changing in no way except to grow older and grayer, and quieter. Indeed, after the bustling life and flurry of European cities, it is like slipping back into the quiet of the past century to come upon this little village.

On the outskirts are several gloomy weather-beaten

old castles, and it was in one of these that, as a child, Ferdinand de Soto lived. He belonged to a noble Spanish family; but in the little Ferdinand's day, the family were so reduced in wealth that, notwithstanding their noble blood, they were reduced to the most plebian poverty, and were often at a loss to know even from what source the next breakfast would come. Still, because of their "rank," and the foolish ideas of the time, regarding labor, this family could not for a moment think of such a thing as honestly joining the working classes, or allowing their son to "learn a trade;" or to take part in any of the lines of life which, though not aristocratic, would have served very well to give the family more comfort than their "rank" seemed able to give.

And so the little Ferdinand, too poor to associate with his own class, and far too noble (?) to associate with the village boys, spent his boyhood days in idleness and seclusion.

He was a very handsome boy, tall and straight, and remarkably strong and quick in action.

When a young lad, his beauty and fine figure attracted the attention of a wealthy Spanish nobleman who sent him to a University to be educated. He remained at the University for six years, learning, not what, to-day, boys and girls learn in a University, but the things which in those days it was considered so

important and grand to know and excel in — fencing, shooting, wrestling.

In these arts, the beautiful youth gained high honors. In the tournaments, then the fashion, Ferdinand de Soto was altogether the fashion. Old men beamed approvingly upon him; ladies smiled upon him and poured out their admiration in enthusiastic praise: and little boys listening to his wonderful feats were fired with ambition to be like him.

DE SOTO ANGERS DON PEDRO.

Don Pedro de Avila was proud indeed of the lad, and took no small credit to himself that he had been so wise and far-sighted as to have deemed it worth while to lift this boy from his low position and educate him. He received him into his own family and treated him as though he were his own child.

De Soto, however, had the ill taste — so Don Pedro thought — to forget his humble origin; to forget his dependence on the bounty of his foster-father, and to presume to fall in love with Don Pedro's beautiful daughter Isabella.

"You — you — dare ask for my daughter's hand!"

thundered Don Pedro, when De Soto told his story of love for the daughter. "You — penniless — dependent on Isabella's father for your very bread! You dare aspire to my daughter's hand! Away!"

De Soto's pride was keenly wounded.

"I, too, am a man of noble birth!" replied he, his dark eyes flashing, "I am a knight of goodly fame. My family equals the family of beautiful Isabella, sir, in all except wealth. I *dare*, because of noble birth and honestly acquired fame, aspire to your daughter's hand."

"Audacious! insolent!" hissed the angry father. "Away! away! Leave my castle! Look upon my daughter, exchange one word with her, and" — clutching at his dagger — "you pay for it with your life."

Frantic with rage, Don Pedro summoned his daughter before him; pouring out upon her such a volley of abuse and threat as would have congealed the very blood and stood on end the very hair, as the novel-writers put it, of a less wilful girl. But Isabella, it seems, was her father's "own child." And the louder he thundered, the angrier he grew, the more he tore his hair, the bigger and fiercer grew his threats, the more cool and determined Isabella grew. "I have chosen Ferdinand de Soto for my husband," said she, in a tone that her father had long since learned to

dread. "Storm and threaten, fret and rave as you will, but in all remember this: Isabella is not turned from her choice. Either she marries De Soto or she retires to the Convent, where at least she may pass her days in peace and quiet." With these tragic words, the haughty lady swept from the room leaving the enraged father pacing back and forth, back and forth, like an animal at bay.

The weeks passed on. De Soto still proudly held to his right to sue for Isabella's hand; Isabella held firmly and defiantly to her determination; the father still fretted and fumed.

DON PEDRO TAKES DE SOTO TO AMERICA.

It was under these romantic conditions that De Soto set forth to the new world, joining the great band of adventurers and gold-seekers.

Don Pedro himself had been for five years in the colony of Darien and was now fitting out a second expedition.

"I will take this troublesome youth with me to Darien," said the savage Don Pedro. He shall be sent upon the most dangerous expeditions, into the

fiercest battle — he shall be killed — murdered — shot down like a dog. I'll teach him — miserable, penniless beggar — to sue for the hand of a daughter of Don Pedro de Avila."

So feigning a partial reconciliation — just to avoid suspicion — Don Pedro offered to take De Soto with him, promising him opportunities for making in this new world a name for himself, and above all acquiring riches. "Having done all this," insinuated Don Pedro, "there might be some hopes of your gaining my consent to seek an alliance with my family."

De Soto, young and trusting, knowing little of baseness and the cruelty of the world, gladly and hopefully accepted this opportunity, and with a light heart set forth to seek his fortune.

It was at just the time when the names of Cortez and Pizarro were on every tongue; and all Europe seemed wild with excitement, and ambition for wealth and fame. The New World with its strange people and its wonderful mines of gold was the dream of the hour; and so to the young De Soto it seemed the grandest possible thing that Don Pedro should offer him this opportunity to build up for himself fame and wealth.

Isabella, however, knowing better than De Soto did, the cruel character of her father, was not deceived. "Be watchful," said she to De Soto, as they met for

the last time before parting; "remember that one treacherous friend is to be feared above a thousand enemies."

THE SPANISH COLONY.

No account of the voyage is found in history; but we hear that the fleet arrived in safety; and armed in their heavy coats of mail, mounted on powerful war-horses; armed with muskets and cannon; a pack of cruel blood-hounds at their command, the Spaniards prepared to swoop down upon the helpless natives.

Don Pedro himself was a perfect monster of cruelty. Putting De Soto in command of a troop of horses he sent him on expedition after expedition into the very heart of the unknown forests, into the very midst of danger.

We are glad to remember that in these days De Soto's name is never found in the stories of Don Pedro's brutal acts. We are glad to read that De Soto was a youth of good heart and honorable intents. Often in these days, so historians tell us, he even dared disobey the commands of his governor rather than carry out his cruel requirements.

"We are all here for conquest and for gold," he would say; "but we need not be brutal."

DE SOTO FIGHTS A DUEL.

In a pretty little valley nestling among the hills, lay a quiet, peaceful Indian village. The natives had in their dealings with the white men, been always kind and cordial, always generous with food and aid.

"Never mind all that," bellowed the coarse-souled Don Pedro. "These villagers, I suspect, have gold within their houses; and gold is what we are here to get; and gold we are to get at any cost. I command that De Soto go at once, fire the village, put the women and children to the sword, and bring to me that gold."

A more revolting order than this could hardly have been put upon De Soto.

"Go at once," ordered Don Pedro. "Go to De Soto, give him my order; and if he rebels, see that he is whipped — *whipped*, I say, into obedience."

Captain Perez, a man after Don Pedro's own heart, delivered the governor's message.

Indignant that such an order should be put upon him, De Soto, his heart bursting with honest rage, returned these words: "Tell Don Pedro my life and my services are always at his command when the duty to be done is not brutal. In this case, Captain Perez, I think the governor would have showed finer insight

had he ordered you to do this deed of butchery rather than me."

Captain Perez was raging. "Think you," stormed he, as he carried the message to Don Pedro, "that I will take such insult from that lad — that mere boy?"

Don Pedro was delighted. "Certainly not," answered he. "No brave cavalier like you would for an instant be expected to pass over such an insult."

"I shall challenge him to a duel, and I, who have the name of being the most expert swordsman in the colony, I, who am a veteran soldier, I, who have in many a duel before killed my man, will now show you that Captain Perez has not yet grown so old and weak; has not so far lost his courage and skill that he bows before a penniless beggar lad."

At once the challenge was given. De Soto and Pérez met with drawn swords in the presence of all the officers and a great gathering of the colonists.

"De Soto's doom is sealed," said they. "He might as well surrender now at once. There is no hope with such a foe as Perez."

For two long hours the two parried blows with little effect. De Soto had received a few trifling wounds; but such skill did he show, that his opponent, wholly unprepared for such a display, was surprised and baffled. The officers began to applaud De Soto; the herd of lookers-on cheered him at every stroke.

Perez grew angry; and as usual when anger gets the upper hand, judgment was lost. He lost control; made a foolish thrust, and himself received a deep wound in the wrist.

His sword dropped and De Soto springing upon him threw him to the ground.

How the people cheered! "Your life — ask you for your life?" coolly demanded De Soto, holding the sword over the fallen foe.

"Never!" growled Perez — "never will I beg my life of such as you!"

De Soto waited. But the proud duellist, for the first time in his life defeated, lay angry and sullen.

"Very well," replied De Soto, returning his sword to its scabbard; "the life that is not worth asking for is not worth taking." Then bowing right and left to the people gathered about, he quietly withdrew from the field, the hero of the hour.

As to Perez, so angry and humiliated was he, that he threw up his commission and gladly returned to Spain; and so the new world was well rid of one of the cruelest of all the cruel Spaniard adventurers.

URACCA, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

In the northern part of this Isthmus of Darien lived an Indian chief, Uracca. He was a warrior of unusual intelligence; and aroused by the brutal deeds of the Spaniards, understanding the danger ahead for his people unless the Spaniards could be driven out, he raised a large army and swooped down upon them.

So quickly and quietly did he work, that the Spaniards knew nothing of his plans until his army stood close at hand.

Armed as the Spaniards were, and though strongly protected, still a shower of poisoned arrows from twenty thousand angry warriors was not a pleasant thing to anticipate.

"It is we ourselves that have taught these natives cruelty," said De Soto; "we have hunted them down with blood-hounds; we have cut off their hands with our swords; we have fed their children to our dogs; we have tortured them at slow fires, and cast their wives and children into the flames. Can we expect them now to be more merciful than we have been?"

"We must not allow these savages to fall upon us!" ordered Don Pedro. "We must advance — meet them — surprise them — throw them into confusion!"

So, dividing his army into two parties, he advanced. At the same time he sent a division to attack the villages of Uracca's country, hoping thus to call the chief's attention off and oblige him to break up his forces to defend his villages.

The two vessels containing the soldiers who were to attack the villages were soon seen and reported to Uracca by his keen-sighted scouts.

But Uracca had learned the ways of the Spanish military, and at once understood this movement.

"Let them land — let them advance!" said he coolly. Then stationing his troops, several thousand in number, about on the hills, he quietly awaited the advancing army of the Spaniards. How gayly their plumes nodded in the breeze! how their armor glittered and sparkled! how the peals of the trumpets echoed through the valleys!

Once all this would have struck terror to the Indian heart. But Uracca had grown to hate rather than fear the white foe.

On marched the proud Spanish army, Espinosa at their head. Accustomed as he had been to ride rough-shod over the terror-stricken Indians, he was hardly conscious of the foe. But whiz! whiz! whiz! came a shower of arrows. Whiz! whiz! whiz! and another followed. The air was black with them! they came from all directions! Down poured the Indians,

twenty to one Spaniard, from every hill, from behind every rock and tree.

Shrieking in agony from the deadly poison of the Indian arrow, the Spaniards fell dying on every side. "To the ships! to the ships!" cried Espinosa; and away they fled, helter-skelter. The rout of the Spaniards was perfect. Panic-stricken they ran for their lives. The Indians pursued.

De Soto with a band of horsemen was not far away. The noise of battle reached his ears — the shouts of the Indian warriors and the cries of the flying Spaniards.

Putting spurs to their horses the horsemen hurried forward over hills and rocks, across ravines, down precipices they rushed — rushing at last across the open country.

The Indians, horror-stricken at this unexpected arrival of the much dreaded horsemen, stood aghast! They halted in their pursuit. Espinosa, catching sight of De Soto's troops, took heart and turned upon the foe from whom an instant before he had been flying for life.

De Soto's cavalry taking the position of rear guard, the Indians cautiously followed, hurling, now and then, an arrow, but keeping always at a safe distance.

Thus the retreat to the ships was safely conducted, and the Spaniards were for this time saved.

The sun was sinking behind the hills. Night was coming on. Indian bands were drawing together from all directions. The Spaniards were weighed down with anxiety and fear. Pizarro with two-hundred men joined De Soto's little band.

As darkness settled down the hideous clamor of the natives was hushed; but well did the Spaniards know that morning would bring with it another battle scene.

All night long Pizarro and Espinosa held council of war.

"There is little hopes of getting out of the reach of these natives alive," said one, "if we meet them in battle on the morrow."

"We certainly have no hope of defeating them," answered the other.

And so these two brave generals made an inglorious plan to steal away under the protection of the darkness, leaving the field to Uracca.

"Shame upon such cowardice!" thundered De Soto. "Not only is such a thought a disgrace to the Spanish arms, but think what an advantage such a moment would give the natives over us! Spaniards in armor, with guns, with horse, sneaking away in the night! Away with such cowardice! Let us up and to battle! Die if need be, but die like soldiers!"

But De Soto was only answered with a sneer.

"Veteran captains like Espinosa and Pizarro, hardly

need the advice of hot-brained youth," said they angrily.

And so at midnight, as silently and secretly as possible the Spaniards commenced their retreat.

But to their surprise they found Uracca and his allies not so sound asleep as they had thought. Uracca, too, had scouts stationed here, there and everywhere, wide awake, and on the alert to report every movement of the Spaniards.

Hardly had they started forth before they were set upon by the Indians. Flight was then the only thing possible. Regardless of order or command, each Spaniard "took to his heels," as the saying is, and ran, ran, ran.

Whooping and hissing, the Indians, fleet-footed and urged on by vengeance, pursued. For forty-eight hours the Indians kept closely at their heels, hurling their poisoned arrows, and now and then falling upon and killing those who from exhaustion sank by the way.

De Soto's men, clad in their heavy armor were safe from the arrows and escaped unharmed.

Only fifty of the men of Pizarro and Espinosa survived. These few reaching the ships, put out to sea and sailed quickly away.

Sullen and angry at their disastrous and disgraceful campaign, they fell upon a little village several leagues down the shore — a defenceless little village of women

and children, for the warriors were with Uracca,—sacked the houses, destroyed the crops, and captured all the women and children for the slave market.

The generous spirit of De Soto was aroused. "Shame upon you, to attack defenceless women and children! Was it not cowardly enough to creep away in retreat before a band of naked, unarmed natives, that you should add this dastardly deed to your record?"

"I brook no insult from a boy like you. Another word and I report you to the Governor for mutiny," bellowed Espinosa, making up in noise and bluster what he lacked in genuine bravery and honor.

De Soto turned upon his heel in disgust. Ordering his troops to mount their horses, and riding proudly at their head he approached the tent of Espinosa.

"Senor Espinosa," said he, "the Governor placed me not under your command. You have no claim upon my obedience. I now declare that if you keep these prisoners you have so unjustly captured, you do it at your own risk. It will not be many hours before the warriors of this village will be upon us to claim their wives and children. I declare on my solemn oath, and by all I hold sacred, that when they come they shall meet with no foe in my troops. Decide for yourself whether without my troops you are able to meet these justly-enraged warriors."

Espinosa foamed with rage. In the midst of this, the natives began to pour into the village demanding the surrender of the captives. De Soto's troop quietly withdrew. What could Espinosa with his handful of tired-out soldiers hope to do in the face of these hundreds of war-painted warriors!

Ungraciously enough Espinosa gave up his captives, every one.

Then De Soto and one other dragoon set out with all possible speed for the headquarters of the Governor, Don Pedro. Informing the Governor of all that had happened, another general was sent to take Espinosa's command, and with him forty men, all that could at that time be spared from the garrison.

Meantime Uracca, having learned the wretched condition of Espinosa's men, had very ingeniously cut off all retreat by posting bands of Indians at every point. So alert were these little bands that Espinosa dared not venture a league from his stronghold, even for food.

Half-starved, sick and dying they anxiously awaited the return of De Soto. At last he came — with only forty men! Affairs looked dubious indeed.

Meantime a force of four hundred adventurers from Spain arrived at Don Pedro's colony.

Never was help more opportune, never so welcome! Of these, fully one-half were trained soldiers, and

the rest fully made up in cruel zeal and eagerness for adventure and plunder what they lacked in skill.

With this hard, lawless band, so worthy of their leader, Don Pedro himself set out to the village recently burned by Espinosa's troops. On reaching the village he made a most bombastic speech to his men, reminding them of the glory of the Spanish name, and stimulating in them their already strong love of gold.

On the bank of the river Arva, Uracca had collected his forces, and had spread them along through the mountain passes to cut off the approach of the Spaniards.

With five hundred men, a force gotten together only with the greatest difficulty, Don Pedro advanced.

Down showered the javelins and arrows from Uracca's warriors The natives stood nobly on the defence. Back, back retreated the Spaniards. The cavalry, tangled and blocked among the trees and rocks, behind every one of which were natives ready with arrows was put to flight. The soldiers followed. Hotly pursued, the Spaniards fled before their angry foe. Night came on, and the Spaniards gladly encamped upon the open plain where the Indians had driven them. They, flushed with success, hastened back to report the good tidings to Uracca.

And now Uracca adopted a stratagem that completely deceived the Spaniards.

He allowed several of his warriors to be taken prisoners; then when Don Pedro, with threats of torture, demanded that they lead the Spaniards to some place where gold could be found, the captives pretending great reluctance, and letting fall now and then a word that should excite the curiosity and hope of the Spaniards, led their captors to a place a few leagues distant where the precious metal could be obtained in abundance.

Don Pedro, his wisdom clouded by his cupidity, fell easily into the trap. Selecting forty of his best men, he sent them with the captives to the place in which the gold was to be found.

Like a tornado Uracca's warriors, everywhere hidden among the rocks and bushes, swooped upon the gold seekers, putting all but three to death. These, white and breathless with fear, reached the Spanish camp with tidings of the disaster.

Don Pedro, the more angry that he himself had been thus decoyed, dragged forth the remaining captives, put them to every conceivable torture and threw them to the blood-hounds. Yelling and dancing like a fiend, he watched the poor natives as the dogs with their bloody fangs tore them limb from limb, devouring their quivering flesh. The natives bore their terrible punishment with a fortitude and heroism that even the Spaniards could not but admire.

"Are Uracca's warriors all like these?" said Don Pedro, savagely, as he watched their suffering.

Don Pedro's expedition thus far had proved a most humiliating defeat. A full fourth of his forces had been lost and the future looked black indeed.

There seemed nothing to do but to retreat. Uracca's forces were ten times greater in number than the Spanish; they knew the country; and above all had at their head a chief of unusual wisdom and understanding in methods of warfare. Not once did he allow an engagement to take place upon the open field, where without doubt the Spaniards could easily, with their musketry and grape shot, have cut down the long lines of Indians.

The Spaniards were now panic-stricken; and long after Uracca, seeing that the Spaniards were really retreating from his territory, gave up the pursuit, they lived in constant fear. The boughs of the trees, the very grass seemed to them alive with Indian warriors; and if ever they turned their eyes to the seas, there too, they saw the waves covered with the canoes of their angry foe.

The comparison between Uracca, the heathen chief, and Don Pedro, the pretended Christian, is in every respect creditable to Uracca. He fought only in defence of his own country, and dropped all persecution as soon as the Spaniards really left his realms.

He engaged in no aggressive movements whatever. The barbarism of the Spaniards even did not provoke him to retaliation. Although the Spaniards so mercilessly put to the sword or sold into slavery the wives of the natives, Uracca, when at one time a Spanish lady fell into his hands as prisoner, treated her with as much delicacy and tenderness as he would have shown his own daughter, and took her back, at the very first opportunity, to the Spanish camp.

DE SOTO JOINS PIZARRO.

Don Pedro's hatred of De Soto had in all this time been increasing. There is nothing so exasperates a bad man as the presence of a good man. De Soto had been of the greatest value in the war with Uracca, had been always brave, daring, and willing to put himself in the thickest of the fight. The soldiers loved and respected him, knowing how true and brave he was, and how much they owed him. Don Pedro, however, would gladly have put De Soto to death had he dared; often he planned his death but as often in one way or another De Soto escaped.

Thus five years passed on — weary years they were to De Soto whose nature found no enjoyment in this cruel plundering; this slaughtering of the natives; this trampling down of villages, firing of houses, and massacring of women and little children.

Don Pedro grew every day more clearly an enemy to be watched and dreaded. No word in all these years had come from the beautiful Isabella, no gold had been found, no fame acquired, and on the whole De Soto felt that such a life in such a place and among such people was hardly worth the living.

When, therefore, Pizarro, who had meantime gone to Peru, and was now in starvation, sickness and danger miserably reaping the just harvest of his cruel treatment of the natives there, sent to Don Pedro for aid, De Soto recklessly consented to set out with a fleet to join Pizarro in his conquest of that country.

"Murdering here or murdering there—what matters it?" said De Soto, wearily. "There is no honor in such wars as these."

And Don Pedro, who held Pizarro's undertaking as a most hopeless, absurd scheme, sure to be ill-fated, looked now upon it as the happiest possible invention of an insane adventurer's brain if only it served to put an end to De Soto's life.

"Go," said Don Pedro, in an underbreath; "go, and Heaven grant you never live to return."

THE DEATH OF THE PERUVIAN INCA.

You remember in the story of Pizarro in Peru, that at one time, while the Inca was held prisoner, Pizarro promised him his liberty in exchange for a certain amount of treasure.

You remember that the delighted Inca, honest-hearted himself and supposing Pizarro to be at least equally so, since he claimed to belong to so much nobler a race of men, sent his couriers east and west, north and south to announce their ruler's possible freedom. You remember how generously, how freely the loving subjects poured their richest treasures at Pizarro's feet, forgetting all their sufferings, forgiving all their cruel wrongs in the one great joy of seeing their Inca free again.

And then, you remember, when the city was filled to overflowing with the unstinted gifts of the people, when gold enough lay spread before the Spaniards to send them every one back to Spain richer than the richest of Spanish lords,— then Pizarro, unprincipled, selfish man that he was, refused to liberate his prisoner, sneered at the ambassadors who plead for him, scorned the threats and just demands of the people, and pitilessly ordered the Inca back to his prison.

Of all the mean acts of Pizarro this stands out in his

history as the meanest of them all. Wholly uncalled for, deliberately planned, opposed to all the laws of honorable warfare, this one act of Pizarro's tells against him no matter how brave, how daring, how successful his career may otherwise have been.

It is possible, perhaps it is true, that Pizarro did mean in the outset to free the Inca honorably; but now, the treasure all brought and carefully stored away he suddenly came to the conclusion that it would be a fatal thing to free the Inca now. "Why," said he, "this Inca free — loved and worshipped as he is, by his people, would raise an army that would grind our little force to powder!"

"True enough," answered De Soto, fearlessly; "but you should have thought of that before you pledged your honor."

"At least we can delay the peril a few weeks!"

"Not one day! This Inca has your promise and he has mine that he shall be free!"

"But since making the promise, I have learned of plots and conspiracies in which this Inca is already engaged. Think what that argues for the future when he is released!"

"I do not believe it," answered De Soto. "That may be the Spaniard nature; it is not the Peruvian."

Pizarro drew his sword, his face hot with anger. De Soto drew his sword, *his* face quiet with scorn.

An angry controversy followed. Neither would yield. At last Pizarro, determined that at any cost the Inca should die, said, "You do not believe me, I can prove to you that what I say is true. At this moment in a certain mountain pass, the Peruvians are gathering for an attack upon us here. Go, you with your dragoons, to the place; and if you find there no signs of war, no signs of conspiracy, I promise you on your return that the Inca shall be released.'

"I go," said De Soto quietly.

Once more Pizarro's perfidy had conquered; for no sooner had the clattering of De Soto's horses died away in the distance than preparations were made for the burning of the Inca.

A stake was set, the fagots piled up, a mock trial arranged at which the Inca was "found guilty." Then waiting only for the sun to go down that darkness might throw its covering over this cruel unjust deed, the Inca was led forth, fastened to the stake and burned.

This was the evening of August 29, 1533. Two hours after sunset, to the sound of the trumpet, surrounded by the Spanish soldiers with their lurid torches, the Inca, manacled hand and foot, pushed himself across the great stone square to the heap of fagots.

When De Soto returned and heard what had been done; when he saw that his errand to the mountains

had been but an artifice to get him away, he was beside himself with rage.

Pushing aside the sentinel, he strode into the tent of Pizarro. "You villain," he burst forth, "is it not enough that I am disgraced in being ever associated with you in such a barbarous affair as this conquest of Peru? Is it not enough that you have time and time again disgraced me before the officers? Is it not enough that you have defrauded me at every turn of wealth and fame? And do you now, knowing that I with you had pledged my honor that the Inca should be protected from any cruelty, dare do this thing that involves my honor as well as your own? Well do you know that this murder — for it is nothing more honorable than murder — is a cruel and base a deed as ever you stained your honor with! Well do you know that your report of insurrection along the road was a lie. No where have I met anything but honest welcome and hearty good-will. The whole country is quiet, and *you* know full well that this Inca has been foully, basely slandered. And you, Francisco Pizarro, are both his slanderer and his murderer. Villain that you have proved yourself, it shall be proved that I, Ferdinand De Soto, am not associated with you in this brutal, contemptible defiance of all law — human and divine. I challenge you to honorable combat; and if you refuse, I swear I will denounce you to the

King of Spain as the coward and assasin that you are!"

Knowing what we do of Pizarro's character, we are not surprised that he trembled before the just violence of his daring officer. Coward-like he began to make excuses — to say this one, that one, and the other one influenced him and urged him on; that he had only done what seemed to him best, although perhaps he *had* acted hastily.

De Soto, more disgusted, if possible with these cringing apologies and mean excuses than he had been with the murder of the Inca, threw up his commission as lieutenant and declared his intention of leaving for Spain. But just now reinforcements had arrived from Panama. All Peru, aroused by the murder of its king, was up and in arms. From every quarter the loyal natives were hastening forward to avenge their wrongs. Fifty thousand Peruvians! the mountain passes, the plains, the long roads, seemed swarming with them! What could a few Spaniards avail against such a foe as this! Truly to return to Spain in such an hour of peril seemed to De Soto a cowardly thing to do. "I owe it," reasoned he, "to my king and to my country that I stand here, until this peril is passed."

Pizarro, glad enough to keep him, knowing full well his need of all the help at hand, arranged with De Soto for the coming struggle.

In the beautiful month of September, down through the rich valley of the Cordilleras the Spanish army marched, burning, ravaging, murdering; their course for miles and miles marked by death and desolation.

Much as there was that was noble in De Soto, much as we find in him to admire, we cannot defend our hero in the part he took in this cruel march against these innocent people. No one, if history tells us true, was more defiant, more cruel, more desperate than De Soto. He it was who always led the advance; his sword it was that opened every path through which the plundering, murdering Spaniards followed.

The standard of right and wrong was not very high in these days, I fear, even among the best of men, and duty to king and country was supposed to far outstrip duty to one's fellow-creatures. Thus De Soto reasoned. The Conquest of Peru!—a tribute to the king!—added glory to Spain!—these were the watch-words of the hour.

DE SOTO RETURNS TO SPAIN.

Peru at last was conquered. Although Pizarro's name shows out as the leader in every enterprise, still there were many who held that the cool-headed, fearless De Soto was the real conqueror.

At any rate, on his return to Spain in 1534, he was received with the grandest honors his country could offer him. These, whether he deserved them or not, he did not refuse to accept; and, with his immense fortune acquired in Peru, took his place among the proudest grandees of Spain.

Meantime the beautiful Isabella's father had died. True to his nature, his last thought was of bitterness and hate towards these loyal children of his whose love for each other had begun when, as little children they had played among the flowers about the old gray castle.

"I only regret," said he, dying, "that I cannot reach them from the grave; that I cannot keep them ocean-wide-apart as I have kept them these fifteen years. O, I hate that man De Soto. He has defied me at every turn. Death itself would not take him. Ah, more bitter than death to me is the thought that he triumphs over me. But my wealth he shall not have. Never shall he look out upon my lands and say 'These are mine.' Never shall he stand in my ancestral halls. Bring the friar to me — now — at once. Witness, all, that I do bequeath my riches to the Church — let a monastery be built — a church erected — see to it that my ungrateful daughter and her villainous lover thrive not upon my riches!" And so in an agony of pain, his last moments embittered by hate, the cruel Don Pedro died.

Little could Isabella mourn the loss of such a father; and little did the loss of her own wealth matter either to Isabella or to De Soto. Their marriage was celebrated with a grand wedding; and, selecting the most princely mansion of Seville for their home, for two long years they dwelt in perfect happiness and luxury, surrounded with servants, received at court, their house thronged with friends and flatterers — the world looked very bright to them.

But now De Soto found that even his enormous fortune could not last forever. Two years more of such luxurious life and it would be gone.

Something must be done and as it was not the fashion in those days for gentlemen to live within their means or to quietly set themselves about some honest business, De Soto's thoughts began to turn again toward the land of adventure.

Reports of the newly discovered Florida began to engage the interest of the people. One adventurer wrote a glowing account of its inexhaustible mines of gold and silver; its wonderful climate, its rich soil, its great cities with their golden buildings studded with precious stones.

Extravagant stories these; but the Spanish people, De Soto among the rest, were willing enough to believe them all.

Accordingly he applied to the king for ships and

men, promising to explore and conquer the country and return one-fifth of all its wealth to the crown. The King, having great faith in De Soto as an adventurer, and being, as kings were apt to be in those days, often in need of more money, readily granted De Soto's request.

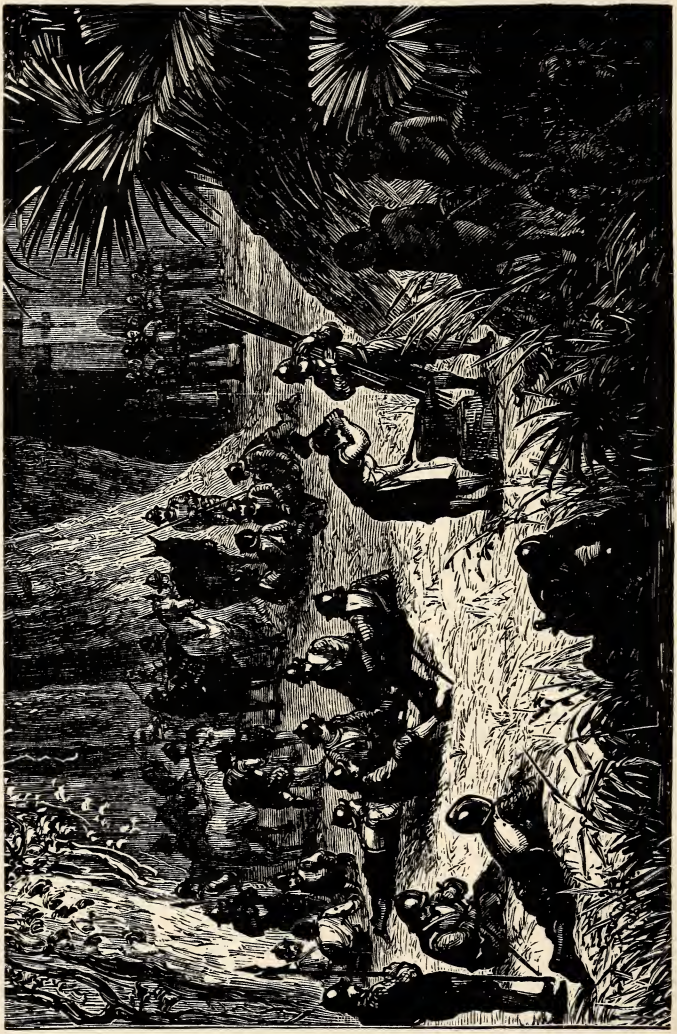
Ships were fitted out, a selected army of a thousand young, vigorous soldiers was formed; and loaded with honors from the king, De Soto set forth.

Never before had an expedition so abundantly supplied sailed out from Spanish harbor; among the soliers were many Spanish nobles. Isabella with her train of attendants, radiant in her rich robes and sparkling jewels sailed with them.

As the fleet approached the Island of Cuba over which De Soto had been appointed governor, the people of the Spanish capital thronged to the shore, with music, and banners, and grand procession to give a suitable reception to their new Governor and his beautiful wife.

THE LANDING IN FLORIDA.

In due time, with a fleet of eight large ships freighted with everything that could be needful to conquer the country and then to colonize it, De Soto with his thousand armed men and his three-hundred and fifty



LANDING IN FLORIDA.

horses made their slow passage across the gulf to the shores of the beautiful sunny Florida.

Entering the harbor of Tampa Bay they saw blazing from the high places, beacon fires.

"We shall have no easy time in this adventure," said De Soto as he noted the long lines of lights. "Too well is the reputation of the white man known among these natives; and we may be sure that these lights along the shore are camp-fires, and that the people are already in arms against us."

Several days were employed in careful search for a suitable landing. At last a detachment of three hundred men pushed to the shore and took possession in the name of Charles the Fifth, King of Spain.

Such a quiet, warm beautiful night! Not an Indian to be seen; and the soft moonlight falling upon the luxuriant bloom and fruitage of the beautiful shore gave it an air of real enchantment. "Pascua Florida! Pascua Florida!" said the soldiers to each other recalling the beautiful name which so many years before, the dreamy, castle-building Ponce de Leon had given the land.

But the Spaniards were not the sort of men to be long content with the rich beauties of nature. A bit of gold was far more entrancing to their sordid vision than all the flowers of the earth. A grand, uplifting mountain-peak told them nothing unless among its crags were hidden precious stones.

Too well did the natives realize this; too well did they know that to them the landing of the white man meant war and death. Waiting until the first faint streaks of gray light spread across the sky, with a war-whoop that rang through the forests like the yell of fiends, down rushed the Indians, hurling upon the invaders showers upon showers of arrows and javelins.

So sudden and so fierce was the attack that the Spaniards, all unprepared, were thrown into a panic. Rushing for their boats, with loud bugle cries they called for aid from the ships. Promptly, a daring, Spanish nobleman, Vasco Porcallo, with steel-clad men and horse hastened to their aid.

Vasco Porcallo and his men leaping from the boats, putting their spurs to the horses, their sabres flashing in the air, plunged into the very thickest of the foe. The Indians, thrown into confusion by this furious onslaught, fled into the forests.

All day long the troops were disembarking, and every preparation was made for entering the country.

Marching to a little village six miles inland, the Spaniards took possession, occupying the houses of the inhabitants as barracks for the soldiers. A few Indians were taken prisoners — the rest had fled at the approach of the army.

From these prisoners De Soto learned what little prospect there was of any friendly relations being established with the natives.

"Our chief will fight you — our people will hate you," said the prisoners. "We do not forget the Spaniards who came to our country not long ago. We do not forget how the leader burned our villages, and killed our wives and children. We do not forget that with their cruel blood-hounds they tracked us through the forests; that they killed the mother of our good chief, Ucita, and that they mutilated the face of our chief, and then roared with laughter at their work,"

"We have a work before us," said De Soto, "to teach these natives that we come with honest purpose. Let us be careful in our dealings with them, commit no unnecessary cruelties, and see that as far as it can be their rights are respected. The country must be conquered whatever the cost; and in no easier way can we accomplish it than by gaining the confidence of these people, even were there no higher motive for our dealings with them."

But De Soto's soldiers could not believe there could be any other way of dealing with Indians than that of brutality; and though we can believe that De Soto was in the beginning honest in his intentions to deal honorably with the natives, we must remember that no military leader can control the dispositions and motives of his soldiers.

UCITA'S COURTESY TO DE SOTO.

Again and again De Soto sent friendly messages to Ucita, but received in return only these words: "I want no speeches, no promises from Spaniards. I will receive nothing from them but their heads."

De Soto, deeming it a most unwise proceeding to set out for a march into the interior, leaving so powerful a tribe as Ucita's hostile to him, sent, notwithstanding his rebuffs, message after message to Ucita, telling him that no one detested the conduct of Narvac's, the Spaniard who had so aroused the hatred of these people, than did De Soto himself; that he earnestly wished to do what could be done to repair the wrongs done Ucita and his people; that it was his honest desire to establish friendly relations with the injured chief.

At last Ucita sent this message: "The memory of my injuries from your people prevents my returning the reply you would wish to your messages; at the same time your courtesy prevents my sending you a harsh answer. Let this suffice."

De Soto could appreciate the grandeur of the spirit of this chief. "My men," said he, "we may learn a lesson even from this uncivilized chief. The man that could, under these circumstances, frame such a speech

as that is a nobleman, whatever his race or his conditions."

I am afraid, almost, that I am picturing De Soto to you better than he really was. But he was so much more humane, so much more a man of principle than others of these times, that in comparison with them he stands out a hero. Still we must remember he was by no means a hero, or even a kind man, as compared with the standard of our day. He was adventurous, extravagant, eager for gold at almost any cost. Perhaps his quiet, isolated boyhood, together with the unjust treatment he suffered from Don Pedro may have had much to do with forming in him a consideration for the rights and the feelings of others. At any rate, whatever the cause, and imperfect as he was, we are glad at last to read about one adventurer among these Spaniards that approached something like the character of a human-hearted gentleman.

VASCA PORCALLO AND UCITA.

Not many days later, word came that Ucita and his people had taken refuge in a forest surrounded by swamps and morasses.

Porcallo, strutting about, as he always was in his glittering armor, was highly indignant that a savage

should presume to hold himself aloof from friendly advances of a Spanish army.

"I will capture the fugitive," said he.

So, mounting his magnificent horse, encased in his glittering armor, he led his men towards the forest.

Ucita was on the watch. And when he heard that Porcallo was advancing, he sent this message: "You will expose yourself to great peril in your attempt to reach my retreat. You know nothing of the nature of the morasses of our country, and any attempt to reach me must result only in your own loss. I send you this message, not that I fear you, but because your leader, De Soto, has shown so much consideration for my people.

"Pshaw!" said Porcallo, as the message was delivered him. "Go back to your chief and tell him that Porcallo is not deceived by any such pretended kindness. It is a message dictated either by fear or cowardice, and it fails of its mission if Ucita, by it, flattered himself that we should withdraw."

A man with no magnanimity in his own character, is not likely to recognize it in another. And so, vainglorious, with more boldness than discretion, Porcallo pushed on.

"Sound the trumpets! sound the trumpets!" called he; and pressing on, the little band soon arrived upon

the border of a vast and dismal morass, leagues and leagues in extent.

As Ucita had said, he knew nothing of the nature of these morasses. Spurring his horse, he plunged in, supposing they could at least be waded across.

Only a few rods, and his horse knee deep in the black mud, stumbled and fell. Porcallo, himself, one leg caught in the trappings of his horse, could not free himself. Deeper and deeper sank both horse and rider.

The unfeeling soldiers on the borders of the morass, shouted with laughter at their leader's struggles. Such was the sense of loyalty among Spaniards in these days!

At last, Porcallo, freeing himself, succeeded in dragging his bemired steed to the land. The jeering of his own soldiers had stung his pride. Humiliated and enraged, he sullenly ordered his men to return to the camp. Throwing up his commission in disgust, he sailed to Cuba, much to the regret of the army who, under all his boasting and blustering, appreciated the daring spirit of the man, and knew that in him they had had a brave bold leader, reckless though he sometimes was and over-quick in action.

MARCH TO OCHILE.

And now a messenger from Captain Gallegas, an officer who, with a small band had been sent to explore farther inland, and learn if possible where the gold regions lay, returned to the camp.

He reported that at no long distance it was believed that great quantities of gold were to be found.

De Soto and his men were elated! "Who knows," said De Soto, "but we may be about to enter upon the conquest of another Peru!"

So, leaving a garrison of forty horsemen and eighty foot soldiers to guard the fortress, De Soto with the main army set forth.

Marching in Florida, through the rough pathless country, through tangled fores tsand great dismal swamps, De Soto soon found it was very different from that in Peru over the hard well-built roads.

Losing their way, for three days and three nights they wandered about in the marshes, struggling through bog and brake, bramble and forest. "Never," as one of the guides afterwards wrote, "could we have found our path but for the sagacity of our horses. For the time they seemed endowed with the instinct of dogs. In the darkness of the night they would puff and snort, and with their noses close to the ground, search out the right tracks."

Reaching the territory of one chief, De Soto sent to him that he came in friendly spirit to his territory and with no desire to do him injury. "If, however," continued the message, "you rebel, remember that we have it in our power to bear down upon you with terrible force; and that the obedience we now ask of you we shall then demand of you to the last man."

To this the chief sent this heroic reply:

"You need not tell me what you are or what you wish to do. Others of your hated race have already done that. We know only too well that you come to wander up and down our country; to rob the poor; to betray the trusting ones; to murder the defenceless.

"With such as you we want no peace — no friendship. War — war — war is all we ask, all we will have. You say you are brave and strong. So are my warriors brave and strong. Never will we become slaves of such as you. Rather do we choose death — yes, a hundred deaths, rather than yield ourselves or our country to you."

Such seemed the spirit of the chiefs through whose territories the Spanish army passed.

After a long, hard march, the army neared the village of Ochile. It was just at daybreak. The streets were quiet; the natives deep in sleep.

Advancing quietly until on the very outskirts of the

village, suddenly at a signal from the leader, rattle, rattle, rattle went the drums, crash went the music, and with a clatter sprang the hundred horses upon the pavements.

Out rushed the frightened people! Had an army dropped from the moon they could not have been more amazed, more confounded!

The house of the chief was situated in the center of the city. In this great mansion — three hundred feet long — dwelt the chief, surrounded always by a band of warriors always armed and ready for battle.

At once De Soto held an interview with the chief, assuring him that the Spaniards had no other wish than to pass peacefully through the country. The chief, finding himself at the mercy of the Spaniards, thought it wise to appear to accept the conditions with as good grace as possible, and so throw their unwelcome guests off guard. At De Soto's request couriers were sent to the chief's two brothers who were themselves chiefs of neighboring tribes.

The oldest of the three brothers was most suspicious of the white men. "They come for no good, be sure," said he: "and their smooth stories have no meaning. Let us be friendly with them only in appearance. Remember our only safety is in killing them all — yes, all — even De Soto who, we grant *seems* to be honest. Meantime let us watch. I will prepare a trap, together

we will spring upon these villians who have forced their presence upon us."

These brothers, all three, were men of uncommon intelligence; shrewd and far-seeing.

For many days the Spaniard army rested in the territories of the three chiefs. De Soto, honest in his friendship, believed the chiefs to be honest in theirs. Day after day the oldest chief and De Soto walked and talked, feasted and drank together, seemingly the best of friends.

But one day some friendly Indians whispered to De Soto's officers that a plot was being formed to entrap the Spaniards. De Soto could not at first believe it.

"It is true," said the Indians. "The chief will bring his warriors out on parade — all unweaponed — to please you, he will say. Suddenly will he signal; the warriors will seize their arms hidden in the long grass and will fall upon you."

The Indians seemed confident and the plot seemed probable. "It can do no harm to be ready," said De Soto, revealing the plan to his men.

Sure enough! only a day or two later the chief said to De Soto, "On tomorrow, I will parade my forces out upon the plain, and will show the military tactics of our people. You will be entertained to compare them with the European methods of war-fare."

De Soto, assuming a friendly and most unsuspicious air, replied that it would indeed be a genuine pleasure.

"And," added he, with the appearance of wishing to do all in his power to return the generous favor of his host, "I, in my turn will bring out on parade *my* soldiers. Their glittering armor will add to the scene, and the people of the village will have a double pleasure."

The chief appeared a little embarrassed by this unexpected turn of affairs. It was hardly in keeping with his plan. "Still," thought he, "even with the Spaniards drawn up in battle array our plot must succeed. Let us but capture De Soto and the Spaniards will be thrown into confusion. Then, too, our warriors out-number the Spanish troops, ten to one!"

So, confiding this new turn of affairs to his warriors, arrangements for the parade was still pushed forward.

THE PARADE.

The morning dawned bright and clear. Everybody was very busy, very anxious, full of hate; everybody assumed to be very idle, very indifferent, and full of the sunniest good humor.

De Soto, secretly well armed, walked along by the

chief's side, talking and laughing; near by sauntered his body-guard, apparently with nothing to do.

But, notwithstanding this careless air, De Soto and his men watched every action of the chief; not one movement of his hand escaped them.

Now they were full upon the field. All was in readiness. De Soto stood in the very midst of his foe. The signal was given. Instantly the attendants fell upon De Soto! Instantly the ten-thousand warriors seized their weapons and with hideous, resounding war-whoops rushed upon the Spaniards.

But hark! the bugle-blast! And see! the body-guard of De Soto has turned upon the chief! The Spaniards in solid ranks, charge upon their foe! Never did so terrible a storm burst so suddenly from so serene a sky!

Valiantly and with the ferocity of animals at bay did the natives fight; but they were no match for the steel-clad Spaniards. All day long the slaughter — for it was slaughter in very truth — went on. At night-fall the Indians crept away into the forests; and De Soto's forces with nine-hundred captives, among them the chief, withdrew to their barracks.

A SECOND CONSPIRACY.

Notwithstanding the treachery of the chief, De Soto treated him, as a captive, with the greatest courtesy and consideration.

As much liberty as possible was granted him, and he was given a seat at De Soto's own table. All this however, could not wash from the memory of these Indians the cruel wrongs they had received from the earlier Spaniards; all this could not convince them that De Soto, only with a different method of proceeding, had the same cruel motives of conquest and destruction of the natives.

Of the nine hundred captives, one had been assigned to each of the Spaniards as a servant to serve him in camp and at the table.

Noting that they stood man to man, the chief planned another attack upon the foe.

Theodore Irving, in his "Conquest of Florida" tells the story of this second attack in the following pleasant manner:

"Scarcely had the chief conceived the rash scheme of attacking the Spaniards than he hastened to put it into operation. To the four young Indians who were allowed to serve him as pages, he revealed his plan and sent them with it to the principal prisoners with orders

that they pass it on secretly from one to the other, and that all hold themselves in readiness to carry it into effect.

The dinner hour of the third day was the time fixed upon for striking the blow. The chief would be dining with De Soto and the Indians would be each in attendance upon his master.

The chief was to watch his opportunity, spring upon De Soto and kill him, giving at the same time a war-whoop which should resound throughout the village. The war-whoop should be the signal for each Indian to grapple with his master and despatch him on the spot.

On the day appointed the chief was dining as usual by De Soto's side. Suddenly springing to his feet, he closed instantly with the Governor, seized him with the left hand by the collar, and with his right hand dealt him such a blow in the face as to level him to the ground. The blood gushed from his eyes, his nose, his mouth. The chief then threw himself upon his victim at the same time giving the blood-curdling war-whoop that the Spaniards had well learned to fear.

All this was the work of an instant. And before the officers present had time to recover from their surprise the governor lay senseless beneath the tiger grasp of the maddened chief. One more blow from

the savage and De Soto would have been dead. But out flashed a dozen swords and lances, every one piercing the body of the chief, and he lay lifeless across the body of the wounded De Soto.

The war-whoop had indeed resounded throughout the village. Hearing the fatal signals, the Indians, attending their masters, attacked them with whatever missile they could command. Some seized upon pikes and swords; others snatched up pots and kettles, and, beating the Spaniards about the heads, bruised and scalded them. Some caught up the plates, pitchers, jars, and the pestles wherewith they pounded the maize. Others seized upon stools, benches, and tables striking right and left with impotent fury. Others snatched up burning fire brands and rushed like very devils into the affray. Many of the Spaniards were terribly burned and bruised.

This terrible assault was of short duration. Though the Spaniards were indeed taken by surprise, they were not unarmed. Their long sharp sabres gave them great advantage over the natives.

Though several were slain and many severely wounded, the natives were soon overpowered. The Spaniards exasperated, maddened, showed no mercy; and hundreds of the warriors fell before their fury."

ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

ONWARD!

A few days later, as soon as De Soto was able to move about, they took up their line of march again towards the "gold region."

The road was hard, the natives were hostile and treacherous, and the soldiers suffered untold misery from hunger and exhaustion. But what wouldn't these adventurers endure for gold! Gold, gold, gold! Life or death, safety or peril, comfort or bitter hardship — they cared little, spurred on and driven on as

they were by their insatiable thirst, their grasping avarice, their insane mania for gold.

So on and on, month after month they marched — always hearing of the wonderful gold country a little farther on. Look on your map and see the long irregular route of these men! Think what they must have suffered, what toil and struggle must have been theirs. It seems almost incredible that men could be so insanely greedy!

Day after day their number grew smaller; day after day they grew weaker; hope died within them as disappointment after disappointment met them. With indomitable energy and will De Soto dragged along his weary troops. No sounds of joy were now heard along the ranks. There was no longer any hope for cheer.

It was wonderful the power De Soto held over his men; it is wonderful the love they had for him and the confidence they had in him as day after day, sick, half-starved, meeting with nothing but defeat and disappointment, they willingly followed his command.

But let us hasten along. That De Soto discovered the Mississippi we all know — every history will tell us that. For four long day the troops had been toiling along through a wretched dismal region, uninhabited and covered with tangled forests and almost impassable swamps.

At length, coming out from the dense forests into the blessed sunlight, they saw rising before them a little Indian village. And hark! what is that rolling, rumbling sound in the distance! Nearer and nearer the weary troops drag themselves! It sounds like the falling of waters!

Water! Water! Water! For an instant the soldiers believed it to be the ocean! O, what a welcome sight! Like an old friend it smiled back at them! And it was enough for the tired hearts that once more they even looked upon the ocean — the ocean, whose waters reached to the shores of their long-lost homes!

But even this illusion was not long spared them. Overjoyed as they would have been to have discovered what they soon learned was a mighty river, worn out as they were, they had little enthusiasm to be aroused even by this great stream of an unknown river.

On its shores, in the little village lived a tribe of isolated Indians who had not even heard of De Soto's presence in the country!

Chisca, the chief, was an old man, feeble and bowed with age. In his youth he had been a renowned warrior; and when he saw the Spaniards approaching, instinctively judging them as enemies, he seized his tomahawk, eager for battle.

Friendly messages were sent from De Soto; but the old chief saw in them nothing but an invading

army. In only three hours a band of four thousand warriors came out from the villiage ready to attack their foe.

Four thousand Indians to four hundred Spaniards! This was indeed a fearful out-numbering!

"And if four thousand warriors can be assembled in three hours," said the interpreter, fiercely "think how many more are in the country round ready to rally at our chief's call!"

By great exertion on De Soto's part, a compromise was affected. The Spaniards were allowed six days to rest in, on conditions that at the end of that time they promise to move quietly away without molesting the village or the great fields of grain.

Gladly the Spaniards availed themselves of this leniency. At the end of the six days, rested and strengthened they marched away, along the bank of the great river, crossing at length at a place some miles farther south.

Up and down the river along its western bank the little band wandered, hopeful again in the richness of the country spread out before them and the easy marching. Here and there they came upon friendly Indians, but more often those to whom rumors of former cruelties from the white man had reached.

DEATH OF DE SOTO.

Care, disappointment, exhaustion had already left their traces upon the worn-out leader. No longer could he disguise the deep disappointment he felt in the success of this long, wearisome adventure. His step became feeble, he grew thin and weak, his face haggard and worn.

Weaker and weaker he grew, until the most hopeful of his followers could not but see that their brave leader had fought his last battle.

Calmly he prepared for death. Calling his men about him, he administered to them the oath of allegiance to the officer whom he chose as his successor.

Tenderly he spoke with them all, thanked them for their loyalty and faithful following through the long, perilous adventures.

These war-worn, faithful veterans wept bitterly as their leader bade them farewell.

"Let us at least protect the dead body of our leader from the insults of the natives," said they, when he was breathing his last. "Too gladly would they drag him forth from his grave and burn him, or throw him to the dogs. Let us bury him in the waters of this mighty river which, as a reward for his long months of hardship, our good Father permitted him, at the very end, to discover."

BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

Accordingly in the night, covered by its awful darkness, a few loving officers, having hewn out a rude casket from the trunk of a great oak, bore the dead body out into the river, and with quiet and secrecy sank it in the still black waters.

. . . . . .

Thus ended, in his forty-second year, the life of Ferdinand De Soto. From babyhood his life had been one of hardship and disappointment. Little as he would compare with the standard of a noble, generous, gentleman in our times, it is with pleasure that we think of him among the long line of greedy, cruel, unprincipled fortune-seekers of his day, standing out amid the influences and the temptations of his times, a noble-meaning, humane-feeling, honorably-dealing man, an honest adventurer, and a brave, unflinching soldier.

MEMORY GEMS.

Not when a hero falls,
The sound a world appalls;
For while we plant his cross,
There is a glory even in the loss.
But when some craven heart
From honor dares to part,—
Then, then the groan the blanching cheek,
Hnd men in whispers speak;
Nor kith nor country dare reclaim
From the black depths, his name.

—E. C. STEDMAN.

Fling abroad our starry banner
To the pure, fresh northern blast,
Sanctified by present glory
And the memory of the past!
Beat our drums beneath its waving,
Blow our bugles loud and clear,
And the brave, inspiring music
Let mankind's enslavers hear!

—ANON.

Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

—TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

O land! of every land the best,
O land! whose glory shall increase,
Now, in your whitest raiment drest
For the great festival of peace,

Take from your flag its folds of gloom,
And let it float undimmed above,
Till over all our vales shall bloom
The sacred colors that we love.

— PHŒBE CARY.

Our country forever! On the folds of her flag
This motto of freemen is blazoned full high;
Run up the proud ensign, from the loftiest crag
Of liberty's steep let it float to the sky.
Float freely forever, our banner of stars!
Wave, wave on the breath of freemen's huzzas!
Our country forever, let time tell the story,
O country forever, unending her glory.

— ANON.

There, on the field of battle,
Lies the young warrior, dead.
Who shall speak in the soldier's honor?
How shall his praise be said?
Cannon, there in the battle,
Thundered the soldier's praise.
Hark! how the volumed volleys echo
Down through the far-off days!
Tears for the grief of a father,
For a mother's anguish, tears;
But for him that died for his country,
Glory and endless years!

— W. D. HOWELLS.

When banners are waving, and lances a-pushing;
When captains are shouting, and war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring, and hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win must not fear dying.

— ANON.

✳ ✳ BOTANY. ✳ ✳

Little Flower Folks, or Stories from Flowerland.

There is in children an innate love for flowers. No one so enthusiastically welcomes the spring-time as do the children—no one else has time to welcome it, to no one else it is all so new and beautiful. Then why not nourish and cultivate this taste of the child for the flower world? Is it not as elevating, as worthy, as refining to the taste as dogs and cats, mice and men, to which the ordinary reading book so sedulously caters. Fully illustrated. Boards. Vols. I. and II. Price, 30 cents each.

LITERATURE.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Arranged, edited, and in great part told by Mara L. Pratt. Cloth. Price 40 cents. This will be found one of the best introductions to the great poet's works. The plots of the various plays are retold as stories in a manner which young people will appreciate, while the gems and famous passages of Shakespeare are woven into the stories, but left intact so that they may be memorized and retained unaltered.

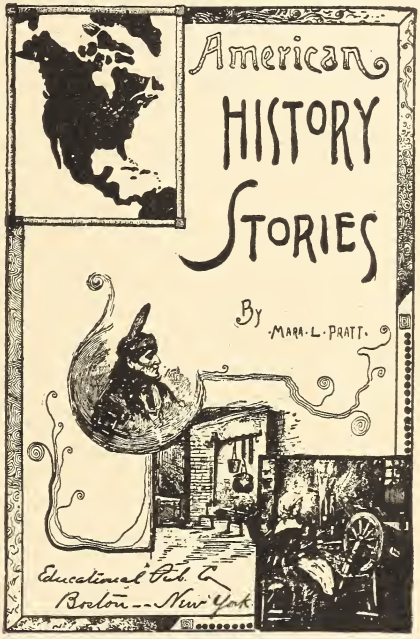
STORIES OF INDUSTRY.

In Press. Vols. I. and II., each. Price 40 cts.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.
BOSTON.—CHICAGO.

AMERICAN HISTORY STORIES.

By MARA L. PRATT.



The success of these volumes since their publication, a little more than a year ago, is something marvelous.

Vols. I., II., III., IV. Price 36 cents each.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 20, 1891.

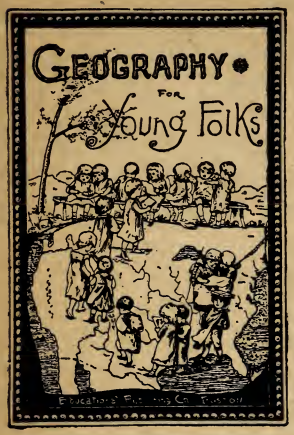
Gentlemen:— The pleasure which a careful examination of AMERICAN HISTORY STORIES has afforded me, demands an expression of my gratitude. I have read them with the avidity of an interested child. I have never in all my school work seen anything that in excellence compares with them; and I shall exert myself to aid in putting them in every school library in the State. I wish I had the power, I would at once adopt them as Supplementary reading books in all our schools. J. W. ANDERSON, Supt. of Public Instruction.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

BOSTON, — CHICAGO.

✳ ✳ GEOGRAPHY. ✳ ✳

GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



The object of this little book is to give to the young pupil every possible aid in obtaining a clear comprehension of the fundamental principals of this important study. In carrying out the scheme several novel features have been introduced. The pupil is taught to recognize the cardinal points, direction, etc. by means of natural phenomena; each step being made clear, interesting and easy to be understood. The second section deals with maps. Beginning with some familiar illustrations in perspective, the pupil is first shown the difference between the *picture* of an object, and a *plan* of the same object. Other illustrations follow; and thus the pupil is prepared to comprehend the upbuilding of a map, which is graphically shown by a series of pictures and diagrams. Price, 30 cents.

OUR FATHERLAND.

By Elvira Carver, author of "How to Teach Geography," and Mara L. Pratt, profusely illustrated and embellished with colored maps, showing the early settlements, struggles and gradual development of the country, its waterways, its railroads its resourses and its great commerce. Just the book to interest children in the study of Geography. Cloth, price 50 cents.

YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

VOL. I. CORTES AND MONTEZUMA.

This is the first of the series of American Biographies by this most successful author. In a rapidly moving panorama, Miss Pratt vividly pictures the stirring events of one of the most interesting and romantic periods in the History of America. The children's sympathies will be enlisted in the story from the beginning, while a rare map of the great Mexic city, with appropriate illnstrations throughout the book, will make real to them the civilization, the struggles and final fall of these old Aztec heroes. Illustrated. Price, 25 cents.

Vol, II. Pizarro, or; the Couquest of Peru. Illustrated. Price, 25c.
Vol. III. Columbus and De Soto. Illustrated. Price, 30c.

THE GREAT WEST.

This gives the stories of the early discoveries and settlements by the adventurous western pioneers, detailing the French, Spanish, and English Explorations with later American settlements from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Price, 30 cents.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.
BOSTON.—CHICAGO.