

off their wares in their stomachs!" But Karlsefni had their bags, and their precious skin wares. So they part. The booths are palisaded. Winter brings the hungry savage once more to the white man's door. With reckless generosity he throws his bundles in over the palisade. Supplied with food in return, he is going peacefully away, when, for mere pastime, he is felled to the earth—killed by one of Karlsefni's men. His followers flee. They come back. There is a battle and many of them fall.

Here we might rest the case of the red man *versus* the white man. But the evidence is cumulative against the latter. Columbus has left us an account of his reception by the "Indians," as he names them. Native and Spaniard were an equal surprise to each other. The savage thought that the ships of the strangers were huge birds, that had borne these wonderful beings down from heaven on their great, white wings. They were "friendly and gentle" to the new comers. Columbus gave them colored caps, beads and hawk's bells, in exchange for twenty-pound balls of cotton yarn, great numbers of tame parrots and tapioca cakes. He coasted about the island in the ship's boat, and some of the natives swam after him, while others ran along on the shore, tempting him with fruits and fresh water to land. He speaks of them always as decorous, temperate, peaceful, honest, generous and hospitable. "They are very simple and honest," he says, "and exceedingly liberal with all that they have, none of them refusing anything he may possess, when asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with little or nothing in return. . . . A sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles,¹ . . . they bartered like idiots, cotton and

¹A noble is about \$1.60.