

Hudson River. Here, on the fourth day of September, he cast anchor, and at once sent out his boats to explore the adjacent waters.

While exploring the Staten Island "Kilis" the men were attacked by two canoe-crews of Indians, whose arrows killed one of their number, John Colman, and wounded two others. (They buried him on the beach of Sandy Hook, which they named Colman Point. Two of the Indians whom they had captured they dressed in red coats and held as hostages.)

Ten days after entering the bay they continued on to the northward, and as they ascended the stream, the strong ebb and flow of its tide, and the continued saltiness of its waters, seemed to show that this was the long-sought for passage; and they watched eagerly to see the water beyond spreading out into the great western sea. (At West Point they anchored for the night, and in the next morning's fog the hostage Indians slipped unperceived through a port hole, and escaped to land, calling back to them "in scorn.")

Opposite the Catskills they anchored again. Here they found "very loving people, and very old men," and traded with the Indians for corn, pumpkins and tobacco.

On September 18th Hudson went on shore near where Hudson city now stands, and visited an old chief who showed him great stores of maize and other provisions, and besought him to stay and feast, and when as the day drew to a close, he insisted on returning to his ship, they thought he was afraid, and breaking their arrows, they threw them into the fire.

Next day the ship lay near the site of Albany, but the boats continued to ascend the stream, to a point a little beyond Waterford, where now stands the little hamlet, Half-Moon, named in commemoration of its landing.

Here Hudson gave the native a feast, the story of which lingered for 200 years in Indian tradition.

But he himself was probably in no jocund mood. The ocean-like saltiness of the water, which had so much encouraged him, had long disappeared, the ship had repeatedly grounded on shoals, and now the tide ceased to ebb and flow.

He could no longer doubt that his search for the north-west passage was once more a failure. The prow of his vessel was turned southward, and October 1st, passing the Highlands, he anchored below the Indian village of "Sackhoes," on whose site Peekskill now stands. While lying in Haverstraw bay, an Indian helped himself to "a pillow, two shirts, and two bandeleers" (a kind of short cutlass), but was shot while trying to get away with them. At Spuyten Duyvil the Indians came out in canoes and attacked the ship, shooting at the occupants with arrows. Six muskets replied, and killed two or three of the Indians. They renewed the attack from a point of land, but "a falcon" shot killed two of them and the rest fled to the woods; yet they manned another canoe with nine or ten men," through which a falcon shot was sent, killing one of its occupants. Three or four more were killed by the sailors' muskets, and the "Half-Moon hurried down into the bay clear of all danger," and so sailed away home to Europe.

(It is curious to note, that in the same summer of 1609, Samuel Champlain, the French governor of Quebec, was making his way southward from the St. Lawrence through the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain and Lake George, in search of the great South Sea. On his way he paused to help an alliance of three tribes of Indians, the Montagnais, the Hurons and the

*A falcon was a small cannon, carrying a ball from 2 to 4 lbs. weight.