

Chesapeake bay, where, if he had entered, he might have found his countrymen on the banks of the James, and been present at the first wedding in the New World. Sailing on, he coasted north to Sandy Hook, and on the afternoon of September 3, 1609, entered New York bay. Even if "the most beautiful lake," said to have been penetrated by Verrazano, in 1524, was indeed the bay of New York, yet his visit, according to his own account, was only the hurried glimpse of a traveler; and when the Half-Moon came to anchor on that September evening at the mouth of the "Great River of the Mountains," it was undoubtedly the first time the eyes of the white man ever rested on the island of Manhatoes, the green shores of Scheyichbi—New Jersey—and the forest-covered Ihp tonga, or "heights" of the present city of Brooklyn. Certain it is, that Van der Donck, who resided several years in New Netherlands, asserts that he often heard the ancient inhabitants, who yet recollected the arrival of the ship, the Half-Moon, in the year 1609, saying, that before the arrival of the Netherlanders they were entirely ignorant of the existence of any other nation besides their own, and that they looked at the ship as a huge fish or sea monster.¹

The evidences of this writer, nevertheless, as well as those of Hudson himself, render it not improbable that Verrazano landed in the bay of the present New York, but the event must have taken place eighty-five years before, and might have been obliterated by the departure of a whole generation.

Miss Booth says, "Though Verrazano first saw the 'Island of Destiny,' to Hudson belongs its practical discovery, the result of disobedience to his instructions."

Manhattan Island, as it was first seen by Hudson, has been thus described:

"The lower part of it consisted of wood-crowned hills and beautiful grassy valleys, including a chain of swamps and marshes and a deep pond. Northward, it rose into a rocky, high ground. The sole inhabitants were a tribe of dusky Indians, an offshoot from the great nation of the Leni Lenape, who inhabited the vast territory bounded by the Penobscot and the Potomac, the Atlantic and the Mississippi, dwelling in the clusters of rude wigwams that dotted here and there the surface of the country. The rivers that girt the country were as yet unstirred by the keels of ships, and the bark canoes of the native Manhattans held sole possession of the peaceful waters.