

the Dutch-made legend of Rip van Winkle),¹ lift their masses of grey and purple above the climbing woods often in precipices of a thousand feet, sheer from the water's edge; and many of the peaks are three and four times that height.

The *Half Moon* crept up the river by easy stages, until her boat, which had been sent on ahead, brought back word that for heavy craft it was only navigable for a few leagues further. The return journey then commenced. From time to time trafficking took place with the Indians, who brought fruit and maize and tobacco, besides otter and beaver skins, and the like. Friendly intercourse and exchange of hospitalities alternated, as they proceeded, with many sharp affrays; the crew resenting with blows the thievish tricks of the Redskins. On the 4th October the ship "came out of the river, into which we had run so farre." The homeward voyage was uneventful, and Dartmouth was reached early in November.

It would seem that the story of Hudson's successful voyage quickly came to the ears of the English Government. The *Half Moon* was allowed, after a short delay, to continue her voyage to Amsterdam, but her captain was requested to remain and await further orders. Eventually he was commissioned to make another

¹ Those who do not already know the delightful story of Rip van Winkle, and how he came upon the ghosts of Hudson's crew playing nine-pins in a hollow of the mountains, may find it in Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*.