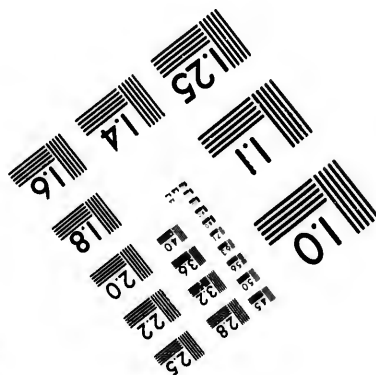
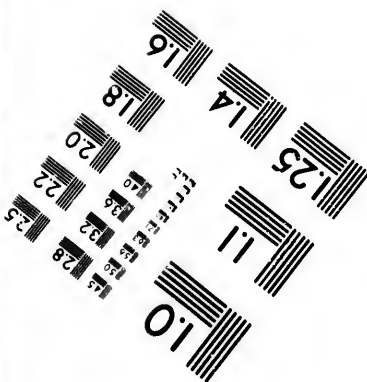
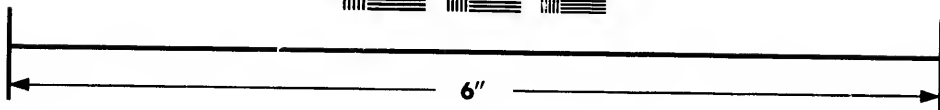
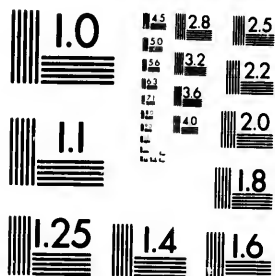


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

33 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N. Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1981

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refiled to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

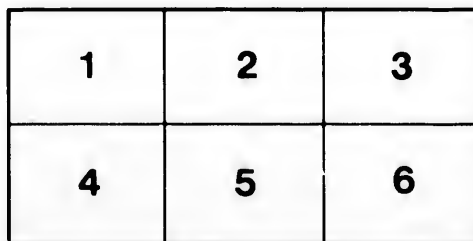
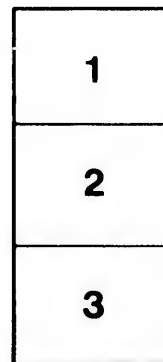
Library Division
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Library Division
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ails
du
odifier
une
mage

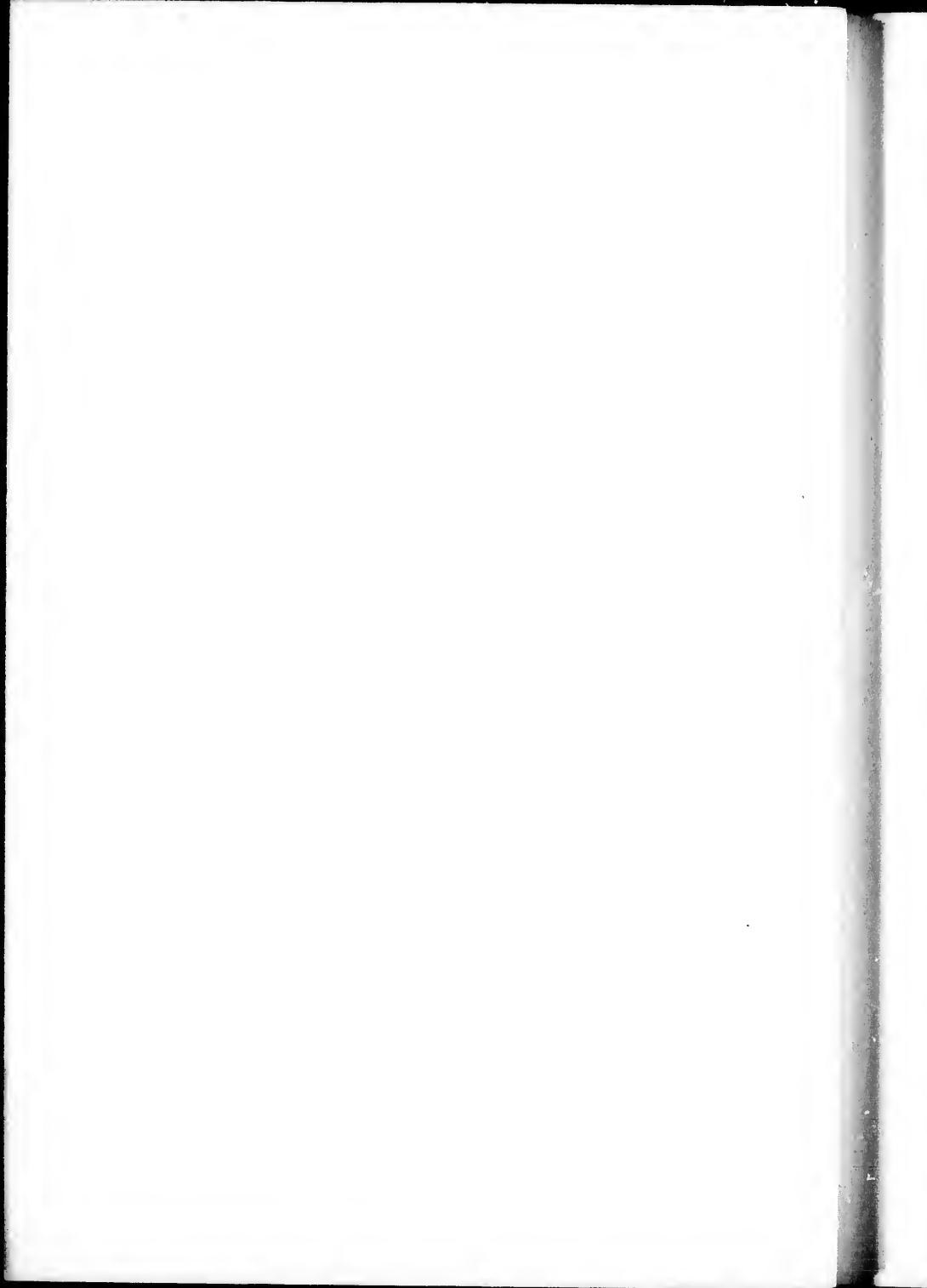
rrata
to

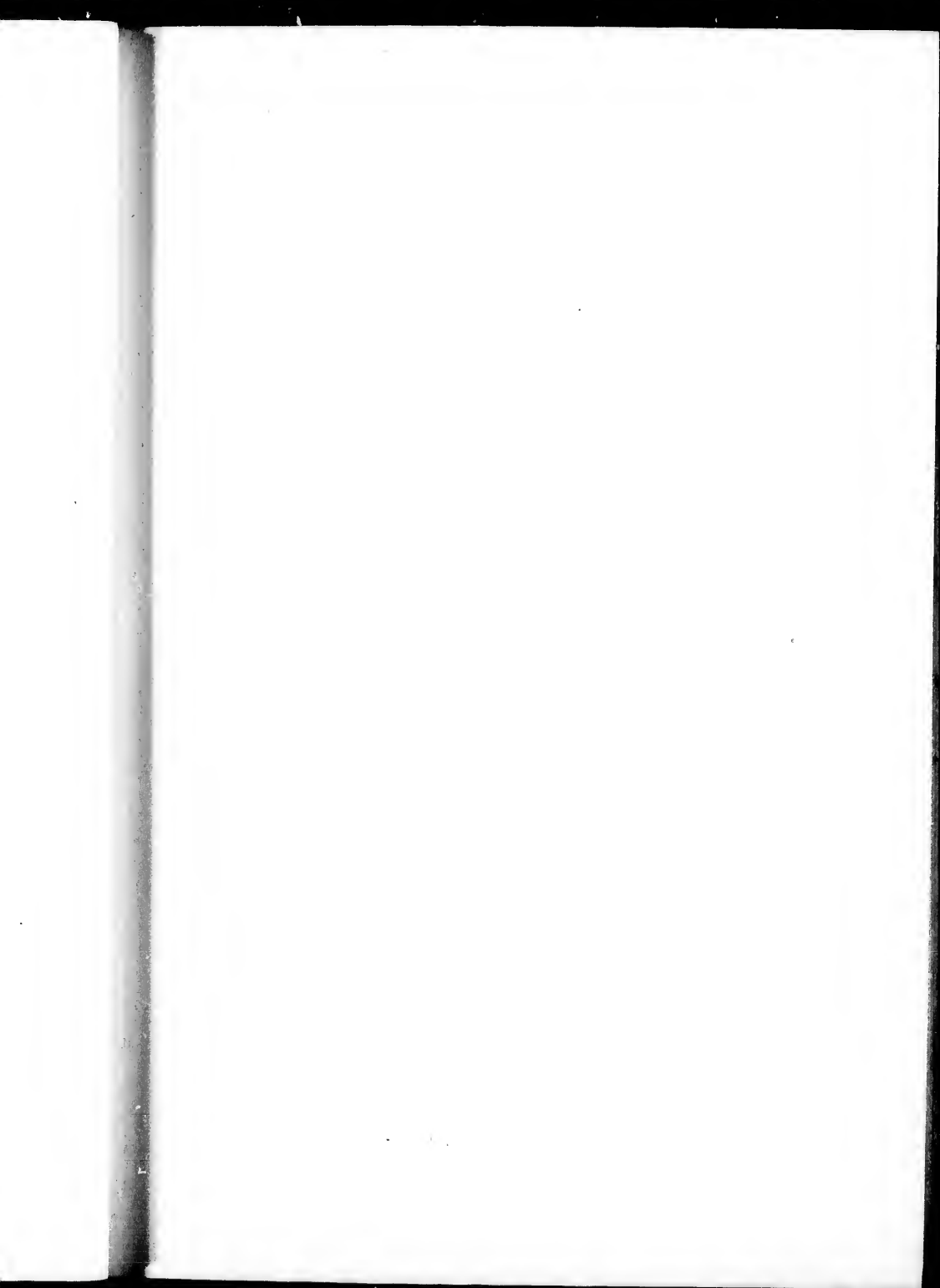
pelure.
n à



32X

The World's Discoverers







CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

(From the First Edition of *De Bry's Peregrinationes*)

The
Field's Discoverers

of Bill L. J.
during 1911

and his
discoveries

ILLUSTRATED

BY

W. J.

1911

LITTLE, BROWN



The
World's Discoverers

*The Story of Bold Voyages by Brave Navigators
during a Thousand Years*

BY

WILLIAM HENRY JOHNSON

Author of "The King's Henchman," etc.

With Maps and Illustrations

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

MW
970
J71W

Copyright, 1900,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

All rights reserved

Printers
S. J. PARKHILL & CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

10
11
12

P R E F A C E

THE following work is not a miscellaneous collection of voyages of discovery. It includes only such as were made with a view to finding a sea-route to the Indies; and its purpose is to trace in outline that great impulse which, starting early in the fifteenth century, with the awakening of Europe, has reached its final achievement in our own time. It is believed to be the only book giving, as a whole, a connected account of the search for a route to the Indies. Various expeditions sent out from different countries and covering several centuries are here shown in their relation to a single aim and as parts of a common movement; so that we witness, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the final consummation of the purpose that inspired Columbus. The several voyages sketched here have therefore been selected not only with a view to their popular interest as narratives of adventure, but still more to their value as contributions to the accomplishment of the common end.

While the primary object of the book is instruction, an end which the publishers have greatly advanced by the liberal use of well-chosen illustrations and maps,

and historical accuracy has been the foremost consideration, the author has hoped that these sketches may prove sufficiently interesting to draw the attention of young people to the literature of discovery, which abounds in examples of high courage, heroic endurance, and unwavering faith. It would gratify him to know that some of his readers have been incited to explore for themselves a range of books singularly combining picturesqueness of incident with human and historic interest. To students of this kind the Hakluyt Society has rendered an invaluable service by its numerous reprints of old narratives. Since, however, the style of the most of these is too antiquated and diffuse to appeal to the ordinary reader, it may be interesting to know of other books treating of the same subjects in a manner more adapted to modern taste. A list is appended of some of those which the author has used and which he would recommend.

That this little work may have value as a reference-book, a short index is included.

The author would express his grateful acknowledgments to the staff of the Boston Athenæum and that of the Cambridge Public Library for unvarying courtesy and most cheerful and efficient aid.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

August 13, 1900.

CONTENTS

Part First

OLD VOYAGES

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
OF MARCO POLO AND HIS INFLUENCE IN STIMULATING EXPLORATION	3

Who Marco Polo was. His travels and adventures in various parts of Asia. Some of the strange things he relates that have since been proved true. Columbus was a great reader of Marco Polo. Another old traveler, Sir John Mandeville, whose marvelous tales delighted thousands of readers. How these writers kindled an eager desire to visit the mysterious East.

CHAPTER II

THE ENTERPRISE AND THE EARLY DISCOVERIES OF THE PORTUGUESE	14
---	----

Something about Prince Henry the Navigator and his brave captains, the pioneers of exploration. How one of them, Bartholomew Diaz, discovered and rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

CHAPTER III

THE YOUTH AND THE SURROUNDINGS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS	18
---	----

Christopher Columbus's birth in Genoa naturally inclined him to follow the sea and to visit foreign countries. His parents'

poverty and his own perseverance in seeking knowledge. Did he ever visit Iceland and hear the story of the Norsemen's discovery of America? How he came to believe in the roundness of the Earth. Some of the old, old stories about islands in the Western Ocean. Why Columbus expected to find Asia where America is. His struggles to convince people of the truth of his ideas. His first great disappointment. The King of Portugal's mean trick. Columbus's long years of waiting in Spain at last crowned with success.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST VOYAGE AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA 28

The sailing of Columbus's little fleet. Why he chose the course which he sailed. About the "trades." The terrors of the sailors, and how Columbus dispelled them. Frequent false alarms of "Land!" Signs that encouraged the voyagers to go on. Land! The natives very unlike what Columbus expected. The discovery of Cuba and Haiti. A native girl in tailor-made clothes. The flagship wrecked. Generous aid of natives. Gold! Columbus and his shipwrecked men hospitably entertained. Mermaids in sight! Frightful hardships and perils of the homeward voyage. Almost wrecked at its very close. Joy in Palos over the discoverers' return. Sensation throughout Spain. Triumphant reception at court and honors showered on Columbus.

CHAPTER V

THE SECOND VOYAGE, IN WHICH HE EXPLORES CUBA 56

Columbus's second voyage. Terrible experience of a party who wandered away and were lost on a newly discovered island. Encounter with fierce savages and with women who fought like heroes. Appalling discovery when Columbus reached Navidad, where he had left a colony. Choice of a new location. The first enslavement of natives. Discovery of Jamaica. Columbus's strange conduct. Cruelty of certain Spaniards brings on a bloody insurrection in Hispaniola. The daring Ojeda cunningly seizes the head chief of the natives. The latter's tragic end. Bloody battle and slaughter of the Indians. Columbus returns to Spain. He is royally received and meanly treated by his sovereigns.

Contents

ix

CHAPTER VI

	PAGE
THE THIRD VOYAGE AND THE DISCOVERY OF SOUTH AMERICA	73

Columbus's third voyage. The fleet gets into the doldrums and has a fearful time. First sight of South America. Shocking state of affairs in Hispaniola. Columbus's efforts to restore order rewarded by his being sent home in chains. Indignation in Spain. Unworthy conduct of Ferdinand and Isabella in not keeping their word with him.

CHAPTER VII

THE FOURTH VOYAGE, WITH TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES ON THE COAST OF CENTRAL AMERICA, AND THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS	81
---	----

Columbus's fourth voyage. He predicts a hurricane. It comes, and his enemies are overwhelmed by it. Fearful storms on the Mosquito coast. Gold at last, and plenty of it. The chief, Quibian, is supposed to be dead, but shows himself very much alive. Tragic fate of Diego Tristan and his crew. The Spaniards on the shore in a desperate strait. Ledesma, the bold swimmer. Savages who prized their freedom more than their lives. Columbus shipwrecked on the coast of Jamaica. A brave proposal of Diego Mendez is heroically carried out. He succeeds in rescuing his castaway comrades. Columbus returns to Spain and dies poor and neglected.

CHAPTER VIII

VASCO DA GAMA'S VOYAGE BEGUN	93
--	----

The story of Vasco da Gama. The great importance of his voyage. He boldly strikes out a new course. Fernao Villoso comes near paying very dearly for his curiosity.

CHAPTER IX

ROUNDING THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE	98
--	----

Gama rounds Good Hope. Seal Island. The Portuguese begin to realize that they are coming to the East. Tidings of Prester John. A fight about water. Gama's cheerful way of getting secrets out of people.

AGE

28

56

CHAPTER X

ARRIVAL IN INDIA AND VARIED EXPERIENCES THERE 107

Gama arrives in India. Ludicrous mistake of the Portuguese when they see images of Hindoo deities. Gama makes a big bluff in talking to the Indian king and is treated with great contempt.

CHAPTER XI

RETURN TO PORTUGAL 112

Gama indulges in some outrages before leaving the coast of India. His frightful experience in re-crossing the Arabian Sea. Welcome hospitality of the African King of Malindi. Burning of the Sao Raphael. Death of Paulo da Gama and his brother's grief. Triumphal return to Lisbon.

CHAPTER XII

MAGELLAN'S YOUTH AND TRAINING 119

Ferdinand Magellan's youth. How his environment inspired him. His service in India. An incident showing his ready mastery of men. How the King of Portugal treated him, on his return home, and how he revenged himself. His proposition to the King of Spain accepted. What it implied. The Portuguese monarch strives to defeat the objects of the expedition.

CHAPTER XIII

THE VOYAGE BEGUN 131

Magellan's voyage begun. The seed of the Portuguese King's sowing begins to bear fruit. Playing-cards at a premium in Rio harbor. Strange kind of covering for shelterless men. Mutiny, and how Magellan's strong hand crushed it. Fate of the ringleaders.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STRAIT DISCOVERED 139

Shipwreck of one of Magellan's vessels. Her captain's good management saves every life. The giant Patagonians. Ma-

Contents

xi

PAGE

gellan's device for capturing specimens of them. Did he know of the existence of a strait? The passage discovered. Pilot Gomes gives good reasons against going farther. Magellan overrules them. Gomes deserts with the largest ship. The Pacific!

CHAPTER XV

PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, AND FAMINE 153

Horrible sufferings of the first navigators that ever crossed the Pacific.

CHAPTER XVI

DISCOVERY OF THE PHILIPPINES AND DEATH OF
MAGELLAN 156

How the Ladrones got their name. Skilful canoeemen and more skilful thieves. The gentler side of Magellan. Some of the strange creatures the voyagers saw. How a bullying king was brought to terms. Christians made by wholesale, and what sort of Christians they proved to be. Magellan's ill-advised attack on the Island of Mactan. Bloody encounter. Death of Magellan.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CIRCUMNAVIGATION COMPLETED 166

Magellan's followers push on. Treachery of the King of Sebu. Massacre of the Spaniards. Carvalho abandons Serrao to his fate. The Spaniards fight for their lives in the harbor of Brunei. The Spice Islands reached at last. Wealth pouring in with every canoe. Deep-laden with treasure, the ships start for home. Tragic fate of Magellan's flagship. Vasco da Gama again, cruel as ever. Perilous adventures of the "Victoria," the sole survivor of Magellan's fleet. Narrow escape from the Portuguese almost at the end of her voyage. She sails into the harbor of Seville, having circumnavigated the globe.

CHAPTER XVIII

VERRAZANO EXPLORES THE COAST OF THE UNITED STATES 177

Verrazano makes his land-fall on the coast of Carolina. His singularly good description of the Southern seaboard. How

	PAGE
the natives treated a sailor whom the waves threw into their hands, and how Frenchmen requited it. Verrazano in New York harbor. His delightful stay in Narragansett Bay. A distant view of the White Mountains. How beautiful Penobscot Bay impressed the first European visitors. Norumbega and the Northmen.	
CHAPTER XIX	
THE EARLIEST SEEKERS OF A NORTHEAST PASSAGE	189
King Alfred's great work. Othere and his daring cruise into the Arctic Ocean, a thousand years ago. How the Finns and Lapps lived in those old days. Some queer "travelers' tales" from old times. Sir Hugh Willoughby and his company meet their doom on the coast of Lapland. Richard Chancellor makes a great hit and becomes the guest of the Russian Emperor. His entertaining account of the Russians.	
CHAPTER XX	
THE EARLIEST SEEKERS OF A NORTHWEST PASSAGE	204
Terrible experiences of explorers in Newfoundland. Fed by a fish-hawk. Cannibalism. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's misfortunes and heroic death.	
CHAPTER XXI	
FROBISHER'S FANCIED DISCOVERIES	209
Martin Frobisher sails in quest of a northwest passage to China. He fancies that he has found it. He loses a boat's crew, but captures a native. He makes a discovery that sets England wild when he returns. On his second voyage he schemes to seize two of the natives, but "catches a Tartar." Desperate affray at Bloody Point. Queen Elizabeth loses her head and loses her purse-strings. A great fleet sails to bring back uncounted treasure. Pitiful outcome of it all.	
CHAPTER XXII	
JOHN DAVIS'S EXPLORATIONS	224
Brave John Davis, another famous seeker of a northwest passage to China. The Land of Desolation. Friendly natives. Enormous bears. Eskimo dogs that cannot bark. A "fie that is called muskeeta." The passage not yet found.	

Contents

xiii

CHAPTER XXIII

	PAGE
THE SEA-KINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME . . .	228

Something about Queen Elizabeth's great captains. General ignorance of geography up to their time. Sources of their inspiration. Some of their great achievements.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ENGLISH DRAGON	235
------------------------------	-----

Francis Drake's boyhood and early experiences. Hot time for Protestants under Queen Mary. Hangings in Kent. The Drakes escape to Plymouth. Young Francis's early home in an old hulk. The pirates who frequented Plymouth harbor, and their secret friend, Queen Elizabeth. How Dr. Story was caught and hanged. Francis apprenticed on a little coaster. He becomes its owner. He makes a foreign voyage and is plundered by the Spanish.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DRAGON SAILS ON MAGELLAN'S TRACK	247
--	-----

Drake, the "English Dragon," spreads his wings for a long and bold flight. Beginning of his mysterious voyage. His daring purpose. Its appalling dangers. Strange sights on the Atlantic. Birds that never touch land and fish that rarely touch water. Was John Doughty a wizard? The "giants" of Patagonia. Trouble with Thomas Doughty, and how it ended with his losing his head. Fight with some of the "giants."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DRAGON REOPENS THE SOUTHWEST PASSAGE TO CATHAY	257
--	-----

Drake passes the Strait of Magellan. One vessel goes down and another deserts him. Left alone, he pushes on undismayed and makes a splendid discovery. Great slaughter of penguins to victual the ship. Drake and every man in his boat wounded by natives. He sails up the Pacific coast, loading his vessel with gold and silver taken from Spaniards. The crew of the "Grand Captain of the South" have a merry night

with Drake's men, old Tom Moore at their head. More prizes and more booty. Exciting chase of the Cacafuego. A royal prize. The whole west coast of South America in arms against Drake. He skirts North America, declines to be made a king in California, and strikes out across the Pacific. He runs upon a reef and narrowly escapes losing his vessel and its priceless cargo. He startles all England by suddenly reappearing at Plymouth, loaded to the water with plundered treasure. He is honored and is knighted by Elizabeth's own hand.

CHAPTER XXVII

DUTCH EXPLORERS VISIT NOVA ZEMBLA 272

William Barents is pilot of a Dutch ship sailing to find a northeast passage. The midnight sun. Two hours' fight with a bear. Dead whales. Another fight with a bear. Curious story about a certain kind of geese. More fights with bears. Around the northern end of Nova Zembla. Fast in the ice. They resign themselves to spending the winter there.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WINTER-BOUND ON NOVA ZEMBLA 281

Barents and his men prepare for a hard winter. They find a great store of driftwood and begin to build a house. More fighting with bears. First death in the party. The house is finished. They begin to trap foxes. The sun disappears, to be seen no more for months. Cold so bitter that fire could not warm them. A doleful Christmas. The new year brings keener cold. A quiet sort of jollification. Another death. The sun reappears. Signs of spring. Golf on the ice. Preparations for starting homeward in boats.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN OPEN BOATS FROM NOVA ZEMBLA TO LAPLAND . . . 300

Barents and his men start for home. Much hindered by ice. Ice-bound for days together. Death of Barents. More trouble with bears. The voyagers begin to get birds and eggs. An exciting time with walruses. They encounter Russians, who treat them kindly. They reach the Russian shore. Coasting along, they still endure great privations, but are helped by

Contents

XV
PAGE

fishermen whom they meet. Coming to Lapland, they encounter an old comrade, who takes them in charge. Arrival in Amsterdam. Pride of the Dutch in preserving relics of the expedition.

CHAPTER XXX

HENRY HUDSON'S VOYAGES TOWARDS THE NORTHEAST 321

Henry Hudson not a Dutchman, but a friend of Barents. His bold attempt to reach Asia by sailing across the North Pole. Its inevitable failure. In a second voyage a mermaid is seen. He attempts to pass through the Kofin Shar, but finds it impracticable.

CHAPTER XXXI

HUDSON'S EXPLORATION OF THE HUDSON RIVER . . . 328

Hudson sails on his ever-memorable voyage. He heads for North America. His relations with Captain John Smith. He reaches Penobscot Bay. Ill-treatment of natives. He touches at Cape Cod, stretches down as far as the Virginia coast, turns northward, and explores Delaware Bay. He enters New York harbor. Delightful experiences there, followed by a fight, in which one of his men is killed. He begins to ascend the Hudson River. He comes near to the site of Albany. Descending, he has a bloody affray near the Island of Manna-hatta. Return to England. Results of the voyage.

CHAPTER XXXII

HUDSON EXPLORES HUDSON BAY 336

Hudson again seeks a northwest passage. His men enjoy a natural hot bath on the shore of Iceland. Signs of insubordination among the crew. He explores Hudson Bay. Compelled to winter there. Bitter experiences. Famine averted by the immense number of ptarmigan. How an honest man barters. Free from the ice. Mutiny. Hudson is set adrift with a few companions. The mutineers have a bloody encounter with Eskimo. Horrible sufferings of the survivors. They reach England. Dr. John Fiske's tribute to Hudson.

PAGE
izes
oyal
inst
king
upon
eless
g at
le is

272
nd a
with
rious
ears.
e ice.

281
nd a
More
use is
rs, to
d not
brings
leath.
e ice.

300
y ice.
rouble
. An
t, who
asting
ed by

Part Second

RECENT VOYAGES

CHAPTER XXXIII

	PAGE
A NORTHWEST PASSAGE DISCOVERED	349

The loss of Sir John Franklin and his crews. Sorrow in England and the United States. Numerous search expeditions. Fate of the lost men ascertained. Did Franklin find the northwest passage? Captain McClure sails in the "Investigator." Indomitable Yankees at Port Famine. McClure enters the Arctic Ocean. Merry Eskimo thieves. The sea of eternal ice. Frozen in. The northwest passage discovered. Frozen in again. Abundance of game. Fearless wolves. Condition of the crew becomes alarming. Unexpected relief. The "Investigator" abandoned. Honors to her crew in England.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE "VEGA" BEGINS HER FAMOUS VOYAGE	364
---	-----

Professor Nordenskiöld sails in the "Vega." Summer appearance of Nova Zembla. A Samoyed village. Stick-idols. Guillemot-fells. Eider ducks, ptarmigan, and snowy owls. Reindeer, polar bears, and foxes. How the walrus is hunted. The plague of mosquitoes.

CHAPTER XXXV

THROUGH THE KARA SEA TO THE NORTHERNMOST POINT OF ASIA	377
--	-----

The "Vega" enters the dreaded Kara Sea. A bear and a reindeer are shot. Winter in this region. Gloomy desolation of the northernmost point of Asia. A solitary bear on guard. The Lena Delta; its mournful associations for Americans.

Contents

xvii

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE "VEGA'S" INTERCOURSE WITH NATIVES OF SIBERIA PAGE 384

Undeveloped wealth of Siberia. "Noah's wood." How the tundra was formed. Fossil elephants and rhinoceroses. Profitable trade in fossil ivory. Antiquity of the human race shown by carvings on ivory. The "Vega" encounters natives of the coast. Keen traders! Their homes and their home life. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Vestiges of a vanished race. Ice-bound.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN WINTER QUARTERS ON THE SIBERIAN COAST 398

Life in winter quarters. Chukchis will cheat in trade, but won't steal. Alternate gorging and starving. The shamans. Their terrible influence. How the aged are sometimes disposed of.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THROUGH BEHRING STRAIT TO CIPANGO 403

What the Chukchis do with their dead. How a kind master treats his reindeer. A Chukchi dog leads a "dog's life." Signs of spring. Free from the ice. The "Vega" leaves her filthy but kindly friends disconsolate. She passes through Behring Strait. The northeast passage achieved.

AGE
349

364

377

C
E
S
I
T
C
F
I
V
I
T
T
A
F
M
S
M
"
C
A
S
T

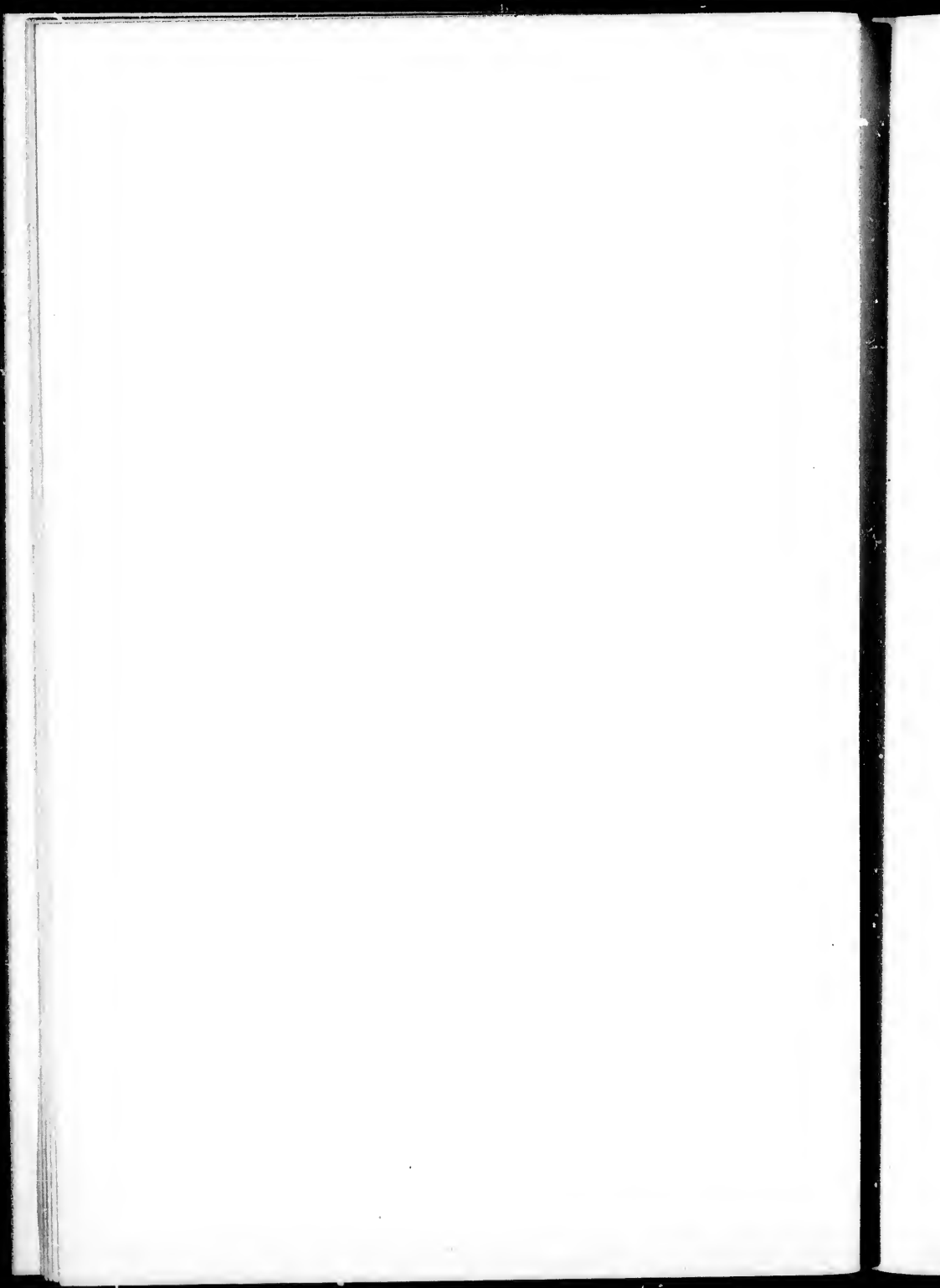
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From the first edition of De Bry's "Peregrationes"	
	PAGE
Medallions of Marco Polo and Kubla Khan	4
Statue of Prince Henry of Portugal	15
Behaim's Globe, 1492	31
The Landfall of Columbus	39
Columbus at Hispaniola	59
Earliest Representation of South American Natives, 1490- 1504	77
House in which Columbus died	91
Vasco da Gama	94
Hindu Deities, Krishna nursed by Devaki	108
The Figure-Head of the Sao Raphael	115
The Harbor of Lisbon	117
Affonso d'Albuquerque	120
Ferdinand Magellan	123
Magellan Passing his Strait	141
Seloner's Globe, 1520	145
Map of Magellan Strait	147
"Hanslab" Globe	151
Chart of the Pacific Ocean, showing the Track of Magellan's Ships, 1519-1522	161
A Scene in Sebu	167
Statue of Sebastian Del Cano	175
The Verrazano Map	185

	PAGE
A Norse Ship of the Tenth Century	190
Sir Hugh Willoughby	195
Martin Frobisher	210
Map showing Frobisher's Strait	211
Queen Elizabeth and her Great Captains, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Sir Thomas Cavendish	229
Sir Francis Drake	237
House-Building in the Arctic Regions	283
"How we shot a bear, wherefrom we got a good hundred pounds' weight of grease"	297
"True portraiture of our boats"	309
A Russian Lodja	314
Gerrit de Veer's Map of Nova Zembla, showing the House in which his Party wintered	317
Henry Hudson	323
Sir John Franklin	350
Boats in a Swell amongst Ice	353
Smoke issuing from Cliff at Cape Bathurst	358
Block of Stone with Parry's Inscription	361
Baron Adolph Eric Nordenskiöld	365
Samoyed Sled and Idols	366
A Place of Sacrifice	369
Towing with Dogs	387
Winter Dress	399
Notii and his Wife	408

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

- THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO.
 THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.
 THE STORY OF COLUMBUS. By Mrs. E. Eggleston Seelye.
 THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Sir Clements R. Markham.
 CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Dr. Justin Winsor.
 THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By Dr. John Fiske.
 THE LIFE OF FERDINAND MAGELLAN AND THE FIRST CIRCUM-NAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE, 1480-1521. By F. H. H. Guillelard.
 THE VOYAGES OF MARTIN FROBISHER (Hakluyt Society).
 THE VOYAGES OF JOHN DAVIS (Hakluyt Society).
 ENGLISH SEAMEN. By James A. Froude.
 SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By Julian Corbett.
 THREE VOYAGES BY THE NORTHEAST. By Gerrit De Veer (Hakluyt Society).
 THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE. By Sherard Osborn.
 THE VOYAGE OF THE VEGA. By Prof. A. E. Nordenskiöld.



PART FIRST
OLD VOYAGES

a
n
c
l
a
v
C
t
L
t
h
a
f

THE WORLD'S DISCOVERERS

Part First

OLD VOYAGES

CHAPTER I

OF MARCO POLO AND HIS INFLUENCE IN STIMULATING EXPLORATION

ONCE a monk's preaching set Europe aflame, put a million of men on the march, and started a movement that had not spent its force when nearly two hundred years had gone by. Of the great armies and the mobs of pilgrims that tramped wearily or sailed tediously to the East, the most perished. But the survivors brought back seeds of learning and art that sprouted and grew until they changed the face of Europe from a weedy lot into a fair garden.

Two centuries after Peter the Hermit set the Crusades in motion, a prisoner telling the story of his travels to a fellow-captive gave a new impulse to human energy, an impulse that brought a world to the knowledge of civilized men. Like the other, it had the East for its goal. His name was Marco Polo, and the movement which, all unknowingly, he set on foot was the effort to reach by water the marvelous

lands and splendid cities of the far East which he described. It never ceased until no accessible portion of the globe remained unexplored. When Europe began to shake off the sleep of ages, in the fifteenth century, long after he was dead, one of the first signs of its awakening was an increased activity in trade. This prompted voyages of discovery. The movement of exploration was sure to be started in one way or another, for the time was ripe. The message of Marco Polo was



MEDALLIONS OF MARCO POLO AND KUBLA KHAN

then heard by a generation eager to heed it, and more than that of any other one person it was the influence that sent forth the world's discoverers on their perilous voyages.

At the time in which he lived there was much commercial intercourse between Europe and China, — by overland travel, of course. Later this ceased, with the fall of the Mongol dynasty. When, after two centuries, the spirit of exploration was aroused, and Europeans again reached the wonderful countries which he had described, so great was their ignorance of them it was almost a new discovery.

Marco Polo's romantic narrative has had the same experience as many another old book. First, it was swallowed eagerly. The greater the marvel, the more easily it was believed. Then came a time of greater knowledge. Men found incredible statements in the book. At once they rejected it altogether. It became fashionable to sneer at him as a mere romancer, an inventor of fables. Finally there has come a time of still greater knowledge. A closer acquaintance with the languages and the histories of China and other Eastern lands establishes the truthfulness and accuracy of Polo in a great number of particulars. It is no longer possible to doubt that he ever visited China, when the annals of that country show that he was really appointed to a high position under the Chinese emperor in the year 1277. The more China is explored and known, the more firmly Polo's credit is established as to the substance of his story. At the same time, there are many incredible things related by him. The truth seems to be that he embellished the facts of his actual experience with many fanciful additions, mainly, perhaps, things that he had heard from others. We must remember, too, that his book was handed down for almost two hundred years in written copies, before the invention of the art of printing. The old copyists sometimes took strange liberties with the text before them and introduced many of their own notions. It is impossible to know how many of the fabulous stories contained in Marco Polo's book, as we have it to-day, originated in the fertile fancy of a scribe.

The famous traveler was born in Venice, in 1254, of a well-known family of merchants. He was a well-

grown lad when the last army of Crusaders started for the Holy Land. While he was a child his father and his uncle went to the Crimea on a trading enterprise. Thence they journeyed to Bokhara. Various inducements led them on until they finally reached the court of the great emperor, Kubla Khan, who ruled the wide dominions conquered by the famous Tartar, Genghis Khan. Kubla Khan had established his capital at Cambalue, now called Peking. He had also at Shangtu a magnificent summer-palace, which Coleridge describes in his poem: —

“In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.”

The great Khan was so much pleased with the two Venetian merchants and with what he learned from them of the civilization and religion of the West that he despatched them back with a message to the Pope, requesting him to send out a body of men who should instruct his people in the arts of Europe and in Christianity. Had this petition been fully complied with, we can scarcely guess how greatly the history of China might have been changed. But only two monks were sent, and even these had not the courage to complete their journey into China.

After staying two years in Venice, the two brothers started again for the East, taking with them young Marco, then a bright youth of seventeen. They traveled through Persia to the hill country of Badakshan, in Central Asia, and thence through many regions not described again until our own days, over the great desert of Gobi, to the northwest provinces of China. So, four years after leaving Venice, they found themselves once more at the court of Kubla Khan.

The emperor was greatly pleased with young Marco, who was very observant and quick-witted and had an amazing faculty of learning the languages and ways of people. He was soon employed on various missions in different parts of the empire. Having observed the Khan's interest in all that was novel, he took pains to acquaint himself with everything that was worth noting in the manners and customs of the strange peoples among whom he traveled. Thus he accumulated a vast store of information, and what he had gathered he repeated to his master, on his return. Finally he was established for three years as governor of the city of Yangchow. All this time the elder Polos were enjoying the emperor's favor and assisting him with their advice.

In 1292 a great occasion arose. A Mongol bride was to be sent to Tabreez, in Persia, to be married to a prince who was a near kinsman of Kubla Khan. The three Venetians were selected, as experienced travelers, to accompany the party. The long overland journey was considered too formidable for a delicately reared young woman, and it was determined to go by sea. No

less than two years were consumed on the way, and the party encountered many perils and hardships in consequence of which more than half died. In this way, however, Marco gained a knowledge of the Malay Peninsula and of the great islands of the Archipelago. Finally they reached their destination with the bride. Her intended husband in the mean time had died, and she was actually married to his son.

The Polos, having come so far to the west, followed their hearts' desire and traveled on to Venice. Four years after their return, war broke out between their city and the rival republic of Genoa. In a sea-fight the Venetians were defeated and Marco Polo was captured. This proved a happy circumstance for the world. During the year which he spent in a Genoese prison, a fellow-captive named Rusticiano prevailed on him to give an account of his travels and a description of the countries which he had visited, that he might write it down. The whole narrative was dictated from memory. Under these circumstances we could not expect great exactness.

The extent and variety of geographical information contained in Polo are astounding, if we consider the dense ignorance of Europe in his times. Travelers penetrating to-day into obscure regions of the Chinese Empire find themselves forestalled by this old voyager and encounter names and customs which confirm his statements. No part of the vast region extending from the frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean to the burning islands lying beneath the Equator escaped his notice. What he did not know from personal knowledge he dili-

gently inquired about from traveling merchants. From him Europe heard for the first time of the wilds of Northern Siberia, with their fur-bearing animals and "great white bears, twenty palms long." He says: "The great lakes, which are frozen, except for a few months in the year, are the cause that in the summer it is scarce to be traveled for mire, and therefore the merchants, in going to buy their furs for fourteen days' journey through the desert, have set up for each day a house of wood, where they barter with the inhabitants, and in winter they use sledges, which are drawn on the ice by beasts like great dogs, by couples, the sledge-man only with his merchant and furs sitting therein. At the extremity of the region of these Tartars is a country reaching to the farthest north, called the obscure land, because the most part of the winter months the sun appears not, and the air is thick and darkish as betimes in the morning with us. The men there are pale and squat, have no prince, and live like beasts." This description he clearly got from traders who visited the shores of the Polar Sea for furs, as they do to-day.

From him Europe first heard of Magaster (Madagascar), "one of the greatest and richest islands in the world, three thousand miles in circuit, inhabited by Saracens" (Mohammedans). He says: "The people live by merchandise and sell vast quantities of elephants' teeth. The currents in these parts are of exceeding force." Two hundred years later, the first Portuguese navigators were baffled by the strong current sweeping down through Mozambique Channel and along the East African coast. Such particulars as these Polo must have

got from those who had actually sailed in those parts. Speaking of a large island which he calls Camari, perhaps Borneo or Sumatra, he says, "Here are apes so large that they seem to be men." It is well known that the home of the great man-like apes is in these islands. He describes the people of those regions as "continually chewing a leaf called tembul, with spices and lime." The betel-nut (Arabic, tambur) is still incessantly chewed by the natives, with an admixture of lime and catechu. It is evident from his account that the business of exhibiting "freaks" is not new. He says, "There are certain small apes, in their faces like men, which they put in boxes and preserve with spices [embalm], and sell them to the merchants, who carry them through the world, showing them for pigmies or little men." The modern exhibitor prefers to have his specimens alive.

But it was Polo's description of the grandeur and wealth of the Great Khan's empire, with its cities of bewildering splendor, that fired the imagination of the western world. Who can wonder at this effect, when we read of "Quinsai, the City of Heaven, which for the excellency thereof hath that name; for in the world there is not the like, or a place in which are found so many pleasures, that a man would think that he were in Paradise"? A hundred miles in circuit; with ten great market-places; with a clear lake of fresh water on one side and on the other a great river, which carries away all the sewerage; with wide thoroughfares and numerous canals, the latter spanned by thousands of bridges, those on the chief channels so high that vessels may pass under

with their masts standing, while horses and chariots cross overhead; with great storehouses of stone, in which merchants from India and other countries lay up their merchandise; with vast quantities of fish, game, meats, poultry, vegetables, and fruits daily pouring in, to feed the immense population; with thousands of artificers plying their busy trades;—such is the city which he describes. The gorgeous splendor of the Great Khan's palace and the perfect organization of his empire correspond with this magnificent capital. Undoubtedly there is much exaggeration in all this. But it is far from being wholly fiction. The out-worn and tottering China of to-day gives us scarcely a hint of her grandeur under the Mongol emperors.

Why, it may be asked, did the harvest of Polo's book ripen after the seed had lain inert two hundred years? Undoubtedly because of the invention of printing. The immediate consequence of this discovery was a revival of learning. Books which had lain dormant, as it were, like seed kept in a dark place, the knowledge of them being confined to the few persons who could afford to buy hand-written copies, suddenly acquired a living interest, like seed dropped into warm, moist earth, by being scattered far and wide in printed form, and stimulated a great mental activity. Thus the three greatest events of the fifteenth century, the invention of printing, the opening of a sea-route around the Cape of Good Hope to India, and the discovery of America, were closely connected one with another. Marco Polo's book, under the influence of this revived interest, became very popular, especially in Portugal, where the

spirit of exploration was very active. Her navigators voyaging down the African coast had always in mind the fabled wealth of the far East. Columbus was familiar with Polo. There is even a Latin copy in existence, with numerous notes in his handwriting. He is said to have taken a copy with him on his voyage, and we know that when he steered west, Cipango (Japan) was his goal. We can easily picture the great discoverer poring over passages like this, during the long weeks of his voyage: "Zipangu is an island on the east, one thousand five hundred miles distant from the shores of Mangi, very great, the people of white complexion, of gentle behavior, in religion idolaters. They have gold in great plenty; and they which have carried on commerce there speak of the king's house covered with gold, as churches here with lead, gilded windows, and floors of gold." Mangi was the name for the southern provinces of China; Cathay, for the northern.

One other traveler we must mention whose influence was of the same kind. Two or three years before Marco Polo died, that is, about 1322, an English knight, Sir John Maundeville, set out for the East. When he returned, after many years, he published a book which is a most entertaining collection of ingenious fancies mingled with a small proportion of facts. There is no doubt that he stole his account of Cathay and the Indies from Friar Odoric, a reputable but little-known traveler. The marvelous splendor of Quinsay, as described by Polo, paled before the inconceivable magnificence of Prester John, as depicted by Maundeville. At the same time, many of his inventions are so amusing and

are told with so much apparent sincerity, that one cannot read them without a smile. His work has scarcely any value. Yet it became the most popular book of travels for many generations; and we are expressly told that Columbus was a reader of it.

Such influences as these started the great movement to which the world owes so much.

CHAPTER II

THE ENTERPRISE AND THE EARLY DISCOVERIES OF
THE PORTUGUESE

THE mother of modern exploration was Portugal, and its father was her Prince Henry the Navigator. Beginning early in the fifteenth century, Portugal slowly pushed her way down the African coast. In this work Prince Henry was untiring. Renouncing the pleasures of court life, he devoted himself to the encouragement of foreign discovery and trade. Progress was slow. As each promontory was reached, some other beyond it was deemed impassable. In 1418 the Madeira Islands were discovered. Not until 1432 was Cape Bojador reached. And still another period of fourteen years elapsed before Cape Verde was passed. Thus, little by little, the coast became known and charted. As the Equator was approached, the old stories of the impossibility of existence under its heat were revived. Still the navigators pressed on. After the Guinea coast was reached, Portugal began to reap substantial rewards in the shape of a most profitable trade in ivory and gold.

Thus the way was gradually prepared for those splendid discoveries which gave new worlds to the knowledge of civilized man. In geography, as in all science, a discovery is rarely sudden. Back of the brilliant achievement we find the long line of patient toilers whose

labors have led up to the crowning feat. So, the succession of adventurous Portuguese seamen, for nearly a hundred years groping their way down the African coast, battling with the superstitious terrors of ages, and equipped with only the rudest instruments and the scantiest knowledge of navigation, prepared the way for the famous discoverers whose achievements are among the greatest facts of history. They made the expedition of Columbus possible.

We shall find the Portuguese king sneering at the views of the great Genoese as the dreams of a boastful Italian. But it was his very devotion to the idea of reaching the Indies around the extremity of Africa that closed his mind to the possibility of another route. That India lay beyond Africa was certain. The only question was whether

it was possible to get around Africa. King Joao believed that it was, and on this belief he was putting



STATUE OF PRINCE HENRY OF PORTUGAL

forth his efforts. There was something tangible about what he was doing: Columbus's plan looked chimerical.

Thus the real purpose of the Portuguese explorations of Africa looked beyond immediate results. They had in view the same object that animated Columbus. The wealth of the Indies, especially the spice trade, was the coveted prize. For centuries the splendid Asiatic commerce had been controlled by Genoa and Venice. Each had a route of its own, one up the Persian Gulf and by caravan overland to Constantinople; the other, up the Red Sea and across the Isthmus of Suez. But after the Turks took Constantinople, in 1453, one of the outlets of Asia's wealth was closed. To open a sea-route, under Portuguese control, for this splendid trade was Joao's enlightened purpose.

At last, in 1487, Bartholomew Diaz sailed, with the express purpose of solving the great problem. After having gone as far as Cape Negro, and finding the coast still trending southeast, he was swept away from the land and to the south for thirteen days by a gale, until he encountered severe cold. He turned east for a considerable distance and then headed north. When he next sighted land, it trended northeast. He followed it as far as Delagoa Bay and found the land always inclining in the same direction. There was scarcely any room for doubt that he had solved the long-vexed problem of rounding the southern extremity of Africa.

But his men were loth to venture further into the unknown. Therefore he hastened back, to carry to his master the joyful news. Following the coast southward, he had great difficulty in passing a majestic prom-

Early Discoveries of the Portuguese 17

ontory which, for that reason, he called Stormy Cape. After rounding it he knew surely that he had achieved success. When his royal master received the glad tidings, with his mind full of splendid visions, he drew his pen through the name Cabo Tormentoso on Diaz's chart and wrote one that means Cape of Good Hope. He was right. The route which the bold Diaz had laid open was for Portugal the road to the zenith of her power and to almost fabulous wealth. One of his companions was Bartholomew Columbus, and there is every reason to believe that the success of this voyage stimulated his illustrious brother to make his great venture.

Yet, strange as it may seem, no step was taken to follow up this magnificent advance for ten years. Perhaps this was due to the discovery of America, which had taken place in the mean while.

CHAPTER III

THE YOUTH AND THE SURROUNDINGS OF CHRISTOPHER
COLUMBUS

THE birthplace of Christopher Columbus was singularly favorable to a nautical life. Hemmed in by mountains which, as it were, pushed her young men out on the ocean to seek their living, Genoa was a great commercial city. She and Venice controlled almost wholly the trade of the Mediterranean, and there was great rivalry between them. Marco Polo, the Venetian, wrote his famous book while he was a prisoner of war at Genoa. These two cities held in their hands the trade of the far East, which came in caravans to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, where it met their ships. This circumstance would naturally turn the thoughts of an inquiring mind very much to those mysterious lands of far Asia, from which came the precious spices and silks which Europe coveted. We have seen how the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, which occurred when Columbus was a little boy, closed one of the caravan-routes and made the discovery of an all-water way to India, such as the Portuguese king was seeking around Africa, very desirable. All these things combined to form the atmosphere in which the great project of Columbus was conceived.

Youth of Christopher Columbus 19

Of his early life we know very little, except that he was born about the year 1446, of a poor family of weavers, and received only such education as people of that class could give their children. He himself worked as an apprentice to his father. About the age of fourteen he made his first sea-voyage. This was the year in which Prince Henry died. Thus he was unconsciously training himself to take up the navigator's great work of discovery. He must have alternated between sea-voyages and weaving, for we have certain knowledge of him as a weaver at the age of twenty-seven. When he next appears, it is as a man who has a great knowledge both of the theory and practice of seamanship. This fact makes it certain that he was neither a common weaver nor a common sailor, but an earnest student, drinking in knowledge from every source he could reach. His reading was wonderfully wide for one who needed to labor incessantly for daily bread. Combined with a retentive memory and a fertile imagination, it formed the stimulus of his great achievements. While he was reading everything he could find, ancient and modern, that described remote parts of the globe, he was studying so hard the principles of navigation that when he became a commander, his calculations were singularly exact.

On the other hand, his practical seamanship cannot have been gained otherwise than by a long experience on the water. He tells us that he had sailed all the east, west, and north. But the whole range of navigation up to his time was very narrow. Its furthest reach southward was that of the Portuguese to the mouth of

the Congo. In this direction Columbus had sailed, certainly as far as Guinea. The extreme point westward was marked by the Cape Verde Islands, off the African coast. The Mediterranean limited navigation on the east, and Iceland on the north. It is certain that Columbus had voyaged to England; and some writers, understanding a certain expression of his to mean that he once visited Iceland, have built on this slender basis a theory that he there heard the story of the Norsemen, who are said to have sailed to Vinland, and thus got the idea of seeking land in the west. This pleasing bit of fancy we may at once dismiss. We know very certainly the goal which Columbus had in mind when he sailed out into the Sea of Darkness. It was the Cipango (Japan) of Marco Polo's wonderful story.

Besides, there surely was in many minds a growing conviction that the eastern shore of Asia could be reached by sailing west from Europe. The belief in the roundness of the Earth was taught by some of the wisest of the Greeks, centuries before Christ. From that time forth there were always some among the learned who held it. It seems that it was one of the ancient writers that convinced Columbus of it. But if the earth is a globe, it follows that by going west on a given parallel one would come to the same point as by going east.

There were, also, certain traditions of lands in the western ocean. One related to a great continental island called Atlantis, which had stood opposite the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar) and had sunk in the

ocean which bears its name. From another imaginary island, Antilla, the Antilles are named, and from still another Brazil is called.

The true greatness, then, of Columbus lay not in conceiving a totally new idea, but in grasping the practical bearing of one which he shared with others, in having faith to trust it, and in clinging with indomitable persistency to the purpose of realizing it. It does not take anything from his just fame to say that the world's best thinking had advanced so far that the discovery of America was inevitable. It could not have been delayed many years. The Portuguese navigators had grown so bold, especially after Diaz had doubled Good Hope, that they took a far western course in their southern voyages; and thus it happened that, in 1500, Cabral, sailing to India, was blown out of his way by an easterly gale and brought up on the coast of Brazil. Without Columbus, this would have been the discovery of America.

Back of Columbus we must recognize the long line of those who prepared the way for his great achievement, ancient sages thinking out the problem of the earth's shape; thoughtful students keeping alive the belief in its roundness, in the face of the common notion of its flatness; patient calculators working out the principles of navigation and devising instruments to apply them; the inventors of the art of printing, which gave circulation to books that had been known only to the learned, and brought them within the reach of obscure persons like Columbus; the makers of maps and charts, who set down what was known of the lands and seas, together with their own often very erroneous ideas; and, last,

those brave Portuguese seamen who had been pushing their way down the African coast. As we have seen, Bartholomew Columbus sailed with Diaz in his great voyage; and there is no doubt that its success largely inspired Christopher.

But how came it, somebody may ask, that Columbus blundered so tremendously as to look for Asia where America really is? The answer is, that up to his time our planet was supposed to be much smaller than it actually is. The Arabian astronomers made its circumference about 20,400 miles, and Toscanelli, a famous Italian, whom Columbus consulted, put it at about 18,000. Thus the whole vast width of the Pacific was undreamed of. Of the earth's surface two-thirds were supposed to be known, and Columbus imagined Asia to extend far into the remaining third. This would bring its eastern coast, to use his own words, "neighboring to Spain and Africa." It was a most happy mistake. Had Columbus known that Cipango really was 14,000 miles away, mortal courage would have shrunk from attempting to sail thither. By this happy error he "sought a way and found a world." In all history there is no calculated success comparable with this brilliant blunder.

Let us pass over as briefly as possible the story of Columbus's varied experiences and harassing disappointments prior to his great voyage. At some time in his early life he received a wound. But the story that he was engaged in a great sea-fight off the coast of Portugal, and when his ship took fire, leaped into the sea and swam ashore with the aid of an oar, probably is one of

those myths which quickly spring up about the career of a famous man.

There was every reason why he should deliberately go to Portugal. It was at that time the most attractive portion of the world to an ambitious sea-faring man. Besides its commercial activity, it was the pioneer in exploration. His residence there certainly stimulated his thirst for great achievement. On his ardent and imaginative nature it must have acted like fire applied to fuel, to see expeditions returning from foreign discovery and to witness, as he did, the triumphant homecoming of Bartholomew Diaz after his great exploit. Soon we find him settled in Lisbon in the business of map-making, one which in those days required a high order of knowledge and skill. His marriage to the daughter of Perestrello, one of Prince Henry's noted captains, was another link in the chain of his destiny. His wife's mother gave him her deceased husband's maps, charts, and memoranda of voyages and routes. Still another link was his removal to Porto Santo, a little island in Madeira, where Perestrello had once been governor, and where his wife inherited a small property. Porto Santo lay in the very track of vessels going to and from Guinea, and Columbus must often have talked with men who had reached fame and fortune by the road of foreign adventure. No doubt it was at this time that he made a voyage to Guinea.

We know certainly that his mind was very early occupied with the great project of his life, for we find him writing to consult Toscanelli, a learned doctor of Florence, as to the possibility of reaching Eastern Asia by

sailing across the western ocean. The great scholar's reply assured him confidently of its feasibility and was accompanied by a map intended to demonstrate it. The map is lost, but from other sources we know very well what it was like. It must have been very cheering to Columbus to receive encouragement from so high a quarter. But he was destined to pass eighteen years of weary waiting and bitter disappointment, ere he would be able to carry out his great design.

We all know something of the story of those years. One of the most melancholy pictures in history is that of the great genius enduring the opposition of the ignorant and the sneers of the arrogant, while, as Irving strikingly says, he "begged his way from court to court, to offer to princes the discovery of a world."

His first proposal was made to the King of Portugal, and it is a familiar story, how that monarch, while pretending to consider it, put his maps and plans into the hands of one of his captains and secretly despatched him to try the route. After sailing westward some days and finding nothing, the vessel came back, and the pilots made a report ridiculing the project. Columbus, so soon as he heard of the base attempt to steal his great idea, quit Portugal, disgusted, but not the less firm in his conviction.

At the same time he sent his brother Bartholomew to lay a like proposition before the English king, but with small hopes of success, since England was at that time almost unknown as a maritime power. Happily, Columbus did not expect much in that quarter. The king who afterwards paid John Cabot fifty dollars for discov-

ering North America, — the entry in Henry the Seventh's treasury account runs, "To him who found the new Ile, £10," — would scarcely have proved a very generous patron of untried projects.

Spain was now the most hopeful country, and to this Columbus bent his steps. It would make our story too long if we should attempt to give even the merest sketch of the delays and heart-rending disappointments of the next years. Every reader is familiar, probably, with the picture of the melancholy, shabby figure following the court from city to city and haunting the royal ante-chamber, befriended by few, laughed at by many, scorned by the most, mocked at by the very children in the streets.

As to Ferdinand and Isabella, the simple fact is that they acted very craftily towards Columbus. They did not wish to see him carry his project to another court; there might be something in it, and they wished to hold it in reserve. But absorbingly occupied as they were with pushing the war against the Moors, they thought they could not spare money to give it a trial. Their policy, therefore, was to feed his hopes with fair promises, while they did not commit themselves to anything. And they played their game so well that they succeeded in keeping him in attendance until their own affairs allowed them to take up his matter at their leisure.

At last, with the eventful year 1492, the sun of Columbus rose. Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors, fell. Columbus witnessed the solemn ceremony, as Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, came forth from the famed Alhambra and delivered its keys to his

conquerors. Ferdinand and Isabella had no longer any excuse for putting off Columbus. They took up his application.

A short time before, a way-worn traveler, with a little boy, had stopped at the gate of the convent of La Rabida and asked a cup of water and a crust of bread for the child. It was Columbus. His wife and his children were dead, except this little Diego and a younger brother, Ferdinand, the son of another mother. He was seeking his wife's sister, who lived not far away, intending to leave the child with her while he should go elsewhere. His patience was exhausted. He was quitting Spain.

On what trivial incidents do great results sometimes depend! His stopping at the gate of La Rabida proved to be the turning-point in the life of Columbus. The prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, a scholar and a man of warm and generous nature, was struck with the shabby stranger's noble air and bearing, entered into conversation with him, listened, first with curiosity, then with deepening interest, to his views, and determined to befriend him. He sent for some of his neighbors, men of knowledge in nautical matters, and they heard Columbus detail his ideas. They found much that was reasonable in them and that was confirmed by things that they knew or believed. One of these men was Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a pilot of Palos and a wealthy man, who later became Columbus's chief lieutenant.

The result of the conference was that Marchena, who had formerly been Isabella's confessor and still had

great influence with her, first wrote, and then went in person to implore her not to let Columbus go from Spain. His intervention was successful! She sent to Columbus money to enable him to travel decently to the court. Negotiations were resumed, and all went well, when a new difficulty arose. Columbus's demands seemed extravagant. Nothing less would content him than that he should be at once appointed Admiral, with the future title of Viceroy of any countries he might discover, and should receive one-tenth of all the gains, either by trade or conquest. The pride of Spanish nobles revolted at these demands from an indigent stranger, and they were indignantly refused.

Columbus would not consent to abate them one particle and actually mounted his mule and rode away, quitting Spain, as he thought, forever. When he had traveled some miles, a royal messenger, riding furiously, overtook him and bade him come back to court: his terms would be accepted. The first great victory was won!

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST VOYAGE AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

THERE was a poetic fitness in Columbus's starting from the point where he first received encouragement. To Palos the royal order sent him for his equipment. The agreement with Ferdinand and Isabella had been signed in April, and in May it was read in the church at Palos. It required the town to furnish the Admiral, as he now was by royal appointment, with two small vessels known as caravels. This was easy enough. But great difficulties arose as to securing crews. In spite of four months' wages to be paid in advance, sailors were loth to ship for what seemed the maddest voyage that men ever sailed on. Again despotic power came to the rescue. An officer was sent from the court with authority to seize ships and impress men. By this means and through the influence of the three Pinzon brothers, who threw themselves heart and soul into the enterprise, the complement of sailors was obtained.

A pitiful affair the little fleet seemed, if we consider the years spent in obtaining it and the vastness of the undertaking. Only one vessel was as large as one of our ordinary coasting schooners and was decked over. She was the admiral's flag-ship, was called the "Santa Maria," sometimes the "Marigalante," was manned by fifty-two men, and carried an armament of small guns known as lombards. Her owner, Juan de la Cosa, went

First Voyage and Discovery of America 29

along as pilot. He afterwards became a famous man. The other two craft, which the town of Palos had been compelled to furnish, were mere cock-boats, open in the middle, with little cabins built at the bow and stern into which the crews were huddled. One of these, the "Pinta," was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, with his brother, Francis Martin Pinzon, as pilot. Among her crew were her two owners, men of Palos, who were reluctant to part with their vessel when she was forced into the service. The other caravel, the "Nina," had a third member of the bold Pinzon family, Vicente Yanez Pinzon, as captain. Each of the smaller craft had on board eighteen men, and the united crews numbered eighty-eight. In this little band were some who, besides the renown of taking part in this immortal voyage, afterwards achieved fame on their own account. One of these was Bermudez, the discoverer of Bermuda.

After the members of the expedition had received the Communion together, on the 3d of August, 1492, just when the golden light of a summer morning was overspreading the purple sea, and in full sight of the hospitable walls of La Rabida, the little squadron stood out from the shore. This was lined with friends weeping and wringing their hands for those whom they thought they should never see again. On the ships there was not much better cheer, many of the sailors going very reluctantly and some having been forced.

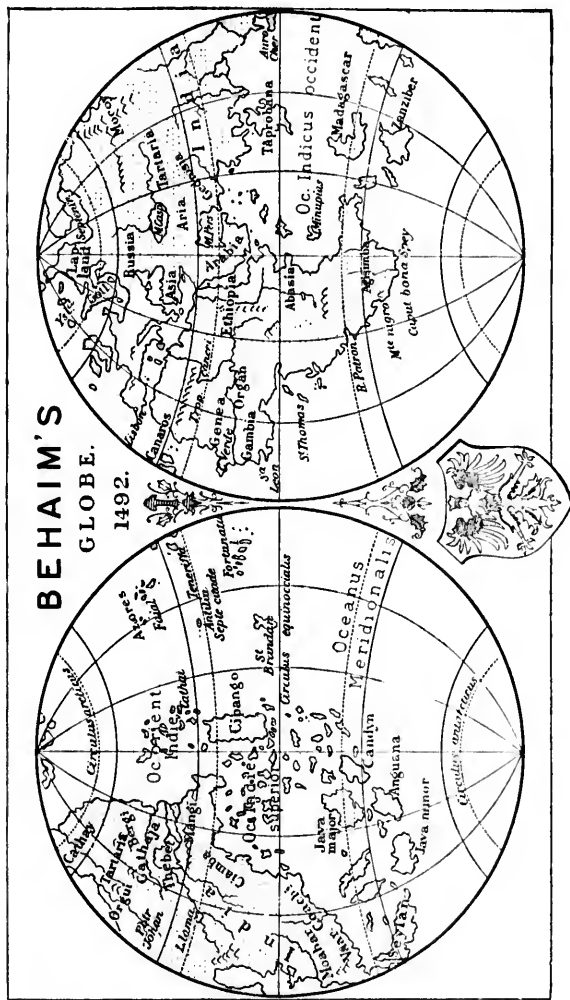
So fully did the thought of Asia fill the minds of all concerned, that the king and queen actually sent by Columbus a letter addressed to the Grand Khan, or Emperor of China, and an interpreter who could speak

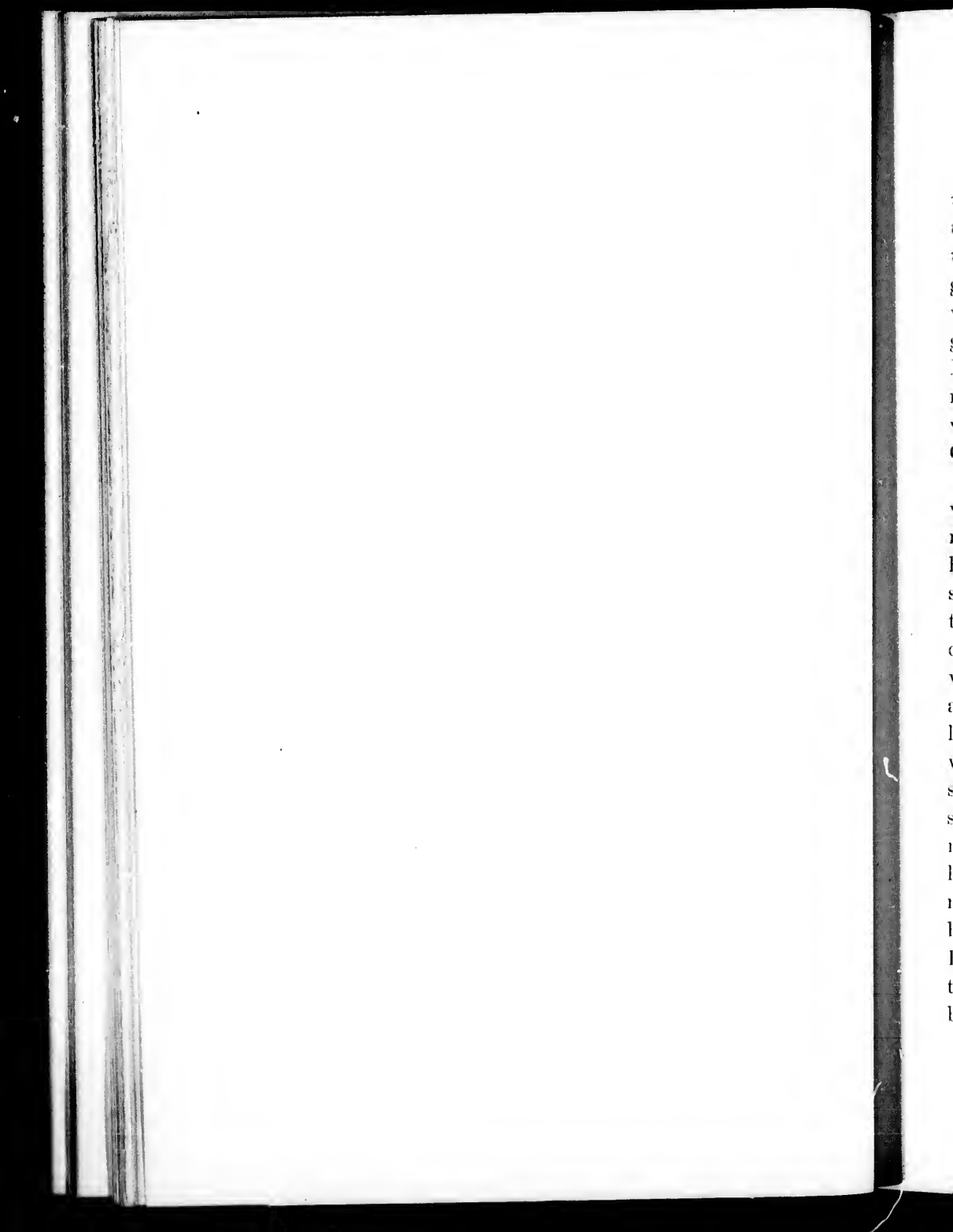
many Eastern languages accompanied him. Columbus steered south as far as the Canaries, where he was delayed three weeks by certain unavoidable repairs. At last, on the 9th of September, the vessels lost sight of the most westerly of the Canaries, the last bit of the Old World, and steered forth on the broad Atlantic, heading a little to the south of west.

Happily, we are able to ascertain precisely the reasons which determined Columbus's choice of a course. Martin Behaim was a scientific German, who was born in the same year and died in the same year with Columbus. Like him, he had lived some time in one of the colonial islands of Portugal, had voyaged as far as the coast of Guinea, and was a student of the science of navigation. There is every reason to believe that they were acquainted. He discovered no new world, but he helped to make it possible for Columbus to do so. By adapting the astrolabe, an instrument for calculating latitude by observing the heavenly bodies, to use at sea, he furnished the means by which a trained navigator, out on the broad ocean, with nothing in sight but sky and sea, can determine very closely the position of his ship. This was one of his great services to the world. Another was the construction of his famous globe, which is still proudly cherished and shown in his native city of Nuremberg. It is quite certain that Columbus never saw it, but it is equally certain that he held the same views as those upon which it is based. The map which Toscanelli sent to Columbus is lost, but the Behaim globe gives us a very good idea what it was like.

mbus
 as de-
 . At
 ight of
 of the
 lantic,

 easons
 ource.
 s born
 Colum-
 of the
 as the
 ence of
 at they
 ld, but
 do so.
 alculat-
 use at
 d navig-
 ight but
 sition of
 to the
 famous
 n in his
 in that
 that he
 s based.
 is lost,
 ea what





First Voyage and Discovery of America 33

Any reader who wishes to have a clear notion of what the wisest men of that day believed as to the distribution of land on the earth's surface will do well to study this globe quite closely. It shows precisely the state of geographical knowledge in the year 1492, in which it was finished, and it will help him to understand the great error which led to the discovery of America. He will see that, starting from Teneriffe, in the Canaries, and holding a steady course a little to the south of west, if that globe were correct, he would come to Cipango (Japan).

By a happy chance, Columbus, in making the first voyage to America, struck out for himself the very best route possible. The experience of centuries could not have guided him to a better. The intense heat of the sun at the Equator causes a constant column of hot air to rise. Other air coming to fill the vacuum thus created moving at a low velocity, while the earth revolves swiftly toward the east, the effect is produced of a wind blowing always from the east. North of the line it is a northeast wind, south of the line a southeast wind. Year after year and age after age these "constant trades" blow, so that a vessel once having set her sails may leave them undisturbed for days. A young man who once crossed the Atlantic on a sailing vessel has told the writer that for eleven days the crew did not need to touch a brace. Since Columbus's time this has been the great ocean highway for vessels coming west. Even those destined to ports many hundreds of miles to the north of this belt go south, in order to get the benefit of the constant wind.

Into this region of the northeast trade Columbus had unwittingly run. Day after day the vessels were driven steadily towards the western world over a sea as smooth, wrote Columbus, as "the Guadalquivir at Seville," while the air was as balmy as "April in Andalusia." But even this circumstance added to the terror of the superstitious sailors. The wind blowing day after day from the same quarter was contrary to all their experience, and there seemed to be something uncanny in it. How, they asked, would it ever be possible to sail back to Spain if the wind blew always in the opposite direction? And what was the meaning of this strangely smooth sea? They began to fancy that they were coming into a part of the world where everything was topsy-turvy. It was a positive relief to Columbus when, one day, they had a light head wind, and when, a few days later, there came a stiff northwester and kicked up quite a swell.

Another thing that alarmed the sailors was that the compass was seen to point no longer directly to the pole star. In this strange world that they were sailing into, was even the faithful compass becoming unreliable? If so, what guide would they have on the vast, trackless deep? Even the experienced pilots were perplexed. Columbus studied over it some time. Then he called his people together and told them that there was not anything to be alarmed about, that the compass was as steady as ever, but the pole star, they must remember, was describing a circle in the heavens. This explanation did not really amount to anything. We can only say, so far as the matter is understood to-day, that the

compass varies because the earth's magnetic pole, to which the needle always points, is not precisely at the north pole. But Columbus's reassuring words satisfied the men.

The great navigator, with all his dreaminess, had a large fund of shrewd cunning. We see an instance of this in his systematically misleading the men as to the distance sailed each day, by posting on the bulletin-board a smaller number of miles than the actual one, while he kept a true record in private. His object in doing this was, that if they should sail the distance which he had predicted would bring them to land, without finding any, the men would not know it.

Now came a new cause of alarm. The voyagers had run into the famed Sargasso Sea, that great tract of the Atlantic that is full of floating seaweed, so that in places it looks like a drowned meadow. This singular collection has been explained by Commodore Maury, whose study of the ocean currents has made navigation much safer and quicker. Put a number of bits of cork into a basin of water, and then give it a whirling motion. The corks will crowd towards the centre, where there is the least motion. "Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream, and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl." Of course Columbus knew nothing of its cause, and we are not informed by what arguments he quieted the men, who had begun to fear that they were entering a sea of weeds which would grow denser and denser until the ships would be unable to go either backwards or forwards, and they would all perish

miserably in mid-ocean, as they had heard of men dying a wretched death, frozen-in in icy seas.

Except for the terror and angry discontent of the sailors, which grew worse as, first, days, then weeks, slipped by, and still nothing was seen but the watery waste, the voyage would have been delightful. The weather was exquisite, and the sea so smooth and warm that the men often swam alongside. The sunrises were grand, and at evening the clouds sometimes piled themselves into gorgeous masses gilded by the rays of the setting sun, sometimes lay low along the horizon in so cunning simulation of islands that the most experienced eyes were deceived. Everybody was on the alert. At any moment one of the fabled islands, very real to those early navigators, might rise from the sea,—St. Brendan, or Antilla, or the Island of the Seven Cities, about which the story ran that, seven centuries earlier, when the Moors overran Spain, seven bishops with their people took ship, sailed out into the Sea of Darkness, found an island, and on it built seven cities.

It was natural that men in this state of eager expectation would often be mistaken. Several times the joyful cry of "Land!" was raised, when what was seen proved to be nothing but a sunset effect. Once the "Pinta," running ahead, fired a gun and hove-to, and Pinzon, when Columbus came up, shouted, "Land, Señor! I claim the reward." The king and queen had promised a pension for life, and Columbus a velvet cloak, to the man who should first see land. The crews manned the rigging. Everybody was convinced that land was in sight, and joy was universal. On each ship the anthem

"Glory be to God on high," was solemnly recited. Alas! When the course was altered, the fancied Antilla faded into a cloud-bank. So often did these mistakes occur, that Columbus announced that whoever raised the cry of "Land!" when no land was there, would be disqualified from ever receiving the reward.

The long passage, the continued suspense, and the repeated disappointments were disheartening the men. They were becoming convinced that there was no land ahead, however far they might sail. They became openly insubordinate. This foreigner, they said among themselves, cared nothing for their lives. If they should turn back to Spain, their united report would weigh more than anything he could say. Or they might even get rid of him overboard, and nobody would ever be the wiser. The Admiral tried to encourage them by assurances that land was close at hand; but in any case, he said, "whether they complained or not, he would go on until he found the Indies, with the help of God."

Fortunately, there were by this time many signs of the nearness of land. Throughout the voyage every indication had been carefully watched, such as an occasional bird, a live crab, a floating weed, or fish such as commonly frequent rocks. Now ducks were several times seen flying overhead, and one morning some little birds lighted on the rigging and sang merrily. These little warblers put the sailors greatly in heart, for they observed that they were of a kind usually seen about groves and orchards, and their singing showed that they were not exhausted, as they would have been by a long flight. About the same time a bush, evidently quite

fresh, with berries on it, was seen floating, and birds were observed about sunset flying in a southwestern direction, as if to their roosting-place. At the urgent request of Pinzon, Columbus changed his course to the same point, remembering that the Portuguese explorers had often been led to the discovery of islands by following the flight of birds. But for this change of course, Columbus would most likely have had a longer voyage, would have made land on the Florida coast, and so would have discovered the mainland of North America, on which he never laid eyes.

On October the 11th the Admiral, standing at night on the poop of the flag-ship, and gazing intently into the darkness, saw a light at some distance. It disappeared, reappeared, and then vanished. The lookout at the masthead also saw it and cried out, "A light! Land!" That night not an eye was closed on the fleet, while the vessels held their course, under easy sail, the "Pinta" leading. The moon rose, and about two o'clock in the morning of the 12th the lookout-man on the "Pinta" shouted, "Land!" Soon it was plainly visible to all, the moon shining brightly on the white beach. The vessels hove-to until daylight.

Early in the morning Columbus went ashore, followed by the captains of the other two ships, and unfurling the royal banner of Spain, knelt and returned thanks to God, then solemnly took possession of the land in the name of the King and Queen, while a crowd of natives gazed in wonder at the pale strangers and their huge winged canoes. They soon overcame their awe, and some swam off to the ships, while others pressed around

First Voyage and Discovery of America 39

their visitors and communicated with them by signs. Guanahani was their name for this island. But Columbus called it San Salvador (Holy Saviour).

Columbus supposed that he was near Cipango; but these naked savages, provided with no better weapons



THE LANDFALL OF COLUMBUS

than spears tipped with fish-bones and no more valuable articles for barter than parrots and skeins of cotton. surely were very different from what the gorgeous descriptions of Marco Polo had led him to expect. He concluded that this was probably only an outlying island peopled by rude fishermen, and he kept on his way to the southwest, heading for an island called by

the natives Samoete, where he understood them to say there was plenty of gold, and piloted by six natives of Guanahani, whom he took as guides. On the way he passed in sight of a number of islands and touched at two or three. When Samoete, which he called Isabella, was reached, he found it to be the most beautiful land that he had yet seen, and a delicious scent of flowers was wafted from the shore. He landed, and the natives came with their usual balls of cotton. But gold there was none. He heard, however, of countries called Cuba and Bohio, and there he hoped to find it in abundance.

Sailing southwest, he entered the mouth of a fine river on the 28th of October, and gazed upon a land the most lovely his eyes had ever rested on. It was "the Pearl of the Antilles," Cuba. He called it Juana, in honor of the young prince of Spain.

For days he followed the coast westward, sometimes landing and eagerly looking out for signs of approaching the Grand Khan's dominions, for he was convinced that he was not very far from the cities of Zaiton and Quinsay, described by Marco Polo. Moreover, Pinzon heard something of a king in the interior named Cami, and he jumped at the conclusion that this was none other than the Grand Khan. Therefore Columbus decided to send a seaman and the man who was versed in Eastern languages to seek a city which he supposed to exist inland. The envoys returned after six days and reported that they had gone about thirty-six miles and had reached a place where there were about a thousand people. They had been very kindly treated everywhere, but had found neither any great city nor a gold mine.

First Voyage and Discovery of America 41

One curious habit which they observed was that the men always had in their mouths a roll of dried leaves lighted, the smoke of which they drew into their mouths. They called these leaves tabacos.

By this time Columbus had had considerable opportunity of observing the country and the people. The former he found to be very fertile, abounding in fruits and vegetables; the latter very simple and friendly, ready to be converted to Christianity, but wholly lacking in the precious metals he was eagerly seeking. Their wants were very few. Nature supplied, without labor, the most of their food; clothing they did not wear, though they had great quantities of cotton; and they slept in nets suspended from the trees called hammacas.

Here the voyagers picked up six young natives and kept them on board as captives, with the object of taking them home, teaching them the Spanish language, and instructing them in the Christian faith. But the savages clearly did not appreciate their privileges. At the earliest opportunity two of them succeeded in making their escape.

The fleet was now sailing eastward, in search of a certain island called Babeque, where it was understood that there was so much gold that the people gathered it on the beach by torchlight and hammered it into bars. Martin Pinzon, taking advantage of the fact that the "Pinta" was the fastest sailer, parted company and disappeared, evidently eager to reach the gold-bearing island first. Columbus, keeping his eastward course, soon came to Point Maysi, the extremity of Cuba. He

had not found Babeque and its alleged gold. But stretching across the channel, he made another magnificent find, — that of the splendid island of Haiti, which he called Hispaniola, or Little Spain.

When some of the voyagers landed, the natives fled and hid themselves. But the sailors ran down a native girl, caught her, and brought her on board. The Admiral treated her with great kindness and put clothes on her. She undoubtedly was the first woman dressed in "tailor-made" garments ever seen in Haiti. She was sent ashore loaded with presents. In consequence of her pleasant experience, her countrymen took courage and soon surrounded the ship with their canoes. Columbus was delighted with the simple, friendly people and the beautiful country. Never, he wrote, in twenty-three years that he had sailed the sea, from England in the north — this passage certainly does not encourage the notion that he once visited Iceland — to Guinea in the south, had he found so beautiful a country and so fine harbors.

A king who came to the shore to visit Columbus, borne in a litter by four of his subjects, greatly impressed the Admiral with his dignity. He found him at his dinner and would not let him leave it, but sat by, tasting the dishes offered to him and then passing them on to his attendants, who quickly devoured them.

The natives had now quite overcome their fear, and a great fleet of canoes, loaded with cassava bread, fish, and fresh water in earthen jars, surrounded the ships, while the waters fairly swarmed with hundreds of

First Voyage and Discovery of America 43

swimmers, though the vessels lay at some distance from the shore.

A large canoe came alongside with an invitation from a neighboring cacique, Guacanagari, to visit his country. By the time that Columbus reached it, it was Christmas-eve. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and the Admiral, who was worn out with watching, had lain down to sleep. Immediately the helmsman, contrary to orders, put a boy in his place and went to sleep himself. Presently the ship went aground on a sand-bank very softly, so that there was not any shock. The boy first became aware of it by hearing the water rushing along the ship's side and finding the rudder immovable. He cried out, and in an instant Columbus came rushing on deck. He ordered the master and some of the men to get into a boat and take an anchor some distance astern, in order to warp the ship off. Instead of doing this, the rascally master, who should have been on deck at the time of the disaster, rowed away to the "Nina," which was at some distance. Her crew would not let the cowards come on board, and they returned to their own ship. But it was now too late to do any good. The current was steadily setting her further on the bank, her seams were opening, and she was keeling over and becoming imbedded in the sand. Everything possible was done. The masts were cut away and the ship lightened, but all in vain. She was a wreck.

It was a terrible disaster. The "Santa Maria" lost and the "Pinta" stolen away, Columbus found himself thousands of miles away from home, with only the little "Nina," and a far greater number of men than she

could possibly carry. There was nothing to be done but to leave some of them. Therefore he determined to build a fort and garrison it with all the men whom the "Nina" could not accommodate.

In the mean time two officers had been sent to the cacique, Guacanagari, to ask his help. He promptly responded and showed himself a generous and true friend of the Spaniards, as he always remained through the terrible trials of future years. He not only sent a number of his people with canoes to help in saving the ship's cargo, but he came himself to superintend the work, and as the goods were collected on the beach, set some of his men to watch over them, so that not a single thing was missing.

Columbus was greatly touched by the sympathy of this generous savage. He wrote to the King and Queen of Spain: "He and all his people wept for us. They are a loving race, free from covetousness, and I do not believe there is a better people or a better land in all the world. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their conversation is gentle and kind and always cheerful." It saddens one's heart to contrast this experience of their kindness with the pitiless cruelty by which the Spaniards exterminated this harmless and friendly race.

Guacanagari entertained the Admiral in his village, setting before him a feast of game, fish, cassava bread, and fruit. He also sent abundant supplies to the "Nina," and declared that the Spaniards should not want for anything. Now something occurred which made Columbus think that it was a lucky chance to have

been shipwrecked there. Some Indians from a distance brought leaves of gold which they exchanged for trilles. At the sight of the metal Columbus showed so much delight that the chief noticed it and at once told him of a place called Cibao, where there was an abundance of it. At the name, Columbus's eyes lighted up. Surely this was the Cipango he had crossed the ocean to find. The chief promised to have a quantity of gold brought from Cibao as soon as possible, and in the mean time he hung some gold ornaments around the Admiral's neck, while the latter gave him in return necklaces of beads, a fine mantle, and other articles.

While the fort was being built out of the timbers of the "Santa Maria," Columbus dwelt in the largest house of the village, and he and his men had an abundance of native food. He learned that the only drawback to the happiness of his hosts were the attacks of a cruel race of savages called Caribs. He promised that on his return from Spain he would subdue and punish these invaders. In order to show his power to do this, he made his best Bowman exhibit his skill. Then an arquebus was discharged, and a lombard fired a shot clean through the hull of the wreck. The loud report so frightened the savages that they, king and all, fell on the ground. But their dread changed into delight when they learned that these unearthly terrors would be used only against their enemies.

The fort Columbus called Navidad (Nativity), because the shipwreck had occurred on Christmas-day. In it he left forty-four men, with all the arms, cannon, tools, and seeds, together with all the goods intended for bar-

ter and the ship's boat. He expected, at his return from Spain in the next year, to find a ton of gold awaiting him.

On the 4th of January, 1493, the "Nina" sailed on her return voyage. While she was working her way slowly along the northern coast of Hispaniola against a head wind, the lookout deserted the "Pinta" coming under full sail. Pinzon made certain lame excuses for his virtual desertion of his commander. But the simple fact was that he had yielded to the temptation of greed and had gone off on a cruise of his own. He had failed to get any gold, but had captured some natives, whom he proposed to sell as slaves in Spain. But, on reaching the river where they had been taken, Columbus compelled him to release and send them ashore clothed.

Hereabouts some mermaids were seen. Columbus was disappointed in them and frankly described them as not so beautiful as they had been represented. Probably what he saw were sea-calves, which are said to have very human-like movements. While some of the men were ashore filling the water-casks, they encountered some Indians, not such peaceful ones as those whom they had hitherto met, but fierce warriors, painted like those of North America. Columbus concluded that these must be Caribs. One of them came aboard the "Nina" and told Columbus some monstrous yarns about a country to the east where gold could be found in huge chunks, and about an island inhabited only by women. At the least, so Columbus understood him, but it is quite likely that the explorer got a false notion because he was looking for such an island, for Marco

First Voyage and Discovery of America 47

Polo mentions one peopled only by women. Some of the Indians who came aboard told Columbus some famous yarns about an island to the eastward. It proved to be costly fun for them, however, for he insisted on taking them with him as guides. Not finding the island, and the wind being favorable, the caravels bore away for home, carrying the poor savages with them.

As the fleet on the way out had experienced a constant easterly wind, so now Columbus, by going north in order to escape it, fell into the belt of a prevailing westerly wind. This course is now the habitual route of vessels sailing to Europe. Nevertheless it was a hard passage. The caravels were leaky, and provisions were running low. Little was left of the original ship-stores but some biscuit and wine, and the sailors were glad to eke out their scanty rations with some tummy-fish and even a huge shark.

They made so rapid progress that in less than a month from the time of leaving the eastern end of Hispaniola they were in the region of the Azores. They were yet to encounter, however, the greatest peril of the whole voyage. On the 12th of February they ran into a furious gale. The next day the storm increased, and that night the two little caravels scudded along under bare poles. The condition of the crews and of the unfortunate Indians crowded into the little cabins at bow and stern, while the open waists were constantly drenched, was terrible. The caravels rolled frightfully, now lifted high on the crest of a huge billow, then plunging into an awful abyss, while other seas, mast-high, came racing on, as if to overwhelm them. The

slightest inattention to the helm would have meant instant death to all on board. The next day the gale abated, and the vessels put out a rag of canvas. But before night the wind came around to the south and blew a hurricane. All night they were driven before it, without an inch of sail, keeping each other's lights, however, in view. Then those of the "Pinta" disappeared and were seen no more. Morning broke over a furious wintry sea, but there was no sign of the "Pinta." The men of the "Nina" believed that she had gone down and that they would soon follow her.

So thought Columbus, too. To steady the vessel, he caused the empty casks to be filled with sea-water, for one of the troubles was that she was too light, the stores having been consumed. Still, try as he might to persuade himself that God would not let the ocean swallow up him and his men, and the knowledge of his great discovery perish, his heart sank within him, especially at the thought of his two boys who would be left fatherless. Then he and the crew united in making certain vows, which were to be performed if God would only bring them safe to land. One was that they would all, officers and men, go barefoot and in their shirts only and return thanks in the nearest church dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Then it occurred to Columbus that it might be possible to preserve the knowledge of his great discovery, even though he and his men might perish. Amid the fury of the storm, he sat down and wrote an account of his voyage, of the time it had occupied, the lands and peoples he had seen, and the present extremity in which he was. This he addressed

to the King and Queen of Spain and sealed. Then he wrapped it in a waxed cloth and put it in an empty barrel, which he threw overboard. He did not tell the men what he was doing, for fear of discouraging them, and they fancied that he was engaged in some religious ceremony.

The next day the gale abated, and land was sighted. Shortly afterwards the "Nina" came to anchor under shelter of St. Mary's, the southernmost of the Azores. The islanders could hardly believe that the frail little caravel had come through the frightful storm. The Portuguese governor of the island sent off to the Admiral some fresh provisions, which must have been singularly welcome. But, apparently, this courtesy was only a blind; for when Columbus sent ashore half of his crew to perform their vow of going in their shirts to a shrine of the Virgin Mary, intending, after their return, to go himself with the other half, the governor surrounded the party with horse and foot-soldiers and made them all prisoners in their scant attire.

Columbus witnessed the occurrence and soon saw his own boat coming out, full of armed men. The governor was on board. There was a parley in which each stood on his dignity. Columbus informed the other that he was an officer of the Spanish crown, and warned him of the danger of provoking the anger of his masters. Casteñeda virtually replied that he did not care a fig for them, that he was there as the servant of the King of Portugal. He seems to have thought that since the Portuguese had been the sole discoverers in the world up to that time, anybody who had found new land must

have encroached upon his master's rights. Another day passed, and still Columbus's men were held as prisoners on shore. Then his firm attitude produced its natural effect. A notary came from the shore and very politely asked to see Columbus's commission. The Admiral replied with equal courtesy and showed the document bearing the signature of Ferdinand and Isabella. Thereupon his men were released, and he made sail for home.

The trials of the voyage were, however, not yet ended. Another terrific gale came on from the west, and the little "Nina" was driven on her way with frightful speed. The Spaniards furled their sails and made more vows. While they were driving along under bare poles night came on, and in the midst of the night came the terrible cry, "Land!" They were in imminent danger of being hurled on the rocky coast and dashed to pieces. They were able, however, to get out a little scrap of sail and thus to keep off the shore till morning. Then Columbus saw that he was off the famous promontory of Cintra, near Lisbon. He had no choice but to take refuge in the harbor and brave the jealous Portuguese in their very capital.

When he had entered the Tagus, while crowds flocked to gaze at the little caravel that had come through a storm that had strewn the coast with wrecks, and heard with amazement the story of her marvelous voyage in the waters of "the Indies," the captain of a Portuguese man-of-war summoned Columbus to come aboard and give an account of himself. But when the latter stood on his dignity as a Castilian admiral, he changed his tone and came to visit him in great state with martial

First Voyage and Discovery of America 51

music. The next two days the water swarmed with boat-loads of people, who came out to gaze at the wonderful little craft and the captive Indians.

At his first entrance into the harbor, Columbus had sent off a letter to his sovereigns reporting his arrival, and another to the King of Portugal, stating his circumstances and asking the hospitality of anchorage at Lisbon. Now came an invitation to visit the Portuguese monarch at his retreat, about twenty-seven miles from Lisbon. A royal officer was sent to escort him and provide for his entertainment on the way. The Admiral met with a stately greeting from King John, and it must have deeply gratified his pride to be given such a reception by the same monarch who, a few years before, had spurned his offer. John had an idea, however, that Columbus might have trespassed on his prerogatives. But the Admiral assured him that he had not touched the African coast, but had reached the Indies by sailing west.

On the 13th of March Columbus sailed for Spain, and two days later cast anchor in the port of Palos. Imagine, if you can, the joy of the people there when they recognized the little "Nina." It was a day of surprises, for a few hours after her appearance the "Pinta" came sailing in. An entire month had elapsed since her disappearance, and the "Nina's" people did not doubt that she had gone down in the storm, while hers equally believed that the "Nina" was lost. She had made a port in the far north of Spain, and Pinzon, who no doubt believed himself to be the only surviving commander of the expedition, had despatched a letter to

their Majesties, asking leave to come to court and give an account of the new discoveries. They had returned an answer rebuking his presumption. Now he came into port at Palos, ill and heart-sick, and found Columbus there. The end of his life-voyage was near. A few days later he died in his own house.

Thus ended the most remarkable expedition that ever sailed the seas. There was not at the time the remotest idea of the greatness of its achievement. When it came to be known throughout Europe, it did not awaken any such widespread enthusiasm as we should expect, except among the learned class. It is true that Sebastian Cabot, who heard of it in England, wrote that it was accounted in London "a thing more divine than human." But nobody dreamed that Columbus had done more than Vasco da Gama actually did four years later, in opening a water-route to India. We still have a survival of that error in the name West Indies.

The voyage has left some other traces in our language, in the form of new words, such as tobacco, hurricane, alligator (Spanish, *el lagarto*, the lizard), hammock, canoe, (from the native name for a dug-out), and cannibal. The latter seems to have been formed from the name of the fierce Caribs. The Spanish writers first called them Caribales, and then, to emphasize their ferocity, Canibales (Latin, *canis*, a dog), with the addition that some of them had dog-faces. But it has been much questioned whether these people really ate human flesh. The Spaniards were very apt to attribute every crime to any people who resisted them, as a pretext for cruelty. A Spanish poet has even

First Voyage and Discovery of America 53

written, "They were called cannibals, not because they were man-eaters, but because they bravely defended their homes." It has been surmised that the parts of human bodies which the explorers found sometimes in the houses of natives, were portions of deceased relatives which were preserved out of respect. But the conquerors saw wonders and horrors everywhere, and the thrilling interest of their narratives was greatly enhanced by the story of man-eating savages. Thus it became a part of the stock tradition.

The Spanish sovereigns were at Barcelona. There came a gracious summons from them for Columbus to visit the court. Accordingly he set out by land, accompanied by his Indians and by porters carrying the birds and animals and other curiosities which he had brought home. The fame of his achievement had preceded him, and his journey through the country was an ovation. Crowds flocked to the road-side to see the strange procession pass; and every town heaped honors on the discoverer. It was a month from the time of his arrival in Palos before he reached Barcelona. Then he approached his sovereigns in splendid state. First walked the Indians, bedecked with barbaric gold. Next came the porters, carrying forty parrots and other birds of strange and brilliant plumage, with skins of various animals, and plants of supposed rare efficacy. Then rode a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish nobles, and in their midst the Admiral.

The greeting of royalty was all that heart could desire. When Columbus approached the gilded canopy beneath which the sovereigns sat, both rose and received

him standing, as if he had been a royal personage, lifted him as he stooped to kiss their hands, and made him sit beside them. When he had concluded, illustrating his recital by pointing to the captives and the trophies of his voyage, all joined in chanting the *Te Deum* in the royal chapel.

Honors were now heaped on Columbus. He was granted a coat of arms, which made him "noble." The King drove out, with his son seated on one side of him and the Admiral on the other. He was given an income out of the royal treasury and a suite of attendants. Great nobles vied with each other in paying court to him. Some who had despitefully used him in the days of his obscurity came cringing and asking his pardon. For this short period only in his whole life he seems to have enjoyed unalloyed happiness, free from anxiety.

The pension promised to the first man who should see land was granted to Columbus. He has been very justly criticised for taking this pension away from a poor sailor. There never had been any question as to the latter's having first announced land from the mast-head of the "Pinta," whereas the light which Columbus claimed to have seen some hours earlier was, at the best, a somewhat uncertain thing, and may have been carried by a fisherman in a canoe. At all events, the taking of the pension by the great admiral under the circumstances was an instance of the greed which was one of his conspicuous faults.

Scarcely had the tidings of the discovery reached Ferdinand and Isabella than they began to plan for following it up vigorously. Columbus was ordered to

First Voyage and Discovery of America 55

make preparations for taking out a second expedition on a far larger scale. In the mean time, as there was good reason to fear that the King of Portugal might attempt to find and appropriate lands in the new region, Ferdinand and Isabella sent a dutiful letter to the Pope, informing him of the great discovery, and praying him to confirm them forever in exclusive possession of the countries and islands which Columbus had discovered. Then Alexander the Sixth, in order to prevent any collision between these two great Catholic powers, issued his famous bull (so called from the leaden ball, Latin, *bullæ*, attached to the decrees of the popes), by which he divided the non-Christian lands of the globe between them, assigning to Portugal all that lay east of an imaginary line running north and south in the Atlantic, to Spain all that lay west. This division was intended to give to Spain all of the New World, but, as subsequently appeared, Portugal acquired a large slice of South America. Thus she acquired her title to Brazil.

CHAPTER V

THE SECOND VOYAGE, IN WHICH HE EXPLORES CUBA

OF the remaining voyages of Columbus we can give only the merest outline, but it is hoped that the reader will not be satisfied with anything less than the full story. Every American ought to be familiar with the incidents of the great discoverer's romantic career. They are related in a singularly interesting way for young readers in Mrs. Seelye's "Story of Columbus."

The second expedition was notable for the size and costliness of the outfit. Only five months had elapsed since Columbus cast anchor in the port of Palos when he sailed from Cadiz, with no less than seventeen vessels, having on board fifteen hundred souls, many of them men of high rank who were anxious to try their fortunes in the wonderful Indies. There were, besides, horses, cattle, seeds, vines, and everything necessary to the establishment of a colony, together with a great supply of trinkets and trifles for bartering with the natives.

The passage was a quick one. Only twenty days out from the Canaries land was made, further south than Columbus had gone in the former voyage. It was an island which he called Dominica. Almost immediately he found himself sailing among islands, all delightfully green and fragrant, while flocks of gorgeous

parrots flew from one to another. He touched at one and called it *Marigalante*, after his ship. The natives had all fled, but their houses were seen to be like those with which Columbus was already familiar. Here for the first time white men tasted pineapples, and they accounted it a delicious experience:

Here the Spaniards captured some Indians, and some women fled to them. They had been prisoners, kidnapped from some other island, and the fact of their putting themselves under the protection of the Spaniards made the latter think that they dreaded being eaten by their Indian masters. This was a hasty conclusion. Cannibals rarely eat women. They are too valuable as slaves to be used for food.

One of the islands which Columbus visited was *Guadalupe*. Here an officer and eight men had a terrible experience. Having gone ashore without leave, they went rambling and became lost in the dense tropical jungle. A search-party, after traversing miles of forest, blowing trumpets and firing guns, returned without having found a trace of them, but with a glowing account of the gorgeous birds they had seen and the fragrant woods and spices they had smelt. This was to be expected in Asia, from which Europe had for centuries been supplied with spices; and it confirmed Columbus in his mistake. He waited four days more for the stragglers. When he had concluded that they had been eaten, they appeared, nearly dead with fatigue and hunger. After they had become lost in the dense forest, one man climbed a tall tree, to get the points of the compass by observing the stars, but the mass of

foliage prevented him from getting a sight. Columbus gave them an opportunity of cooling their thirst for adventure in irons, on half-rations.

Sailing along, Columbus saw and named many beautiful islands. But he was anxious to reach the little colony he had left at Hispaniola and tried to catch some of the natives, that he might get information from them how to find it. But they always fled at the sight of the white men. At last an armed boat intercepted a canoe, by creeping along the shore of a river, until it had cut off retreat. Then it dashed out towards the canoe. The Indians strained every nerve to get away, but the canoe was heavily laden, and the long, strong pull of the oars gained on the paddles. When they found that they could not get away, the savages, women as well as men, seized their bows and used them so well that they wounded two of the Spaniards, in spite of their shields. The boat ran down the canoe and upset it; but its occupants continued their fight in the water, wading in the shallows and shooting arrows. The assailants had much ado to capture some of them. One brave fellow would not yield until he was mortally wounded. One of the injured Spaniards also died. These brave defenders of their liberty belonged to the supposed cannibal race; and the prisoners, when they were sent to Spain, were gazed at with horror and aversion.

After passing islands studding the sea so thickly that Columbus grouped them all together under the comprehensive title, the Eleven Thousand Virgins, he discovered the magnificent island of Porto Rico. Shortly

Second Voyage — Exploration of Cuba 59

afterwards he found himself at the eastern end of Hispaniola, in Samana Bay. Now things looked familiar.



COLUMBUS AT HISPANIOLA

FAC-SIMILE OF ENGRAVING IN HERRERA, WHO FOLLOWS DE BRY
(From Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*)

for he had been here in the former voyage. Shortly afterwards he reached Navidad. It was night when he

got there, and he waited until morning to land. In the mean time he fired two guns, to notify the garrison of his presence. But no light appeared on the shore, as he expected. About midnight a canoe came stealthily out to the fleet. The occupants asked for Columbus and brought him a gift from the cacique Guacanagari, together with the news that not one of the men left at Navidad was alive. After some had died of sickness, and others in consequence of quarrels among themselves, a fierce chief named Caonabo, who lived in the mountains, had swooped down upon the remnant and killed them all. At the same time the houses of the Indians had been burned and Guacanagari himself wounded.

The next day Columbus landed. Where the fort had stood were only charred ruins. After a time he was shown the spot where eleven Spaniards lay buried. Before sailing away, he had instructed the garrison, in the event of being surprised, to bury their gold. Therefore he caused careful search to be made by digging for any that might have been concealed. None was found. So his fond dream of a ton of gold vanished into thin air.

The native houses also had been burned, and the cacique was suffering from a wound received in the fight with Caonabo. The natives complained that the white men had treated them very ill, by robbing them of their wives. This gave just ground for suspecting that the Spaniards had incensed the friendly Indians and had been surprised and massacred by them. The cacique's wound seemed also very doubtful. But Columbus was fain to accept his story, with the appear-

Second Voyage — Exploration of Cuba 61

ance of believing it. This disaster prefigured the fate of many another venture of the same kind in the New World. Lawless ruffians, left to themselves, fell into debauchery, outraged the natives, quarreled among themselves, and finally fell under the first strong assault. In spite of the suspicious circumstances, it afterwards appeared that Guacanagari's story was true.

The calamity at Navidad determined Columbus to seek another location for his colony. He chose one and proceeded to lay out a little city which he called Isabella. Soon the place was full of the busy hum of industry, as a church, a storehouse, and a residence for the Admiral, all of stone, went up, and smaller dwellings, like those of the Indians, for the people generally. It was not long, however, before malarial fevers and the ill-effects of a heavy European diet began to sap the health and spirits of the colonists, and discontent showed itself in the form of a plot to seize the ships in the harbor and sail for Spain. Columbus, though ill of malarial fever, so soon as he got wind of it, took vigorous steps and suppressed it.

A short time before, he had sent back twelve ships to Spain with some specimens of gold secured by a dare-devil captain named Ojeda and a party who had penetrated the mountain region. This little show of gold specimens, together with rose-colored reports of trees whose bark smelled like cinnamon, and of others which bore something like wool (cotton), was a sorry freight for twelve ships to take home to people who expected to see them return laden to the water-line with precious metals, pearls, and the costly spices of the Indies.

To offer something tangible and immediately available, Columbus proposed to capture as many as possible of the natives of the Caribbee Islands and send them to Spain as slaves, to be exchanged for cattle, which the colonists of Hispaniola greatly needed. This would be doing a great service, he argued, to the captives, since they would become Christians. A little later we find him carrying this idea into execution by sending five hundred Indian prisoners to Spain. The poor creatures were sold at Seville, but they bore their new kind of life very ill and soon were all dead. This is one of the points for which Columbus has been most severely censured. And it was indeed a cruel thing to sow in these beautiful islands the seeds of a ruthless slavery which was destined in time to exterminate the aborigines. The native population has long since become extinct, and is known to people of our day only through the unreliable reports of the conquerors and through a few remains which learned men study as they study the relics of the mound-builders in North America. Undoubtedly, Columbus was pressed hard by the necessity of making his voyages immediately profitable to those who had embarked money in them. But, after all, the fact remains that he was far from being a man of ideal greatness. He fully shared the views of his day; and nobody saw any harm in capturing and enslaving heathens. The Portuguese had long carried on a profitable slave-trade along the African coast. Even the gentle Las Casas, who afterwards came out to Hispaniola and lived there several years, and whose heart bled for the poor Indians perishing under the cruel ex-

Second Voyage — Exploration of Cuba 63

actions of the conquerors, had nothing better to propose than that negroes, a hardier race, should be brought from Africa to do the severe tasks which were killing the natives.

Columbus now made a grand march into the country, for the purpose of overawing the Indians. Four hundred armed men, a large number mounted, with brilliant scarfs, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, greatly impressed the simple natives, who fled terrified from their cabins. The sight of horsemen was especially awe-inspiring. They mistook horse and rider for one animal. When the men dismounted, they fancied that the terrible monster could unjoint himself and walk about in sections. This imposing array traversed an exquisite valley and reached the mountain region of Cibao. Instead of finding great stores of gold, a few grains brought in by Indians who had washed them from the sands of streams, was all that was obtained. Columbus, however, resolved to build a fort here. Leaving a garrison to hold it, under the command of one Margarite, he marched back to Isabella.

There he found the seeds he had planted growing finely, but the same warm, moist climate that favored their early ripening was most trying to Europeans. There was much sickness, and many had died. If the colony had not, like the English settlements in Virginia and at Plymouth, a "starving time," it had a sickening and dying time that tried the courage of the bravest. There was so much work to be done and so few hands to do it, that the Admiral compelled all who could, of whatever rank, to do their share. This angered the

proud hidalgos, and they, along with a leading monk, who contended in vain that priests should be exempt, formed a party of malecontents who became a thorn in the side of Columbus.

Notwithstanding these troubles, he sailed very soon on a voyage of discovery along the southern shore of Cuba, which he had never yet seen. He was fully persuaded that he would find proof that it was the mainland of Asia. This was an impression of which he was never undeceived. He did not reach the dominions of the Grand Khan, but he did add another to the list of his brilliant discoveries, that of Jamaica. Coasting along this island, he found the natives remarkably friendly. They came out in their great canoes — the Spaniards observed one ninety-six feet long — and brought supplies of all kinds. At one time a fleet of seventy canoes accompanied the Spanish vessels.

Leaving the western end of Jamaica, he struck across to the southern shore of Cuba and followed it until he came to an infinity of islands. Some were mere sandbars, others beautifully smooth and green, others still covered with majestic trees. This archipelago he called the Queen's Garden. Now he was more than ever persuaded that he was near the dominions of the Grand Khan, for Marco Polo said that Further India was bordered by numberless islands. Besides, one of the caciques told him that further west there was a country called Mangon. This surely must be Polo's Mangi. He believed that if he could sail a little further, he would clear up all doubts. But provisions were running short, and he must return.

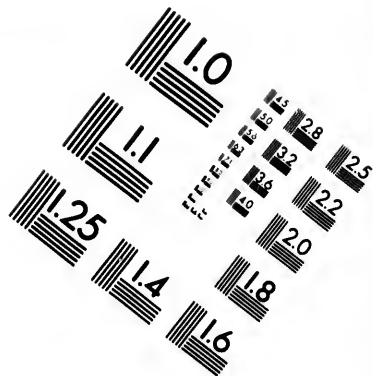
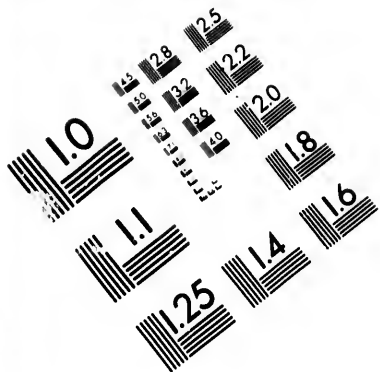
Second Voyage — Exploration of Cuba 65

Now he did a most extraordinary thing, for which his greatest admirers can only plead that his brain was suffering from its long strain and was already touched with a fever which shortly afterwards prostrated him for several months. And, truly, the wild fancies he entertained at this time give color to this notion. He compelled every soul on the fleet, down to the ship's boys, to take an oath that the land they had coasted was the continent of Asia. Any one who denied it was to suffer the penalty, if an officer, of a fine of ten thousand maravedis, if a common sailor, of receiving a hundred lashes and having his tongue cut out. At the very time of this delirious procedure, had he sailed but a little further westward, he would have come to the end of Cuba and might have returned along its northern shore.

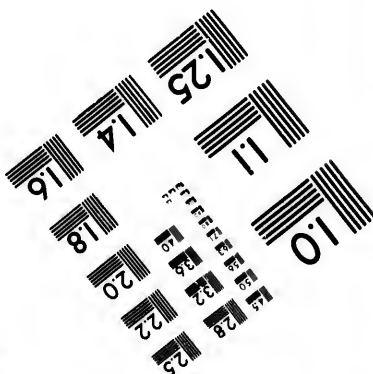
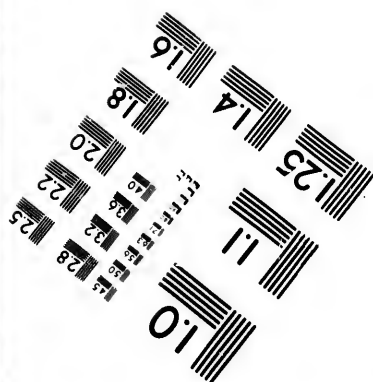
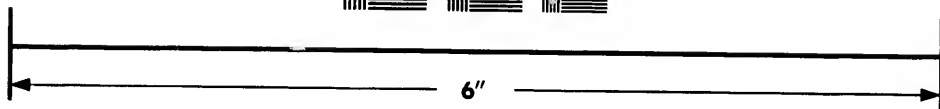
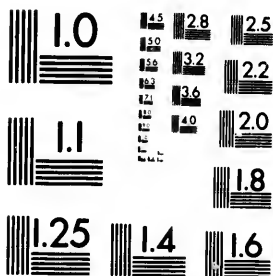
The voyage back to Hispaniola was full of hardships. The vessels had to beat for months against a constant head wind. Before Isabella was reached, the Admiral broke down completely. Lying insensible, often delirious, he was thought to be dying. When home was reached at last, some of his men carried him ashore on their shoulders. After a long illness, when he regained consciousness, he experienced one of the happiest moments of his life in finding at his bedside his dear brother Bartholomew, whom he had not seen since he left him six years before, to solicit aid for the first expedition.

From this time forth Bartholomew cuts a great figure in the story. He was a strong-minded, fearless man, not so imaginative as his brother, but more practical. He was given the title of Adelantado, or Governor.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

20 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4501

15 28
13 32 25
11 36 22
9 20
8

10
11

During the Admiral's absence things had come to a frightful pass in Hispaniola. Ojeda had relieved Margarite in command of the fort in the mountains, in order that the latter might lead his troops on an exploring expedition. Instead of carrying out his part of the programme, Margarite established himself with his men in the richest part of the island, where they lived the lives of brigands, plundering the natives and indulging themselves in ceaseless riot. Then they marched to Isabella, overpowered all opposition, seized the caravels that had come out with Bartholomew, and sailed for Spain, along with other malcontents, to spread calumnies against the Admiral.

The cruelty of these ruffians had driven the inhabitants to desperation, and the whole country was rising in arms. One cacique fell upon a party of ten soldiers near Isabella and butchered them. Thus Columbus found himself forced into a native war. He was not yet sufficiently recovered to take the field in person, but the Adelantado acted with vigor, and Guacanagari came and offered his assistance. Hostilities were opened by the redoubtable Caonabo. He came and attacked the fort which Ojeda commanded, but his naked warriors stood a poor chance against the mail-clad Spaniards using firearms and protected by a strong fortification. They were repulsed, and when they retired Ojeda followed up their retreat with his mailed horsemen, inflicting frightful slaughter.

Then Ojeda performed an extraordinary exploit. He determined to take advantage of the superstitious awe which the Indians felt for the church-bells at Isabella,

which they called turey, meaning something from heaven. When they heard the bells ringing and saw the Spaniards hastening to church, they fancied that through the metal a voice was speaking from the skies. Ojeda prepared highly polished handcuffs. Then, with nine men, all well mounted, he rode boldly to the chief's mountain fastness and told him that he had come from the cacique of the Christians with presents of marvelous virtue that had come from heaven. Thereupon he showed the bright manacles, which he called turey de Viscaya, and invited him to get on his own horse and show himself before his people adorned and mounted. The simple savage was delighted with the gift of the heavenly turey and the opportunity of appearing before his people riding like a Spaniard. He bathed, and then let himself be put on Ojeda's horse and the shining handcuffs secured on his wrists. Ojeda sprang up behind him and guided his horse around the admiring natives in widening circles. Suddenly he galloped away, followed by his men. At a safe distance they stopped and fastened their prisoner with ropes. After two or three days of hard riding, they brought him into the Admiral's presence.

While he was kept at Isabella, Caonabo confessed the slaughter of the garrison at Navidad. His pride never deserted him. When the Admiral entered the guard-room, he kept his seat; but when the sturdy little captain Ojeda came in, he rose and remained standing. Columbus, he said, had not come to his mountains and seized him, as the other had done. He respected prowess more than rank. Later this indomi-

table warrior was put on a caravel in which Columbus sailed for Spain. A captive princess from Guadaloupe was also on board. She was offered her freedom, but she had heard his story from Caonabo and was touched by his misfortunes. Pity and admiration grew into love, and, woman-like, she sacrificed her liberty and home to share his captivity as his wife. But her devotion did not avail. The proud warrior's heart was broken, and he soon died at sea. What countless tragedies would the story of those lovely islands reveal, from the time the hapless natives first saw the great winged canoes of the supposed heavenly visitors!

The Carib stock to which Caonabo belonged is thought to have come over from Florida or from South America. It was a far harder and more savage race than the original population of the islands.

The capture of Caonabo had, however, not broken up the native league. His brother led his tribe into the field. They were joined by others, and soon the beautiful Vega Real swarmed with thousands of warriors. The Admiral, now recovered from his illness, led out his little force of two hundred infantry and twenty horsemen, with the strange addition of a trained mastiff to every ten men. At the first encounter the deadly arquebuses mowed down the crowded ranks, and Ojeda dashed among them with his mailed horsemen. The naked wretches could offer no resistance with their clubs and wooden spears. A sickening butchery followed, while the fierce dogs ravened like wolves in a sheep-fold. It was from the prisoners taken on that day that Columbus sent five hundred slaves to Spain.

Second Voyage — Exploration of Cuba 69

This disaster broke the hearts of the natives. Now begins a story of pitiless exaction, in which Columbus began what a long line of hard masters continued. The poor Indians were ground to death for gold. A tax of a hawk's bell full was laid on every one above the age of fourteen. The chiefs were compelled to pay a proportionately larger amount. In those parts of the country where there was no gold, cotton was accepted instead. After a time it was found to be simply impossible for each native to gather as much as a hawk's bell of gold (worth about five dollars), and the tax was reduced to half. So abject was the submission of the natives that, as a historian expressed it, a solitary Spaniard, unarmed, might solemnly march, as if he were an army, from end to end of the island, without receiving harm. In Spanish eyes this was regarded as the perfection of good government.

Columbus had scarcely given this proof of his ability to rule well, according to Spanish ideals, when he was called on to render account of himself to one Aguado, who had been sent out to inquire into his administration, on account of the evil report that had been made of him by the malcontents who had fled to Spain. The Admiral received him very meekly and endured his pompous meddlesomeness with a degree of patience that surprised everybody. He determined, however, to return to Spain, to present his case in person to his sovereigns. Aguado, also, was going back with a long list of complaints. Just on the eve of sailing, a terrific hurricane burst upon the settlement, destroyed many houses, and wrecked every vessel in the harbor except

the little "Nina," whose career had been so wonderfully adventurous. It became necessary to wait until another caravel could be built from the timbers of the wrecked vessels. Then Columbus embarked for Spain, in March, 1496, taking with him thirty Indian prisoners and two hundred and twenty sick and discontented colonists.

In the island of Guadaloupe, where he stopped some time to take in water and a supply of cassava bread, there was a fierce fight with women who used bows and arrows. From this circumstance Columbus concluded that this must be the island of the Amazons, mentioned by Marco Polo. For some reason, he chose to take a due east course, though experience should have taught him that he would need to make his way in the teeth of the trade-wind. In consequence, the voyage was long and provisions ran short. Starvation was imminent, and some of the Spaniards proposed to eat the Indians.

At last Cadiz was reached, and Columbus landed with his company of half-starved tatterdemalions, so yellow from malarial fevers that local wags said that the only gold they brought back was in their faces. The Indies were beginning to lose their glamour.

The Admiral received a gracious letter from his sovereigns inviting him to come to them at once, and they greeted him with the utmost cordiality. Journeying to court, he had made a judicious display of wealth by bedecking his Indians with all the gold trinkets he could muster. The brother of Caonabo, with a heavy gold chain and collar on his neck, figured as the captive king

Second Voyage — Exploration of Cuba 71

of the golden province of Cibao. Now he presented to his sovereigns the precious metal he had brought home and many curious objects. The tales of the meddlesome Aguado were dismissed, and the Admiral seemed to be fully restored to the royal confidence. Orders were issued for a new fleet to be prepared, to sail under his command, and all seemed to promise well.

“Fine words butter no parsnips” is a homely but very expressive adage. Columbus was now to learn, if he had not learned it by the bitter experience of years, that it applies not less to kingly than to common folk. While Ferdinand and Isabella were amusing him with honeyed phrases and formally assuring him of the continuance in full force of their agreement, they were constantly violating it in fact by letting other explorers go out on their own account. This was a cheaper way of pushing the work than by leaving it in the hands of Columbus alone. They undoubtedly felt that they had granted too much to him at the outset; and while they could not decently revoke the concession, they sought to avoid fulfilling its terms. It is quite certain that if they had wished to live up to their promises, it would not have been necessary for him to wait two full years before he could get a little fleet of six vessels.

In this policy of delay they were ably seconded by Bishop Fonseca, who was in charge of the Bureau of the Indies, and who used all the ingenious devices that malice could invent to obstruct and thwart the Admiral's plans. Every petty official took his cue from him and understood that the best recommendation to his favor was to put difficulties in the other's way. One of

these fellows Columbus one day seized by the scruff of the neck and kicked off the poop of the flag-ship. It may have been a very pardonable procedure, but it certainly did not improve his standing with his royal master and mistress.

CHAPTER VI

THE THIRD VOYAGE AND THE DISCOVERY OF
SOUTH AMERICA

At last, in May, 1498, Columbus got under way on his third expedition. He had heard from the natives of the islands he had visited of a great body of land far to the south. Besides, a learned jeweler had written to him that the most valuable commodities come from hot countries, where the people are black. For these reasons he determined to follow a far more southerly course than ever before. Passing the Canaries, he hugged the African shore as far as the Cape Verde Islands, before he turned away to the broad Atlantic.

Still heading southwest, until he was but a few degrees above the Equator, he found himself shortly in the region of equatorial calms. The heat was terrific. The tar melted and bubbled in the seams, the salt meat turned putrid, and the hoops shrank from the barrels of wine and water. The holds of the vessels were like furnaces, so that the men could not endure to stay in them long; and amid this fierce heat the crews were on short allowance of water. After several days of intense suffering, light breezes sprang up, the weather grew cooler, and the fleet was wafted slowly toward the western world.

On the 31st of July, two months out from Spain, three peaks were descried, and Columbus, on account of

their number, named the great island which came in sight Trinidad (Trinity). Passing to the south of it, he saw a stretch of land on his left, and called it the isle of Gracia. He little dreamed that this was a great continent. But when the men chanced to draw up some water and found it quite fresh, he rightly concluded that he must be off the mouth of a great river. It was, in fact, the Orinoco. But time pressed, and he was anxious to reach Hispaniola, to deliver the provisions for which the colonists were probably suffering. Therefore he sailed away, but was carried far to the westward by the great current which sweeps over from the African coast, and which, in its later course, we call the Gulf Stream. Thus he made land far from the point for which he was heading. But his brother, hearing of his arrival on the coast, came out in a caravel to meet him and escorted him to the new city which he had founded on account of the sickness of Isabella, and which had named Santo Domingo, in memory of their old father, Domenico Colombo.

It would require a volume to tell of the cruelties, the treacheries, the mutinies, the murders, and the general disorder in Hispaniola, in spite of the energetic, sometimes very severe, measures of Bartholomew. Such has been the history of many another Spanish possession. Now we come to an instance of royal perfidy.

Two years after Columbus's return to Hispaniola, when he had, he thought, brought its affairs into some kind of order, he received a rude shock in the coming of an official who had been sent out from Spain with extraordinary powers to investigate the Admiral's ad-

ministration and, if he deemed it necessary, to supersede him. This action was the result of an incessant stream of complaints preferred by discontented adventurers returned from the colony. At one time a band of fifty needy ragamuffins frequented the court of the Alhambra and shouted their demands for pay, of which they said they had been defrauded, whenever the King appeared. Their malice was especially directed against Columbus, whom they professed to regard as the author of their misfortunes and of all the troubles in Hispaniola. They hooted his sons, who were pages at court, when they saw them passing.

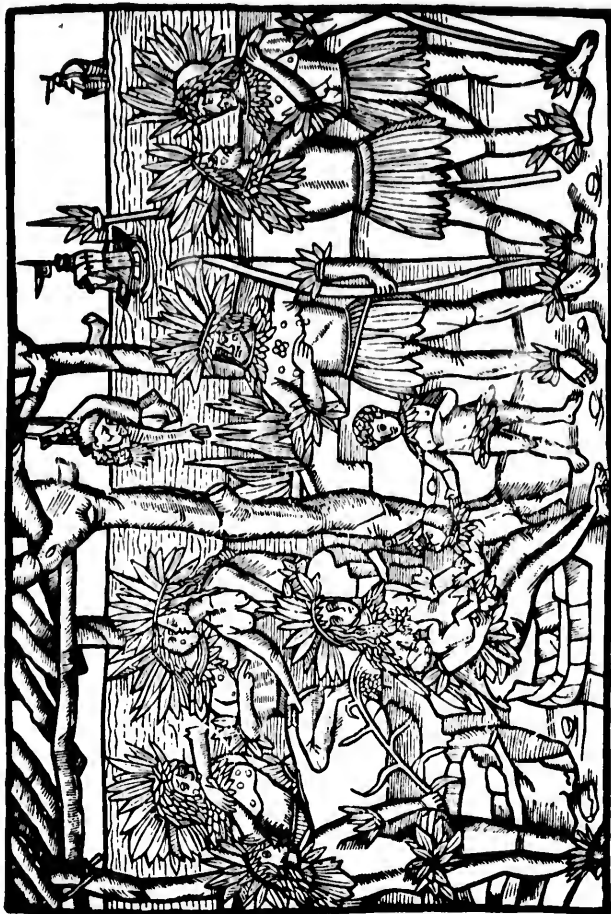
This movement against the Admiral was ably backed by his steadfast and powerful enemy, Bishop Fonseca, who encouraged Ferdinand in granting permission for voyages of discovery, in direct violation of his pledges to Columbus. In truth, the powers conferred on the latter as viceroy were very great. Ferdinand would never have granted them, if he had believed that Columbus would find anything of note. Now that he realized the enormous value of the discoveries made, he would have liked to recall his concession. Finally he decided on the dishonorable step of superseding him without a trial or hearing, and Isabella was won over to consent to this breach of faith.

The envoy who was sent out on this extraordinary mission, Francisco Bobadilla, was not a man who would temper justice with kindness; quite the reverse. On his arrival in Hispaniola, he set to work in the most violent manner to undo all that had been done there. He broke open doors where there was no resistance

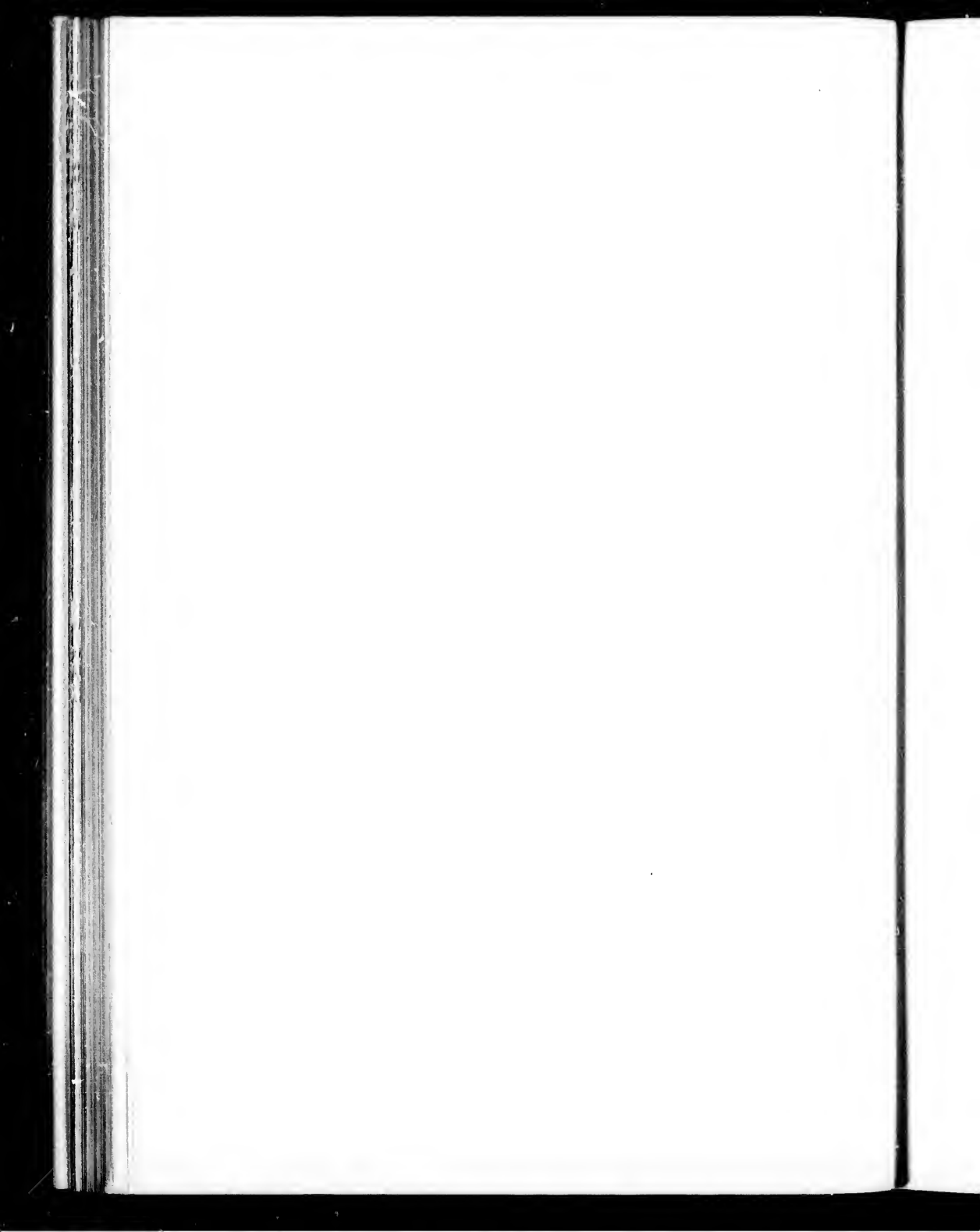
offered; seized the Admiral's house, in his absence, and appropriated his private papers and his gold; liberated all the jail-birds; and, on Columbus's return, threw him and his brothers, in irons, on shipboard and despatched them to Spain.

These indignities the Admiral endured with astonishing patience. When the vessel was well at sea, her captain and her owner came to him and, on their knees, sought to remove the irons. But he would not allow them. He had been manacled, he said, by the Queen's representative, and only by the Queen's order should the irons be removed. He was treated, however, with the greatest kindness during the voyage, which proved to be a quick one.

On his arrival in Spain, the news quickly spread that he had been brought back in irons, and caused a general feeling of indignation. Fonseca's emissary, Bobadilla, had so far exceeded his authority and had acted with so intemperate violence that he had aroused a wide sympathy with Columbus. When he appeared before the sovereigns, they were deeply moved. They both rose when he threw himself on his knees before them, and Isabella wept. Steps were immediately taken to recall Bobadilla and bring him to trial. But this did not mean, as Columbus hoped, his restoration to his office and his rights. Another man, Ovando, was sent out to administer the colony; and though he was quite a different sort of person from Bobadilla, the fact remained that his appointment violated the agreement with Columbus. It was quite evident that, however much Isabella might sympathize with Columbus



EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF SOUTH AMERICAN NATIVES, 1490-1504



personally, she and her husband had no notion of reinstating him. It is quite possible that they really were convinced that he was not a suitable person to govern in their name, for a viceroy's powers are next to kingly. If so, they were in the unfortunate position of being solemnly pledged to do a thing which they believed would be disastrous. It is quite evident that they feared the effect of his presence in Hispaniola. When they gave him permission to sail on another voyage, they strictly forbade his touching there on his way out.

Now for two years we have the miserable spectacle of this great genius of discovery embittered by disappointment and humiliation, all the while besieging his masters to restore his rights, as he had once importuned them to furnish him with the slender outfit with which he sailed to find a world. And their Majesties acted just as they had acted on the former occasion; they continually put him off with fair promises. At last a time came when they might employ him again in the field in which he was incomparably great, the field of discovery.

During these two years his active mind and fertile imagination were incessantly busy with various schemes. One revived the spirit of the Crusades. He longed to win great wealth, which was to be used in a military expedition which he would lead to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. When he proposed this to his masters, they no doubt smiled inwardly, while they outwardly commended his pious zeal. They had other matters to attend to; and the age of the Crusades was gone by forever. But another project of Columbus's

looked more hopeful, and they gave willing heed to it. He had pondered much on the cause of that great current sweeping westward which he had encountered between the mouth of the Orinoco and Hispaniola. Assuming Cuba to be, as he firmly believed, an extended peninsula, there was but one conclusion: this current was the movement of water through an opening to the westward. Doubtless this strait led directly to that mainland of Asia which all his life he had dreamed of reaching. He asked to be allowed to explore it.

This proposition looked very plausible, and Isabella, who always had great faith in his scientific insight, took it up warmly. Bishop Fonseca and his supporters opposed it in council. Notwithstanding, an order was passed granting Columbus four ships for this new venture.

CHAPTER VII

THE FOURTH VOYAGE, WITH TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES
ON THE COAST OF CENTRAL AMERICA, AND
THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS

ON the 9th of May, 1502, Columbus sailed on his fourth and last voyage. He made a quick trip and on the 15th of June sighted the island now called Martinique. He was forbidden to touch at Hispaniola. But one of his ships was a very poor one, and he wished to exchange her for another; therefore he put in at Santo Domingo. When he arrived, a richly laden fleet carrying Bobadilla and a number of the most disorderly persons, besides a quantity of gold, was about to sail for Spain. Columbus saw the signs of an approaching storm and sent word to his successor, Ovando, entreating him not to let the vessels sail. His warning was disregarded; the fleet sailed; a frightful hurricane overwhelmed it; more than twenty vessels were sunk; and Bobadilla and others of the Admiral's enemies, with their ill-gotten treasures, including one huge nugget, were swallowed up in the sea. Strangely enough, the only treasure saved was about four thousand dollars belonging to Columbus.

He, too, had sailed, having been refused shelter in a harbor of the land he had discovered. But he kept himself under the lee of the island and escaped with only some damage to the vessels.

Touching at Jamaica, he finally reached the mainland of Honduras. Now began a series of experiences so remarkable and so full of thrilling adventures, daring deeds, and perilous situations as to read more like fiction than history. This was by far the most exciting of Columbus's voyages. He was now in contact with a people very different from the peaceful natives of the islands, a race of fierce savages; and more than once there was desperate fighting, in which the Spaniards suffered considerably.

Had he sailed west, he might have discovered the Empire of Mexico, with its vast wealth. But, having always in mind the strait which he was seeking, and understanding the natives to say that there was one to the east, — possibly they meant a strait of land, the isthmus of Panama, — he turned in that direction. For some two months he struggled along the coast, hindered by contrary currents and incessant storms, often so violent that the seamen thought their last hour had come. All this time the vessels grew more and more leaky, the sails were tattered, and the provisions were damaged by rain or sea-water. Columbus himself was so ill most of the time that he could not stand on the deck. But his courage never failed. He had a little observation-cabin built in which he lay and kept a lookout. Happily, he had his staunch helper, his brother Bartholomew, by his side; and the presence of his young son, Ferdinand, was a great comfort to him.

At last the ships doubled a cape, after which the land turned suddenly southward, and the wind was favorable. The joy of the crews was expressed in the name,

Fourth Voyage — Death of Columbus 83

Gracias a Dios (Thanks to God), by which the cape is known to this day.

Sailing down the Mosquito Coast, the voyagers found reedy rivers, alive with alligators. In one of these a boat was upset and the crew drowned. The natives were suspicious and unfriendly, showing themselves on the shore well armed and ready to fight. Some presents that were made to them they either brought back or left on the beach, as if they suspected some magic in them. The superstitious sailors, Columbus with the rest, on their side believed, from some indications which they noticed, that the people of this region had great power as enchanters, and that this was the cause of the frightful storms they experienced. Nearly a hundred years later, Drake's men believed themselves to be in waters ruled by demons. Columbus, however, kept on his way, having gathered from some of the natives that he would find gold further on, and still daily expecting to see the strait that would lead to India.

Now he was off Costa Rica (Rich Coast) and began to see gold ornaments on the natives. One of them sold a plate of pure gold, worth twenty dollars, for trinkets that cost a few cents. Others wore gold in thin, burnished plates, but refused to sell them. Much, however, as Columbus longed for gold, he longed still more for the strait, and he understood the natives to say that it was near. Probably they were speaking of the ocean beyond the isthmus on which they lived. On he sailed, and came to the country of Veragua, from which the line of his descendants has taken its title of Dukes

of Veragua. Here there was not any strait found, but there was plenty of gold among the people, and after their disposition to fight had been overcome by firing a cannon, they bartered it freely.

Columbus seems now to have abandoned the idea of finding a strait, but he was convinced of the great value of the province he had discovered. Gold was certainly to be had there in abundance. Bartholomew, going inland some distance with a party led by native guides, found grains of it among the roots of the trees. It was decided that a settlement should be formed there. Bartholomew was to remain in charge of eighty men, with one vessel, while the admiral should return to Spain for supplies and reinforcements. At once the work of building cabins and a storehouse was begun. It never was finished.

The chief, Quibian, so soon as he saw that the foreigners were preparing to settle permanently in the country, organized a league to destroy them. One Diego Mendez, who proved himself the hero and savior of the expedition, observing the Indians assembling, and suspecting their intentions, penetrated alone to the chief's village, on a plausible pretext, and was confirmed in his suspicion. He returned and reported to Columbus that the neighborhood swarmed with Indians who were gathering to overwhelm the little colony. Happily, Columbus had been detained by the low water on the bar of the river. Else he would have sailed away, and the colony would have been massacred.

It was now determined to seize Quibian himself and thus break up the league. Bartholomew took seventy-

Fourth Voyage—Death of Columbus 85

four men, well armed, and ascended the Veragua River. When he neared the chief's village, he left the most of his men within call and, with Mendez and five others, went boldly forward. Presently Quibian came out and signed to him to come forward alone. Bartholomew did so and immediately threw his arms about him and, with a violent struggle, held him fast until the others came up and bound him. A shot fired as a signal brought up the rest of the Spaniards. They quickly surrounded Quibian's cabin and captured every soul in it, — some fifty men, women, and children, the most important personages of the tribe, — together with a quantity of fine gold ornaments, such as collars, chains, and plates.

Quibian was wily as well as brave. On board the boat which was conveying him to the ships, he complained that the ropes hurt him. The pilot in charge no sooner loosed them than he jumped overboard, dived, and disappeared. The Spaniards supposed that he was drowned, and, with his family and friends safe under hatches, they fancied that the colony would not be disturbed.

By this time rains had come, raising the water on the bar, and Columbus had got his caravels over. Happily, however, he had not yet sailed, but was waiting to get in wood and water. With this view, he sent a boat up the river, under one of his captains, Diego Uistan. The boat ascended some distance, when it was suddenly surrounded by war-canoes. Volleys of arrows were poured into it, and Tristan and every man of the party were killed, except one who jumped overboard, dived,

and swam a long distance, after which he landed and made his way to the settlement.

When he reached it, he found the garrison huddled together on the shore behind a barricade of planks and barrels. They, too, had experienced the revengeful fury of the savages. Quibia, far from being drowned, was very much alive and thirsting to revenge the capture of his family. He had brought a large force and attacked the Spaniards. The latter had defended themselves successfully in a long fight, in which they lost one man killed and eight wounded, among whom was Bartholomew. But since the cabins, near the woods, exposed them to renewed attacks, they had decided to camp on the shore. There they now were, under the cover of two guns, in a state of siege, while the woods echoed with the blowing of conch-shells and the beating of war-drums.

Meantime Columbus, outside the bar with his caravels, wondered why Tristan did not return. It was a dangerous place. His vessels were worm-eaten and rotten, and at any time they might be struck by a hurricane. Days passed by, and no news came from the shore. He had but one boat left, and dared not risk it in the surf. Then one Ledesma volunteered to swim ashore, if he were rowed as far as the surf. He succeeded and returned to Columbus, reporting the massacre of Tristan's party and the desperate condition of the garrison, besieged and short of provisions. Apparently, they could not cross the bar with their caravel, because the water was again low.

In this dilemma the courage and ingenuity of Mendez

Fourth Voyage—Death of Columbus 87

again came to the rescue. He made rafts by fastening two canoes together. By towing these with the one boat, in eight days of hard work the men and the effects of the colony were conveyed on shipboard. Veragua was abandoned, and the Spaniards sailed away, Mendez commanding Tristan's caravel as the reward of his services. Their experience on this coast had cost the Spaniards twenty-three lives.

In this fierce resistance of the natives we cannot fail to see a brave people heroically defending their liberty. A tragic incident shows how much they prized it. The prisoners had been kept in the hold of a ship. While Columbus lay waiting off the bar, one night they raised the trap-door and made a rush for their freedom. A number threw themselves overboard and escaped; but the sailors hastened to shut the trap-door on the rest. In the morning, when the hold was opened, a ghastly spectacle presented itself. The poor wretches, in their despair, had all strangled themselves.

Some of the most trying experiences of this memorable voyage were yet to come. So worm-eaten and leaky were the caravels that Columbus was obliged to abandon one of them, and it was only by the greatest exertions that the remaining two were kept afloat. The pumps were going incessantly, and the men baled day and night with kettles and pans. At last it became evident that it would be impossible to reach Hispaniola, and Columbus beached the sinking vessels on the coast of Jamaica. They quickly filled. But he built cabins on the decks, and in these the men lived. The natives soon began to come in flocks with food for barter, and

Mendez, foreseeing the failure of the supplies in the immediate neighborhood, made a journey inland and organized a regular system of supplies to be furnished by chiefs throughout the island. He also bought a fine canoe.

But the great problem was how to secure the means of escape from their plight. Again Mendez came to the front. "My Admiral," he said, "I have but one life to lose, and I will gladly risk it in such a cause. Let me go in my canoe to Hispaniola." Columbus gladly accepted this offer; and the brave fellow, having put a coat of tar on his canoe and a false keel, together with some boards around the gunwale, and having fitted it with a mast, sailed away on his perilous venture. At the eastern end of the island he was seized by hostile natives, who were about to put him to death. But he escaped, got into his canoe, and returned to the Admiral, but only to arrange for a fresh start.

This time it was determined that Bartholomew should march with a strong force to the eastern end of the island, to protect him until he could get to sea. A brave Genoese, named Fieschi, volunteered to accompany him, and each was to have a canoe with five Indians, who went of their own accord.

The courage of this undertaking was heroic, and it was carried out in the same spirit both by the whites and by their Indian boatmen. Think what it meant to start out to cross one hundred and twenty miles of open ocean in such frail craft! All the night and all the next day the faithful Indians paddled, half working while the other half rested. Sometimes they cooled them-

Fourth Voyage—Death of Columbus 89

selves by a plunge in the sea. Then they went to work again. The heat was fearful, and their water supply was exhausted. The Spaniards revived them, from time to time, with a little gulp from their own water-kegs. When there was any breeze the canoes carried sail. Sometimes the white men paddled too. Another night passed, and the next day was fearful. The Indians were fainting with heat and exhaustion. One poor fellow died and was thrown into the sea. The Spaniards were making for a small guano island called Navasa. As yet there was no sign of it, and the last drop of water had been drunk. Then the blazing sun went down, and with the coolness of night the Indians revived a little and paddled feebly. At last the moon rose, and Mendez noticed that it came up from behind something dark. He gave the joyful cry, "Land!" and the boatmen renewed their efforts.

It was only a bare patch of rocks. But the men found a little water collected in hollows, and they ate mussels which they gathered on the shore. All the day they rested and slept in the shade of rocks. When night came they started again and finished their memorable trip.

It will scarcely be believed that Ovando, the governor of Hispaniola, allowed eight months to elapse after the arrival of Mendez and Fieschi, before he sent relief to Columbus. Then he despatched a vessel with some provisions, but with the strictest orders not to bring away one of the shipwrecked men. Finally, Mendez secured some money from Columbus's agent at Santo Domingo, bought and provisioned a vessel, and sent it to his relief.

In the mean time the Admiral had had great troubles to deal with. One was that the supplies of food furnished by the Indians were growing very scant and irregular. He must find some way of stirring them up. Then a happy thought came to him. He knew from his astronomical tables that within three days there would be a total eclipse of the moon. At once he sent out a messenger to summon the caciques to come to a council on that day. When the Indians appeared he made them a speech and told them that his God was angry with them for not supplying more food to his children, the Spaniards, and, to show his wrath, he would that evening hide his face. The most of his hearers made light of his words. But when evening came, and the bright moon suddenly began to darken, they were terrified and ran to Columbus with whatever food they could gather up, imploring him to use his influence with his God not to be angry with them. He answered that he would try what he could do, and immediately retired into his cabin, where he was supposed to be engaged in interceding for them. There he remained during the whole increase of the eclipse. About the time when he knew that it would be passing off, he came out and told the frightened Indians that his God had consented to forgive them if they would promise never again to neglect supplying his children, the Spaniards. They gladly agreed and accepted the gradual brightening of the moon as a sign that God was not angry any more. From that time Columbus had no further trouble about food.

There had also been a mutiny, followed by a fight, in which Bartholomew got the better of the rebels, after

Fourth Voyage—Death of Columbus 91

killing some of them. Columbus pardoned the rest, and finally they all took leave together of the thatched old hulks on which they had spent nearly a full year.

After a month's rest in Hispaniola, Columbus sailed, with those of his men who wished to return to Spain, in two vessels which he hired with his own money.



HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS DIED

The voyage proved very stormy, and one vessel was sent back disabled. At last he reached Spain, after an absence of more than two years.

When he arrived in Spain, Isabella was dying. He, too, was nearing his end. The exposures and hardships of his voyages had undermined his constitution, and for years he had at times suffered keenly. But he never

once abated his insistence on his rights. All the while Ferdinand played the old game of promises and delays.

At last the great discoverer, poor, neglected, and deserted, save by a few faithful friends, among whom were the brave Mendez and Fieschi, died in Valladolid, on the 21st of May, 1506. So departed a great soul, one of the greatest in history.

One of his dearest hopes had been to found a titled family and bequeath his honors to his posterity. It would have rejoiced the heart of the weaver's son on his deathbed, could he have foreseen that his son Diego would marry a daughter of one of the proudest families of Spain, would obtain the restitution of the rights which had been withheld from himself, and would sail for Hispaniola as its governor, where he lived in splendid state some years. The descendants of the discoverer are among the grandees of Spain and bear the title of Dukes of Veragua. The other son, Ferdinand, his companion during the last voyage, never married, but devoted his life to collecting books and papers illustrating his father's career.

CHAPTER VIII

VASCO DA GAMA'S VOYAGE BEGUN

THE immediate effect of the discovery of America was to turn all eyes westward. Next it gave a great stimulus to exploration, in general. All the civilized nations wished to have a part in finding and claiming new lands. Thus Henry of England, who had rejected Columbus's overtures, sent out John Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland. The effect of this impulse was seen in Portugal's energetically exploring the new route she had opened. With this view, in 1497, she sent out Vasco da Gama to follow up Diaz's work.

The voyage then made was one of the most notable of nautical achievements. For ages Europe and Asia had known each other dimly through overland traffic by caravan. Now they were brought face to face. For the first time, at least within our certain knowledge, a ship of the Western World entered the waters of Asia. The wonders of the Orient, which had taken all sorts of fanciful and monstrous shapes in travelers' tales, became sober matters of fact. In a word, the dreamland of the imagination became a tangible reality. What Columbus sought Vasco da Gama found. Indeed, it would be difficult to overstate the consequences of his voyage. It opened a new epoch in the world's development. In importance, it ranks next to Columbus's discovery. It

is natural, therefore, that Portugal should be proud of it as her great national achievement. It has enjoyed the honor of being made the theme of a splendid epic poem, the *Lusiad*, by Camoens, in imitation of that in which Virgil has celebrated the wanderings of Æneas.



VASCO DA GAMA

One circumstance shows the immense influence of Marco Polo in stimulating the spirit of exploration. There was a mythical personage called Prester John, of whom much was heard in Europe from the twelfth century down to a comparatively late day. He was reputed to be a mighty priest-king reigning in almost inconceivable splendor over a great Christian kingdom. A score of archbishops sat on his right and a hundred mitred bishops on his left hand. Ten thousand knights and a hundred thousand footmen were his body-guard. In his palace the commonest articles were of gold studded with gems. All these fables Europe believed, and they seemed to derive confirmation from the narrative of Marco Polo, who makes frequent mention of Prester John and locates

him in eastern Asia. We are not surprised, therefore, that Vasco da Gama was specially instructed to seek the kingdom of Prester John. Accordingly we find him everywhere inquiring for Christians in eastern Africa and India; and the expectation of encountering them led him and his followers into some ludicrous mistakes.

Splendid as were the results of this voyage, it must be said that Gama achieved fame on fairly easy terms. The greatest difficulty had already been overcome by Diaz, and his successor had the benefit of his experience, as well as the guidance of a pilot who had sailed with him.

Unlike Columbus, Gama did not originate the scheme of his voyage, but was selected by the king to take command of the expedition which he proposed sending out. He was already known as a man of energy and capacity and well versed in nautical matters.

The fleet was made up of three vessels, — the flagship, the "San Gabriel;" the "San Raphael," commanded by Paulo da Gama; and the "Berrio," by Nicolau Coelho, with a store-ship. On July the 8th they sailed. In company with them was a ship commanded by Diaz, who was on his way to take charge of a fort on the African coast; and Gama's pilot was Pero d' Alenquer, who had been with him on his memorable voyage around the Cape.

From the Cape Verdes Gama took a new departure. Instead of creeping along the coast, as had been done by his predecessors, he boldly shaped a course through the mid-Atlantic for the Cape of Good Hope. Thus he

did not sight land again for ninety-three days, nearly three times as long as Columbus was out of sight of land. Then he made his landfall at St. Helena Bay, not far from the cape. It was a bold stroke and as wise as it was novel. Sailing vessels at the present day follow almost precisely the route which this daring Portuguese struck out. It avoids baffling currents.

It was November the 8th when he cast anchor in St. Helena Bay. There he remained a week, cleaning the ships, mending the sails, and taking in wood. The voyagers made many interesting observations on the country and its inhabitants. One of the natives was captured by surrounding him as he walked along intently scanning the ground at the foot of bushes for wild honey. He was taken on board and was at first much frightened. But Gama handed him over to two ship's boys, one of whom was a negro, with orders to treat him kindly, and he soon was at his ease. The next day he was sent ashore loaded with presents. As was expected, troops of natives now visited the strangers. Gama showed them a variety of articles, such as spices, gold, and pearls, to see whether they recognized them. They evidently knew nothing of them and had not anything for barter.

One Fernao Velloso asked permission of the captain-major to accompany some of these friendly natives to their dwelling, to see how they lived and what they ate. Leave was given him, and he went away with a party of the blacks. After going some distance, they told him by signs that he should not go further. On his returning to the shore, the natives kept skulking near

in the bushes. This indication of treachery alarmed Velloso, and he shouted to the vessels to come for him. Gama himself heard his cries and immediately put off in a boat to his rescue. At the same time the negroes, seeing the boat coming, ran along the beach towards Velloso, and it was a race between them and his friends. The Europeans won and got Velloso into the boat. But the savages threw their assegais and wounded Gama and three or four others. The Portuguese would no doubt have taken a bloody revenge, had they not left their arms, in their haste to rescue Velloso.

CHAPTER IX

ROUNDING THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

SETTING sail again on the 6th of November, Gama soon made the cape. But doubling it was no easy matter. At last, on the 22d, with a change of wind, it was passed. At a point some distance beyond, the voyagers had some friendly intercourse with the natives. They began to realize that they were approaching the East when they saw signs of elephants at a watering-place near the shore. A troop of natives came down, driving cows and sheep, and seemed to be very merry, for they danced on the beach, to the accompaniment of their rude instruments. Then the Portuguese, in their turn, showed a dance of their country, to the music of a trumpet. After this there was some lively trading, and the Europeans bought a fat black ox for three bracelets.

These people had plenty of cattle, all very fat and tame, and used them for riding by placing on their backs a species of packsaddle made of reeds. In the bay, at a distance of three bow-shots from the shore, was an island on which was seen a great number of seals, some very formidable in appearance, with great tusks. The chronicler says quaintly, "while the big ones roar like lions, the little ones cry like goats." This island is still called Seal Island, though its former visitors no longer appear where once they flocked. There was,

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope 99

also, a great number of penguins, of which the sailors killed as many as they wanted.

The Portuguese were not long in getting into difficulties with the natives, as they did in most cases. The negroes seemed incensed with the foreigners on account of their taking their water. They stopped trading and drove their cattle off into the bush. Gama, in order to overawe them, landed an armed force and fired a bombard from the bow of the long-boat. The negroes thereupon scampered away and were soon seen driving their cattle to the top of a hill. On the 16th of December the Portuguese passed the furthest point reached by Bartholomew Diaz, what is now known as the Great Fish River. Thenceforward all was a *terra incognita*, which no European had ever visited, so far as is known historically. The voyagers noted that the country improved in appearance and the trees increased in size.

By Christmas Day they sighted new land, which, on account of the date of its discovery, they called Natal.

They now spent many days at sea without touching. In consequence, their drinking-water ran very low, and they were put on short allowance. They were therefore compelled to seek a harbor. On January 11 they put into the mouth of a small river and anchored.

The next day they went close in-shore in boats and saw a crowd of negroes, both men and women. They were tall and well-formed people and seemed very friendly. Gama sent ashore one of the sailors who had been a long time in the Congo country, with a present for the chief of a jacket, a pair of red pantaloons, a Moorish cap, and a bracelet. The sable king received

the messenger very warmly, made him welcome to whatever his countrymen needed, and, immediately putting on the garments, marched him off to his village. There his Majesty paraded in his new finery and ordered his guest to be well entertained. The latter was served with a fowl and a porridge of millet, which must have been a feast to one who had been living on ship fare cooked in sea-water. All the night through numbers of men and women came to have a look at the first white man that had ever visited their country. No doubt the swarthy Portuguese did not startle them. But what would they have thought, if their visitor had been a blue-eyed Scandinavian? In the morning the sailor started for the shore with a present of fowls from the chief and a following of quite two hundred curious folk. The people of the country seemed to have an abundance of copper, which they bartered freely for shirts.

Among these kindly natives for whom the Portuguese called the country *Terra da Boa Gente* (Land of Good People), five days were spent in watering the vessels. Then they sailed on, though with a still inadequate supply, because the wind was favorable.

By January 22 a low, thickly wooded coast was reached, and the vessels anchored in the mouth of a broad river. They found the people very friendly and were supplied with whatever they needed. The natives were naked, with the exception of a breech-cloth, and had their lips pierced, wearing in them bits of twisted tin. After a few days two chiefs came down the river to see the strangers. They were very haughty in their manner and cared nothing for what was given them.

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope 101

One of them wore a cap with a fringe embroidered in silk, and they had with them a young man who explained by signs that he had come from a far country and had already seen big ships, like those of the Portuguese. These signs of their approaching a commercial region gladdened the hearts of the voyagers. For this reason they called the river Rio dos Bons Signaes (River of Good Tokens).

Here they spent thirty-two days in taking in water and in careening and repairing the vessels. Here, too, they had a melancholy experience of the disease so fatal to the early navigators, the scurvy. Paulo da Gama, who has left on the records the impress of a singularly sweet and humane nature, devoted himself to relieving the poor fellows, visiting them day and night and freely dispensing the medicines which he had brought for his own use.

On the 24th of February the expedition put to sea again and on the 2d of March arrived at Mozambique. Several boat-loads of natives came out to greet the strangers with music and welcome them cordially. They boarded the ships without hesitation and ate and drank freely of whatever was offered them. Evidently they mistook their visitors for Mohammedans, like themselves. The leading people of the East being of that faith, they naturally supposed these superior strangers to be of the same.

In the port the Europeans found four vessels "laden with gold, silver, cloves, pepper, ginger, and silver rings, as also with pearls, jewels, and rubies." Such cargoes must indeed have encouraged the Westerners

with the thought of nearing the storied wealth of the East. No wonder that immediately we begin to hear of Prester John. The chronicler says, "The residence of Prester John was said to be far in the interior, and could be reached only on the back of camels. This information and many other things which we heard rendered us so happy that we cried with joy, and prayed God to grant us health, so that we might behold what we so much desired." It was no doubt the Emperor of Ethiopia or Abyssinia of whom the Portuguese heard.

The chronicler, himself a sailor, gives interesting information about the vessels of the country, built without nails, of planks fastened together with coir-rope, and having sails made of palm-matting. They used navigating instruments and charts superior to those possessed by Europeans of that day. They had also "Genoese needles," or compasses. This instrument, then but recently introduced into Europe, is said to have been long known to the Chinese.

At first the Sultan and people of Mozambique treated their visitors with great courtesy. But the chronicler says, "when they learnt that we were Christians, they arranged to seize and kill us by treachery." The first trouble grew out of the escape of one of two pilots whom Gama had hired, with the approval of the Sultan. Two boats going in search of him were met by several boats filled with armed men. The Portuguese routed them quickly by firing their bombards. The next trouble had reference to obtaining water. The Portuguese landed at night and searched until daylight for water, under the guidance of a native pilot. But he either could

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope 103

not or would not lead them to it and seemed to think rather of making his escape. Water they must have. Therefore, on the next evening, attended by the same man, they again approached the landing. Some men armed with assegais were drawn up on the beach to oppose them. These the bombards sent scampering into the bush, and the Portuguese got all the water they wanted. The next day a native threatened the Portuguese, in case they should dare to land again. On hearing this menace, Gama sent two armed boats to the shore. The natives made some resistance with bows and slings, then fled behind a palisade. The Christians bombarded the town for three hours and saw at least two men killed, while the people fled with their chattels to a neighboring village. This needless barbarity was one of a series of high-handed aggressions of which Gama was guilty at different places. He was a ruthless man by nature, and had brought with him the old hatred of the Moors which was common to the Portuguese and Spaniards. These people of Mozambique the voyagers called Moors, because they were Mohammedans and spoke Arabic.

“When we were weary of this work,” says the chronicler, “we retired to our ships to dine.” After dinner they renewed their warfare on the terrified inhabitants, seizing boats in which they were carrying away their goods, and making prisoners. Another day was spent in watering and more bombardment. Then they withdrew to some islets near by, where they waited three days, “in the hope that God would grant us a favorable wind,” the chronicler piously adds.

A few days later they found themselves off some islands, one of which they called Ilha do Açoutado, "because of the flogging inflicted upon our Moorish pilot, who had lied to the captain by stating that these islands were the mainland." He was suspected of wishing to lead the vessels into shallow water, where they would be wrecked. Running up the coast for some days, the flag-ship one night grounded on a reef about two leagues from the land. The crew warned the other vessels by shouts, and these saved themselves by promptly throwing out their anchors. When the tide fell, the "Raphael" lay high and dry; but by getting out many anchors, with the high tide she was floated.

The next stop was made at Mombasa. A number of vessels were in the harbor, "all dressed in flags." Not to be outdone, the Portuguese made themselves gay with bunting; but they could make only a poor show of men, for the most of theirs were sick. So confident were they of finding Christians, that they fully expected to go ashore the next day "and hear mass jointly with them." Instead, a dhow approached them at midnight with about a hundred men, all armed with cutlasses and shields. They were halted, and only a few of the most distinguished were allowed to come aboard.

The next day the king despatched a present of a sheep and a large quantity of oranges and lemons, with a ring, as a pledge of safety, and a friendly message. Gama, in return, sent a small gift by two of his men, "with peaceful assurances." The messengers were hospitably entertained and shown through the city. "At the house of two Christian merchants" they saw a paper

containing "a sketch of the Holy Ghost"! It probably was a representation of a Hindoo deity. That night the Portuguese, for some reason suspecting the natives of treachery, tortured two of the Mozambique men whom they had brought along, by dropping boiling oil upon their skins, to extort a confession. The poor wretches said that orders had been given to capture the vessels as soon as they should enter the inner harbor, to avenge the wrongs done at Mozambique. When the torture was about to be applied again, the miserable creatures threw themselves into the water, though their hands were tied. About midnight a swarm of men were discovered swimming around the vessels, some trying to cut the cables, others to climb aboard. When the alarm was given, they quickly disappeared. "These and other wicked tricks were practised upon us by these dogs, but our Lord did not allow them to succeed, because they were unbelievers," the chronicler piously says. The expedition remained several days at Mombasa, in the hope of securing a pilot for Calecut. The city was finely situated on an eminence and had a large trade. Its fine air soon revived the sick. In it were seen many persons in irons. These the Portuguese concluded must be oppressed Christians.

They went on up the coast, plundering the craft which they found and seizing the crews and passengers. In one were seventeen men. When these were overtaken, they threw themselves into the sea, but the Portuguese boats picked them up. All these inhumanities were considered justifiable because they were practised on unbelievers. At Malindi the Portuguese spent several

days. The king had no doubt heard of the violence done by them elsewhere. He therefore showed great caution and would not venture on board the vessels. Gama responded in the same spirit by declining his invitation to visit him, assigning as a pretext that his orders from his master did not allow him to go ashore. The two, however, met in small boats which lay side by side, and had a long conference. Gama then released his captives, which gratified the king very much. After this some of the Portuguese and some of the prominent Malindians exchanged visits. The people of the town, during the nine days' stay of the strangers in their harbor, gave a succession of fêtes, sham-fights, and musical performances. The lofty houses, well white-washed and lighted with many windows, must have made a very pretty show amid their palm-groves and vegetable gardens. No wonder that the Portuguese lingered in this pleasant spot.

But they still lacked a pilot for the coast of India. Therefore Gama, after his usual method, seized a confidential servant of the king who was visiting him and demanded a pilot in exchange for him. Thereupon a "Christian pilot," a native of India, was sent, to Gama's great delight; and on the 24th of April the fleet sailed for Calcut.

CHAPTER X

ARRIVAL IN INDIA AND VARIED EXPERIENCES THERE

For the first few days the vessels kept the African coast in sight. Then they struck out boldly across the Arabian Sea. For twenty-three days no land was seen. Then lofty mountains loomed up on the horizon: India, the land of enchantment!

On the 20th of May the vessels anchored two leagues from the city of Calecut. Just two hundred years after Marco Polo wrote his story in a Genoese prison, Europeans appeared in a port of India.

One of the men was sent ashore and met two Moors from Turis who could speak Spanish.

"The Devil take thee! What brought you hither?" they asked. The man answered that his countrymen had come "in search of Christians and spices." One of them came to the vessels with him. His first words were: "A lucky venture! Plenty of rubies, plenty of emeralds! You owe great thanks to God for having brought you to a country of such riches." The Portuguese were overjoyed to hear their tongue spoken in this strange land.

"The city of Calecut is inhabited by Christians," says the chronicle. Of course this was an error. It was one which the Portuguese easily fell into, on account of their confident expectation of meeting Christians.

Another thing that contributed to their mistake was that the Hindoo images which they saw in the temples were not unlike those to which they were accustomed in their churches, whereas the Mohammedan abhorrence of images, which they consider idolatrous, deepened the



KRISHNA NURSED BY DEVAKI

enmity between them and the Christians. Now we shall see our explorers constantly making ludicrous mistakes, under the influence of this delusion. For instance, the writer gives us an elaborate description of a church, with an image of "Our Lady"! In this pagoda or temple some of the Portuguese said their prayers.

Still it is quite possible that some of them had doubts, for one of them, kneeling by the side of Vasco da Gama, whispered, "If these be devils, I worship the true God." The chronicler very innocently writes: "The saints pictured on the walls of the church were painted variously, with teeth protruding an inch from the mouth, and four or five arms." Such grotesque figures of Hindoo deities are well known to us from illustrations in books.

It would be a long story if we should tell all the experiences of the Portuguese in this land of their dreams. They were no longer dealing with barbarians, as on the African coast; they were surrounded by the monuments of an ancient civilization. The accumulated wealth of ages was about them. They were on the skirt of a vast and populous country, and they dared not take that high-handed course which they had followed so insolently in the African ports. The throng of boats crowding about their vessels and the dense crowds packing the streets as they passed through, constantly reminded them that it behooved them to be careful, since their lives depended on it. It even befell the haughty captain-major to find himself treated very much as if he had been a prisoner in the hands of a victorious foe.

In an audience with the sovereign "the king was in a small court, reclining upon a couch covered with a cloth of green velvet, above which was a good mattress, and upon this again a sheet of cotton stuff, very white and fine, more so than any linen. The cushions were after the same fashion." He was chewing betel-nut incessantly, using a large golden cup as a spittoon.

Gama approached the Oriental potentate with a salutation "in the manner of the country, putting the hands together, then raising them towards heaven, as is done by Christians when addressing God, and immediately afterwards opening them and shutting the fists quickly." He was courteously received, and the king ordered water for his visitors' hands and fruit for them to eat. Two or three kinds, including bananas, were prepared for them by attendants, and while they ate the king looked on smiling, all the while chewing betel-nut.

After this the king, lying on a couch covered with stuffs embroidered in gold, listened to an address from Gama through an interpreter. The Portuguese did not fail to extol the greatness of his own monarch. He was sent, he said, by a king who was "lord of many countries and the possessor of great wealth, exceeding that of any king of these parts," to seek the Christians of India. He had not come, he declared, for gold and silver, "for of this they had such abundance that they needed not to seek it in foreign countries." He was under orders from his master "not to return to Portugal until he should have discovered this king of the Christians, on pain of having his head cut off." He was further instructed to say to his Majesty that the King of Portugal desired to be his friend and brother.

It is likely that the Indian monarch saw through this plausible pretence of pious zeal. If he could have foreseen the career of bloody conquest and ruthless plunder of which this alleged embassy was the entering wedge, he would not have let one of the Portuguese leave the country alive. As it was, he treated them with cour-

tesy, but with marked suspicion. When Gama exhibited certain articles which he proposed sending to the king as a present, the latter's officers laughed at them and said that they would not dare to take them to their master; that the poorest merchant from Mecca or any part of India would send something more valuable; and that the only acceptable offering would be gold. After Gama's loud boasting of his master's wealth, his proposed gift must have seemed paltry indeed. He was terribly mortified at this rebuff.

Then followed days of perplexity. Gama was kept waiting four hours in an ante-room, as if he were a common suitor for royal favor. He and his comrades were taken hither and thither, made to spend the night away from their vessels, and kept under restraint, as if they were prisoners. They were suspected, watched, and, without open violence, made to feel that they were not welcome. The Portuguese attempts to land and barter their goods were evaded, under various pretexts. All the wiles of the East were employed to discourage them and induce them to depart.

This untoward result they attributed wholly to the influence of "the Moors of the place, who were merchants from Mecca and elsewhere, and who knew us and could ill digest us." They told the king that the Portuguese were thieves, and that if he encouraged their visits, his country would be ruined. At last the Portuguese were warned by two "Christians" that if the captives went ashore, their heads would be cut off.

CHAPTER XI

RETURN TO PORTUGAL

"FINALLY, at the end of August," says the chronicle, "the captain-major and other captains agreed that, inasmuch as we had discovered the country we had come in search of, as also spices and precious stones, and it appeared impossible to establish cordial relations with the people, it would be well to take our departure. We therefore set sail and left for Portugal, greatly rejoiced at our good fortune in having made so great a discovery."

It was quite in Vasco da Gama's usual manner to kidnap some of the natives of the Malabar coast and carry them off with him. We are not surprised, therefore, when we read that, while the fleet lay becalmed, shortly after sailing, about sixty small boats crowded with armed men approached them. These were kept at a distance by firing the bombards. Then a thunderstorm came up, and carried the lawless strangers out to sea and beyond the pursuit of the small boats.

Three weeks later the fleet was still hovering off the Malabar coast and was at the little Anjediva Islands, the largest of which is less than a mile long. While it lingered here, taking in wood and water and such supplies as were to be had, two suspicious vessels were observed near, while six or eight were at a distance in the open sea. The captain-major immediately gave orders

for sinking the former. One escaped, but the other was taken after the crew had got away. Nothing was found in her but provisions, coconuts, and arms. The next day some men who visited the vessels said that this fleet had come out from Calecut to capture the Portuguese.

Here the vessels remained twelve days, chiefly occupied in careening the "Berrio." The skipper of the captured craft came to Gama and offered to buy it, but he was told that it was not for sale, and as it belonged to an enemy, it would be burned. About the same time Gama gave another sample of his quality. A well-dressed man had come to the fleet with friendly speech and overtures, saying that he was in the service of a powerful lord who had heard of the Portuguese and had sent him to invite them to visit him, with the assurance that he would give them anything in his country and would make them welcome if they wished to remain permanently.

This plausible speech impressed Gama favorably. But in the mean time his brother had made inquiry of the "Christians" who had come with the stranger, as to who he was. They said that he was a pirate, whose ships and people were on the coast, and that his real purpose was to attack the Portuguese. On this information, Gama caused the man to be thrashed, to extort a confession from him. He even proceeded to torture him repeatedly. He could not, however, elicit anything such as he expected. He then sailed away, carrying the stranger with him. When the vessels were several hundred miles at sea, "the Moor" said that he would not try to dissemble any longer, and that he had been

sent by his master to entice them to his country, in order that, having them in his power, he might employ them in his wars with neighboring kings.

The passage across the Arabian Sea proved to be a terrible and hideous experience. Owing to calms and foul winds, it was three months from land to land. Think what that meant! The scurvy broke out in its most horrible form. The men's swollen gums grew over their teeth, so that they could not eat. Their legs and bodies swelled also until death brought release. In this way thirty died. As many had died in the voyage to India. So many others were ill that only seven or eight remained fit for duty on each ship. In this extremity the usual vows to the saints did not fail to be made.

At last, on the 2d of January, 1499, the African coast was sighted. It was not less eagerly welcomed than if it had been the native shore of the wretched mariners. They did not know where they were, however, for there was not a pilot on board and, of course, not a chart. They saw before them "a large town, with houses of several stories, big palaces in its centre, and four towers around it." They ascertained that it was Magadoxo, in the territory now known as Somauli, about two degrees north of the Equator. The place belonged to the Moors. For this reason, no doubt, they did not venture in their enfeebled state to enter the harbor, but sailed on down the coast. A few days more, with a favorable wind, brought the sea-worn mariners to the friendly port of Malindi. Its hospitable king hastened to send off a present of sheep, with a message of wel-

come. Gama sent ashore for a supply of oranges, which the sick especially craved. But the grateful fruit came too late for many. A number died in this port. "Five days were spent in this agreeable haven in reposing," says the chronicler, "from the hardships of a passage in which all of us had been face to face with death." When the fleet sailed away, it carried a tusk of ivory, as a present from the native ruler to the King of Portugal, and a young Moor as an envoy. The latter lived to return, two years later, with Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil.

A few days later Gama, finding it impossible to handle three vessels with the small number of men remaining, burned the "Sao Raphael." He, however, took off her figure-head, an image of the archangel carved in oak, and carried it with him to Portugal. It was preserved for generations as an heirloom in the Gama family, and finally found a place of honor in the church at Belem which commemorates the famous voyage. There it may be seen to-day.

Little more needs to be said of the return voyage. At Sao Braz the vessels lay some time, while the crews caught and salted stores of anchovies, seals, and penguins, in preparation for the long stretch beyond the

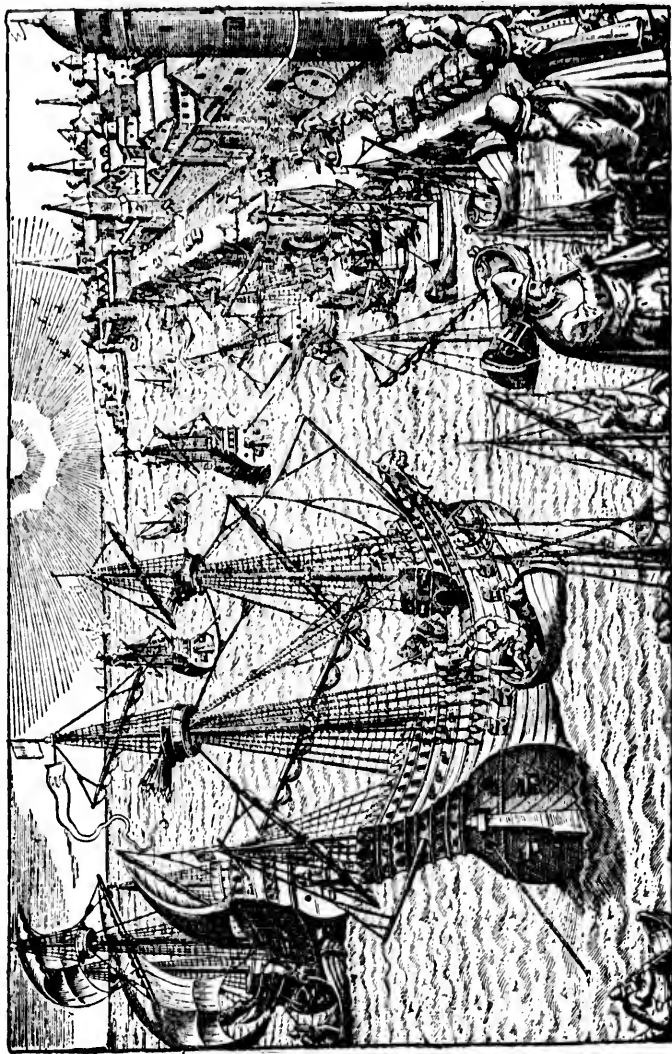


THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE
SAO RAPHAEL

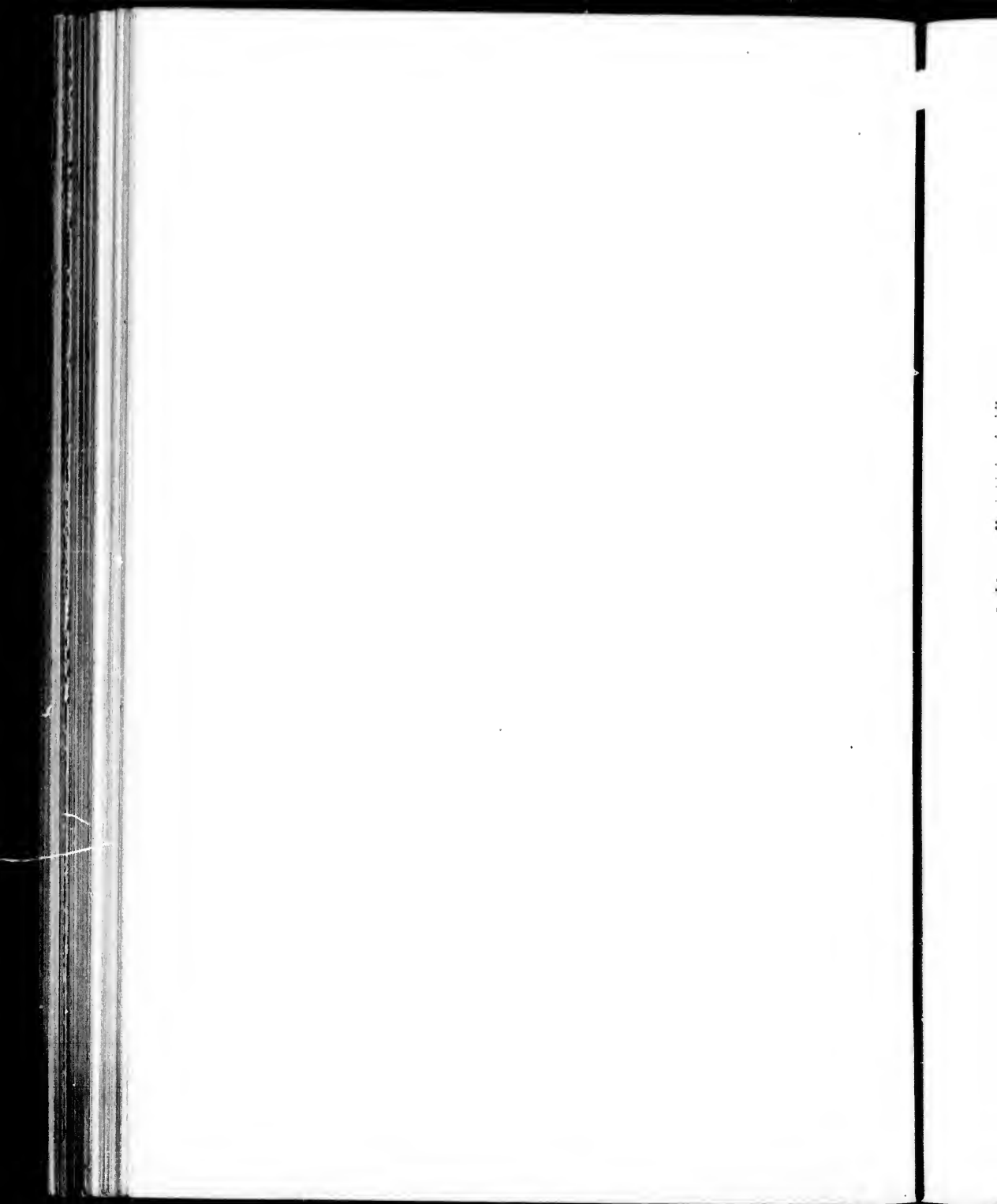
Cape, in which no stop would be made. On the 20th of April Good Hope was rounded without disaster, and the weary shipmen turned their prows straight for home. A sad incident marked the last stage of the voyage. Paulo da Gama had long been ill. He lived to reach the Azores. There, almost within sight of home, he succumbed to the hardships he had suffered. The loss of this gentle brother so afflicted the hard Vasco that he kept himself in retirement nine days before his triumphal entry into Lisbon.

Somewhat more than two years had been consumed in this voyage, the influence of which upon all modern life has been so great. If the fortitude with which its privations were endured, had been equaled by humanity in dealing with inferior and often inoffensive peoples, we could read its story with unqualified admiration. But it was, alas! a fit introduction to a course of high-handed and ruthless measures by which Portugal established her supremacy on the coasts and waters of East Africa and the Indies.

Retribution came in due time. Little remains to Portugal to-day of the vast Oriental possessions which she once held. The wealth which she wrung from them served chiefly to corrupt and enfeeble her own people. Then the spoiler was spoiled. The fabric reared by violence and cemented with blood tottered to its fall, and strong hands seized the fragments. Portugal, to-day a decrepit, fifth-rate power, may serve as a warning to the nations that crime surely reacts upon the doer, and that the only foundations of an enduring social order are justice and humanity.



THE HARBOR OF LISBON (FROM DE BRY)



CHAPTER XII

MAGELLAN'S YOUTH AND TRAINING

AFTER Vasco da Gama's voyage, Portugal's strides in opening the Eastern lands to European commerce were simply marvelous. Within ten years she had explored East Africa, had taken and fortified posts on the Malabar coast, and had penetrated Farther India as far as Malacca, the gate of China and the East Indies.

Her successes in India were not lightly won. Her great viceroys, Almeida and Albuquerque, did not encounter, as did Cortez and Pizarro in the Western World, populations ignorant of firearms and overawed at the mere sight of white men. All the power of the East, with her knowledge and skill, was put forth to repel the invaders who had come to usurp the trade which Arab merchants had held in their exclusive control for ages. Even the Sultan of Egypt sent a fleet down the Red Sea to fight the intruding Franks. There were bloody battles by sea and land in which the Portuguese lost heavily, and desperate straits from which nothing short of heroic courage could have rescued them. The story of the Portuguese conquest reads like a romance, so full is it of thrilling incidents. In this school of adventure Fernao Magalhaes was trained. He was born about 1480, of one of the oldest families of Portugal, in a wild mountain region. He served

for some years as a page at court. This circumstance was immensely important in its bearing on the boy's career. The new king was deeply interested and very active in promoting navigation and discovery. The recent voyage of Columbus, with its brilliant results, had opened a new era, and all maritime Europe was awaking from the lethargy of ages. Dom Manoel,



AFFONSO D'ALBUQUERQUE

full of this new inspiration, took up with energy the work whose foundations had been so well laid by Prince Henry the Navigator. He it was who sent out Vasco da Gama on the expedition which opened the route to India.

In what a fever-heat of excitement men must have lived when the darkness of ages was rolling away, and our planet was daily opening lands of enchantment to their wondering eyes! How it must have stirred the blood of eager youth like Magaihaes to see the heroes of exploration go forth on their mission, and to hear them report to their master the marvels they had seen, — Vasco da Gama, crowned with the glory of his achievement; Cabral, fresh from the discovery of Brazil; the Cortereals sailing for Labrador, from which they never returned; and the

Magellan's Youth and Training 121

Albuquerque leading a great armada to the Indies' There is no doubt that he repeatedly saw these warriors and probably converse' with them as they frequented the court.

It would have been a marvel had he been content with the dull ceremonial of court life. In 1504 he obtained leave of absence from his sovereign and sailed for India as a volunteer in the great armada of Dom Francisco d' Almeida.

For seven years he served his country loyally and bravely under Almeida and the still more renowned Albuquerque. He took part in many a bloody fray by sea and land. He fought at the capture of Goa and in the desperate battle which gave Malacca, the key of the East, to Portugal. Again and again he was wounded. Other men were making fortunes in the loot of captured cities. One of his friends, after a series of romantic adventures, had established himself in one of the Moluccas, and wrote him that there was about him wealth beyond his utmost dreams; for the spices of those islands were even more coveted than gold. But for pelf the hero never cared.

One incident is worth relating because it shows the character of the man. Two Portuguese vessels, on one of which he was, had run aground in the night on a reef off the Indian coast and had filled. The crews were landed safely on an islet near by. It was resolved to seek the mainland, about a hundred miles distant, in boats. But these were not enough to carry all hands. Then there arose a great contention as to who should go. The officers and men of rank insisted on their

privilege. But the men protested that they would not let themselves be left on a barren island. Magalhaes solved the difficulty by offering to stay with the men, provided that the officers would swear that they would send relief at the earliest possible opportunity. This satisfied the seamen. The officers reached the shore, after several days, and bought a vessel which they despatched, and which brought off the shipwrecked crews.

After all his years of faithful service he returned to his native land a bronzed and scarred veteran, still poor comparatively, and was coldly received by his sovereign. Once more he took service, this time to fight the Moors in Morocco; and again he received a wound, from the effects of which he limped the rest of his life.

The Moors beaten, he returned to Portugal to clear himself of a charge, the triviality of which is evident in the fact that those who made it never pressed it. The King would not listen to him, refused a trifling advance in dignity which he asked, and peremptorily ordered him back to Africa. A short time after his return to Lisbon, he encountered one Ruy Faleiro, an expert astronomer and geographer. The two had common tastes and interests and soon became intimate. The one was equipped with scientific theories and knowledge; the other combined keen insight with wide experience and a character of amazing strength. Together, they conceived a brilliant scheme which they proposed to the King. It was, to take a fleet to the Spice Islands, claimed as Portuguese possessions, by a southwestern route; in other words, to follow Columbus's example of reaching the East by sailing westward.



Ferdinand Magellan

FERDINAND MAGELLAN



Magalhaes and his friend met with treatment like that which the famous Genoese had received in Portugal. They were laughed at as crazy visionaries. With all her activity, Portugal was bigoted to the last degree. She ridiculed the idea that there could be any other route to the Moluccas than that which lay through her own hemisphere. The American continent was assumed to stretch an impassable barrier all the way to the South Pole. Moreover, if there was an opening, her interest lay in keeping it unknown, and she would rather have paid men to conceal than to explore it. The King of Portugal's later conduct shows his jealous fear of opening to the world those precious Spice Islands which were the envy of Europe.

In view of such a rebuff, who can wonder at the course which Magalhaes took? He publicly renounced his country, even changed his name from its Portuguese to a Spanish form, Magellan, and betook himself, with his hopes and plans and his friend Faleiro, to the court of Spain. Portugal had rejected her great opportunity. But no sooner did she hear of Magellan's offering his services to Spain than she was furious. He was denounced as a renegade and traitor. By the King's order, his coat-of-arms was torn from the door of his house. His nephew was stoned in the streets. Yet he had done nothing but what we recognize as his natural right. He had, also, the example of Columbus, Vespucci, and Cabot, who had made their great discoveries under an adopted flag. But Dom Manoel's fear that Magellan would make to the Spanish king the same proposition that he had rejected, robbed him of all reason.

The intending explorer did just as his former master dreaded. He offered, first, to show Spain the shortest route to the Spice Islands, and, secondly, to prove that they belonged to her.

The king, Charles the Fifth, better known as the Emperor of Germany, had just come to the throne, at the age of eighteen. He was desirous of preserving for Spain the prestige which she had gained by Columbus's discovery. The plan proposed in this case was in fact the very thing which the Genoese navigator had in mind, namely, to reach the East Indies by sailing westward. And, moreover, there was a good prospect of enormous profits, if the venture should succeed, since it would open to Spain the door of the far Eastern world, with its vast wealth, and by a route which would be wholly her own.

Charles referred the matter to his council, and the two applicants formally presented their case. Magellan argued that since Juan de Solis had coasted South America as far as the 40th degree and had found the land always trending westward, there was every reason to believe that it ended in a cape corresponding to that of Good Hope. He showed letters from his friend Serrao telling of the wealth of the Moluccas, and he also displayed a globe which he had brought with him from Portugal, showing the continent as he conceived it to be and his proposed route.

When he had finished, Faleiro took up the argument and proved to the audience that the coveted islands lay on Spain's side of the line of demarcation. This view we now know to have been erroneous. But it

might easily have been held in all good faith. The science of navigation was in its infancy. The instruments for determining longitude were of the rudest, and accurate results were impossible. It was only known in a general way that the islands in question lay in a certain region of the globe. If the 130th degree of longitude fell east of them, they belonged to Portugal; if west, to Spain. Portugal had reached them in the course of her eastern explorations, was trading there, and undoubtedly believed them hers. On the other hand, the councilors of Spain were very ready to believe that they belonged to her.

Happily for Magellan, the most influential member of the council was the Bishop of Burgos, Fonseca, who had been a bigoted opponent of Columbus and his undertaking. Now he saw an opportunity of regaining his lost prestige. Besides, the proposition appealed powerfully to his avarice. He became warmly interested, seconded Magellan's proposal with enthusiasm, and succeeded in carrying the council with him. A favorable report was made to Charles, which was equivalent to a formal adoption of the enterprise.

The news of Magellan's preliminary success was immediately sent to Lisbon by the Portuguese ambassador and kindled the wrath of Dom Manoel. Apart from the formal division, there had been a tacit understanding that Spain should explore and exploit the West, Portugal the East. Now Charles was about to violate this implied compact. All the resources of diplomacy were brought into play, but to no purpose.

Then a formal protest against the voyage was sent to Charles. He contented himself with replying that he had no thought of intruding into his royal brother's possessions. It had indeed been specially stipulated in the agreement between Charles and the intending explorers that the latter should not encroach upon Portuguese dominions. Still there was no concealment of the fact that the objective point was the Spice Islands; and Charles's assurance did not go far towards quieting Dom Manoel's apprehensions.

All this while the fleet was being prepared. Five vessels, old, small, and, at the best, hardly seaworthy, had been bought and were being equipped. Into this task Magellan threw himself with all his wonted energy and a will which no difficulties could bend.

Milder measures and public remonstrance having failed, Portugal resorted to intrigue. Her agent at Seville constantly watched Magellan's proceedings, and reported to his master what he was doing to thwart them. One day Magellan found himself confronted by a howling mob at the dock-yard. They had been incited by a rumor industriously circulated that he had hoisted the Portuguese flag over one of the vessels. It was his own personal standard bearing his coat-of-arms. His habitual coolness alone averted serious trouble. Magellan had, like Columbus, great difficulty in securing crews. He caused a trumpet to be blown and the expedition publicly proclaimed. He sent officers to scour every seaport. And still very few men were obtained. It was objected that the pay was too small, in view of the extraordinary hazards to be met. Therefore he was

compelled to accept a number of foreigners, among whom were several Portuguese. In the united crews, numbering about two hundred and eighty men, there were Spaniards, Italians, French, Flemings, Germans, Greeks, Portuguese, Negroes, and Malays. In the end the Portuguese proved to be the most reliable element on the fleet. They held several of the most important posts, all the pilots being of that nationality. This circumstance goes to show the feeble interest of the Spanish people in the expedition or their lack of faith in its success.

The curious reader may be interested to know what kinds of stores were carried on those quaint, uncouth, high-pooped craft which bore the brave voyagers of the sixteenth century. The list surprises us by its variety. There were biscuit, flour, beans, peas, lentils, olive-oil, anchovies, dried fish, dried pork, seven cows, three pigs, hundreds of cheeses, vinegar, sugar, garlic, onions, rice, mustard, and capers. Dainties there were, too, in the shape of raisins, figs, currants, almonds, and honey. And there was a good supply of medicines and salves. The entire cost of the fleet, equipment, and stores was about \$25,000 of our money, equivalent, perhaps, to \$200,000 at the present day. There was an ample supply of munitions of war, such as arquebuses, halberds, spears, lances, bows and arrows, and armor, with culverins, or long cannon, to be used on ship-board, and bombards, which might be carried in boats, like modern boat-howitzers. The commercial purpose of the enterprise was shown by the great supply of goods for barter, such as bright-colored cloths, brass

trinkets, mirrors, beads, and not less than twenty thousand bells.

The vessels were the "Trinidad," which Magellan took for his flag-ship, as she was in the best condition; the "San Antonio," the largest, commanded by Juan de Cartagena, whom the king had appointed to take the place belonging to Faleiro, whose conduct had raised suspicions of insanity; the "Victoria," captained by Luis de Mendoza; the "Concepcion," by Gaspar Quesada; and the little "Santiago," by João Serrão, the only Portuguese captain, and the only one who remained loyal. The largest vessel was of only 120, and the smallest of 75 tons. This little armada, it is true, far exceeded Columbus's fleet in strength and equipment, but it was also destined to encounter a task vastly more difficult and dangerous than his.

As the preparations neared completion, the enmity of Dom Manoel and his councilors knew no bounds. One advised that Magellan be put out of the way. This was an eminent bishop, who afterwards became Archbishop of Lisbon. Dom Manoel preferred an indirect course which was well adapted to accomplish the same end. His secret emissaries sedulously cultivated the national jealousy of the Spanish captains and sowed seeds of discord which, in time, yielded an ample harvest of blood.

CHAPTER XIII

THE VOYAGE BEGUN

BEFORE sailing, a solemn service, at which all the officers and crews were present, was held in the Cathedral of Seville. After High Mass, the banner of Spain was placed in Magellan's hands, and he swore to defend it in every extremity. Then, in turn, the captains swore allegiance to him. Among those who bound themselves by this sacred pledge were some who already meditated mutiny. On the eve of sailing, Magellan received as a gift from Faleiro his manuscript directions for taking observations. In the dearth of books on that little-understood subject, such a volume was almost priceless. Magellan's written orders were that he should proceed straight to "the Spicery." Though he had instructions not to intrude within Portuguese waters, one cannot help suspecting that, had he come home with a full freight of the coveted merchandise, he would not have been held to a very strict account of the longitude in which he obtained it.

At last, on the 20th of September, 1519, the little fleet sailed from the mouth of the Guadalquivir. It ran down the African coast as far as the Cape Verde Islands. Meanwhile Dom Manoel, having failed in every effort to hinder the sailing of the fleet, sent vessels both to the Cape of Good Hope and to the Rio de la

Plata, with a view to intercepting it, whichever route it might take. But of this danger Magellan knew nothing.

From the Cape Verdes a course was shaped for the coast of South America.

The difficulties which made the expedition so perilous very early began to be felt. Calms and heavy rains in the neighborhood of the Line made progress so slow that it was necessary to diminish the allowance of food and water. At last, on November 29, the coast of Brazil was sighted.

Already the spirit of insubordination had shown itself. On one occasion Cartagena renewed a series of insults which he had offered to his commander. To his surprise, he was seized by the Captain-general in person.

"You are my prisoner," cried Magellan. In vain the offender appealed to the other officers for aid. Nobody stirred, and he was led away to the stocks, to be kept a prisoner on board the "Victoria." The command of his vessel was given to Antonio de Coca, whom the Emperor had appointed to keep the accounts of the fleet.

On December 13 the adventurers were in Rio harbor. Here they enjoyed a welcome change from their meagre sea fare, in an abundance of fruits and fresh meat, which they obtained from the natives at great bargains in the way of barter. The chronicler, Pigafetta, an Italian nobleman, relates with great glee that he exchanged a king from a pack of cards for six fowls.

Early in the new year the expedition reached the mouth of the great river known to-day as the Rio de la Plata. Here the explorer Juan de Solis had lost his life at the hands of cannibals. Bearing his fate in mind

and seeing natives gathering in canoes, Magellan ordered out several boats filled with armed men. Thereupon the savages fled ashore and outran the Spaniards who attempted to overtake them. Magellan's careful exploration of the river ended, the fleet sailed on.

On they went, working their way down the coast, leaving summer and smooth seas behind them and encountering always greater cold and more boisterous weather. By the end of February, when the autumn of the southern hemisphere was well advanced, they experienced terrific storms and bitter cold. At one place they found an island so covered with seals and penguins that the whole fleet could have been laden with them. A boat was sent ashore for wood and water. Neither was found, but the sailors loaded it with penguins. Before they could return a furious gale sprang up, and the men were compelled to spend the night on the rocky islet, without fire or shelter. In the morning, when their comrades came to their relief, they were found buried beneath the seals they had killed and half-dead from cold and exposure.

Storm after storm burst upon them as they went further down the inhospitable shore of Patagonia. The explorers supplicated the aid of the saints and vowed a pilgrimage to this or that shrine, and always succeeded in extricating themselves from their peril, though the ships were sadly worsted.

At the end of March, with winter at hand, they dropped anchor in Port St. Julian, with the purpose of wintering there. Alas for the hope of finding rest! The place was destined to be the scene of a crisis in

which the expedition came nigh to an untimely end. On reaching the expected haven of rest, with a long winter before them, the crews had been put on diminished rations. The sailors grumbled, and the jealous Spanish captains probably made little effort to quiet them. Matters rapidly grew worse. The cold was bitter. Storms came almost daily. There were few in the fleet who believed in the existence of a strait. Why should they remain in that place, they argued, to perish with cold? Why persist in chasing the *ignis fatuus* of a strait, when everything showed that the land stretched without a break to the Antarctic Pole? This foolhardy enterprise should be abandoned at once. It was absurd to seek the tropical Spice Islands through regions of ice and snow. They had done enough to satisfy the Emperor that there was not any passage that way. To go further would be simply to court destruction on some icy shore. Then the Emperor not only would get no spices, but would lose his ships and men. All this was represented to Magellan, together with a peremptory demand for full rations or for an immediate departure homeward. His reply was, for a man of his masterful spirit, full of conciliation, but without a sign of yielding. He urged the certainty of a strait and that it could be reached in the spring. He appealed to the Castilian pride of the Spaniards and expressed his amazement at their showing such weakness. There was no reason, he urged, for apprehension as to their supplies. Around them in their snug harbor was an abundance of wood and water, of birds and fish, besides the ship-stores. In short, since he had no notion of

giving up the undertaking, he counseled them to exercise patience until the spring, when they would be rewarded by a magnificent discovery which would bring wealth to every man concerned in it.

For a time the men were quieted, but the treachery of the captains was all the while insidiously at work. The inevitable rupture perhaps was precipitated by an appointment of Magellan's. For some reason, he removed Antonio de Coea from the command of the "San Antonio" and conferred that position on Alvaro de Mesquita, a first cousin.

"Another Portuguese captain, and his kinsman, too!" the Spanish officers exclaimed. They were furious, and from that time some outbreak was certain.

One night, Gaspar Quesada, captain of the "Concepcion," with the disgraced Cartagena, Juan Sebastian del Cano, and thirty armed men, boarded the "San Antonio," seized Mesquita, and put him in irons. A loyal Basque, Lorriaga, the master, ordered the mutincers to leave the ship.

"What! Shall we suffer this fool to balk us?" cried Quesada and himself stabbed the faithful officer almost to death.

The whole affair happened so quickly that the surprised crew were overpowered and disarmed before they could offer resistance.

Juan Sebastian del Cano, whose name will hereafter appear in a more honorable connection, was put in command of the ship. The guns were mounted, the decks cleared, and every preparation made for holding her. For Magellan the situation looked black. Three

vessels were in the hands of the mutineers. Yet so quickly had their work been done under cover of night, that he had no inkling of it until the next day. He ordered a boat to go around and ask of the ships for whom they declared.

"For the King and myself," was the sullen reply from each of the three revolted vessels. Only the little "Santiago" was loyal.

Then Quesada sent a letter to Magellan saying that he had seized the ships to protect the officers and men from the Captain-general's ill-treatment, but if he would accede to their demands, they would return to their obedience. Magellan replied that he would meet the mutineers on his ship and hear their complaints. But they would not trust themselves there. Still less would he put himself in their power by going to them. Clearly there was no hope in conciliation. The mutiny must be put down by the strong hand. But how? To attack the three revolted vessels openly, with only the aid of the "Santiago," would be folly.

A little later a skiff rowed from the flagship carrying Espinosa, the provost-marshal of the fleet, and five men with concealed arms, to the "Victoria." Magellan had selected this vessel for his attempt because he knew the large number of foreigners in her crew to be loyal to him. Espinosa delivered a letter summoning the captain, Mendoza, to the flagship. The mutinous officer laughed a disdainful refusal. In an instant the provost-marshal leaped upon him and planted his dagger in his throat. At the same moment a picked boat's crew from the "Trinidad," headed by Magellan's brother-in-

law, Duarte Barbosa, swarmed over the "Victoria's" side and carried her with a rush. In a trice the ship was won.

How quickly the situation had been changed! Barbosa hoisted Magellan's ensign on the "Victoria," raised the anchor, and placed her alongside the "Trinidad" and the "Santiago" in the entrance of the harbor. Still the mutineers refused to surrender. Certainly they would not dare to fight against such odds. Would they attempt to slip out under cover of darkness? That seemed their likeliest course. Magellan had cleared his ship for action. Now he doubled the watch, gave the men a bountiful meal, and took every precaution to guard against an escape. At midnight the "San Antonio" loomed up in the darkness. She was supposed to be bearing down on the flagship, but was really dragging her anchors. The mutineer Quesada, seeing a collision imminent, called his men to arms. None came. In an instant a sheet of flame leaped from the side of the "Trinidad," and her shot raked the deck. Then came a rush of boarders.

"For whom are you?" they cried.

"For the King and Magellan," the men answered. Happily, not a man had been killed. The mutinous officers were quickly seized and ironed and the imprisoned ones released. By this time Magellan had the situation well in hand. His indomitable will had mastered a crisis which to a weaker man would have seemed desperate. The "Concepcion's" position in revolt was now hopeless. Cartagena surrendered and was placed in irons.

The mutiny was over, but the task of dealing with the leaders remained. The next day Mendoza's body was brought ashore and received the revolting treatment commonly accorded to traitors, in being drawn and quartered. Quesada had added to mutiny the crime of a brutal attempt at murder. He was sentenced to death and beheaded by his own servant, who was pardoned on that condition. Cartagena and a priest who had been active in stirring up sedition were doomed to a different fate. When the ships sailed away, they were left alone, marooned, on that desolate spot; and nothing more was ever heard of them. Forty men who had been found guilty of treason and sentenced to death Magellan pardoned, partly, no doubt, because he needed their services, and still more, probably, because he made allowance for their having been led in crime by their superiors. From the first the sympathy of the men was preponderatingly with Magellan. Otherwise, he would have failed to overcome the mutiny.

In the punishment meted out to the offenders he was strictly within his rights. A man's life counted for little in those days, and the Emperor had expressly given him power "of rope and knife" over every person in the fleet. From this time forward his authority never was questioned.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STRAIT DISCOVERED

THE sojourn at Port St. Julian was full of work and incident. While the men were kept busy in careening and calking the other vessels, the "Santiago" was sent southward to explore the coast.

She found a considerable river, which was named the Rio de Santa Cruz, and spent some days there in laying in a supply of fish, which were very abundant, as were also seals, or sea-wolves, as the sailors called them. Shortly after resuming her voyage, she encountered a violent storm, became unmanageable, owing to a broken rudder, and was driven ashore. Scarcely had the crew escaped by dropping from the end of the jib-boom, when she went to pieces.

What a situation for the castaways, thrown without food or shelter on a bleak coast, in inclement weather, many leagues away from their comrades! But Serrão showed his usual courage and good judgment. Carrying some planks which they had rescued from the waves, to make a raft for crossing the mouth of the wide river they had passed, the forlorn party started northward. By the time that they reached the Rio de Santa Cruz, so exhausted were the men from exposure and want of nourishment, that it was decided to send forward two of their number to make their way to the fleet, while

the rest should remain where they were, sustaining themselves on fish. The two messengers ferried themselves over the broad estuary on their little raft and, after eleven days of horrible suffering, during which they lived sometimes on roots and leaves, sometimes on raw shell-fish, reached the harbor, so altered in appearance by their hardships that they were scarcely recognized by their comrades.

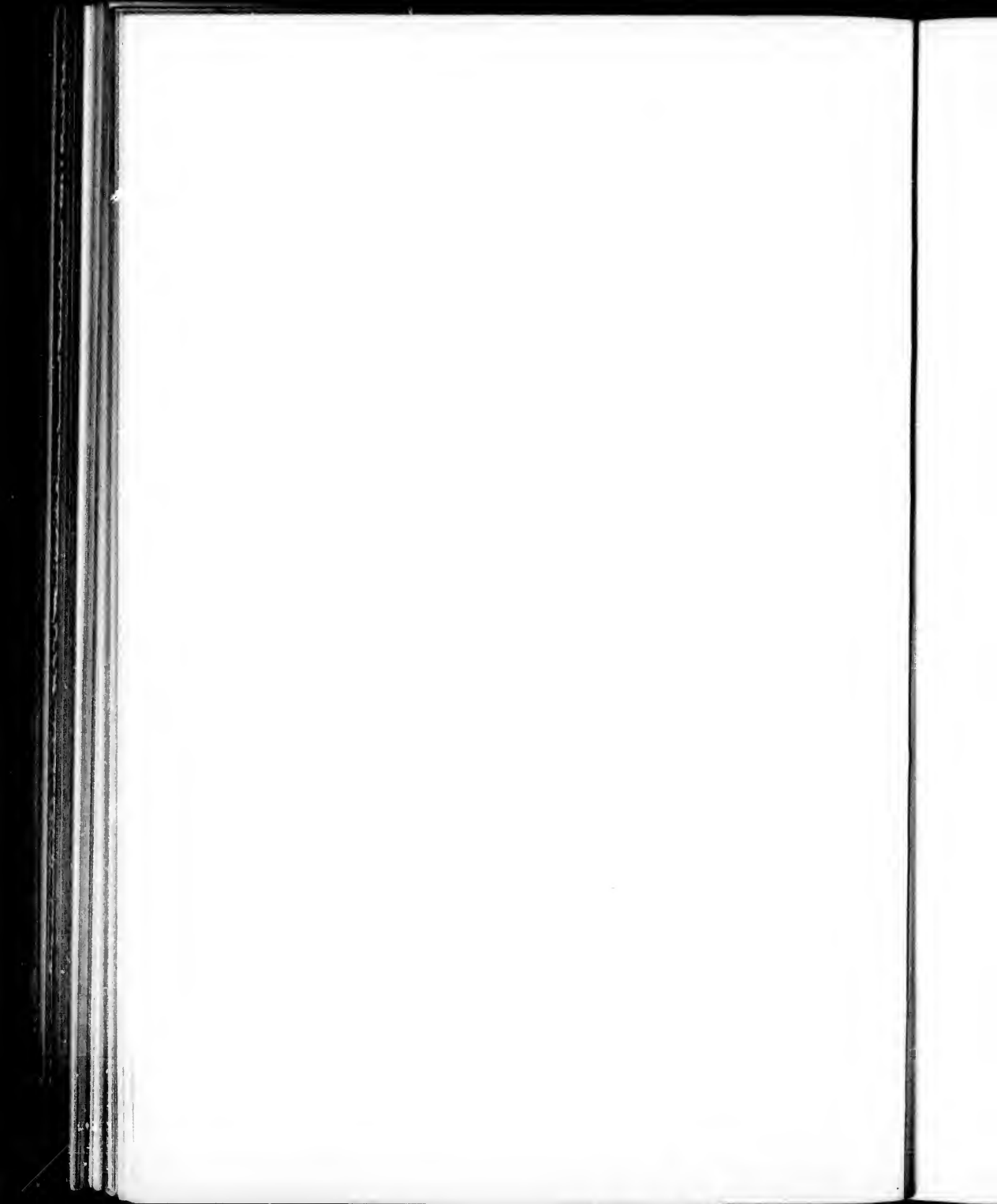
Magellan promptly sent a relief-party to succor the shipwrecked mariners. These, too, encountered terrible privations, but arrived at their destination. Their distressed comrades were brought over the river in parties of two or three on the little raft, and then the homeward march began. So well had everything been managed that, in spite of the sufferings endured, not a life had been lost. The "Santiago's" crew were distributed among the other ships, and Serrão was given command of the "Concepcion." Magellan was now in a stronger position than before. Instead of three disaffected captains, he had three staunch Portuguese, Serrão, Mesquita, and Barbosa, in command.

Since leaving the Rio de la Plata no human being had been seen. But now they had a visit from a native whose lofty stature surprised them as much as their ships amazed him. The Spaniards came up to his waist-belt, says the chronicler, evidently using the traveler's privilege of drawing a long bow. They concluded that they had come upon a race of giants.

They made a great impression on the Spaniards by greedily devouring, raw, the rats which were caught on shipboard, and seemed very proud of their ability to



MAGELLAN PASSING HIS STRAIT (FROM DE BRY)
(From *Gullionard's Life of Magellan*)



thrust an arrow far down the throat, after the manner of sword-swallowers. An old engraving of the passing of the Strait represents one of them in the act of performing this feat. Wishing to secure specimens of these "giants" to take home to his master, Magellan laid a trap in this fashion. Two sturdy young fellows were invited aboard and were loaded with gifts. When their hands were full, he presented them with a pair of irons and obligingly showed them how they fitted on the legs. In a moment the poor creatures found themselves prisoners. In their helpless rage, they called on their great god, Setebos, for aid.¹ One of the unfortunate captives actually reached Spain in the "San Antonio;" the other died at sea. It is hardly necessary to say that, after this act of treachery, the natives would not trust themselves within reach of the Spaniards. When the latter pursued a party and tried to capture some by force, the savages stood their ground long enough to discharge a flight of arrows, one of which killed a man.

For some reason, Magellan determined to resume his voyage. On the 24th of August, mid-winter in that region, the fleet sailed and came to the Rio de Santa Cruz. Here two months were spent, chiefly in storing wood on the ships and securing and drying a supply of fish, for the ship-stores had run alarmingly low. When sail was made again, spring was at hand.

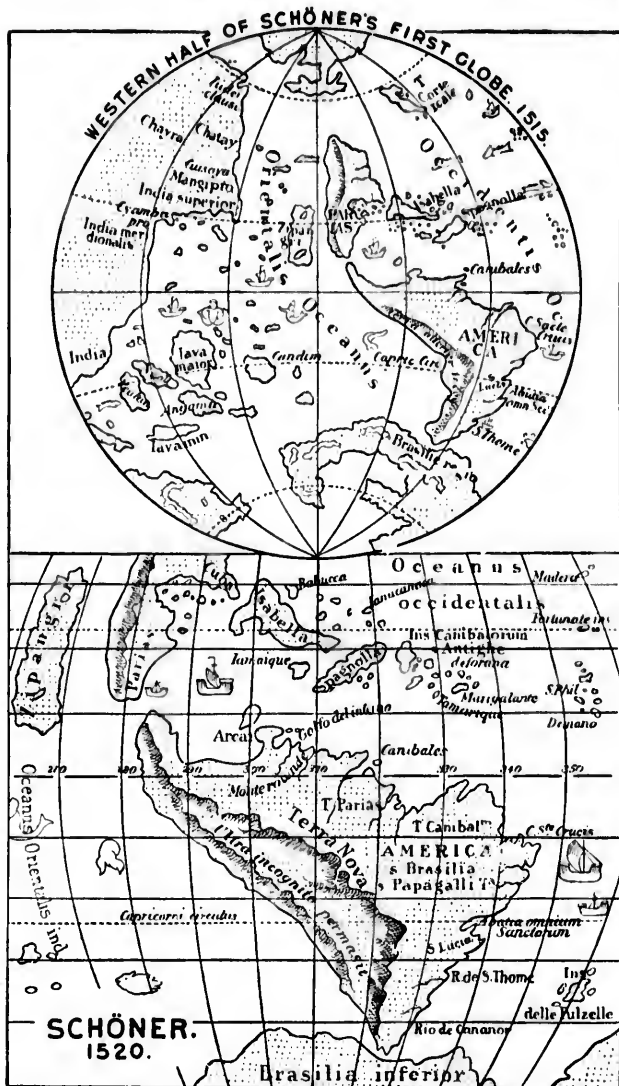
A few days later, on the 21st of October, 1520, thirteen months after leaving Spain, they came to "an open-

¹ Shakespeare's use of this name in "The Tempest" makes it almost certain that he was acquainted with the story of Magellan's voyage.

ing like a bay." How the great navigator's heart must have leaped at the thought that this was doubtless the long-sought strait. Much has been written on the question whether Magellan had any actual knowledge of the existence of such a passage. On the whole, it seems fairly well established that he had. It is certain that there were charts, especially those of Martin Behaim and Johann Schöner, on which such a passage was laid down, on the authority of some of the explorers who, early in the century, had followed the coast-line far to the south. It is a fair presumption, too, that Magellan, to secure the royal patronage and aid for his undertaking, must have presented arguments more substantial than a mere theory of his own. Whatever knowledge existed, however, was vague and shadowy, and certainly nobody had yet penetrated the strait to any distance, still less traversed it.

One of the historians relates that it was Magellan himself who first perceived the entrance of the strait; that it was near midnight; and that the other captains believed it to be a mere indentation of the coast. How easily we can picture the great navigator standing on the lofty prow of the "Trinidad," peering, with a beating heart, into the gloom! Were the hopes and dreams of a lifetime about to be realized, or was he on the eve of a bitter disappointment?

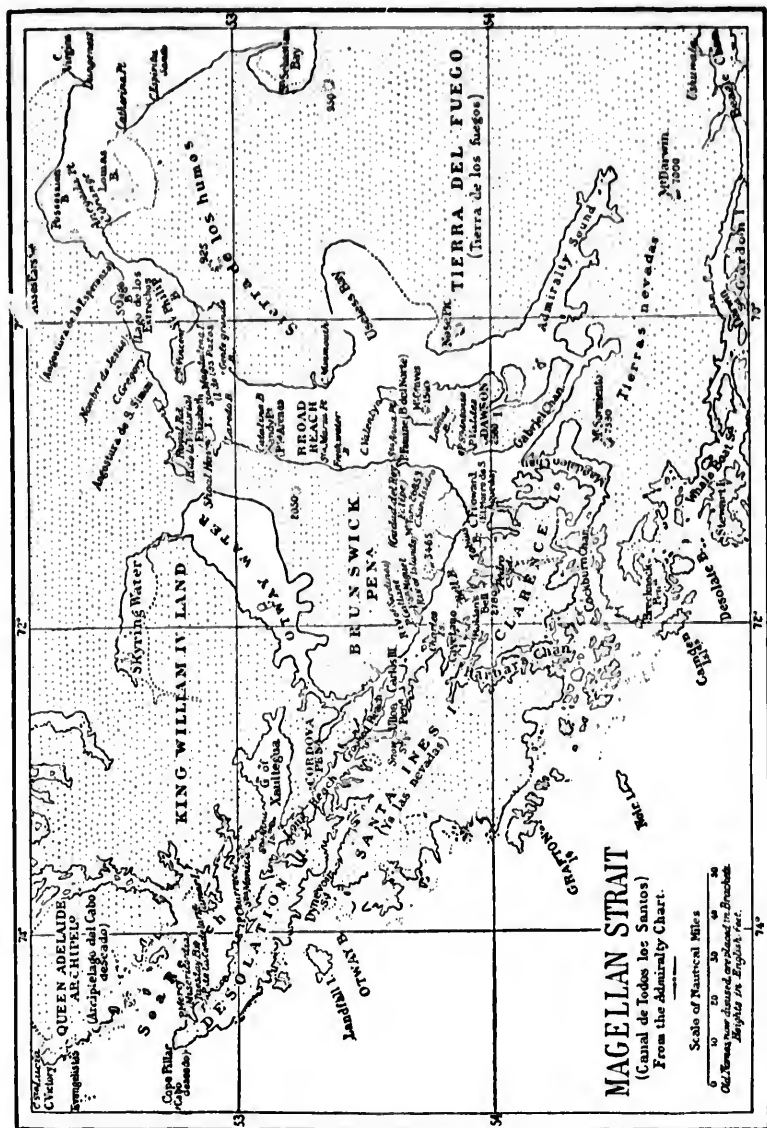
There was a spacious bay, which the vessels entered. Then the Admiral ordered the "San Antonio" and the "Concepcion" to explore the seeming strait and return within five days and report what they had observed. What if they should come back and report that there

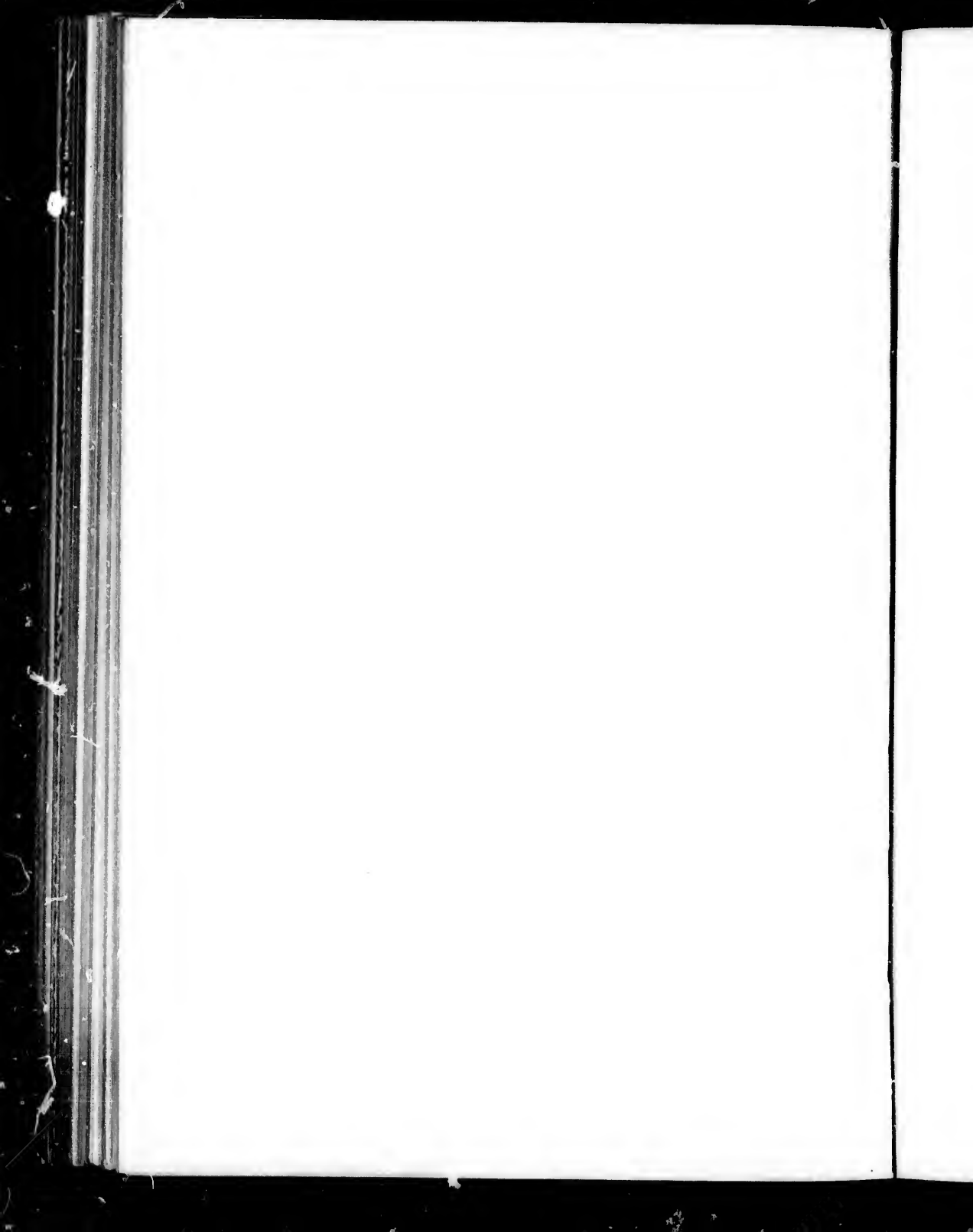


was no passage there? That same night a furious storm came on, and the two vessels in the entrance ran out to sea for safety. At the same time the two pioneers found themselves in a perilous plight. First they attempted to rejoin their comrades, but were unable to weather the cape which shut them from the anchorage. Then they put about and ran towards the end of the bay, expecting nothing else than certain destruction, for there seemed to be no opening. Suddenly they found themselves rounding a point, and a passage revealed itself. On they ran, mile after mile, thankful for their release from the jaws of death, until they came out into a broad bay. Still they pushed on through a series of narrows and wider reaches, until they had satisfied themselves that the opening led an immense distance southward. Then they retraced their course.¹

In the mean time there was consternation on the other vessels. Days had passed, and there was still no sign of the pioneers. Fear was growing into certainty that they had perished in the storm. Anxiously scanning the shore for some sign of the missing vessels, Magellan saw the smoke of distant fires. Undoubtedly, he thought, these must have been lighted by the survivors of a shipwreck. Then, when gloomy apprehension filled every mind, suddenly the "San Antonio" and the

¹ It has been explained to the writer by an old sea-captain, familiar with those waters, that one peculiarity of the Strait is the immense depth. In some parts there is no anchorage at all, and a vessel may sometimes have to run fifty miles before she can find a spot where she can lie to. Altogether, with its tortuous passages, its numerous sounds and openings leading nowhere, and its thickly sown islands, it is one of the most perplexing pieces of navigation. It is not surprising that its first explorer spent more than a month in threading it.





"Concepcion" came in sight, under full sail and gay with hunting, while their bombards fired a joyful salute. They brought glad news indeed. For three days they had followed the inlet without seeing any sign of its ending. On the contrary, there was always deep water, with a strong current. It seemed almost certain that the way to the Pacific lay there.

Now Magellan began for himself to explore the inlet with all the vessels. As they pushed on, day after day, through the winding passage, sometimes narrow, sometimes widening into broad bays, the conviction grew always stronger in him that the first great object of the expedition had been accomplished. Then he took the opinion of his officers as to prosecuting the voyage to the Moluccas. With but one exception, all were in favor of pushing on. They imagined, now the road was almost certainly found, that the Spice Islands must be within easy reach. Visions of balmy tropical islands rose before them, and they were almost clamorous for pushing the enterprise.

The one dissenting voice was that of Gomes, pilot of the "San Antonio." At the best, he bore no good-will to Magellan; and the appointment of Mesquita, the Admiral's kinsman, instead of himself, the King's pilot, to command the vessel, had deeply incensed him. Now he protested strongly against proceeding. Enough had been done, he said. Let the vessels return to Spain and report the strait discovered. Then they might sail again with a fresh equipment and push their way through to the Moluccas. He urged that these lay farther away than many imagined, which was true; and

if, on the way thither, they should encounter either long calms or storms, probably all would perish. From this it is plain that he had a better idea of the size of our globe than was common. Seven years had passed since Balboa saw the Pacific, but its vast width was not dreamed of.

Magellan replied, making light of his objections. He would push on, he said, even though they might be driven to such extremity as to eat the leather on the ships' yards. He would not hear of putting back, and, to stamp out all opposition, issued an order that nobody, under pain of death, should discuss the difficulties of the task or the scarcity of provisions.

A few days later a most disheartening thing befell the voyagers. Magellan had been compelled to grope his way through the strait by exploring its various openings, sounds, and bays. He had despatched the "San Antonio" and the "Concepcion" on a mission of this kind. After several days the latter vessel returned alone. Her consort had outsailed her and disappeared. Magellan's anxiety was extreme. He instituted a search. The "Victoria" even sailed back to the very entrance of the straits; but there was no trace of the missing vessel. Then it became certain that one of two things had happened: either the "San Antonio" had perished with all hands, or she had deserted. Magellan did not live to ascertain the truth which the survivors of the expedition learned on their arrival in Spain. At the instigation of the treacherous Gomes, a portion of the crew had mutinied, overpowered the rest, stabbed Mesquita and put him in irons, replaced him with

navigators, after all their bitter sufferings and cruel anxieties! While the ships fired salvoes of artillery, tears coursed down the bronzed cheeks of the stern commander, whom no peril could move.

Sailing in the deep gorge between high sierras and noting the smoke of numerous fires on the southern side of the straits, Magellan called the land Tierra del Fuego. On the 28th of November, thirty-eight days from the time of entering the straits, with colors flying and cannon roaring, the little fleet emerged on the broad ocean, whose waters a European keel had never before cut.

After the storm and stress of the "still-vexed" Atlantic, well might the great navigator, sailing over its tranquil bosom, heaving only with a long swell, call it the Pacific, the Peaceful.

CHAPTER XV

PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, AND FAMINE

Now began a voyage which, for horrors heroically encountered, stands almost without a parallel in human records. Measure the distance from the Straits of Magellan to the Ladrones, where the fleet first encountered inhabited land. You will find it to be the equivalent of sailing half around the globe! It is a fearful stretch even to-day for sailing vessels, fully provisioned, equipped with every scientific appliance, and having every league of their course charted, with winds and currents laid down. What must it have been for three little craft, poorly furnished, groping their way blindly over unknown seas!

For the first two weeks the fleet held its way northward, in order to escape the cold. Then the course was altered to the northwest. It was one of the fatalities of this disastrous voyage that, had Magellan taken a northwesterly course immediately on entering the Pacific, he would have run into some of the numerous island groups of Polynesia and escaped the horrors of famine and scurvy from which his men soon began to perish. His actual course kept him in the open ocean, out of sight of the great island-world, where he would have found an ample supply for all his needs.

Now day after day passed, week after week, and still no sign of land broke the awful monotony of the waste

of waters. At last, after nearly two months' sailing, a little wooded islet was sighted. It proved to be uninhabited. Eleven days more, and another island was seen. Like the first, it contained no human being, nor water, nor fruit. Shark Island they called it, from the number of fish of that kind which they saw near it.

It was now early in February, and the condition of the crews was pitiable in the extreme. The rations were reduced to the smallest limits. "Such a dearth of bread and water was there that they ate by ounces, and held their noses as they drank the water, for the stench of it." Says another account, "We ate biscuit that in truth was biscuit no longer, but a powder full of worms, and stinking by reason of the rats that burrowed in it." Then the wretched men hunted out the rats and greedily devoured them. Those who had gold gladly paid a half-ducat for one of the vermin. Even this resource failed, and then the starving men were driven to the very extremity which Magellan had once declared would not turn him back. They stripped off the hide with which the main yard was covered to prevent it from chafing against the rigging, soaked, and ate it.

Scurvy in its worst form broke out. Again and again the mournful ceremony of committing a dead comrade to the deep was gone through. The living dragged themselves about the decks, suffering cruelly in their limbs. All the while the tropical sun blazed on them with pitiless heat. And still amid all the world of water there was no sign of land.

At last the Line was reached, the known latitude of the Moluccas. But Magellan thought it wiser to shape

Plague, Pestilence, and Famine 155

his course to the northward, in the hope, probably, of reaching some port of China, where he could refit and revictual his fleet as he could not in the Spice Islands. Thus another dreadful month passed. With what anxiety the despairing seamen gazed westward, day after day, we can easily imagine.

CHAPTER XVI

DISCOVERY OF THE PHILIPPINES AND DEATH OF
MAGELLAN

AT last, on the 6th of March, ninety-eight days after entering the Pacific, land was sighted, inhabited land! What a blessed sight was that of the praus that came out to meet them! They had discovered the group now known as the Ladrões, and soon anchored off Guam, over which, as one of the acquisitions from Spain in the war of 1898, the government of the United States has hoisted its flag.

They shortly had a taste of the quality of the natives. As expert thieves as they were dexterous boatmen, they cut the skiff's painter and made off with her, swarmed over the vessels' sides, and stole everything they could lay hands on. Before long it was necessary to eject them. Then followed a fracas so serious that the Spaniards finally turned their artillery on them and killed several, before the rest took to flight. No wonder that the Europeans called the group the Ladrões, Robber Islands.

In the morning Magellan landed with a strong force, burned the village, killed some of the natives who resisted, recovered the skiff, and seized a quantity of provisions.

Undaunted by these drastic measures, some of the natives continued to hover about the vessels, manœuv-

ring their canoes so dexterously that they excited the Spaniards' wonder as they glided swiftly between the ships going under full sail and the boats towing astern. Some, eager for traffic, brought out canoes laden with provisions. How welcome the fresh fruits and vegetables must have been to the poor fellows on the fleet! For some, however, this relief came too late. That very day the only Englishman died, and later still others succumbed to the privations they had endured. But to the majority the fruits of the Robber Islands brought a new lease of life.

Sailing on, the fleet saw land on the 16th. It was almost an empire that this discovery added to Spain, for it was the great archipelago later called, in honor of the emperor's son, the Philippines. Magellan took possession of an island that seemed uninhabited and set up tents for the sick. A day or two later a passing prau observed the Europeans and visited them without fear. There was an exchange of gifts, and friendly relations were quickly established. Some spices shown to the Spaniards made them realize that they were near the islands to reach which they had endured so much.

Soon the natives returned bringing fruit, such as cocoa-nuts, oranges and bananas. We see another side of Magellan's character when we read of his visiting the sick every day himself and with his own hand giving them cocoa-nut milk to drink. The poor fellows improved rapidly on the free supply of vegetable diet.

After nine days the fleet continued on its way, touching at several islands and everywhere finding the natives friendly and hospitable. They wore many ornaments of

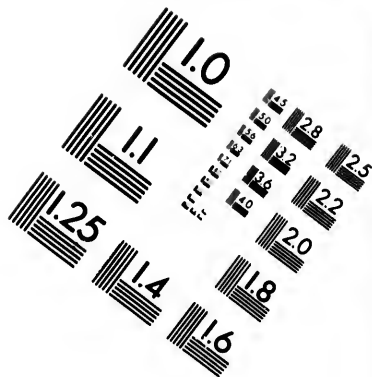
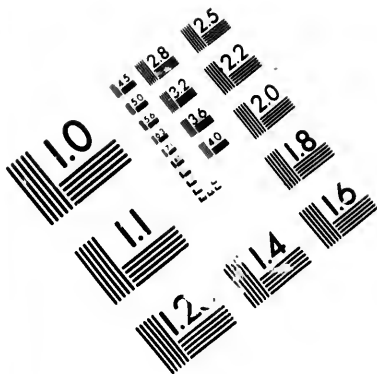
gold, which aroused the cupidity of the Spaniards. As they sailed on, many things struck the voyagers as very curious. There were the huge fruit-eating bats of the Malay Archipelago, "flying foxes" they called them. Then there were "certain black birds as large as fowls, which have a long tail, and which lay eggs as big as those of a goose and cover them with sand, leaving them thus exposed to the sun's heat, which hatches the chicks." On the 7th of April the fleet entered the port of Sebu. Magellan had been directed to it as one of the greatest centres of traffic. To impress the natives, he ordered the ships to fire their broadsides. Then he sent ashore a messenger, to assure them that this was done in honor of their king and in token of good-will. This conciliatory course so emboldened the King of Sebu that he was at the first inclined to take an arrogant stand towards the foreigners. But when Magellan sent him word that if he wished peace he could have peace, but if he wished for war he could have war, he altered his tone. Soon the friendliest relations were established between the Captain-general and the King. A formal treaty was made, and the Spaniards were to have the sole right of trading in his Majesty's dominions.

The king expressed his wish to become a Christian, and preparations were made for celebrating his baptism with fitting pomp. A goodly array of Spaniards in complete armor marched to the place where Magellan and his royal friend sat on chairs covered with velvet. The candidates for baptism, the king and a number of princes and nobles, were all clad in white. Magellan

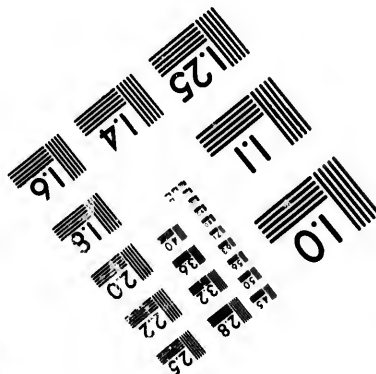
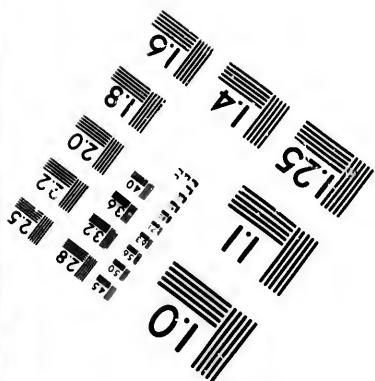
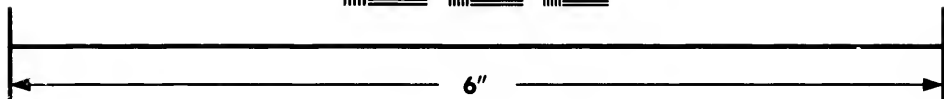
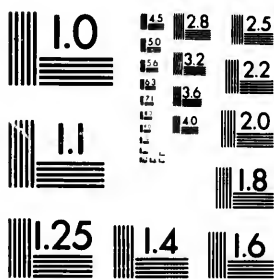
had instructed him that if he would be a good Christian, he must burn all his idols. This he promised to do. Then he was baptized, taking the name of Carlos, in honor of the Emperor. The same afternoon the queen and a number of her ladies received baptism. That day no less than eight hundred persons were received into the church. It seemed as if the people of Sebu could not quickly enough embrace the new religion, so zealous were they. Within a week all of them, together with many from neighboring islands, had received the outward and visible sign of being Christians. It must be said, however, that their works did not quite agree with their faith. Evidently they wished to remain on good terms with their old gods, at the same time that they secured the assistance of the Spaniards' God, for they did not burn their wooden idols, as they had promised.

Magellan was much scandalized at learning this. He reproved them severely. They answered that they kept their gods in order that these might restore to health a brother of the prince who lay so ill that he had not spoken for four days. Here was a great opportunity for showing the infinite superiority of Christianity to paganism. Magellan eagerly seized it. He assured the king that if he had true faith in our Lord, burned his idols, and caused the sick man to be baptized, he would quickly recover. On this he would stake his life. The king agreed. A procession marched with great show to the sick man's house, where he was found unable to speak or move. He was baptized, and lo! instantly he was able to speak. Five days later he rose





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



from his bed, burned an idol that he had in his house, and caused several temples to be destroyed. This marvelous cure inspired the natives with zeal for the new religion. They could not destroy their idols fast enough and range themselves under the strangers' God. The Spaniards were now riding on the top of the wave of popularity. They were soon to experience a sudden and disastrous ebb.

A certain rajah, Silapulapu, of the neighboring little island of Mactan, resisted the authority of the King of Sebu. Magellan promptly undertook to chastise him and teach him his duty. In vain the veteran Serrão tried to dissuade his leader from what seemed a needless risk, in view of the greatly reduced number of their men. The weak point of Magellan's character was his overweening confidence in his own judgment. Combined with his inflexible will, it made it impossible to dissuade him from a purpose once formed. Now he was filled, besides, with the glow of Christian zeal. He longed to bring the whole archipelago by one brilliant conquest under the authority of Spain and into the bosom of the Catholic Church. When his officers found that they could not prevail upon him to abandon the meddling enterprise, they pleaded with him not to go in person. They had as well argued with the winds. The scent of danger was to him as the blast of a trumpet to a war-horse.

On the 26th of April, at midnight, a little band of sixty Spaniards, with about a thousand natives in war-canoes, embarked for Mactan, only a few miles away. When daylight came, the King of Sebu begged to be



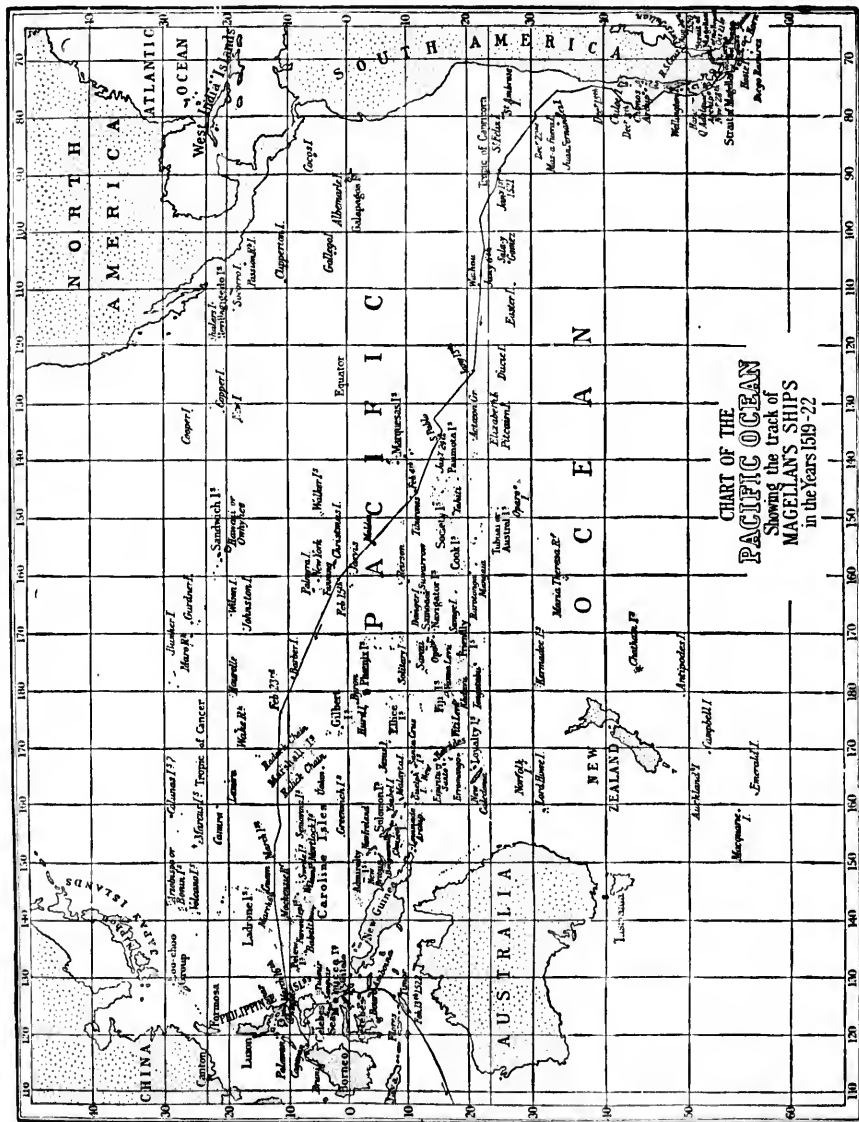
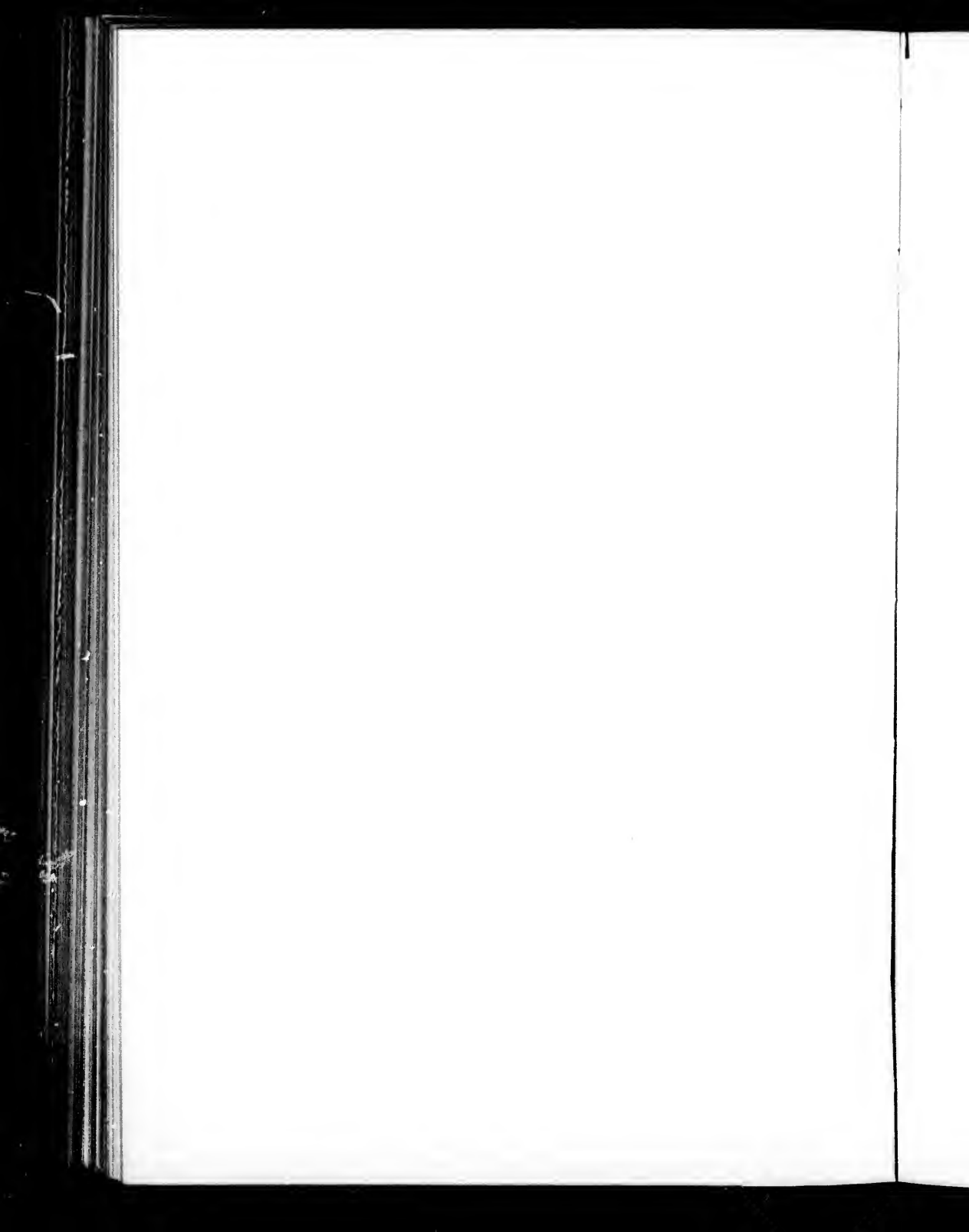


CHART OF THE
PACIFIC OCEAN
 Showing the track of
 MAGELLAN'S SHIPS
 in the Years 1519-22



allowed to lead the assault. Magellan would not hear of it. What could any number of naked savages do against sixty Europeans clad in steel armor and carrying firearms? Let his friend, the king, remain with his men in their canoes and see how easily the Spaniards would rout their enemies.

Owing to a coral reef, the boats could not come within a long distance of the shore, and it was necessary to leave a number of men to guard them and to serve the bombards. Only forty-eight men landed with Magellan and waded a distance of two crossbow-shots to the beach. Immediately they encountered a fierce resistance. A swarm of natives opposed their advance and, so soon as they moved forward, enveloped their flanks, pouring in showers of stones, spears, and arrows. Moreover, the scattered huts of the village, surrounded by trees and gardens, and the uncultivated ground covered with thick brush, favored the defence. The Europeans kept up firing, but to very little purpose, and the enemy grew bolder. Magellan had ordered a party to set fire to some cabins that sheltered them. The wind blew sparks upon other cabins, and soon twenty or thirty were blazing. The sight of their property burning infuriated the natives. They made a rush, cut off the incendiary party, and killed two of them.

Things had become critical. Magellan had been wounded in the leg by an arrow. He ordered a retreat. The day might yet have been saved, in a measure, had the Spaniards fallen back in good order. But, accustomed to easy victories, they broke in a disgraceful panic before the swarms of savages yelling and showering

spears and arrows. Only six or eight remained around their gallant leader.

The enemy recognized Magellan's rank and directed their attacks especially against him. Twice he lost his helmet. Then he received a spear wound in the right arm. Then an Indian wounded him in the face. Magellan replied by plunging his spear into the man's breast. He left it there and sought to use his sword. As he was in the act of drawing it, hampered by his wounded arm, the enemy crowded around and thrust at him from every side. A blow from a *terzado*, something like a large scimitar, caused him to fall forward on his face. Then the enemy threw themselves upon him furiously and ran him through with iron-pointed bamboo spears.

So fell the great leader in a miserable fight with savages, a victim of his own obstinacy and reckless daring. The King of Sebu, on hearing the sad news, burst into tears, while the little flotilla mournfully retraced its way, the more stricken with grief and shame because of leaving its commander's body in the hands of the enemy. The next day an envoy was sent to offer any price that might be demanded for the precious remains. But Silapulapu returned word that on no consideration would he part with a trophy which his people would prize above every other. Thus it comes that while the bones of Columbus have been honored in two hemispheres, to this day no man knows where lies the dust of his great rival for fame, the first circumnavigator.

Not a rival, but a superior, some maintain. In support of this view, they remind us that he crossed an

Discovery of the Philippines 165

ocean far vaster, one on whose waters no European ship had ever floated; that whereas Columbus made land on the thirty-sixth day after leaving the Canaries, Magellan did not reach the Pacific until more than a year after he sailed, and that he struggled on his chartless way across the ocean no less than three months and eighteen days; that he accomplished his stupendous undertaking in the face of incomparably greater difficulties; and, most of all, that whereas Columbus achieved fame by a happy mistake, Magellan had in his mind a clear purpose, from executing which no obstacles could cause him to swerve. From Seville to the Philippines all was planned. We do not wonder that some careful critics have assigned his place in the temple of Fame as that of "the greatest of ancient and modern navigators."

CHAPTER XVII

THE CIRCUMNAVIGATION COMPLETED

AFTER Magellan's death, Barbosa and Serrão were chosen to the command. But the expedition soon lost the aid of their wisdom and experience, under tragic circumstances. The King of Sebu invited the officers of the fleet, with all who could be spared, to come ashore to a feast. Serrão had suspicions of treachery and hesitated to go; but Barbosa rallied him into going. Along with them went a considerable number of the most important men of the fleet.

Two of the party, — Espinosa, the alguazil, and Carvalho, the pilot, — seeing one of their comrades led off alone in a suspicious manner, instantly turned back. They were the only ones who escaped with their lives. They had scarcely reached the ships and told their story, when a great disturbance was heard on shore. At a given signal, the natives had fallen on their guests with spears and daggers. The Spaniards made a desperate but vain resistance, overpowered as they were by a multitude. The ablest men of the fleet perished there. In the meantime Carvalho had approached the shore with the ships and was pouring broadsides into the village. Then a most pitiable spectacle was seen. Serrão was dragged to the water's edge, bound and bleeding from many wounds. The natives wished to barter his

life for cannon and merchandise. He shouted to his comrades the terrible story of the massacre and implored them to cease firing, lest he, too, should be murdered. No sign of help was made on the fleet. Again Serrão shouted, imploring his comrades, by every tie of brotherhood and humanity, not to desert him in his extremity, but to send a boat to his relief. In vain! When he saw



A SCENE IN SEBU
(From *Guillemard's Life of Magellan*)

the ships making sail, he solemnly cursed Carvalho and prayed that God would require of him an account for his treachery at the last great day. The heartless Carvalho, hitherto Serrão's bosom friend, eager to obtain the command which the other's death would vacate, sailed away, leaving the wretched man to his doom. Already Magellan's other chief reliance, his brother-in-law Barbosa, had perished.

As the vessels stood out from the shore, a party was seen tearing down the cross that had been reared near the church. Thus collapsed the fabric of Christianity in the Philippines, that dream so dear to Magellan. It had grown up in a night, and in an hour it fell.

The vessels were now so short-handed, and the "Concepcion" was so leaky and unserviceable, that it was resolved to destroy her. After transferring the best of her stores, she was burned. Thus there remained but two of the original five vessels; of the two hundred and seventy men who had left Seville, but one hundred and fifteen.

The "Trinidad" and "Victoria" now coasted the great island of Mindanao; at Palawan got a supply of pigs, goats, poultry, fruits, and rice, of which they were in sore need, and then headed for Borneo. Following some junks up the very difficult channel, they cast anchor in the harbor of Brunei. A most unique city they found this, as it is to-day; namely, a vast collection of houses built wholly on piles in the water.

Their experience at Sebu made the voyagers very wary. Accordingly, when five of their number, who had gone on shore to get wax for calking, were detained by the Sultan, they scented danger. Then, seeing some two hundred praus advancing towards them, they did not wait longer, but promptly opened fire, capturing one junk and driving others ashore, while the praus retired precipitately.

Sailing away, they beached their vessels in a bay, where they spent six weeks in overhauling and calking them, in preparation for continuing their voyage. Here

Circumnavigation Completed 169

Carvalho was removed, and Juan Sebastian del Cano became captain of the "Victoria." His skill as a navigator recommended him for the appointment and was proved by his successful completion of the voyage. The expedition seems by this time to have become little better than piratical. Every vessel that they met they plundered. If there was resistance, their artillery soon overcame it.

At last, on November 6, they sighted the Moluccas. They thanked God and fired a grand salute. The goal of their voyage of twenty-seven months had been reached at last. Two days later they cast anchor close to the shore of Tidor and discharged their broadsides as a salute to the king. The latter greeted them with great hospitality, and the Spaniards in turn, anxious to make treaties with him and to load their vessels as quickly as possible, fairly overwhelmed him with gifts. They at once asked for Magellan's friend, Serrão. They found that he had been dead some months.

Everything went smoothly, and a treaty was quickly made by which the sovereignty of the Spanish King was recognized. Trading for spices soon became brisk. The Sultan of Tidor bestirred himself in procuring a large supply, and the natives thronged from neighboring islands with their canoes laden, eager for barter. To understand the joy of the Spaniards when they began to take in their cargo, which they showed by firing off their cannon, we must remember the terrible sacrifices they had made, and that they understood this occasion to mean their participation in the most lucrative traffic in the world, one which hitherto had belonged exclu-

sively to Portugal. They learned that so great had been Dom Manoel's desire to shut them out from it, that he had sent orders to his viceroy in India to despatch a fleet to the Moluccas against them.

All about them the feeling of the people was friendly. Several kings or rajahs made treaties placing themselves under the emperor's protection. The Spaniards carefully suppressed any knowledge of the commercial value of the commodities they were purchasing. For a few yards of ribbon they bought hundreds of pounds of spices. By the articles of agreement every sailor had the right of carrying a specified weight of goods on shipboard. The people came trooping with their wares. Prices fell to almost nothing. Everybody was eager to avail himself of this glut in the market. When a sailor had no more merchandise to barter, he traded the very clothes off his back.

By the middle of December the vessels were ready for sea. Much as the storm-tossed mariners longed for home, they were loath to leave the Moluccas, where they had met with so warm a welcome and found so much wealth. The peacefulness of the inhabitants and the ease of life in those balmy islands had made a deep impression on them. Neighboring rajahs had assembled to bid them farewell, and the Sultan of Tidor especially was inconsolable. He begged them to return as soon as possible and meanwhile to give him some artillery, that he might be better able to defend himself. They gave him some swivel-guns and four barrels of powder.

But when the hour for sailing came, the "Trinidad" was found to be leaking dangerously. In vain every

effort was made to locate the leak. Expert native divers explored the bottom with their long hair loose, so that the inrush of the water might sweep it towards the crevice. Still the leak could not be found. Then it was decided that the "Victoria" should take advantage of the east monsoon and sail for Spain without delay, while the "Trinidad" should discharge her cargo, be thoroughly overhauled and refitted, and should then, when the west monsoon set in, sail for Panama. With mutual salutes, the two ships parted company, never to meet again.

The "Trinidad's" remaining career was brief. After being overhauled, she put to sea, sailed far out into the Pacific, lost many men by sickness and hunger, and one of her masts in a storm. She put back and was seized by the Portuguese. A typhoon struck her, and she went ashore and broke up. So perished the flagship which had borne Magellan. When her end came, she had on board but nineteen of the fifty-four men who had sailed in her but six months previously.

When the Portuguese officials felt that they must start the survivors on their homeward voyage, they made it as long and hard and perilous as possible. They were imprisoned at one place and another, ill-treated everywhere. Vasco da Gama, then Viceroy at Cochin, detained them in prison until he died. His successor, a more merciful man, gave them their freedom. Meanwhile some had perished at sea, and others had died of pestilence or from the miseries of prison-life. At last, three years after the wreck of the "Trinidad," four men, the only ones living of the fifty-four who sailed

on her last voyage, reached Seville. One of them was Espinosa. Charles received him very kindly and gave him a pension. But the officials of the India House actually docked him of his pay during the time that he was a prisoner in the hands of the Portuguese. Could meanness go further?

Let us return to the "Victoria," the last of Magellan's little fleet. On the 21st of December she started on her homeward voyage with a crew of sixty men, of whom forty-seven were Europeans. On the 8th of January she passed the great barrier of islands which stretches from Timor to Sumatra, probably through Flores Strait. A gale was driving her eastward, in just the opposite direction to her true course. But she ran before it until she reached Ombay, where she found safe anchorage.

Towards the end of January the large island of Timor was made. Being short of provisions, Del Cano followed his usual summary procedure. He seized a chief who was on a friendly visit and compelled him to pay a ransom in live-stock. Afterwards, however, he gave him an equivalent in merchandise and sent him away satisfied. On the 13th of February he shaped his course southwesterly across the Indian Ocean for the Cape of Good Hope.

No land was made for several weeks. By the early part of April the battered old hull was leaking badly, and the crew were suffering fearfully. The ship lay to and underwent repairs, but there was not any relief at hand for the distress of the men. The change from tropical heat to a colder latitude found them unprovided

with suitable clothing. This, with the lack of proper food, for their meat had become putrid and they were reduced to rice alone, told fearfully on them. They were sick in appalling numbers and became so enfeebled that it was seriously debated whether they should not run for Mozambique, where the Portuguese had settlements. But pride and ambition prevailed, and they resolved against a step which would have been equivalent to a surrender.

The middle of April found them battling with cold and heavy seas between the 40th and 41st degrees of latitude.

The dreaded ordeal of rounding the "Stormy Cape" of Bartholomew Diaz was still before them. At last it was accomplished, but with considerable damage to the rigging. Once more they stopped for repairs and then struggled on.

Their condition was pitiful, wasted as they were by starvation and racked with scurvy. The solemn committal of a dead brother to the deep was mournfully frequent. Of the thirteen natives but four remained alive. The historian, with characteristic superstition, writes: "We noticed a curious thing in throwing the bodies overboard. The Christians remained with the face turned up to heaven; the Indians with the face downwards."

Now came some mitigation of their sufferings, as they were running into a milder temperature. On the 8th of June they crossed the line, and on the 1st of July they debated whether or not they should touch at the Cape Verdes. It would be a perilous thing to do, for it meant

danger of seizure by the Portuguese. But dire necessity left them no choice. Before entering the port of Santiago, it was agreed that those who went ashore should pretend that they were returning from America and had been delayed by the loss of their foretopmast, until they had run short of provisions. The device worked admirably, and the unsuspecting Portuguese supplied them with food. But a day or two later came a disagreeable surprise. A boat sent ashore for rice did not return. The vessel waited until the next day in vain and then stood in towards the port. Instead of their own boat, out came one filled with Portuguese officers, who ordered them to surrender. Either the bragging of a sailor at a wine-shop or his attempting to sell some cloves had betrayed the secret. Del Cano tried to make terms for the return of his boat and men; but when he saw some caravels preparing to come out, he clapped on all sail and hastened away, leaving his men in the hands of the Portuguese.

Now there remained but eighteen Europeans and four natives, and of them nearly all were on the sick-list. It was hard to work the ship, so short-handed were they. But soon the welcome shore of Spain hove in sight, and on the 6th of September, only twelve days less than three years from the date of their departure, they reached Seville. The battered little "Victoria" and her skeleton of a crew had sailed around the globe and added another to the list of the world's great achievements.

Imagine the scene, if you can, — the roaring of the artillery firing a joyful salute; the news spreading like

wildfire through the town; the eager folk running to the quay, to see with their own eyes the wonderful vessel; the huzzahs of the excited crowd; and the breathless inquiries for some who would nevermore come.

One thing the crew could not account for: by their reckoning it was September 6, while everybody in Seville declared it to be the 7th. What had become of the missing day? Then a famous astronomer explained to them that it could not be otherwise, since they had sailed around the world following the sun.

The thirteen men left at the Cape Verde Islands were shortly released and sent to Lisbon, whence they came to Spain. There they joined their old comrades, and all were presented to the Emperor. Charles could not do too much to testify his joy at the successful issue of the voyage, the fame of which quickly spread throughout Europe.

It seemed the very irony of fate that Del Cano, once a mutineer, received the honors that Magellan had so dearly earned. So it doubtless will be to the end of time. The successful are crowned; and the statue of



STATUE OF SEBASTIAN
DEL CANO

Del Cano, representing him standing with a globe behind him and a compass at his feet, may be taken as an illustration of this principle. Meanwhile the great leader's bones lay in some unknown spot on a distant islet. His little boy was dead. His wife, heart-broken, had died too. Thus there was none to inherit his fame.

Poor Mesquita, the unhappy captain of the "San Antonio," who had been brought home wounded and in irons by the mutinous crew, after they had deserted in the Straits, had all this time languished in jail. Now, when the true story was told by the survivors of the "Victoria," he was released and shared the honors and rewards of those who completed the circumnavigation.

Thus ends the story of a voyage of which an old chronicler has quaintly said that "not anything more notable in navigation has been heard of or described since the voyage of the patriarch Noah."

An astonishing thing about it was that it proved a commercial success. The enormous value of the "Victoria's" cargo exceeded the cost of the outfit and the loss of ships and stores and gave a balance of profit.

CHAPTER XVIII

VERRAZANO EXPLORES THE COAST OF THE UNITED STATES

WE are not accustomed to think of the French as being among the early voyagers. Yet the first known exploration of the shores of North America from Chesapeake Bay to the Bay of Fundy was made by a French vessel. In the first place, French fishermen very quickly flocked to the splendid fishing-grounds on the banks of Newfoundland, to which the expedition of the Cabots in 1497 and 1498 had drawn attention. "From 1504 to the present moment," says Dr. John Fiske, "there has probably never been a year when the French flag has not been seen and the French language heard upon these waters. The name of Cape Breton, which is perhaps the earliest European name north of the West Indies, tells its own story."

In 1523 Giovanni da Verrazano, of Florence, one of the most highly trained pilots of his time, sailed from Dieppe, in France, with four ships furnished by Francis I., for the express purpose of discovering a westward passage to Cathay. He encountered violent storms, which so disabled his vessels that he finally made a second start with the "Dolphin" alone. On his return from this voyage, he made a report to Francis in a letter which has often been translated and which is full

of interest for us, because it contains the first description of a great part of our Atlantic seaboard. The authenticity of this letter has been disputed, but it stands above question in the opinion of the best scholars. Let us follow his narrative somewhat closely.

On January 17, 1524, he sailed westward from Madeira. On the 10th of March "we reached," he says, "a new country that had never before been seen by any one within ancient or modern times." This mention is very significant. It shows that he knew that he was not on the coast of China or of Japan, as Columbus believed himself to be when he was among the West India islands. Another passage in his letter shows us that he recognized the newly discovered land as a barrier between him and the ocean beyond which lay Cathay. There is no doubt that he had heard of Magellan's circumnavigation of the earth, and he believed that there was in the northern hemisphere a passage corresponding to that which the other had found in the southern. To discover it was his problem.

His landfall was made, he says, about the 34th degree of north latitude, that is, on the coast of Carolina, and his description of the country is singularly accurate: "The whole shore is covered with fine sand about fifteen feet thick, rising in the form of little hills about fifty paces broad. Ascending farther, we found several arms of the sea which make in through inlets, washing the shores on both sides as the coast runs. An outstretched country appears at a little distance, rising somewhat above the sandy shore, in beautiful fields and

France on the Coast of North America 179

broad plains, covered with immense forests of trees more or less dense, too various in color and too delightful and charming in appearance to be described. . . . They are adorned with palms, laurels, eypresses, and other varieties, unknown to Europe, that send forth the sweetest fragrance to a great distance." How the sea-worn mariners, tossed in a winter voyage on the stormy Atlantic, must have been ravished as they approached this balmy southern land in the springtime and scented the fragrance wafted far seaward! Thirty-eight years later another famous explorer, Captain Jean Ribault, having made his landfall on the same coast, further southward, in the springtime also, writes with rapture of enjoying "with unspeakable pleasure the odorous smell and beauty" of the shore, and beholding "the goodly order of the woods wherewith God hath decked every way the said land."

Though Verrazano knew that he was not on the coast of Asia, he evidently believed it to be not very far away, and, with the fragrance of the Carolina woods in his nostrils, he writes, "this country cannot be devoid of the same medicine and aromatic drugs and various riches of gold and the like, as is denoted by the color of the ground."

So he coasted along northward, not finding any harbor, but noting the multitude of fires, which he took to indicate a numerous population. Undoubtedly the natives were signaling his coming. Often they came down to the beach, making gestures of welcome. One particular instance of their good-will he relates. A young sailor swam close to the shore carrying a number

of toys and knick-knacks. When he was near enough, he tossed them to a group standing near the water's edge. But, turning to swim back, he was thrown over by the waves and dashed on the shore with so great violence that he lay as if he were dead. Thereupon some of the natives seized him by the arms and legs and carried him up from the surf. Under the impression that some horrible fate was in store for him, he uttered piercing shrieks. His companions in the boat, also, when they saw him set down near a huge fire and his clothes taken off, imagined that he was about to be roasted on the spot. But all parties were quickly reassured by the kindly actions of the natives, who, when he was sufficiently restored to be able to swim out to the boat, accompanied him to the shore and watched him until he was safe with his friends.

Such were the aborigines of this coast in their first disposition towards Europeans. That they did not long retain it, is not to be wondered at, when we read of such episodes as Lucas de Ayllon's dastardly kidnapping of a shipload of them to work as slaves in St. Domingo. How well they could requite treachery he learned when he next landed among them. Verrazano himself furnishes a conspicuous example of the brutal savagery of those who claimed to represent the humane spirit of Christianity. In the next paragraph to that which describes the friendliness of the natives, he relates that, walking in the woods with a party of his men, he came upon an old woman and a young girl with three children, and would have taken the girl, "who was very beautiful and very tall," but was hindered by her

shrieks and struggles and was compelled to content himself with carrying away the oldest of the children, a boy of eight years, to be taken to France.

The explorer was much impressed by the native canoes, made by "burning out as much of a log as is requisite to make them float well on the sea;" and he gives a true picture of the sandy shore-line of our southern coast when he says, "in the whole country, for a space of two hundred leagues, which we visited, we saw no stone of any sort."

Now we come to one of the most significant passages: "After proceeding one hundred leagues, we found a very pleasant situation among some steep hills, through which a very large river, deep at its mouth, forced its way to the sea." Upon this passage and others which follow, Dr. Fiske remarks: "There can be no doubt whatever as to Verrazano's entering New York harbor. His description of the approach to New York is unmistakable. Northward the channel now called the Narrows seemed full of promise. The neighboring hillsides were alive with peering savages as the French ship passed between Staten Island and the Gowanus shore and entered the great land-locked harbor which Verrazano compares to a beautiful lake. Canoes filled with red men in paint and feathers darted hither and thither."

Any possible doubt that the locality described was New York harbor would be removed by what follows. He tells us that the coast after this trends toward the east. He followed it for about eighty leagues, along the southern shore of Long Island, discovering an island (Block Island), which he called after the king's mother,

Louise, and having rounded Point Judith, which appears on his map as Cape St. Francis, came into "a very excellent harbor." This can be none other than Narragansett Bay, for he says that it is situated in $41^{\circ} 40'$, which is very nearly the latitude of Newport, "in the parallel of Rome, but much colder." He called it Refugio.

Here he spent a fortnight and explored the whole of the bay. He was enthusiastic about its beauty, and describes it at great length. His lengthened stay gave him a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the natives, and he tells us of their manner of living, their food, their canoes, their wigwams, and other such details. They seemed to him superior to any others that he had seen, and much lighter in color. "Their eyes are black and sharp, their expression mild and pleasant, greatly resembling the antique. Their women are of the same form and beauty, very graceful, of fine countenances and pleasing appearance in manners and modesty." "They are very generous," he continues, "giving away whatever they have." But in one particular their caution seemed to him excessive; "although they came on board themselves and remained a long while, they made their wives stay in the boats, nor could we ever get them on board by entreaties or any presents we could make them." When the character of their visitors is considered, we cannot but applaud the wariness of these friendly savages. We come upon an interesting point when we read, "If they fall sick, they cure themselves without medicine, by the heat of the fire." This plainly refers to the sweating-bath,

which seems to have been very generally used by the Indians.

After a two weeks' stay in this delightful Port of Refuge, as it was long afterwards designated on the maps, the voyagers sailed first to the east, then to the north, following the coast very closely for a hundred and fifty leagues. They had by this time come to "a more elevated country, full of very thick woods of fir-trees, cypresses and the like, indicative of a cold climate." They were now, probably, in the region of Cape Ann. "The people were entirely different from the others we had seen, whom we had found kind and gentle; but these were so rude and barbarous that we were unable by any sign we could make to hold communication with them. The land appears sterile and unfit for growing of fruit or grain of any kind, and we saw no signs of cultivation." Having landed in one place, the explorers encountered the hostility of the natives, who sent a shower of arrows among them, "raising the most horrible cries and fleeing to the woods."

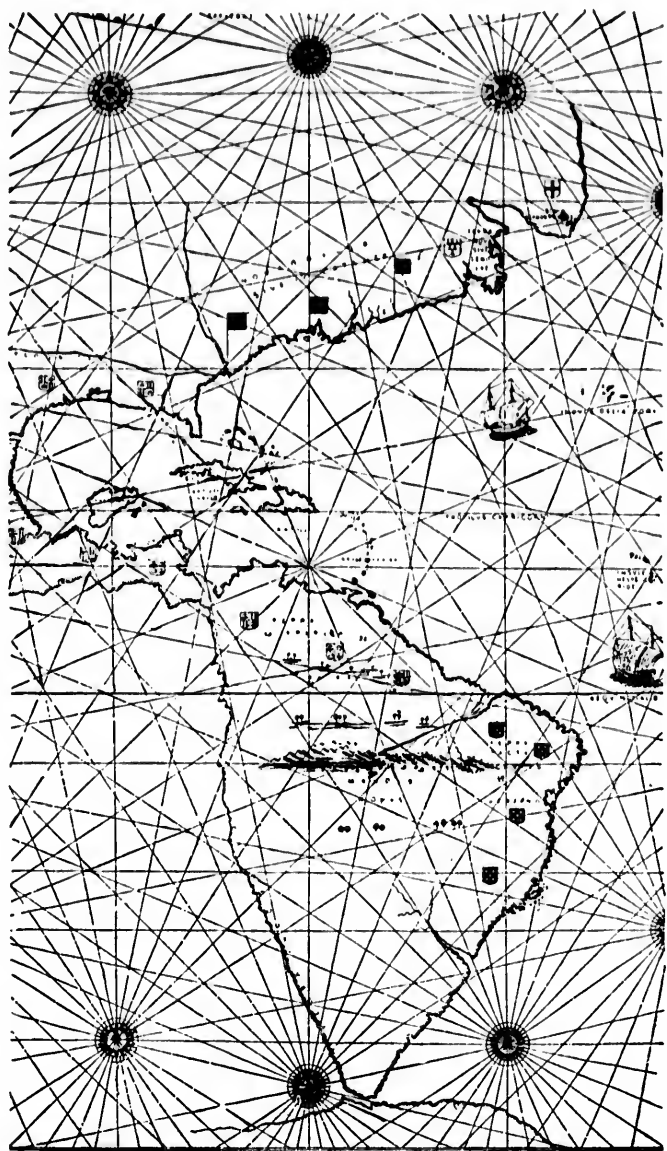
Still keeping near to the coast, the "Dolphin" sailed northeast, and got a distant view of the White Mountains. Then it came into a bay full of islands "of pleasant appearance, and so disposed as to afford excellent harbors and channels, as we see in the Adriatic Gulf, near Illyria and Dalmatia," a description which seems to leave no doubt that the locality was Penobscot Bay. Shortly afterward, as the supply of food was running low, the "Dolphin" turned her prow homeward and reached Dieppe within twenty-eight days. Thus ended a voyage which is remarkable for having accomplished

the first exploration and furnished the first description of a large part of our eastern coast.

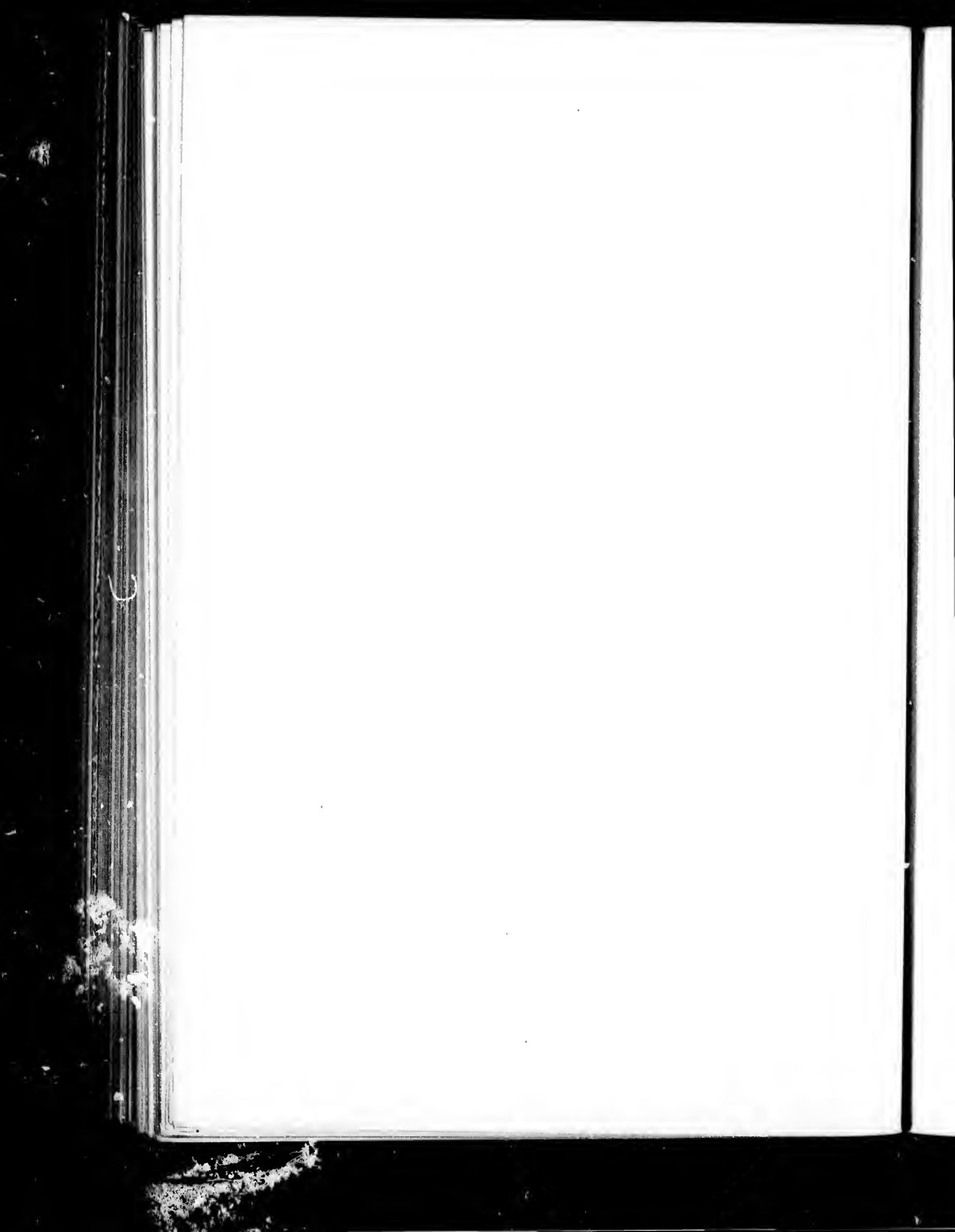
But what of the passage to Cathay? Verrazano did not claim to have discovered one. But there is the clearest evidence that he believed himself to have actually looked upon the Pacific. After his return, his brother made a map which has a singular feature. It shows the continent of North America divided into a great body of land at the south and a smaller one at the north, these two connected by a narrow isthmus in the region now known as the eastern shore of Virginia. On this map is the inscription: "From this eastern sea one beholds the western sea; there are six miles of land between the two." Thereupon Dr. Fiske has surmised, with great plausibility, that Verrazano missed the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, but, chancing to land a little to the north of it on the narrow Accomac peninsula, and seeing the apparently boundless expanse of the bay on the west, mistook it for the western ocean. His error was perpetuated in a series of maps, covering nearly a hundred years, all of which show, in the region referred to, a narrow isthmus connecting two continental areas and washed on its western shore by a so-called "Sea of Verrazano."

The most of the pioneers of exploration died on the element where they gained renown. A worse fate befell Verrazano. Three years after his famous voyage, while engaged on another, he met a Spanish squadron, and, after a stout fight, was overpowered by superior force, captured, taken to Cadiz, and hanged as a pirate.

ion
lid
the
tu-
his
It
o a
the
the
On
sea
of
ur-
sed
and
in-
of
un.
ng
on
en-
ed
on
se
us
sh
by
as



THE VERRAZANO MAP



The chief result of his exploration seems to have been the knowledge which French seamen gained of the Hudson River. They are said to have frequented it long before English or Dutch came there, and, so early as 1540, to have built a trading-fort where Albany now stands, besides one at Manhattan.

A curious controversy has grown out of Verrazano's voyage with reference to the mysterious region known as Norumbega, a name which he seems to have first brought to the attention of Europeans. There has been much diversity of opinion as to the meaning and origin of the word, as well as the situation of the country. The late Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, stoutly maintained that the name was the Indian attempt to pronounce Norwega, the Latin form of Norway, and that it designated a city on the Charles River, in Massachusetts, erected by the Northmen early in the eleventh century. Passengers on the bridge over the Charles between Waltham and Newton may read this inscription on a tablet: "Outlook upon the stone dam and stonewalled docks and wharves of Norumbega, the seaport of the Northmen in Vineland. Erected by Eben Norton Horsford, Dec. 31, 1892."

Others have maintained that the Penobscot was the Norumbega River. But the old maps, which surely are the best witnesses on this point, strongly controvert both these theories. One, of the date of 1550, has the words Terra de Nurumbega in large letters covering all the country from the Hudson to Narragansett Bay. Another, of the date of 1569, a particularly fine one, has the region both east and west of the Hudson desig-

nated Norumbega, and, in addition, the same name in small letters set opposite a village at the head of New York Bay.

On this testimony it would seem to be clearly established that the name Norumbega covered both a region about the Hudson and a village on or near the site of New York City.

CHAPTER XIX

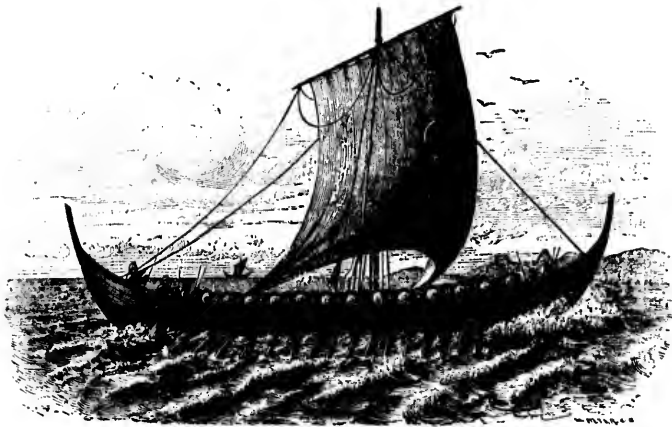
THE EARLIEST SEEKERS OF A NORTHEAST PASSAGE

FOR our first authentic glimpse of the countries and races of the far north we are indebted to a royal writer, Alfred the Great. This noblest of English rulers "desired to leave to the men that come after a remembrance of him in good works," and, dying, was able to say, "So long as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily." He earnestly sought to enlighten his people, and in order to throw open to them the knowledge which till then had been limited to the clergy, who alone understood Latin, he translated several books into English. Thus he laid the foundations of our noble literature. He has also left us an account of the first Arctic exploration of which there is any record.

About the year 880 there came to his court a man whose experiences must have been wonderfully interesting to Alfred's eager mind. His judgment did not err as to the value of this early explorer's discoveries. The story of Othere's voyage bears all the marks of truth, because it gives a description, accurate at this day, of lands and peoples about whom, at that time and for hundreds of years afterwards, the most grotesque fables were current in Europe. His story was briefly this: —

He was a native of Helgeland, in the northern part of Norway. Beyond him all was waste land, except that in

a few places there dwelt Finns, hunting in the winter and in the summer fishing. He was desirous of seeing how far the waste land extended. Therefore he set sail and followed the coast northward, until he had gone as far as the whale-hunters were wont to go. He sailed still north for three days more. Then the land inclined to the east. He followed it, having always an open sea on his left and on his right waste land, uninhabited ex-



A NORSE SHIP OF THE TENTH CENTURY

cept by fishermen, fowlers, and hunters. After five days the land inclined due south. He still followed it until he came to the mouth of a great river.

He goes on to give some interesting particulars about the whale-fishery, about walrus, and about the reindeer, which constituted the sole wealth of the sparse population. We have no reason for doubting that this bold pioneer actually sailed into the Arctic Ocean, doubled North Cape, and entered the White Sea, going

Early Seekers of a Northeast Passage 191

as far as the mouth of the Dwina. His account of the course which he followed agrees exactly with the coast-line. Indeed, he showed a better acquaintance with the geography of that region than was common many hundreds of years later. Maps published so late as the first half of the sixteenth century show Greenland connected with Norway. It is interesting, too, to know from his report that these regions were inhabited in those remote times, as they are to-day, by Lapps, living essentially the same life, with their herds of reindeer, their only wealth.

We must therefore give to this bold Norseman the credit of being the first European to penetrate the frozen regions of the far North and impart to western Europe some knowledge of what he had observed. He was a worthy scion of that daring race which, about the same time, sent forth Eric the Red, to plant in Iceland a colony that has prospered more than a thousand years.

After the time of Alfred the densest ignorance prevailed. Hundreds of years passed by, and nothing was done towards pushing the explorations which Othere had begun so valiantly. The solitary whale-fishers and hunters on the desolate coasts of Lapland and the White Sea lived their remote lives unvisited by western Europeans, among whom the most absurd accounts of these peoples circulated. Nothing was too preposterous to be credited. If we would form an idea of the kind of "travelers' tales" that were current down to a comparatively recent time, we have only to read Sir John Maundeville, who has been mentioned in the first chapter of this book. Here is a sample paragraph, with modern

spelling: "In another isle are people who have the face all flat, without nose and without mouth. In another isle are people that have the lip above the mouth so great, that when they sleep in the sun, they cover all the face with that lip. And in another isle there are dwarfs, which have no mouth, but instead of their mouth they have a little round hole; and when they shall eat or drink, they take it through a pipe or a pen or such a thing, and suck it in. And in another isle are people that have horses' feet. In another isle are people that are all skinned and feathered, and would leap as lightly into trees and from tree to tree as squirrels or apes."

The imaginative knight sometimes vouches for these absurdities as matters of his own personal knowledge. For instance, he gives this information about diamonds: "They grow many together, one little, another great; and there are some the greatness of a bean, and some as great as a hazel-nut. They are square and pointed of their own kind, without work of man's hand. They grow together, male and female, and are nourished by the dew of heaven. They bring forth small children, that multiply and grow all the year. I have oftentimes tried the experiment, that if a man keep them with a little of the rock and wet them with May-dew often, they shall grow every year, and the small will grow great; for right as the fine pearl congeals and grows great by the dew of heaven, right so doth the true diamond." Elsewhere he writes of parrots that talk without being taught. But he does not tell what language they speak.

Early Seekers of a Northeast Passage 193

The eagerness with which these tales were devoured in Europe gives us a startling insight into the general ignorance and credulity. Except the Scriptures, no other book, it is said, was more common in the end of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth. Undoubtedly what Sir John wrote about China and India, together with the earlier narration of Marco Polo, went far towards arousing the curiosity and greed of western Europe and nourishing the dream of Cathay which inspired those adventurous voyages, the most important of which are sketched in this book. When men read of an eastern land where silver was too common to be used for tableware, but was made into steps, pillars, and pavements; and of Prester John's palace, with its gates of precious stones, its halls and chambers of crystal, its tables of gold studded with emeralds, and huge carbuncles giving great light by night, it is small wonder that they thirsted for a share in that magic wealth. So it was that these tales, while they added nothing to the sum of knowledge, helped to kindle that eager longing out of which Columbus's voyage was born, together with many others that opened up unknown regions of the globe.

In this chaotic state remained the knowledge of Europeans about Asia three centuries longer. The North was a vast *terra incognita*, of which scarcely anything was known, while monstrous fables were circulated; the far East was a land whose reputed boundless wealth and dazzling splendor surpassed the wildest dreams of the Western imagination.

The discovery of America greatly stimulated that

activity of which it was the immediate fruit. All Europe was eager to share in the wealth of the Indies, supposed to have been reached by the western route. The apparently inexhaustible supply of silver which, after the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, poured in a stream into the Iberian peninsula, seemed to realize the old legends of the East. But the selfish policy and the unquestioned mastery on the water of Spain and Portugal closed to the rest of the world the southern routes to this El Dorado. Far from disseminating their knowledge of those regions, they carefully concealed it. Out of this necessity of having a route of their own, secure from the tyrants of the southern seas, the thought grew up among the northern nations, that the far East might be reached either by the northeast or by the northwest.

So early as 1527, Robert Thorne urged Henry VIII., since the Spaniards and Portuguese had discovered all other countries, to undertake explorations in the North. It was possible, he said, if one should sail to the Pole and then turn to the east, passing "the land of the Tartars" (Siberia), to reach China. Or one could attain the same end by turning to the west and sailing along the back of Newfoundland.

In the time of Henry's son and successor the first maritime expedition on a large scale was sent out from England. The equipment of the vessels was carried out with great care under the direction of the veteran navigator, Sebastian Cabot, "Governor of the mysterie and companie of the Marchants Adventurers of the citie of London." The object of the expedition was the "dis-

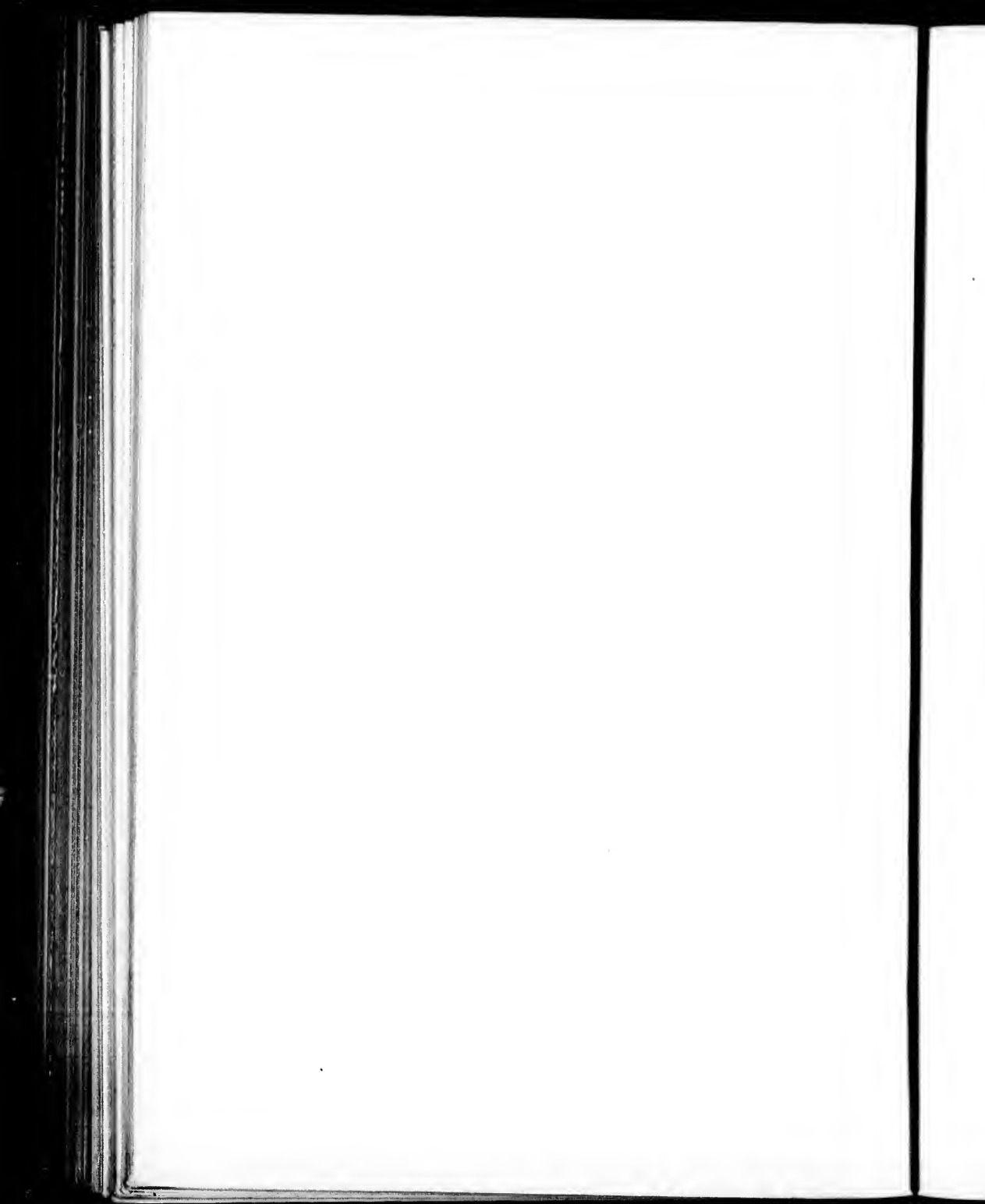
All
es,
te.
eh,
n a
he
he
tu-
tes
eir
led
vn,
ght
ast
the

I.,
all
th.
ole
he
in
ng

rst
om
ed
an
rie
tie
is-



SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY



Early Seekers of a Northeast Passage 197

coverie of Cathay and divers others places unknown." Its commander, Sir Hugh Willoughby, carried an open letter in Latin, Greek, and several other languages, requesting the people of any countries to which he might come to treat him as they would wish to be treated if they should come to England.

The expedition, consisting of three vessels, the "Bona Esperanza," under Sir Hugh Willoughby, the "Edward Bonaventure," under Richard Chancellor, and the "Bona Confidentia," under Cornelius Durfoorth, sailed in May, 1553. It was sent off with a great burst of popular enthusiasm, with roaring cannon and shouting multitudes.

The vessels turned the northern extremity of Europe and entered the Arctic Ocean. In September, during a gale, they parted company. Sir Hugh, with his ship and the "Confidentia," found a good harbor on the coast of Russian Lapland, at the mouth of the river Arzina, and determined to winter there. Of their fate we know nothing more than that, during the course of a winter which must have been frightful, every man of the sixty-two died, doubtless of cold and the scurvy. The last words of the commander's journal pathetically record that he had sent out men three days' journey to the west, to the southwest, and to the east, but all returned "without finding of people or any similitude of habitation." When Russian fishermen came, in the spring, to the harbor, they found the English ships, but there was no sign of life about them. Death's icy hand lay heavy on all the company. A strange spectacle it was, that of two silent ships, tenanted only by the dead.

Very different indeed was the fate of Richard Chancellor. It was his good fortune to make a voyage which opened a new era in commerce. The "Edward Bonaventure," when she lost her consorts in a storm, sailed to Vardoehus, a fishing town on the northeast coast of Norway. After waiting there a week for Willoughby, he set out again, resolved "either to bring that to passe which was intended, or else to die the death." What a fine note of daring is there! As in Columbus's crew, there were some on his ship who earnestly tried to dissuade him from what they deemed a too perilous venture. But he resolutely "held on his course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so farre that hee came at last to the place where hee found no night at all, but a continuall lighte and brightnesse of the sunne shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea." In time he entered the White Sea and reached the mouth of the Dwina, at the place where Archangel now stands. The natives treated him with great hospitality and immediately sent off a courier to the Czar to notify him of the extraordinary event, the arrival of a ship from western Europe. Ivan the Terrible forthwith sent a messenger inviting Chancellor to visit his court at Moscow. This was before St. Petersburg was founded. At that time the interior of Russia was probably somewhat less known to western Europe than is the interior of Thibet to-day. To the sturdy Englishman it must have seemed that he was re-enacting some of the experiences of Marco Polo, when he plunged into the wilds of the little-known empire. He has left us a most entertaining account of his journey by sledge from the White

Sea to Moscow, of his entertainment by the Czar, and of the life at his semi-barbarous court. The following summer he returned with his vessel to England. From that voyage there grew up a commercial relation which soon became of great importance to both nations. A company known as the Muscovy Company was formed in London for the furtherance of this trade. It established its agents at points on the White Sea, and the remote North was brought into trade relations with western Europe. Thus was gained an extensive knowledge of the land of the midnight sun, and northern Russia was greatly benefited by this commerce, one fruit of which is the city of Archangel.

While their captain was away the crew of the ship had an experience of cold such as they had never dreamed of. "In their going up only from their cabins to the hatches, they had their breath oftentimes so suddenly taken away, that they eftsoones fell down as men very neere dead, so great is the sharpnesse of that cold climate." During his journey to Moscow and his stay there Chancelor made some very shrewd observations. He was very much struck with the contrast between the coarseness and squalor of some things and the ostentation of wealth in others. He remarks: "As for the king's court and palace, it is not of the neatest, only in forme it is foure square, and of low building, much surpassed and excelled by the beautie and elegancie of the houses of the kings of England." Imagine his surprise when, within this mean exterior, he saw the emperor sitting in "a very royall throne, having on his head a Diademe or crown of golde and in his hand a

scepter garnished and beset with precious stones," surrounded by the great officers of state, "arrayed also in cloth of gold;" and when he observed that "all the furniture of dishes and drinking vessels for the use of a hundred guests was all of pure golde, and the tables were so laden with vessels of gold, that there was no roome for some to stand upon them," while "140 servitors arrayed in cloth of gold changed thrise their habit and apparell." Probably he was so much dazzled by the barbaric splendor which he actually witnessed that he imagined much more.

Russia seemed to him wonderfully rich in military resources, because of its enormous population inured to cold, hardship, and meagre fare. She had not so much disciplined troops as wild hordes (Cossacks). "They are men without al order in the field. For the most part they never give battell to their enemies; but that which they doe, they doe it all by stelth. But I believe they be such men for hard living as are not under the sun: for no cold will hurt them. Yea and though they lie in the field two moneths, at such time as it shall freese more than a yard thicke, the common souldier hath neether tent nor anything else over his head: the most defence they have against the wether is a felte, which is set against the wind and weather, and when the snow commeth hee doth cast it off, and maketh him a fire and laith him down thereby. Everie man must carie and make provision for himself and his horse for a moneth or two. He himself shall live upon water and otenmeale mingled together cold: his horse shall eat green wood and such like baggage and shall stand open

in the cold field without covert, and yet wil he labour and serve him wel." On the whole, Russia seemed to him like "a young horse that knoweth not his strength, whom a little child ruleth and guideth with a bridle."

The misery of the poor made a great impression on him: "They be naturally given to hard living as well in fare as in lodging. I heard a Russian say that it was a great deal merrier living in prison than foorth [free], but for the great beating; for they have meate and drinke without any labour, and get the charitie of well disposed people: but being at liberty they get nothing. The poore is very innumerable and live most miserably, for I have seen them eat the pickle of Herring and other stinking fish; nor the fish cannot be so rotten, but they will eat it and praise it."

He concludes with some remarks on the religion of the Russians: "When any of them die, they have a testimoniall with them in the coffin, that when the soule commeth to heaven gates, it may deliver the same to Saint Peter, which declareth that the partie is a true and holy Russian." But, after telling much of their frequent fasts and their masses and elaborate ceremonies and daily services, he says, even of their "blacker monks," "as for lechery and drunkenness there be none such living; and for extortion they be the most abhominable under the sunne. Nowe judge of their holinesse!"

There was a terrible percentage of mortality among the early adventurers in the northeast. Chancellor was one of the many who perished. Two years after his successful voyage and his return to England with a letter from the Czar to his royal master, he sailed once

more to the Dwina. Returning, with a Russian embassy on board, besides a valuable cargo, an evidence of the lucrative trade which he had been the means of establishing, his vessel was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, and he, with his wife and seven Russians, was drowned.

In the same year was made another notable voyage in the same direction. Stephen Burrough sailed from England in a little pinnace called the "Searchthrift." Sebastian Cabot was again one of the chief promoters of the enterprise. His warm interest is mentioned by Burrough in a very quaint way: "The good olde Gentleman Master Cabota" (then seventy-nine years old) "gave to the poore most liberal almes, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous successe of the 'Searchthrift.' And then he and his friends banketed and made me and them that were in the company great cheere and for very joy he entred into the danee himselfe, among the rest of the young and lusty company: which being ended, hee and his friends departed most gently, commending us to the governance of Almighty God."

In two respects the voyage of the "Searchthrift" is memorable. The daring little pinnace penetrated further than any previous vessel of western Europe, as far even as Vaygats Island, which lies between Nova Zembla and Siberia, and Kara Strait, which leads into the Kara Sea. Again in Burrough's journal we have one of the very earliest accounts of the Samoyeds, and a true picture it is at this day. He gives occasionally perhaps rather free play to his imagination. In describing

Early Seekers of a Northeast Passage 203

some religious incantations which he witnessed, he seems to say that he saw a Shaman, or priestly conjurer, run a sword heated white-hot through his abdomen and withdraw it, while he remained uninjured. But, altogether, the voyage added much to the scant knowledge of the countries and peoples of the high northern latitudes.

After this the English were so much occupied with fitting out expeditions to the northwest, that it was not till 1580 that a new attempt was made in the direction of the northeast. In that year Arthur Pet and Charles Jackman set out with instructions to sail on until they should come to "the country of Cathay or the dominion of that mighty emperor" (the Grand Khan). The dream of Cathay was still the motive of these ventures.

Pet and Jackman were men of heroic strain. They were the first explorers who ventured in good earnest amongst the drift-ice. They boldly approached the shores of Nova Zembla, passed through the straits, and, first of all Western Europeans, forced their way into the dreaded Kara Sea. When we consider that this was done with two pitiful little vessels, one of forty and the other of twenty tons, we have some measure of their courage. With this voyage the English attempts to make a northeast passage ceased for a long time.

CHAPTER XX

THE EARLIEST SEEKERS OF A NORTHWEST PASSAGE

THE honor of first seeking a northwest passage to China belongs to Robert Thorne, who sailed in 1527 with two ships furnished by Henry VIII., one of which bore the very appropriate name 'Dominus Vobiscum,' "The Lord be with You." The result of this expedition is lost in obscurity.

In 1536 Master Hore, of London, gathered a company of one hundred and twenty persons, of whom thirty were gentlemen interested in exploration and "desirous to see the strange things of the world." How easily we can picture the eager curiosity of these adventurous spirits! But forty-four years had elapsed since Columbus's great discovery, and the globe was just beginning to unfold its wonders. This goodly company, after receiving the Communion together, sailed away in two "tall ships" (King's vessels), the "Trinity" and the "Minion," and soon began to have experiences capable of quenching their thirst for novelty. After their arrival in Newfoundland, besides some of the natives in a canoe who fled at their approach, they saw nothing but "the soyle and the things growing in the same, which chiefly were store of firre and pine trees." Scarcity of victuals soon grew into gaunt famine. In one place they found some small relief in an osprey's nest. As fast

Early Seekers of a Northwest Passage 205

as the mother brought fish to her young, they robbed them. From day to day matters grew worse. Herbs and roots alone stood between them and death. One day, in the horrible pangs of hunger, a man killed a comrade in the woods, and broiled and ate portions of his body. Another man, seeking roots, smelt flesh broiling and, when he met the guilty wretch, reproached him with having secret supplies of meat, while his comrades were starving. The murderer bore these taunts at the first in sullen silence. Then he blurted out, "If thou wouldest needs know, the broiled meate I had was a callop of such a man's body." When this circumstance was reported to the captain on board the ship, he stood up and made a notable oration, in which he showed how grievously such conduct offended the Almighty. He cited instances from the Scriptures of the help which God gave in times of distress to those who trusted him, reminding them that God's power was not lessened, "and added, that if it had not pleased Him to have holpen them in that distresse, it had been better to perish in body and to live everlastingly, than to have relieved for a poore time their mortal bodyes, and to be condemned everlastingly, both body and soule, to the unquenchable fire of hell."

Their misery still increasing, they agreed among themselves that, rather than all perish, they should cast lots who should be killed. "That same night, such was the mercie of God, there arrived a French ship in that port well furnished with vittaile." The godly adventurers promptly plundered the Frenchmen of all that they needed and hoisted sail for home. When they

reached England, one of their number was "so changed in the voyage with hunger and miserie, that Sir William, his father, and my Lady, his mother, knew him not to be their sonne, until they found a secret mark, which was a wart upon one of his knees," as he himself told that famous old chronicler, Richard Hakluyt, who had ridden "200 miles to learn the whole trueth of this voyage from his own mouth."

In due time the plundered Frenchmen came along and made complaint to the king. Bluff King Hal caused the matter to be investigated and was so much moved by the story of his subjects' sufferings "that he punished them not, but of his own purse made full and royall recompense unto the French."

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the inspirer of northwestern exploration, made a successful voyage to Newfoundland in 1578. His last venture was made in 1583. He sailed with five vessels and two hundred and sixty men, including shipwrights, smiths, masons, and carpenters, his purpose being to plant a colony. His "great design was to discover the remote countries of America, and to bring off those savages from their diabolical superstitions to the embracing the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Therefore he sailed provided with "musicke in good varietie; not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby horses and many like conceits, to delight the savage people, whom we intended to winne by all faire means possible."

Two days after sailing one ship put back, under prentence of the captain's illness. On their entering the harbor of St. John, Newfoundland, they were enter-

tained with great profusion by some English merchants who were trading there. This shows that English commerce was waking up. He took possession in the queen's name and, as her representative, promulgated laws for the government of the colony. But the pernicious influence of the thirst for gold, stimulated by Frobisher's fancied discoveries, which form the subject of the next chapter, showed itself in his giving special attention to the search for precious metals. A little later the "Delight" was lost, and with her the ore which he had gathered, on the security of which he counted on borrowing a large sum from the Queen for his next voyage. From this disastrous wreck only twelve out of a hundred souls on the ship were saved. Among the lost was "the Saxon refiner and discoverer of inestimable riches"(!). This was a great blow to Gilbert, as it blasted his hopes of valuable finds of precious ore. These misfortunes preyed greatly on his mind. But his course was run; he did not live to see England again.

His heroic death is worthy of perpetual remembrance. On the return voyage he was urged to leave his little frigate, the "Squirrel," of ten tons, for the larger "Golden Hind;" but he answered, "I will not, going homeward, leave my little company with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." The seas were tremendous. Men who had spent their lives on the ocean said that they had never seen worse. In the afternoon of that day the "Squirrel" came near foundering. All the while Sir Humphrey sat calmly in the stern, with a book in his hand. When the "Golden Hind" came

near enough, he cried out cheerfully, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," a speech well befitting a resolute soldier of Jesus Christ, as he truly was," says the chronicler. The same night, about twelve o'clock, the frigate's lights suddenly went out, and the watch on the larger vessel cried out that the General was cast away. True it was. The "Squirrel" had suddenly been engulfed in the devouring ocean. All that night and the rest of the voyage her consort looked out, but no sign more of her was ever seen.

In the same heroic strain Sir Richard Grenville, whom Raleigh had sent out to his darling colony of Virginia, said, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a true soldier."

CHAPTER XXI

FROBISHER'S FANCIED DISCOVERIES

MARTIN FROBISHER had the usual fortune of a would-be discoverer. For fourteen years he cherished his great plan, but was hindered by lack of means. After the appearance of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's famous pamphlet maintaining the existence of a northwest passage, that pamphlet which turned so many heads, several gentlemen, especially the Earl of Warwick, subscribed to Frobisher's venture, and he finally secured means to equip two small barks, of twenty-five and twenty tons each, called the "Gabriel" and the "Michael," together with a pinnace of ten tons. With these he sailed, June 15, 1576, being fully resolved to ascertain the truth as to the route which he believed practicable, "or else never to retourne againe, knowing this to be the only thing that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous."

Not long out, the pinnace was lost in a storm, and the crew of the "Michael," discouraged, turned back in the night and reported Frobisher cast away. Undaunted, the little "Gabriel" held her lonely way and in due time entered into a channel to the north of Labrador. Through this Frobisher sailed some sixty leagues, having, as he supposed, Asia on his right hand and America on his left. This channel he called Frobisher's

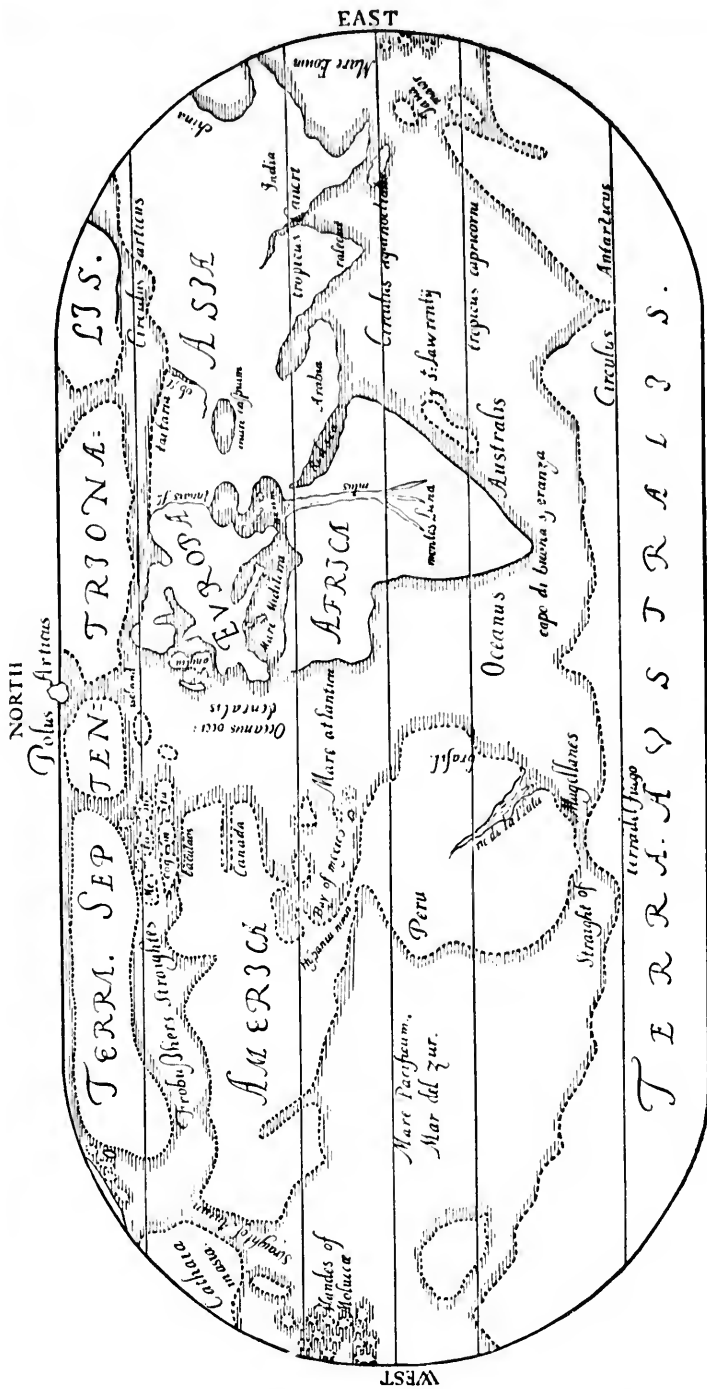
Straits, fully believing it to be the passage which he had come to seek. For a long time afterwards the crude maps of the day gave color to this false notion.

The natives showed themselves quite friendly and

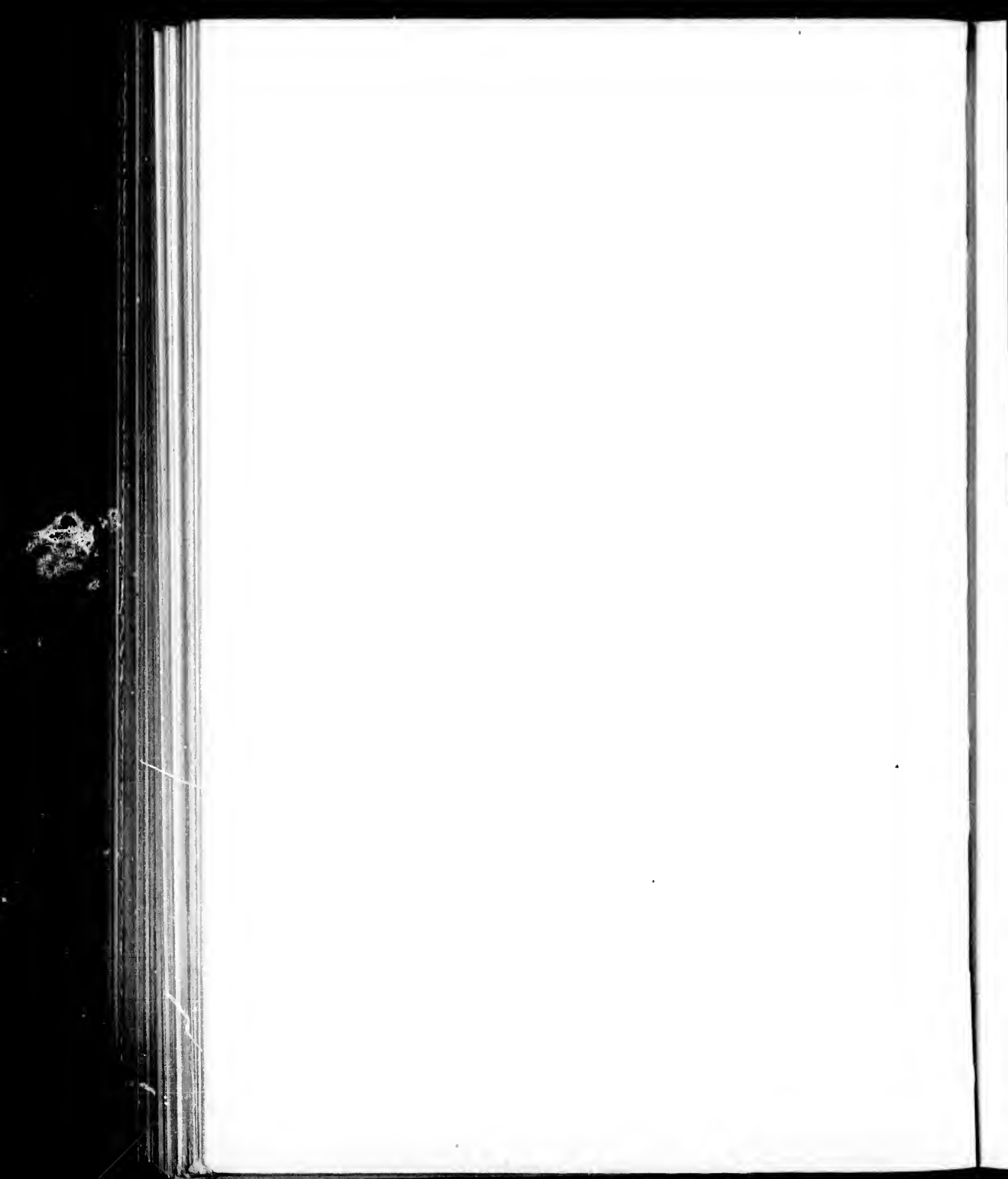


MARTIN FROBISHER

brought him salmon and fresh meat. But when the Englishmen grew too confiding, one day a boat, with five men aboard, was cut off and nevermore heard of. After this the natives kept themselves well out of the way, and Frobisher had not a boat in which he could go to



MAP SHOWING FROBISHER'S STRAIT



his men's rescue. He succeeded, however, in enticing one of the savages on board. This man, when he found himself a prisoner, "for very choller and disdain, bit his tongue in twayne. Notwithstanding, he died not therof, but lived untill he came in Englande, and ther he died of colde which he had taken at sea."

Frobisher, on his return to England, was greatly honored for his supposed discovery of the route to Cathay; but a trifling circumstance turned his energies to a wholly different subject. "A peece of a blacke stone, much lyke to a seacole in coloure," which he had brought back, was pronounced to contain gold.

Immediately there was great excitement in London. Dreams of an Arctic El Dorado, curiously enough realized more than three hundred years later in the Klondike, fired the imagination. There was no trouble about raising money for a second voyage. Everybody was anxious to hold shares in a new expedition to be sent out in the following year; no longer to seek a passage to China, for where was the use of going so far, when the wealth of the Indies was to be had for the gathering? To bring home a cargo of the precious ore was its object.

So soon as the season allowed, in 1577, Frobisher sailed again, not now with two pitiful little craft, but with "one tall shippe of her Majesties," the "Aid," of two hundred tons,—for Elizabeth herself was concerned in this venture,—besides the "Michael" and the "Gabriel." The dream of gold had attracted a number of gentlemen adventurers who sailed with Frobisher.

The instructions were specific not to pay heed to the passage to Cathay, but to finding and gathering the precious "ore." Of this stuff they found plenty lying on the islands of the Labrador coast, and their hearts were gladdened.

Shortly afterwards Frobisher attempted a piece of treachery which came nigh costing him dearly. His plan was to allure two of the natives with toys, then to seize them, and let one go with a lot of presents, as an evidence of good-will, while he would keep the other for an interpreter. His scheme did not work very well. When he and a companion had met two of the natives and exchanged gifts, at a signal each grabbed his man. But the ground under foot was slippery with snow, and the two heathens wriggled and struggled until they escaped from their Christian friends. Then they quickly got their bows and arrows and chased them ignominiously to their boats. The two Englishmen were fain to take to their heels, as they were unarmed, and to escape with no greater injury than a wound received by Frobisher, which interfered with his sitting down for some time afterward. In the mean time the men in the boats had come to the rescue and fired a shot which frightened the savages and made them stop, turn, and run away. Then "a good footman, uncumbered with any furniture [armor], having only a dagger at his back, overtook one of them, and being a Cornish man and a good wrestler, shewed his companion such a Cornish trick, that he made his sides ache against the ground for a month after." So the poor fellow was taken after all.

Frobisher's Fancied Discoveries 215

The next day they landed on an island where "all the sands and cliffs did so glister, that it seemed all to be gold; but it proved no better than black-lead and verified the proverb, '*All is not gold that glittereth.*'" Well would it have been for them if they had always borne this in mind.

A few days later they found a mine of silver (!). They did not bother themselves with it, however, but went on gathering "gold ore."

While the vessels were being loaded with the precious stuff, an exploring party found unmistakable traces of their five lost countrymen, in various articles of English apparel. They hastened to carry the news to the "Aid," and at once measures were devised to communicate with the poor fellows, if they were alive. The next day, therefore, one party marched overland towards their destination, while another, going around by boat, was intended to cut off the retreat of the natives. Alas! when they came to the spot, the Eskimo had vanished, tents and all. Some of the men, however, mounting a hill, espied some tents in a valley near a creek, by the seaside. It was determined to surround this company, if possible, and capture them. But the natives launched two canoes and headed for the sea. Then the soldiers on land fired their guns. The men in the boats, at this signal, rowed out quickly from their concealment and cut off the savages' escape to the sea. The latter then landed on a point, where they made so desperate a resistance that the foreigners called the place Bloody Point. The poor wretches fought as long as their arrows lasted, even plucking out the Eng-

lish arrows from their bodies and shooting them back. "And when they found they were mortally wounded, being ignorant what mercy meaneth, with deadly fury they cast themselves headlong from off the rocks into the sea, lest their enemies should receive glory or prey of their dead bodies, for they supposed us belike to be cannibals." One Englishman was dangerously wounded. Five or six of the savages were slain. All the rest escaped, except two women. One of these, being old and ugly, her captors thought to be a devil or witch, and very prudently let her go. The other had a young child strapped to her back. The little one was found to be wounded in the arm, and the surgeon applied some salves. But the mother, "not acquainted with such kind of surgery, plucked those salves away, and by continual licking with her own tongue, not much unlike our dogs, healed up the child's arm."

After this desperate encounter the Englishmen concluded that, in view of the natives' "ravenous and bloody disposition in eating any kind of raw flesh or carrion, howsoever stinking," it was probable that they had slain and devoured their missing countrymen, and it would be a waste of time to seek them further. "Having now got a woman captive for the comfort of" their man, — they do not seem to have thought how these poor creatures were probably grieving for their kinsfolk, — the Englishmen watched the meeting with great interest. Here follows a very pretty description of it: "At their first encountering they beheld each other very wistly a good space, without speech or word uttered, with great change of color and countenance, as

though it seemed the grief and disdain of their captivity had taken away the use of their tongues. The woman at the first very suddenly, as though she disdained or regarded not the man, turned away and began to sing, as though she minded another matter. But being again brought together, the man broke up the silence first, and with stern and staid countenance, began to tell a long solemn tale to the woman. Whereunto she gave good hearing and interrupted him nothing till he had finished. Afterwards, being grown into more familiar acquaintance by speech, they were turned together, so that I think the one would hardly have lived without the comfort of the other." These poor unfortunates became very close friends, and the woman tended her companion in misery with true womanly devotion, cleaning their cabin, caring for him when he was seasick, and preparing food for him.

The explorers soon witnessed another instance of the strong human feeling of the despised natives. Some of them came near and made signals for a parley, "to entreat, as it seemed, for the restitution of the woman and child which had been taken and brought away." Frobisher, having placed the woman where she could be seen by her countrymen, went to talk with them through the interpreter. "This captive, at his first encounter of his friends, fell so out into tears that he could not speak a word in a great space." When he was able to control his emotions, "he talked at full with his companions, and bestowed upon them such toys and trifles as we had given him; whereby we noted that they are very kind one to another and greatly sorrowful for

the loss of their friends." The result of the palaver was that the Eskimo declared that the missing Englishmen were alive and well. On Frobisher's promising that, so soon as they were produced, he would release his prisoners and give handsome presents besides, the savages said they would go at once and fetch them, holding up three fingers and pointing to the sun, to intimate that they would return within three days. But the missing men never were seen again by their countrymen.

The season was now growing late, the vessels were freighted with about two hundred tons of ore, and the men were worn out with the labor of digging and carrying it aboard. Therefore it was resolved to sail for home. On reaching England, the delusive ore was locked away, some in Bristol Castle, and some in the Tower of London.

The reputed discovery of the Northwest Passage made Frobisher famous. The added fame of finding inexhaustible mineral wealth in a region known only to himself and his shipmates made him the hero of the day. Honors were lavished on him. Elizabeth was all graciousness to the captain whose enterprise had opened a prospect of fabulous riches, such as would put her on a footing of equality with her brother-in-law and most hearty hater, Philip of Spain. Hardly was the perilous stuff which he had brought home safely stored under four locks, the keys of which were held by Frobisher and three other persons, than preparations were begun for sending out an expedition on the grandest scale in the following year. An elaborate plan was prepared.

A strong fort of timber, to be carried out in sections, was designed to house a hundred men who were to be left in possession of Meta Incognita (the Unknown Goal), as her Majesty was pleased to call the newly discovered region (the southern shore of Baffin Land).

In the spring a fleet of fifteen vessels mustered for the voyage. Of these twelve were designed to return "with their loading of gold ore," while the remainder should winter, under the orders of the captains in charge of the permanent occupation. Of the whole fleet Frobisher was admiral, with Captain York as vice-admiral. Two of the vessels were our little friends the "Gabriel" and the "Michael," who, it seems, had not yet got enough of being buffeted among ice-floes.

The fleet sailed on the last day of May and soon overhauled a small bark whose crew had been so cruelly handled by French rovers that the survivors, wounded and starving, could scarcely move hand or foot. Frobisher supplied their needs and sent them on their way. Incidents like this serve to show how lawless was the life of the seas in those days. Off the Irish coast they fell in with "a great current from out of the southwest," which carried them a point out of their course. This current seemed to continue towards Norway and the northeast. They shrewdly surmised that "this is the same which the Portugals meet at Capo de Buena Speranza" (Cape of Good Hope), and that "thence it crosses to the great Bay of Mexico, whence it is forced to strike back again towards the northeast." Thus they correctly conjectured the course of the Gulf Stream, which comes to us from the African coast.

Landing in southern Greenland, "the General" took possession in the Queen's name. The Englishmen saw in their canoes some of the people, "very like those of *Meta Incognita*." In the deserted tents they found some articles, such as a box of nails, some red herrings, and boards of fir, which seemed to them to show that these savages carried on trade with civilized people. They evidently never had heard of the Norse sagas, which affirm that Scandinavians had reached Greenland seven hundred years earlier, nor of the undoubted intercourse between Iceland and Greenland.

One day they sailed into a shoal of whales as numerous and as playful as if they had been porpoises, and the "Salamander" ran full tilt upon one, with a great shock.

Now they began to experience much trouble with the ice, and it was very difficult for the vessels to keep together, the ice sometimes closing a lead through which the foremost ones had passed before those in the rear could go through. The "Dennis" was caught and crushed. She fired a gun, and rescuers hastened to her in boats, in time to save the crew before she went down, carrying with her a part of the projected house.

Soon it became evident that they were not in the supposed passage which Frobisher had called by his own name, but were in a wide channel, having a strong westerly current. Thus Frobisher had become unconsciously the discoverer of the straits later called after Hudson. He insisted, however, that they were in the right course, and boldly led on. He felt that he was now in a likelier opening for the Northwest Passage,

and he afterwards said that, had he not been encumbered with the care of the fleet, he would have sailed through to the South Sea and opened the route to China. But gold was now the object of his efforts, and he struggled to recover the entrance of what he had named Frobisher's Straits. This was in reality only a deep inlet called Cumberland Sound. After about a fortnight he succeeded and brought the most of his ships into it.

It would be a long story to tell of the struggles with ice and storms, of the scattering of the fleet, and of the sickness and discontent among the crews.

At last all the ships were assembled. But the season was late, and no time was to be lost. The gentlemen and soldiers were mustered, the sailors were set to discharging the vessels, the miners were put to digging ore, and the victuals, tents, etc., were collected on the island. On August 2 general orders regulating the encampment were published with solemn sound of trumpet.

The first disappointment came in the discovery that the projected fort could not be built. Part of it had gone to the bottom of the ocean with the "Dennis." Other parts had been used as fenders in the fight with ice and had been broken. Enough remained to build a smaller house; but the carpenter and masons said they would need eight or nine weeks for it, whereas barely half that time remained before the close of the season. Therefore the project of leaving a party in permanent occupation was abandoned.

During all this time very little had been seen of the natives. They were no doubt overawed by the sight of so many ships, and Frobisher was disappointed in his

benevolent purpose of capturing some of them and taking them back to England. Captain Fenton, however, caused a house to be erected of stones, properly cemented, for use the next year. "And the better to allure those brutish and uncivil people to courtesy, against other times of our coming, we left therein divers of our country toys, as bells and knives, wherein they specially delight, pictures of men on horseback, looking-glasses, whistles, and pipes; also an oven, and bread left baked therein for them to see and taste. Also here we sowed peas, corn, and other grain, to prove [test] the fruitfulness of the soil against the next year." It would be interesting to know what they expected to find growing after ten months of ice and snow.

The unused timber was buried. A curious circumstance about it is, that nearly three hundred years later an American explorer, Captain Hall, heard a tradition among the Eskimo that the five men left by Frobisher on his first voyage were not killed, and that they dug up this timber, built a vessel, and sailed away for home. If they did, they perished at sea. But there is not anything improbable in the story. A party of Frenchmen left on the Carolina coast, in 1563, actually built a vessel out of green timber and in it reached France, after horrible sufferings.

The lading was now complete, and the fleet sailed for home, which all reached in safety about the first of October, some in one place and some in another.

Thus ended this famous and costly enterprise. In it forty men perished and a large amount of money was wasted. The seventeen hundred tons of iron pyrites

Frobisher's Fancied Discoveries 223

brought to England did not pay the expense of mining and importing it, and the worthy purpose of discovering the Northwest Passage was lost sight of in a crazy mining scheme. The net gain of the whole disastrous business was a slight increase of knowledge of the region about Hudson Strait.

CHAPTER XXII

JOHN DAVIS'S EXPLORATIONS

FROBISHER's and Gilbert's voyages had brought only disappointment to those interested. Nevertheless, the merchants of London still believed in the likelihood of the discovery of a northwest passage. The former ventures, they said, had been diverted from their true purpose by a vain search after gold and silver mines. Now it was determined to send out a new expedition, whose sole purpose should be that of discovery. Accordingly, in 1585, John Davis sailed with two small barks, the "Sunshine," of fifty, and the "Moonshine," of thirty-five tons, and forty-two men between them. With so slender equipment our heroic ancestors were wont to make their way boldly into uncharted seas, full of peril to ships and men.

July 19, off the southern coast of Greenland, in a dense fog, they heard a "mighty great roaring of the sea," as if it were breaking on some shore. On nearer examination in the boats, the noise was found to come from the crashing and grinding together of huge masses of ice. The next day the fog lifted, and they discovered a high and rugged coast, one mountain rising, as it seemed, above the clouds. The tops were covered with snow, and the shore was beset with ice extending a full league into the sea. Davis called it appropriately the

Land of Desolation. They stood along the coast for some days and came to a cluster of islands, among which they anchored in a sound which the captain called Gilbert's Sound, the site of the modern Moravian mission of Godthaab. A multitude of natives approached in their canoes, at the first very distrustfully, "making a lamentable noyse, as we thought, with great outeryes and screechings, so that we thought it had bene the howling of wolves." The musicians then began to play and the sailors to dance and make tokens of friendship. The simple and harmless natives soon understood their meaning and came flocking around, so that at one time thirty-seven of their canoes were alongside the strange craft. Soon the friendliest relations were established with the "savages." The sailors bought from them whatever they fancied, — their canoes, clothing, bows, spears, and the like. "They are very tractable people," says the chronicle, "void of craft or double-dealing, and easie to be brought to any civilitie or good order: but wee judge them to be Idolaters and to worship the Sunne," — a not unnatural object of adoration for an ignorant people in such a climate. Another fault the English were to discover in time, one that caused no little trouble: they were desperately thievish.

Our adventurers stood over to the northwest and sighted land again. They were now on the western shore of the strait which still bears their leader's name. They saw "whole cliffs of such oare" as had fooled Frobisher. But the day of that delusion was past. Under a fine mountain, which they called Mount Raleigh, they saw four animals which they took to be goats or

wolves. They manned the boats and went towards them, when they found the animals to be "white beares of a monstrous bignesse." Eager for fresh meat and for sport, they attacked the beasts and succeeded in killing three. The next day they killed another, but only after a savage fight. He was a monster, his fore-foot fourteen inches across.

"The 15th we heard dogs houle on the shoare, which we thought had been Wolves, and therefore we went on shoare to kil them. When we came on lande, the dogs came presently to our boate very gently, yet we thought they came to pray upon us, and therefore we shot at them and killed two: and about the necke of one of them we found a letheren collar, whereupon we knew them to be tame dogs. They were like mastives, with prickt eares and long bush tayles." The Eskimo dogs either do not or cannot bark, but only howl.

Though Davis had not found the Northwest Passage, he had made important discoveries. Besides, the quantity of skins of reindeer and other animals which he brought back raised the hope that a profitable traffic would be established. He was therefore sent out a second time, a larger vessel, the "Mermaid," being added to his command.

In this voyage much progress was made in the knowledge of those regions. There were, however, deplorable troubles with the natives, brought on by their stealing an anchor, cutting a cable, and doing other injuries. Davis tried to win them over, he says, by kindness; but they requited it by slinging stones at his boats. Then he ordered his men to fire. It is sad to read of the kid-

mapping of a native who had come on board to arrange a truce, and of the poor creature's grief. He was brought away "with heavy chere" and later died. In the meantime his countrymen had avenged him, for they fired upon the Englishmen from an ambush and killed two. At times the explorers found it very hot, and were "much troubled with a flie which is called Muskeeta, for they did sting grievously." More than once during this voyage Davis was in great hopes that he had discovered the long-desired passage.

At its conclusion he wrote that he had now gained so much knowledge of the northwest part of the world, that he was assured "the passage must be in one of four places, or else not at all." On his third voyage he explored yet other parts of the coast and again had bloody affrays with the natives, of whom three were killed at one time. His own resolute purpose not to abandon the search was shown when his ship was pronounced to be in a very critical condition, and many of the men were afraid to remain in her. The captain stoutly announced that he was "determined rather to end his life with credite than to return with infamie and disgrace." Others caught his spirit, and all agreed to stay by the ship and continue the voyage. This ended, it is needless to say, with the mysterious passage still undiscovered.

That dream, however, continued to haunt the imaginations of British seamen, and voyage after voyage was made. The names of Hall, Hudson, Baffin, Button, Fox, and James, all explorers of the Northwest, are associated on our maps with its geography.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SEA-KINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME

THE age of Elizabeth was an age of awakening. The quickened intellect brought forth giants: in the field of thought, Shakespeare, Bacon, and their compeers; in the field of action, Gilbert, Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, Grenville, Cavendish, and, greatest of all, Drake. Never perhaps in all history have so many men illustrious by their deeds moved together on the stage during a single short span. Their work covered only about twenty years, but its effects will be felt as long as the English nation lasts. They found their country an insignificant naval power, confined within the narrow seas and far behind the Latin races in knowledge and in exploration and trade. They left it on the highroad to the mastery of the ocean. Those few men within that short time lowered Spain's haughty crest, threw open all seas to English vessels, and laid the broad foundations of the British Empire.

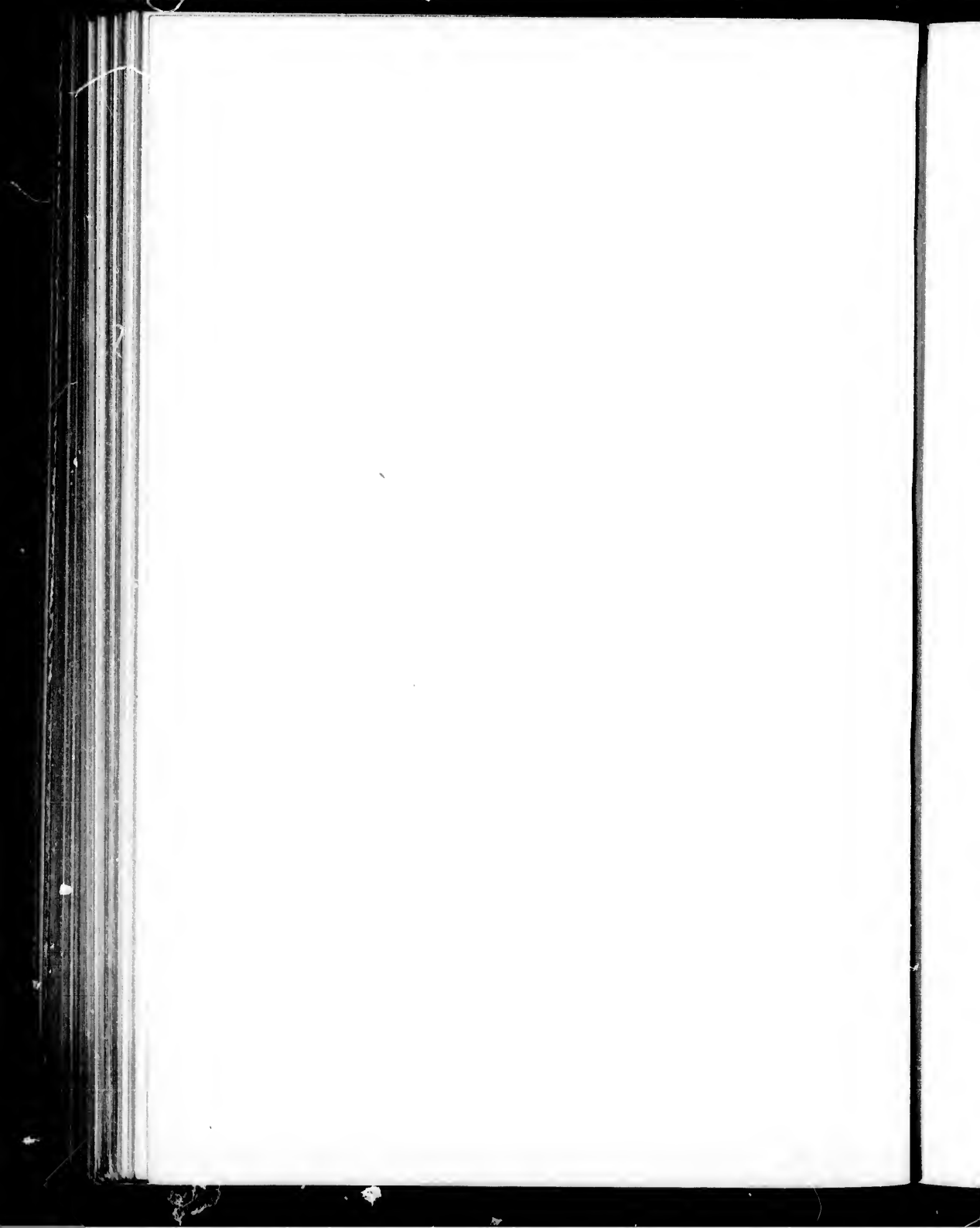
Great ignorance preceded them. America, it was confidently said, is a great island, bounded on the north by Frobisher's and on the south by Magellan's Straits. South of the latter a vast continent was set down, labeled *Terra Australis* (Southern Land), and boldly described as fruitful and pleasant. This does not surprise us, when we remember how recent was all maritime discovery.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SIR JOHN HAWKINS

QUEEN ELIZABETH

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT
SIR THOMAS CAVENDISH



Sea-Kings of Queen Elizabeth's Time 231

When at last the awakening of England came, the newly translated accounts of Spanish and Portuguese voyages, mingling with the old legends of Marco Polo and Maundeville, produced a ferment in the English mind. It was as if suddenly the old world of romance had thrown open its portals, and mortal eyes caught visions in which things actual and things fancied, real creatures and impossible monsters, men, giants, and demons, were strangely mingled. Out of this excited state of mind grew those heroic ventures, inspired by an enthusiasm like that of the Crusades, that enlarged the sphere of knowledge and ultimately gave England the empire of the seas. They were always searching for Cipango, the court of the Great Khan, or the land of Ophir. Of what they found the immense value was not understood till long afterwards.

The first honor of discovery belongs to the Latin race. The astronomers and geographers whose maps guided the infant efforts of the world were mainly Italians. So, also, were many of the most famous navigators, as Columbus, Verrazano, the Cabots, and Vespucci. In practical exploration the palm belongs to the Portuguese, who, in the language of an old writer, "first began to open the Windows of the World, to let it see it self."

Next in honor come the Spaniards, whose adventurous spirit prompted some of the most daring enterprises of that heroic age. After them came the French. They early entered into a sharp competition with the Spaniards for the possession of the New World. Francis I. sent a message to Charles V., saying, "You and

the King of Portugal have divided the world between you. Show me, I pray you, the will of our father Adam, that I may judge whether he has really constituted you his universal heirs." To make good his claim to a share, he despatched Verrazano on that voyage of exploration which we have already sketched, under the guise of seeking a northwest passage, but really to lay the basis of a claim to the vast tract of the New World stretching northward from Mexico, the latter being already in Spanish hands. In an earlier voyage this bold rover had taken two of Cortez's treasure-laden ships from Mexico and another from St. Domingo. It was this splendid capture that stimulated Francis to send him out to get a share of the New World, whence all this wealth came. In a third voyage the bold Florentine met his doom. He died, but his discoveries lived; and in virtue of them France claimed title to all North America above Mexico. The French colonists of Carolina and Florida and Canada called the country New France.

In time England would plant her foot on the same soil and would enter on a long rivalry with France, ending only with the triumphant death of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham.

She had made some feeble attempts, as we have seen, under Henry VIII., to follow up the achievement of the Cabots, who had discovered Newfoundland in 1497. It may be that her first success in this direction determined the bent of England. At all events, the quest of a northwest passage has always been a special object of her attention, even down to our own time.

Sea-Kings of Queen Elizabeth's Time 233

The early untoward ventures in that quarter were followed by those in the northeast which resulted in the establishment of a trade with Russia. Then, after the failure of every explorer to get beyond the Kara Sea, the English mind swung back to the northwest. One of those who deeply pondered the subject was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whose voyages and untimely end we have already sketched. That chivalrous soul had read and considered everything that he could find, from the narrative of Othere's voyage, in Alfred's time, down to the tragic death of Willoughby, in his own day. The result was a firm conviction of the existence of "a passage by the northwest to Cathaya." This belief he published in a pamphlet, in 1576. This famous treatise fired the imagination of many a daring mariner and gave birth to a whole school of intrepid explorers, extending from his time down to our own, men whose exploits have shed lustre on the story and whose names are written on the maps of the frozen Northwest. Gilbert's pamphlet closed with these ringing words: "He is not worthy to live at all, that for feare, or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour; seeing that death is inevitable; and the fame of vertue immortall. Wherefore in this behalfe, Mutare vel timere Sperno"—"I scorn to change or to be afraid." In his death, as we have seen, he lived up to that high device.

We have roughly sketched the group of great sea-kings who made Elizabeth's reign a new era, and all of whom, save only Frobisher, who died on shore of a wound received in battle, at last slept beneath the seas they had mastered. They set out with little knowl-

edge, but with hope and boundless courage. They did heroic deeds and founded the empire whose drum-beat follows the sun around the globe. In the next chapter we shall tell the story of the most famous of them all.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ENGLISH DRAGON

WHILE Willoughby was freezing on the desolate coast of Lapland, and Chancellor was hobnobbing with Ivan the Terrible at the half-barbarous Muscovite court, there was a boy playing about the ship-yard at Chatham who was destined, among other splendid achievements, to realize the vision of Cathay in a manner of which not the most daring Englishman had dreamed. His name was Francis Drake. "The Dragon" the Spaniards later called him, taking the name from his crest. This coat-of-arms, borne defiantly in many a daring raid by sea and land, or trailing over the taffrail of the great rover's ship, as she bounded through the smoke of battle like some fierce demon to seize her prey, came to stand in Spanish eyes for all that was terrible and ruthless. To Lope de Vega, the poet who sailed in the "Armada," this dauntless Bedouin of the seas, the implacable foe of the Roman faith, seemed nothing less than the Dragon of the Book of Revelation, Satan. Good reason enough the boy had to hate the Spaniards and their religion. He lived in stirring times. When he was born Henry VIII. was pushing his reforms. These found little favor among the country-folk, who always cling to old beliefs and usages. Holding tenaciously the old ways,

they were especially aggrieved at the suppression of the monasteries, because these had been, from time immemorial, good friends of the poor and had stood between them and the tyranny of high-handed nobles.

Drake's family were zealous Protestants. After Henry's death, when the Protector Somerset's ill-judged zeal kindled the smouldering discontent of the peasantry into a blaze of rebellion, their native district grew too hot for them. Happily, Plymouth was near, where they were sure of finding plenty of sympathy, and where they had powerful friends and kinsmen in the Hawkins family. So great were their straits that they were "compelled to inhabit in the hull of a ship." Probably through the influence of William Hawkins, who was in favor with the Protector, they were given the use of a dismantled vessel of the navy for their abode. The head of the family was appointed Bible-reader to the sailors of the fleet there assembled. In this humble dwelling several of the children were born. There were twelve of these sturdy boys. The most of them "followed the sea," and he who made the name famous wrote, "as it pleased God to give them a living on the water, so the greatest part of them died at sea."

But the family's worst trials were yet to come. Hitherto they had been befriended by the ruling powers. A change came when a Catholic queen ascended the throne, and the dissatisfaction of the people at Mary's forthcoming marriage with Philip of Spain burst out in Sir Thomas Wyatt's Rebellion. The South and West were involved, and they suffered greatly when the movement was suppressed and savagely punished. In Kent alone

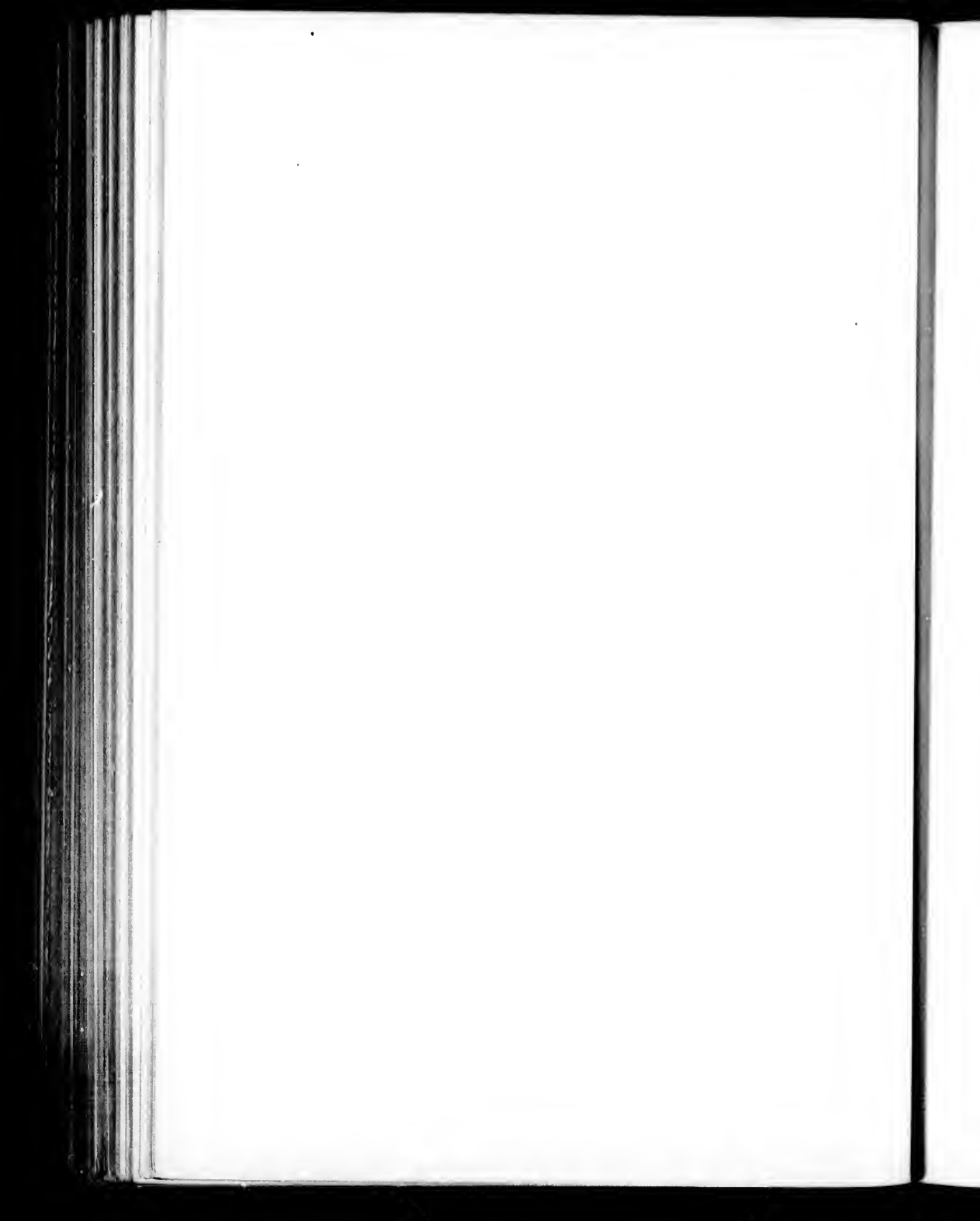
f the
mme-
ween

After
dged
untry
y too
they
they
kins
com-
ably
as in
of a
The
o the
mble
were
"fol-
mous
n the

lith-
A
rone,
orth-
n Sir
were
ment
alone



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE



twenty-two persons were hanged. It is not to be supposed that Drake, a "hot gospeler," could retain his position under government at such a time. Beyond a doubt it was at this period of dire extremity that he apprenticed young Francis to the master of a small vessel trading across the Channel to France and Holland. On this dingy little coaster, in hardship and penury, the founder of Britain's naval power got his first practice in handling a vessel. But the boy brought with him a passion for the sea. His childhood at Plymouth was the opening to him of the pathway of destiny. We can imagine the sturdy boy in his floating home an almost amphibious creature, accustomed to watch the incoming and retreating tides, learning to know the treacherous sands and intricate channels, familiar with boats, gathering from old seamen precious lore as to the winds and weather, listening eagerly to the tales of bronzed sea-dogs who had braved the perils of far oceans; feeding in his soul the desire of adventure, while he and his playmates fought mimic battles with snow-balls between the old hulks.

Plymouth was the place of all the world that would most nourish such a spirit. It was the centre of an intensely active sea-life. Whether one wished to sail up the Channel, or out on the broad Atlantic, or to fish in St. George's Channel, or to follow the cod up to the Iceland coast, Plymouth was the place to start from. It was the last port for an out-going and the first for an incoming vessel. Besides being a centre of the new religion, for the sea-towns and London held its warmest supporters, Plymouth was a favorite rendezvous of

pirates. Lying there secure, they watched the Channel, ready to sail out and strike a prize, like a hawk swooping upon a dove. Do not be surprised at reading of pirates swarming in the Channel and finding hospitable entertainment in English ports. We do not mean ferocious cut-throats, such as those who afterwards sailed under the black flag and made war on merchant ships of every nation. These men were far removed indeed from the type of Teach and Morgan and Kidd. Pirates they were, according to the law of nations, because they bore no commission and made war in time of peace; but they were products of peculiar conditions.

Imagine a situation such as this: Spain dominating the greater part of Europe and claiming, under the Pope's grant, along with Portugal, exclusive ownership of the whole New World; crushing the life out of the Netherlands; establishing the Holy Inquisition in her ports, with power to seize as heretics any Protestant seamen who might chance to touch there, to throw them into dungeons, to torture them, and to condemn them to row as slaves in the galleys, or burn them at the stake; the Protestant powers scarcely able to make head in the terrible struggle with this cruel monster; Holland trodden under foot by Alva and bleeding at every point, her chief cities in the enemy's hands; France hostile to Spain, but equally hostile to Protestantism and burning its converts; little England alone fairly tranquil and secure within her ocean girdle. Consider, further, conditions which made Elizabeth to the last degree loath to have war with Philip of Spain. Open hostilities would surely kindle the baleful fires of civil war. Her

Catholic subjects, still in the majority, would feel bound to obey a mandate of the Pope and would rise against a Protestant sovereign whom, at best, they barely tolerated. Scotland, still a foreign kingdom, largely Catholic, and in hostile hands, would be sure to strike her across the border. Ireland, as yet wholly Catholic, would raise her terrible kerne in savage rebellion. Thus surrounded by enemies, what chance would she have in a struggle with the mighty Colossus that overshadowed the Old World and drew gold and silver in seemingly inexhaustible streams from the New? Clearly, little England's policy was one of peace. So Elizabeth understood it and so she acted. Giving toleration to her subjects of either faith, boasting that nobody suffered in purse or person for religion's sake, she was trying to teach them that it was possible to live together with mutual good-will, while she shielded them to the best of her power from foreign foes.

Now, under these circumstances, what would Englishmen, resenting the oppression and cruelty of Spain, do? Many of them had friends or kinsmen languishing in the loathsome dungeons of the Inquisition or wasting their lives chained to the oar-benches of a galley. They would strike the Spanish power wherever and whenever they could. They would deem it a service done to God, every time they destroyed one of the Spanish king's ships; and they would not carefully discriminate between his property and that of his subjects. Any vessel flying the flag that was the symbol of universal oppression would be fair game.

This is just what the pirates of that day did. They represented the unorganized opposition of struggling Protestantism to a foe whose ruthless power was felt on every sea. One cannot justify all that they did. Too often their cruelties on the water matched those of the Spanish officers on land. Only let us remember how naturally this state of things came about. It was a kind of lynch law applied on the ocean, in the absence of protection from the constituted authorities. And retaliation is always wont to go to terrible extremes. Pirates these men were undoubtedly. They had no commission from their sovereign, but fought on their own account and destroyed the commerce of a power with which their country was nominally at peace. They lived by plunder and took all the risks. Captured, they were not entitled to be treated as prisoners of war, but were sure of being hanged. Some were English, some French, some Dutch. These circumstances being borne in mind, we shall not have any difficulty in understanding that these bold "Beggars of the Sea" had hospitable welcome in Plymouth harbor. Its seafaring population were in sympathy with them. It was a favorite resort for them, both on this account and because it served them admirably as a lurking-place. The Spanish king's ships bearing supplies and money to the army in the Netherlands must sail through the Channel. This was the rovers' opportunity to snatch a rich booty. Not plain English folk alone sympathized with these lawless depredations. Elizabeth distinctly winked at them. Indeed, she was very glad of them. In the weakness of her infant navy, it was a good thing to have at hand

this irregular force of fearless fighting men, swift and skilful as the vikings of an older time. She appreciated the advantage of being able to disown them, while she reaped the benefit of their operations. Let them prey upon Spanish commerce as much as they pleased. Only so that they did not exasperate Philip to the extent of declaring war on her, their audacious achievements were a help to her. We need not wonder at this attitude of the English queen, so singular according to our more refined ideas of international comity. In those rude days, when plots and counterplots were thick and political assassinations were frequent, great ministers of state, God-fearing men, did things which startle us by their daring unscrupulousness. The employment of men who instigated a plot in order to betray the plotters was common. Here is an instance. Elizabeth's ministers had good reason to suspect that a certain Dr. Story who had fled to Holland was concerned in a conspiracy to assassinate the queen. He being in a foreign country, the difficulty was in getting hold of him. What did they do? They sent a vessel over to the Scheldt. A spy inveigled Story on board, under a false pretence. He was immediately seized and secured below hatches. The vessel then slipped away and soon landed him in London. Once within the Tower, it was short work to wring his secret from him with the rack. Then he was hanged. On the principle of fighting the Devil with fire, such methods were regarded as legitimate bits of shrewdness. Certainly, we should err in judging them by the light and the knowledge of our day.

I have dwelt at considerable length on this point, because I wish to give you a clear idea of the influences which surrounded the boy, Francis Drake. It will help you to understand much in his career if you remember how he was cradled, as it were, among men of lawless deeds, who were nevertheless, in their way, the champions and defenders of a great cause, and how he grew up admiring them and their achievements. And you will be able to make allowance for his intense, even fanatical, hatred of Popery and of the Spanish king as its right hand.

From all these circumstances it is not hard to imagine that, as a boy in Plymouth, he must have listened with eager sympathy to the stories of pirates preying on Spanish commerce, and have felt his pulse quicken at the sight of their swift ships anchored in the roads, looking forward to the time when he, too, should have a hand in the same stirring work.

One other element in the atmosphere surrounding Drake was the experience of northern explorers. At the time of Chancellor's successful voyage to the White Sea, he was old enough to hear of it and to understand its importance. There is little doubt that his bold spirit would have enrolled him among those daring navigators who essayed to reach China either by a northeast or a northwest passage, had it not been that his kinsman Hawkins's ventures in tropical waters gave a different bent to his mind and led ultimately to the famous voyage with which we are particularly concerned. We have seen the lad apprenticed on a coaster. Genius makes all conditions and occasions

serve its ends. So faithfully did Drake do his humble work, and with so much quickness and capacity, that he won the skipper's heart, and the old man, when he died, left him his bark. It is a lesson worth pondering, that this great man gained his first success in life by doing his lowly and coarse tasks with all his ability. Two years later we find him, now nineteen years old, purser or third officer of one of the Hawkins vessels. He had sold the old bark and cast his lot with the rising fortunes of his cousin, who had begun that daring policy of trading with Spanish colonies which produced conflicts with the local authorities in the New World and brought on the war which was the beginning of Spain's ruin and of England's rise to be mistress of the seas. To come to the great voyage which alone has any place in the plan of this book, we must pass over some parts of Drake's career. He and Hawkins had had a miserable and bitter experience of Spanish treachery at San Juan de Ulloa, on the coast of Mexico. They were there solely for the purpose of trading and had done nothing to provoke an attack. A Spanish admiral, after being allowed to come alongside, on an express agreement not to molest them, suddenly opened fire and tried to board them. A desperate fight ensued. They got away finally, but with the loss of one vessel, of all their valuable cargo, and of a hundred of their comrades, who were chained and put to work in the mines.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Drake, plundered and nearly ruined, henceforth considered all Spanish property fair game and was bent on revenging his

enslaved comrades. He had a plan of his own. He kept it very quiet. Had he let it get out, the Spanish government would have been on its guard. With an absurdly small force, the "Pelican," of one hundred and twenty tons, in other words, of about the size of a modern racing yacht, and four still smaller craft, he set out, in 1577, on a voyage which was destined to make a new historical epoch. Of this famous venture an old writer quaintly says that he "first turned up a furrough about the whole world," and that his achievement "doth not only overmatch the ancient Argonauts, but also outreacheth in many respects that noble mariner Magellanus, and by far surpasseth his crowned victory."

CHAPTER XXV

THE DRAGON SAILS ON MAGELLAN'S TRACK

DRAKE'S enterprise had strong financial backing. Frobisher's return in the previous year from Labrador with what was taken for valuable gold ore had kindled a fever of speculation. Drake easily sold shares in his venture to prominent courtiers. Even Elizabeth subscribed a thousand crowns, on the condition that her interest in the enterprise be kept a profound secret. The spirit of adventure was in the air. Dreams of gold and glory filled many minds. Youths of illustrious families volunteered to serve under Drake, who had already made for himself an enviable name. The son of Sir William Wynter, Elizabeth's Admiral-at-Sea, was appointed second in command. The public pretext was a voyage to Egypt, for it was necessary to give out some destination which would put the Spanish minister on a false scent: else he would quickly have notified his master, and Spain would have been on her guard in her far-away possessions.

On November 15, 1577, Drake ran proudly out of Plymouth harbor with his little fleet of five vessels. How small was the force destined for the most daring enterprise that England had ever launched! All the crews together numbered but one hundred and fifty men and fourteen boys. The little flag-ship was fitted up with almost royal sumptuousness. In the cabin of

the "Pelican" the great rover who had begun life in the forecabin of a dirty little coaster, dined on silver plate richly gilt and engraved with the family arms, while the air, redolent with perfumes given him by the Queen, was filled with soft strains of music, and young men of gentle birth stood bareheaded in the august presence.

Sixty years had passed since Magellan had sailed through the straits which bear his name. His great discovery had fallen idle. Geographers taught that there was no passage from the Atlantic into the South Sea, save through that one crooked strait; and to use it the most renowned navigators in the Spanish service had essayed in vain. For a generation the attempt had been abandoned. The vast wealth of the Pacific coast continued to flow northward to the Isthmus, where it was carried overland by Nombre de Dios and then re-shipped to Spain.

Drake had no smaller game in view than to follow in Magellan's track, to penetrate the South Sea and freight his ships with the almost fabulous treasures of Peru. It was a desperately daring scheme. Remember, Spain was sovereign of those seas. Her mastery extended across the wide Pacific and included the Philippines. No English ship might show itself in those waters. John Oxenham, once a companion of Drake in the Spanish Main, had stolen overland to the South Sea and launched a vessel. Having been caught, he had been promptly hanged for a pirate at Lima. But Drake, years before, had climbed a tall tree on the top of a ridge of Panama, and catching far away the gleam of the Pacific, had prayed God to grant him leave to sail

an English vessel on that ocean. Now he was about to turn his prayer into deed.

Strange and shadowy terrors loomed across his path. It was an age of superstition, and sailors peopled the far southern shores with demons and imagined the waters enveloped in ceaseless storms and darkness. It was this region, unexplored and uncharted, that Drake purposed to penetrate with his little vessels.

On they swept till the African coast was reached. Then they turned southward, and for the first time the crews that had shipped for a voyage to Alexandria learned their true destination. They might at any time refuse to go further. The incitement to mutiny was not wanting. One Thomas Doughty, formerly an intimate friend of Drake's, commanded the soldiers; and for some reason, at first mysterious, there was constant friction between the gentlemen volunteers and the sailor officers. At that time sea service was not rigidly organized as it now is. Each ship commonly had a gentleman captain, sometimes much more of a soldier than a sailor. The second officer was invariably a practical seaman and was the master. On him rested the responsibility of navigating the ship. This unsettled question as to the supremacy of soldiers or sailors afforded the opportunity of fomenting discord which an ill-disposed man would naturally seek. Such a man was Doughty.

The little fleet ranged down the African coast. As it touched at Cape Blanco, the chaplain, Fletcher, whose journal is very interesting, was very much impressed with a circumstance which reflects honor on

Drake's humanity. Some of the country-people "brought downe with them a woman, a Moore (with her little babe hanging upon her dry dugge, having searee life in herselfe, much less milk to nourish her child), to be sold as a horse or a cow and a calf by her side, in which sort of merchandise our generall woulde not deale."

A few prizes were picked up, among which was a Portuguese vessel carrying a rich freight of silks and other valuable goods, besides ample stores. She was retained. The others were discharged, as well as the crews and passengers, without ransom, to the intense disappointment of Drake's gentlemen, who did not at all understand this honorable kind of piracy. One man only was retained, a Genoese pilot, who knew the Brazil coast, and who no sooner learned of Drake's intention of entering the Pacific by Magellan's abandoned route than he eagerly offered his services, which were gladly accepted.

In crossing the Atlantic, the chaplain was much struck with the wonders he beheld, and he took care that these marvels should not suffer in the telling. There were birds that swarmed upon the ships far out in the ocean — birds that never touch land, except for a few moments, "for with all speed the female drops her eggs in the sand, and, covering them, presently departeth, never repairing any more to them, but leaveth them to the heat of the sunn and the nature of the sands in the providence of God to bring them forth living creatures, without showing anny spark of naturall affection to them."

The Dragon Sails on Magellan's Track 251

In describing the flying fish, he gives free rein to his fancy thus: "The increase of this little and wonderfull creature is in a manner infinite, the fry whereof lyeth upon the upper part of the waters, in the heate of the sun, as dust upon the face of the earth, which being in bignesse of a wheat straw, and in length an inch more or lesse, do continually exercise themselves in both their faculties of nature" (swimming and flying). Here is another wonder: "Sometimes the water which fell out of the ayer, when we came neare the Equator, was so qualified of the heat of the sonn, that it falling upon the cloathes of our men, they were burned that they would moulder in pieces." But here is compensation for the tropical heat: "In our passing from our country, being winter, lice increased infinitely on the cloathes of our men; but no sooner were we come within the burning zone, but they all dyed and consumed away of themselves."

On April 5 the fleet sighted the Brazil coast. Shortly afterwards they encountered incessant gales. The ships could not be kept together. Furious winds tore them from their anchorage and scattered them out of sight of each other. Sudden squalls swooped down and threatened instant destruction. There seemed to be something unnatural, uncanny about these experiences, corresponding with the bad name of these waters. Drake, as superstitious as sailors in general, began to think that there was a Jonah on board, and his suspicion fell on John Doughty, brother of the man who had already been detected in tampering with the crews. John was a scholar. He knew something of Hebrew.

This language was notoriously associated with the Black Art (magic). The conclusion was irresistible: John Doughty was a wizard and by his infamous practices with Hebrew characters held intercourse with evil spirits, and these raised the storms. It makes us smile nowadays to think of a man of Drake's strong mind entertaining notions so childish. But we cannot fail to admire his dauntless courage in pressing on, when he believed the very powers of the air to be leagued against him.

Six weary weeks the little vessels were struggling southward, buffeted and scattered. Then Port Desire was reached.

The Patagonians impressed Fletcher very favorably. He says: "The giant men and women showed themselves not only harmless, but ready to do us any good and pleasure: yea, they showed us more kindness than many Christians would have done. No sooner were we landed than they pittied our ease, being so weather-beaten, and with all expedition brought to us som such victualls as their country yielded. The chief victualls wee received from them was the flesh of Ostrigges, whereof their land is full, and whereof no parte of the body is to be taken but only the leggs, which are bigger than the greatest leggs of mutton in the province of Peru, and the meat thereof is equall to any red deare. The rest of the body is but sein and bones. They cannot flye, their feathers are so weak, but run most swiftly, beating their stubb wings in the ayer, to give them a lighter motion."

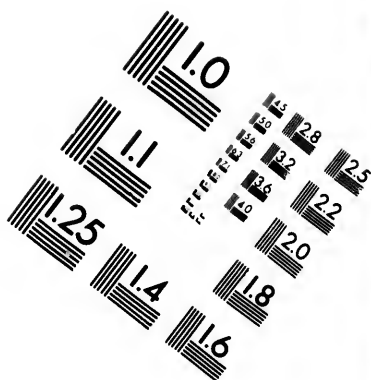
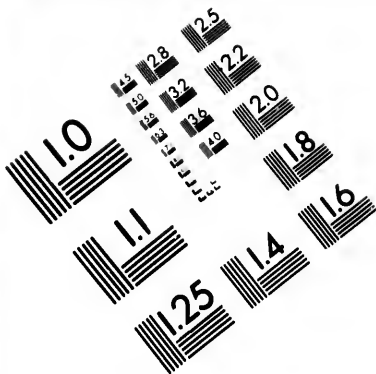
There follows a lively account of a battle with sea-fowl. Some of the men, landing on an island, "found

The Dragon Sails on Magellan's Track 253

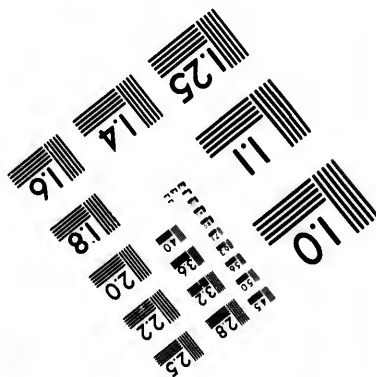
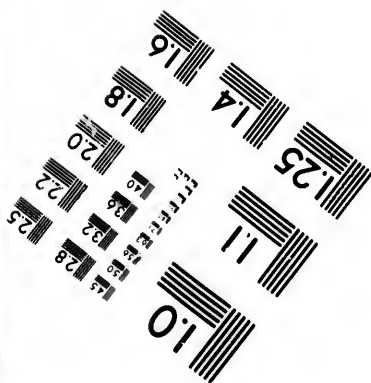
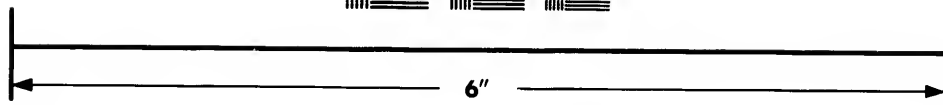
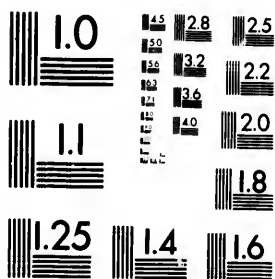
it a stoare-house of victualls for a king's army; for such was the infinite store of eggs and birdes, that there was no footing upon the ground, but to tread upon the one or the other at every stepp. Yea, the birds was so thick and would not remove, that they were enforced with cudgels and swords to kill them to make our way to goe, and the night drawing on, still wee could not prevaile, but gave them the field for the tyme."

Here was a grateful rest for the crews of the storm-tossed fleet. But there was no rest for Drake. The trouble with Thomas Doughty was growing ever worse. The master of the vessel on which he sailed reported that he had never ceased to disparage the Admiral and try to make himself appear as the real commander of the expedition, and had quarreled with the master and defied his authority. It seemed as if Doughty wished to put himself at the head of a gentlemen volunteers' party and thereby to override Drake's authority. This would have meant defeat to the expedition. A swift and sharp remedy was needed, and Drake was the man to apply it. The crisis of the voyage was at hand. They were nearing Magellan's Straits. If the credulous sailors, who believed themselves to be sailing haunted waters, should once be incited to mutiny against going further, the movement would be hard to handle. Drake deprived Thomas Doughty of his command and ordered the brothers on board another vessel as prisoners. They refused to go. He directed a tackle to be rigged and had them slung on board, as if they had been bullocks. Then he put them under guard with strict orders that neither of them should be allowed to





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 472-4503

14 18 28 25
16 22 20
19 18

11
10
51

read or write anything but what a man could see and understand. This was to prevent John from holding intercourse with his unseen familiars. It was summer time in the northern hemisphere, but in this forsaken region, on which God seemed to have turned his back and abandoned it to the rule of devils, the voyagers were, in June, in the thick of wintry storms.

They put into Port St. Julian. Here a gruesome sight met the navigators; it was the stump of Magellan's gallows. Buried at its foot lay the bones of the two mutinous officers who had paid the penalty of their self-will with their lives. Perhaps this discovery suggested to Drake the course he should take as to the two men whose presence was demoralizing the ship's companies. Thomas Doughty was confident that the Admiral dared not exercise his authority upon him. He soon learned his mistake. A jury was empaneled, with Vice-Admiral Wynter at its head, and the prisoner was solemnly charged with mutiny and treason. There was a wrangling trial, full of bitter taunts and acrimonious evidence. Still, the prisoner was acquitted of treason. When the charge of mutiny was taken up, Drake for the first time produced evidence himself. Then Doughty blurted out the truth. He had betrayed the Queen's secret interest in the expedition to Lord Burleigh. The fact was then apparent: he was Burleigh's secret agent, put on board the fleet for the express purpose of fomenting strife and defeating the objects of the expedition.

This rash boast sealed Doughty's doom. Drake took the ships' companies aside and opened his heart to them,

telling them the whole story of the expedition and its hindrances, and asked them what fate a man deserved who had conspired to overthrow so great an undertaking. "They that think this man worthy of death," he cried, "let them hold up their hands." A throng of brown hands went up. Thomas Doughty must die.

Next followed a singular scene. It is hard to reconcile with Drake's sincerity his kneeling side by side with the condemned man and receiving the Communion. But, undoubtedly, it was meant as an evidence that there was no malice. Then, stranger still, all sat down to tables loaded with the best that the stores contained, and feasted together in a farewell banquet to the condemned man. Then the merry comrades gathered around, to "see him off." In those days it was thought good taste for a criminal at the block to jest. Sir Thomas More, Raleigh, and others illustrated the custom. Doughty, who was an accomplished gentleman, would not be out of the fashion. He embraced Drake, made his joke, and then calmly submitted to the stroke. Drake was equally undisturbed. When the provost-marshal held up the dripping head, Drake cried out, "Lo! this is the end of traitors." John Doughty was not brought to trial. Probably it would have been hard to prove him a magician.

Coasting along southward, they were much impressed with the friendly familiarity of the natives. Suddenly, however, a bloody affray broke out in this wise. "Two young giants" were visiting the Englishmen, when one of the latter named Wynter undertook to show them the superiority of an English bow. Unfortunately,

his string broke. Then "two other giants, old and grim weatherbeaten villains," who had come up, seeing him unarmed, shot at him, and sent one arrow through his shoulder, another through his lungs. Thereupon the master-gunner tried to shoot them with a fowling-piece he carried, "but the touch being dankish would not take fyer, for it was a misling rain." Seeing this, the savages turned on him and sent an arrow through his heart. By this time Drake came up and took a hand in the fray. He succeeded in discharging the gunner's piece with so good effect that one of the murderous savages was horribly mangled, and made an outcry "so hideous and horrible as if ten bulls had joyned together in roaring." Thereupon his countrymen fled in a panic. That night the two dead adventurers "were laid in one grave with such reverance as was fit for the earthen tabernacles of immortal soules."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DRAGON REOPENS THE SOUTHWEST PASSAGE TO
CATHAY

ON August 20, nine months from the date of their sailing, the fleet, now reduced to three vessels, reached the Straits of Magellan. There, in honor of a friend at court, the flag-ship's name was changed from the "Pelican" to the "Golden Hind," a name which her achievement has made immortal. There was the usual stormy passage through the straits, but in a fortnight Drake's courage and seamanship brought his ships out on the Pacific. Hardly had the squadron turned northward when a terrific gale burst upon it, as if the aerial powers of the South Sea, enraged at the audacious intrusion on their ancient solitary reign, had thrown themselves in fury upon the invaders. The ships were hurled back. For nearly two months they were driven hither and thither, under bare poles, in waters where no mortal keel had ever cut a furrow, amid ice and wintry darkness. The "Marygold" went down with all hands. Wynter, separated from his consort, lost heart, and re-entered the straits, built signal fires on shore for a week, and, when no sign of the admiral appeared, sailed away to England, to report the loss of the fleet. Thus the "Golden Hind" was left alone.

Meanwhile where was Drake? He was making a splendid discovery. Driven southward by the storm,

he found himself at the end of the western continent. Where the old geographers set down the Terra Australis, a vast land stretching from Magellan's Straits unbroken to the South Pole, he saw an open sea, the Atlantic and the Pacific rolling together. Cape Horn had been seen, in 1525, by Francisco de Hoces, commanding a ship sent out to follow up Magellan's discovery of the strait. But the fact had been carefully kept secret, according to Spain's selfish policy. Since that day how many a tall ship has "rounded the Horn"! Drake's discovery swept off the map an imaginary continent and laid open to the world a commercial route of inestimable value, the Southwest Road to Cathay.

In the islands discovered by Drake south of the straits they "found great store of strange birds, which could not flie at all, nor yet runne so fast as that they could escape us. In body they are less than a goose and bigger than a mallard, short and thiek sett, having no feathers, but instead thereof a certain hard and matted downe; they lodge and breed upon the land, where making earthes, as the conies doe, in the ground, they lay their eggs and bring up their young. Such was the infinite resort of these birds to these Islands that in the space of one day we killed no lesse than 3000. They are a very good and wholesome victuall." The Admiral called the islands the Elizabethides.

Now the little "Golden Hind" bore boldly up the coast, undaunted by her loneliness. Nature was more propitious, and favoring winds sped her on her way.

Southwest Passage to Cathay Reopened 259

At the island of Mucho Drake entered into traffic with the natives for fresh victuals and water. They seemed very friendly and brought down two fat sheep as a present. It appeared, however, that this was only a bait, for the next day a large number ambushed the boat in a narrow passage and poured in a cloud of arrows. Drake and every man were wounded. They escaped, however, with their lives; and though they had no longer a surgeon, but only "a boy whose goodwill was more than any skill hee had," they ultimately recovered and "yeilded God the glory thereof."

Drake did not yet know of Wynter's desertion. It had been agreed that, in case of their separation, they should wait one for the other at Valparaiso. For that port, therefore, Drake headed, not doubting but he would find Wynter there. He was piloted by an Indian whom he had picked up off the coast as he was fishing in his canoe; "a comely personage, and of a goodly stature; a most lively patterne of the harmlesse disposition of that people." This gentle savage was very grateful for the gifts he received. He landed and gave his friends so favorable a report of the Englishmen, that they soon came out, bringing provisions, such as "hennes, eggs, a fat hogge, and such like." He, further, offered to pilot the fleet to a harbor where all its necessities might be supplied. This proved to be none other than Valparaiso.

Instead of Wynter, Drake found there a noble prize, the "Grand Captain of the South," with a cargo of Chilian wine, besides a quantity of fine gold and a splendid "gold crucifix beset with emeralds." She was wait-

ing a favoring wind to carry her to Panama. Never dreaming of an English ship on the west coast, she welcomed the stranger with beat of drum and an invitation to come aboard and have a merry night. Imagine her crew's dismay, when grim old Tom Moore, one of Drake's sea-dogs, who had sailed and fought with him in former ventures, climbed over the side, at the head of a handful of trusty rovers, shouting in broken Spanish, "Down, dog, down!" He soon had the crew tight under hatches. Then picture the pirates' glee as they plundered the splendid prize and pillaged the little settlement of all they wanted.

Three days the mysterious visitor lay in the Chilean paradise (Valparaiso, Valley of Paradise), while the men, famished after a long diet of salt penguin, and many of them still suffering from their wounds, reveled in fresh meat and fruits.

The chaplain's journal says demurely: "Wee spent some time in refreshing ourselves and easing this ship of so heavy a burthen, and, having sufficiently stored ourselves with necessaries as wine, bread, bacon, etc., for a long season, we set saile, landing our Indian pilote, bountifully rewarded and enriched with many good things, in the place where he desired."

Now out upon the deep once more and on with the audacious venture! Drake still hoped to find Wynter and the "Elizabeth." So they raced along the coast, exhilarated by the glorious climate and well-nigh intoxicated with the splendid loot which everywhere was theirs for the taking. As they plundered ship after ship or pillaged settlements, despising all meaner stuff

Southwest Passage to Cathay Reopened 261

than the precious metals and gems, it must have seemed as if they had fallen upon an enchanted world. The pirates had everything their own way, without molestation.

A messenger had, indeed, been sent from Valparaiso to warn the coast towns; but "because many huge and colde mountaines covered with snowe lie in the way, the Poste was so long in perfourmance of this journey, that Captaine Drake was upon the coaste of Peru a moneth before the sayd Poste came thither: neither could they send any newes by sea, being destitute of shipping."

Drake made good use of the time. He would have landed for water at Coquimbo, but "God," says the chaplain, "did open our eyes to see 300 men at least, whereof 100 were Spaniards, every one well mounted upon his horse: the rest were Indians, running as dogs at their heeles, all naked, and in most miserable bondage." They lost a man who ventured rashly ashore, in defiance of the enemy, was seized, and "was there manfully by the Spaniards beheaded, the right hand cut off, the heart pluckt out; all which they carried away in our sight, and for the rest of his carcase they caused the Indians to shoote it full of arrows, and so left it to be devoured of the beasts and foules, but that we went ashore again and buried it." After this untoward experience they put to sea.

A little uninhabited harbor afforded a refuge. Here Drake set up a pinnace that had been brought along in pieces, refitted the "Golden Hind" from stem to stern, and then, with his men thoroughly refreshed and in high

spirits, sailed to realize the dream of his life, the sack of Lima and Panama.

As Julian Corbett tells the story in his delightful book on Drake, the cruise now became a regular picnic. At one point on the coast of Tarapaca they found a Spaniard asleep with thirteen bars of silver beside him. They apologized profusely for disturbing his nap and politely insisted on making amends by relieving him of his burden. Farther on, they met another driving a train of guanacos laden with some eight hundred pounds of silver, and, expressing themselves sorry to see a gentleman turned carrier, they took his place; but somehow, as they afterwards said, they lost the way to his house, and found themselves suddenly just where they had left the pinnacle. So they frolicked along that peaceful coast, startling its luxurious slumbers with shouts of reckless laughter.

By the way they did some trading with the natives. "Amongst other things which we had of them, the sheepe of the country [he means llamas] were most memorable. Their height and length was equall to a pretty cow. Upon one of their backes did sit at one time three well-grown and tall men and one boy, no mans foot touching the ground, the beast nothing at all complaining of his burthen." They were also very much entertained at seeing some of the shore-folk transporting goods on balsas, or rafts of inflated hides, such as are used to this day on Lake Titicaca.

Arrived at Arica, the point where the almost fabulous wealth of the Potosi mines was wont to be embarked for Panama, they still hoped, but in vain, to find the

Southwest Passage to Cathay Reopened 263

truant "Elizabeth." Nor did they get much treasure. Their ill-repute had outrun them, and the town was in arms. Only two barks fell into their hands, laden with "some forty and odde barres of silver (of the bignesse and fashion of a brick-batte, and in waight each of them about 20 pounds), of which we tooke the burthen on ourselves to ease them." All this plundering seems to have greatly entertained the jolly parson, and he chuckled over it as merrily as if he had been a highway-man on Hounslow Heath. Here the report of a galleon that had escaped northward with eight hundred bars of silver belonging to the Spanish king stimulated Drake to hasten after her, fuming at his disappointment. Alas! when he overhauled her, anchored at Chuli, not a man was aboard, not an ounce of silver. She had been notified of his coming.

Determined to reach Lima ahead of his reputation, Drake dashed on, under the guidance of a pilot whom he had seized, slipped unsuspected into the harbor, in the dead of night, and dropped his anchor in the midst of the shipping. From vessel to vessel he went, but not an ounce of silver rewarded the search. It was all ashore, except a vast quantity recently shipped for Panama in a large vessel nicknamed the "Cacafuego," or "Spitfire." They got no pelf worth speaking of, but they heard news of Europe for the first time since leaving England, fifteen months before.

Once more out to sea, to chase the treasure-ship! Alas for human impatience! a dead calm fell. For three days not a breath stirred. Then down came the Viceroy of Peru with two thousand men and sent out

four ships to capture or burn the audacious rover. It looked now as though the little craft had come to the end of her rope. The Spaniards hung off, somewhat in awe of the Dragon. Before they could summon heart to close with him, a breeze sprang up, and the "Golden Hind" showed them clean heels. Once more she sped on her foamy way, the "Cacafuego" fourteen days ahead of her, and to be overhauled before reaching Panama; else a royal prize was missed. Meanwhile the viceroy was solemnly casting guns to blow the Dragon out of the water, when he should come back that way. But the Dragon was sweeping towards the line on the wings of the wind. All the while the "Cacafuego" was lounging easily along, never dreaming of the Dragon foaming on her track. Now and again Drake stopped for a while to dally with a prize and transfer more silver, silks, and wine to his hold; all of which the piratical parson, Fletcher, relates with great glee. The scent was growing hotter all the time. At Paita, the admiral learned, the chase was but two days ahead. On he sped. At any hour the "Cacafuego" might loom up on the horizon. "A gold chain to him who first sights the chase!" the Admiral cried. The Equator is crossed. Then, off Cape San Francisco, a sail is sighted. Every eye is fixed on her as the eager "Hind" rushes on, swiftly overhauling the great, clumsy stranger. There is no doubt: it is she! Young John Drake, the Admiral's nephew, claims and gets the golden chain.

But the chase must not be alarmed. Therefore Drake trails casks astern and so deadens his little ship's head-

way that he keeps himself hull down until nightfall. Then the "Golden Hind" rushes on her prey, fires a single shot, runs alongside, and in a twinkling is mistress of a prize that would buy a German kingdom.

Six days they lay side by side. The facetious parson writes that this was in order "to recover our breath againe, which we had almost spent with hasty following, but especially to do John de Anton a kindness, in freeing him of the care of those things with which his ship was loaden." These he enumerates as "a certaine quantitie of jewels and precious stones, 13 chests of ryals of plate, 80 pound waight in gold, 26 tunne of uncoyned silver, two very faire gilt silver drinking boules, and the like trifles [!], valued in all at about 360,000 pezoes. For these commodities we gave the master a litle linnen and then we bad farewell and parted."

Literally ballasted with silver, the "Golden Hind" parted from her victim. The latter made for Panama, light in freight, but heavy at heart, to carry the news that the dreaded corsair, who had made his name a terror on the Isthmus six years before, was now ravaging the Pacific.

There was booty enough beneath her hatches to enrich every man in Drake's ship, and there was nothing to be done now but to find a way home. But what way? To return by the route he had come was perilous. The whole coast was up in arms. Troops were marching hither and thither. Good bishops were giving the chimes of their cathedrals to be cast into guns to sink the deadly Dragon, the enemy of God and man. Ships

were out searching for him. The best naval officer on the coast had stationed himself at the Straits of Magellan, to bar his return. But Drake's adventurous spirit yet thirsted for discovery, and he took a bold resolve.

English geographers fully believed that there was a passage from ocean to ocean to the north of America. Frobisher thought that he had found the entrance of it two years before Drake sailed. It was even named,—the Strait of Anian. It is needless to say no man had traversed it. Drake resolved to have this glory. He would enter it, find his way through, and having circumnavigated America, sail home with the renown of having opened an English road to Cathay, and with the richest booty that ever ship carried.

So, while South America, from Panama to Patagonia, was watching for him, the dauntless corsair bore northward.

They put in for repairs and provisions at the "Island of Caines," which seems to have pleased the chaplain greatly. He says: "we found here many good commodities which we wanted, as fish, fresh water, wood, etc., alargartoes [alligators], munekeyes, and the like." Here also they took another prize, "loaden with linnen, China silke and China-dishes, besides a fauleon of gold, handsomely wrought, with a great emerald set in the brest of it."

At Guatulco Drake did a characteristic thing. Landing, he found the alcaldes (alderman) of the town sitting. He laid the whole board by the heels, bundled them in a body on his ship, and made them send an order for every man to leave the town. Then he held the

Southwest Passage to Cathay Reopened 267

paralyzed officials as hostages, while he victualled unmolested from the Spanish storehouses. The next day he was speeding northward again.

Running up the California coast, off Cape Mendocino he encountered a storm of extraordinary severity. The rigging was frozen, and the men, coming from the tropics, were nearly paralyzed with the cold.

"Our General," says Fletcher, "by comfortable speeches of the divine providence and of God's loving care over his children, as also by his own cheerfull example stirred them to a good courage and to quit themselves like men."

So they went on. It was only when he reached the latitude of Vancouver that he gave up the quest of the Northwest Passage. By this time another great resolve had formed itself in his mind. This was nothing less than to strike across the broad Pacific and to reach home by the route around the Cape of Good Hope, or to die in the attempt. There was a circumstance that encouraged him in this apparently reckless undertaking.

In one of his prizes he had made a capture of priceless value, — the secret charts by which Spain conducted her rich traffic in the Eastern Asiatic Archipelago. Remember that up to this time the Pacific and the Indian oceans were exclusively Spanish and Portuguese waters and to an Englishman were unknown and uncharted seas. Now Drake had the key to the intricate navigation of the East Indies snug in his cabin.

But first the "Golden Hind" must be got ready for the tremendous venture. Therefore he ran back to a natural harbor near the place where the city of San

Francisco now stands. There, while the simple natives looked on in wonder, the "Golden Hind" was docked, cleaned, and thoroughly refitted.

Here the guileless natives would fain have made Drake their king, seeing in him and his comrades men of a heavenly race. He declined the honor, but took possession of the country in the name of his royal mistress, by right of original discovery, calling it New Albion, both on account of the white cliffs, and that "it might have some affinity with our own country."

On the 25th of July the audacious little craft, the only English keel in all that ocean, sailed boldly out into the Pacific, taking a bee-line for the Moluccas. Whether in sheer recklessness, or because he had all the plunder he could carry and was not courting Spanish company, Drake avoided the regular trade-route and laid a course for himself, steering, as it were, by inspiration. Day after day the sun rose out of the eastern, wheeled over their heads, and sank in the western waste, without a single sail's breaking the monotonous eircle where sea and sky met. Days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months. Meanwhile they were once more near the Equator. Then, sixty-eight days after they had lost sight of land, the new Argonauts ran in amongst the Carolines.

It would make our story too long to relate a tenth of the novel experiences that befell them in these waters and among these islands, new to English eyes; how the "Golden Hind" threaded her way through perilous channels, and how she escaped innumerable dangers. She had left England in 1577; it was now 1580, and

Southwest Passage to Cathay Reopened 269

still thousands of miles separated her from home. Once, bowling along before a fine topsail breeze, she ran full tilt on a reef. Every device of seamanship was tried in vain. Heavily freighted with treasure, she would not budge. All around the reef was deep water, so that no hold could be got for anchors to warp her out. Apparently, the "Golden Hind" had laid her down to die, and the enormous wealth she carried in her hold would not save her crew from a worse fate than a beggar's. Twenty hours she lay there. Facing death as inevitable, the mariners solemnly took the sacrament together. As one of the old chroniclers satirically put it, "each theefe reconciled himself unto his fello theefe."

Then, in desperation, Drake began to heave over guns, spices, anything that would lighten her. Suddenly she slid gently off the rock, unhurt, and held on her way. It seemed almost a miracle. No wonder that the pious shipmen attributed their escape to a direct interposition of Divine Providence. Two months more they still groped their way through intricate channels, beaten about by baffling gales. By March, however, they were clear of the archipelago; and in two months more they were ploughing their way through open seas towards the Cape of Good Hope. This they pronounced the most majestic object that they had seen in all their wanderings.

Well might Drake be jubilant and happy. His prayer that he might sail an English ship in the South Sea had been answered. He had crossed it from side to side. He had wrested from Spain the sceptre of maritime supremacy. Her secret of the far East was no

secret now. The Southwest Road to Cathay and Cipango lay open to Englishmen.

What of things at home in the mean time? For more than a year not a word about Drake had reached England, except a vague rumor that the Spaniards had caught and hanged him. Then Wynter came home with the story of the storm in which he had parted company with the "Golden Hind," and in which he doubted not she had gone down. Suddenly the Spanish ambassador brought the astounding news, just received from his master at Madrid, that the Viceroy of Mexico had reported the Dragon pillaging the Pacific coast. Then for a long time there was utter and ominous silence. No more was known of Drake than if his bones were bleaching on some unknown islet of the Pacific, as many devoutly prayed that they would.

One day, in the fall of 1580, a worm-eaten little craft, her bottom foul with weeds and barnacles, labored into Plymouth Sound. It was the glorious little "Golden Hind," that had accomplished a voyage that still stands admired amid the world's heroic achievements.

Of course there was excitement at court. Philip was then at the zenith of his power, and it seemed incredibly rash for little England to arouse his vengeance. The peace party clamored for severe measures against the audacious pirate who had flaunted defiance in the face of haughty Spain. Troublous times were ahead of him, Drake well knew. But of one thing he was sure, — of Elizabeth's secret sympathy and protection; and he was scarcely the man to be daunted at the opposition of subjects of any degree. When the expected

Southwest Passage to Cathay Reopened 271

summons to court came, he promptly set out, but not alone. A whole train of pack-horses carried the pick of his plunder, a timely offering intended to appease the wrath of his most influential opponents. Honest old Burleigh would have none of it; but not so all.

Who could be obdurate towards a man who seemed to have at his command all the wealth of the Indies, and whose common sailors swaggered through the streets blazing with gold and gems?

The Queen gave orders that the treasure should be registered and sent up to London, but, characteristically, she sent a private letter to the official in charge, bidding him turn his back while Drake should have opportunity to remove secretly ten thousand pounds' worth of bullion. This would amount to millions in value, as prices go now; and this was but a part of the great rover's reward.

Soon Elizabeth threw aside all disguise and showed the greatest favor to Drake. He was the hero of the day. Crowds thronged to see the little "Golden Hind," hauled ashore at Deptford. To cap the climax, one day her gracious Majesty came down and was royally banqueted on board. Then, on the deck of the gallant little ship, she knighted "the master-thief of the unknown world," who lived many years longer to make Spaniards quake when they saw the dragon escutcheon bearing down upon them. As long as her timbers held together, the stout little "Golden Hind" was preserved in honor, as the first English craft that had clapped a girdle about the globe and laid open the road to Cathay.

CHAPTER XXVII

DUTCH EXPLORERS VISIT NOVA ZEMBLA

"NOTHING in all the history of Arctic adventure is more full of romance and heroism than the three voyages of William Barentz, in the last of which he perished from hardship. A born leader of men, a true devotee of science, endless in resources, of zeal unquenchable, great-hearted, blithe, and lovable, he stands in the front rank of the world's great sailors."

This eloquent tribute of Dr. John Fiske expresses the universal sentiment of the civilized world. Few achievements of their kind have attracted so much attention or have received a greater degree of admiration than these voyages of the brave Dutchman and his staunch comrades. The story of them has been translated into many languages and has been followed with deep interest by thousands of readers. Wherever the highest qualities of manhood are appreciated, these hardy explorers will ever be honored. We must content ourselves with a sketch of the last and most important expedition.

Indirectly, Drake's voyage, just related, led to these famous ventures of the Dutch. His plundering the South American coast was one of the chief causes that brought on war between England and Spain. The

Dutch Explorers Visit Nova Zembla 273

defeat of the Invincible Armada so loosened the latter's hold on the Netherlands, that the Dutch immediately took advantage of their greater freedom to exert themselves in an endeavor to reach China by a northeast route. Three successive expeditions were sent out. The following sketch is taken from the journal admirably kept by Gerrit de Veer and, soon after its publication, translated into English.

On the 10th of May, 1596, two vessels, of one of which William Barentz was chief pilot, and John Cornelison Rip of the other, sailed from Amsterdam. On the 5th of June they encountered the first ice. One of the men on deck, seeing it shining in the sunlight on the horizon, shouted that he saw white swans. This was in the evening. By midnight they reached it and sailed through it, the sun being then, at his lowest, about one degree above the horizon in the north. On the 11th of June they rowed to the land, and gathered "a great store of sea-mews' eggs upon the shoare." After climbing a hill covered with snow, they found it a harder task to descend, on account of its being exceedingly steep and slippery. But tobogganing down on the seats of their trousers, "by God's help wee got safely downe againe." Then they went on board and enjoyed their feast of fresh eggs.

The next day they saw a white bear and rowed after it, to throw a noose over it, for it seems that they were without arms. But when they came up to it, they concluded that it was too formidable to be dealt with in that way. So they rowed back to the ship, to get more men and their weapons. Then they "made to her

again with muskets, hargubushes [arquebuses], halbertes, and hatchets, John Cornelyson's men coming also with their boate to help us." Now the two boats' crews attacked the bear, "and fought with her while four glasses were runne out [Think of that! A two hours' fusillade to kill one animal!], for our weapons could doe her little hurt." At last, however, they succeeded in killing the beast, but not before it had further astonished them by swimming off once with an axe sticking fast in its back. After all, the bear had the last innings; for when they ate some of it, it did not agree with them.

Well might they call that island Bear Island, by which name the Russians know it to this day.

A day or two later they had an encounter which is related thus quaintly: "Wee saw a great thing driving [drifting] in the sea, but passing along by it wee perceived it to bee a dead whale that stouneke monstrously; and on it there sate a great number of sea mewes." A dead whale, it seems, is no uncommon sight. Many hundreds of miles due south from the point where the Dutch voyagers saw this one, is a bay, on the coast of Lapland, in which, according to a distinguished modern explorer, "a number of dead whales are stranded every summer, sometimes as many as ten."

On the 21st of June they came to anchor in a strait near the northeastern extremity of Spitzbergen. Here they had another perilous adventure with a bear. At the first it came swimming towards the ship. But some of the men put out in a boat, headed it off, and drove it out to sea. It swam out as much as four

miles, they all the while pursuing in three boats, "cutting and heaving her, so that all our arms were most broken in peices. During our fight with her shee stroke her clawes in our boate, that the signes thereof were seene in it; but as hap was, it was forward in the stern of the boat, for if it had been in the middle thereof, shee had peradventure overthrown it, they have such force in their clawes." At last the animal was wearied out and killed. When it had been flayed, the "skinne was thirteen foote long"!

On a small island they found many brent geese or barnacle geese sitting on their nests. "As they sate, wee killed one goose dead with a stone, which we dresst and eate, and at least sixty egges, that wee tooke with us aboard the shippe. These geese come into Holland and every yeere are there taken in abundance, but till this time it was never known where they hatcht their egges; so that some men have taken upon them to write that they sit upon trees in Scotland, that hang over the water, and such egges as fall from them down into the water become young geese, but those that fall upon the land burst in sunder and are lost." This passage refers to one of the absurd notions credited in the sixteenth century, not merely by the ignorant, but by the most learned scholars and best-informed naturalists. According to the account given by the erudite John Gerard, in 1597, there are in the north of Scotland and in the Orkneys certain trees whereon grow shells containing living creatures. When these shells mature, they open: whereupon their contents falling into the water become "fowles which we call barnakles; in the

North of England, brant geese; in Lancashire, tree geese." He adds solemnly: "For the truth hereof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire unto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses."

Such was the "science" of the sixteenth century. When we find a dictionary a hundred years later defining a salamander as an animal which is so exceedingly cold that if it goes into a fire "it straightway putteth out the fire, by reason of its coldness;" and when we find that famous scholar, Dr. Samuel Johnson, denying that swallows migrate in winter, and stoutly affirming that "they do conglobulate themselves and, plunging to the bottom of a river, lie there till spring," we realize the advance of knowledge, since children in a grammar school would not credit such notions to-day.

The valiant Dutchmen sailed on into the vast unknown, hugging the wild shores of Spitzbergen, then visited probably for the first time, till they doubled its northern extremity. Thence they sailed almost due south, until on the 2d of July they were at Bear Island again, having made a loop around Spitzbergen. Then John Cornelison and his officers came aboard, to discuss their future movements. As there was a difference of opinion, it was finally agreed that each should choose his own course. In consequence, Cornelison turned back towards the 80th parallel, believing that there he would find an opening to the eastward, while Heemskereke's ship, of which Barentz was chief pilot, headed away southeasterly towards Nova Zembla, which they sighted on the 17th. Now they

turned north again, following the coast, except when ice compelled them to stand out to sea.

On the 20th they had one of their characteristic adventures which is related with quaint frankness. Going on the land, they met "two beares which rose up upon their hinder feete to see us (for they smell further than they see); and for that they smelt us, therefore they rose upright and came towards us, wherewith we were not a little abashed, in such sort that wee had little lust [desire] to laugh, and in all haste went to our boate againe, still looking behind us to see if they followed us, thinking to get into the boate and so put off from the land: but the master stayed us, saying, hee that first begins to runne away, I will thrust this lake-staffe (which hee then held in his hand) into his ribs, for it is better for us (sayd hee) to stay altogether, and see if we can make them afraid with whooping and hallowing; and so we went softly towards the boate and got away, glad that wee had escaped there claves, and that wee had the leysure to tell our fellowes thereof."

Henceforth every few days we have the killing of a bear recorded. The party seem to have outgrown something of their original terror of these animals. By the 15th of August they had come to the island of Orange, at the northern end of Nova Zembla, which they had discovered and named in the previous year. There they were shut in by the ice, and for some time were in great danger of losing their ship. Finally with much labor they extricated themselves. "While we were busied thereabouts and made much noise, a beare that lay there and slept, awaked, and came towards us to the ship,

so that we were forced to leave our worke about turning of the ship, and to defend ourselves against the beare, and shot her into the body, wherewith she ran away to the other side of the island, and swam into the water and got up upon a peece of ice, where shee lay still; but wee comming after her to the peece of ice where shee lay, when shee saw us she leapt into the water and swam to the land, but wee got between her and the land and stroke her on the head with a hatchet, but as often as we stroke at her with the hatchet, she duckt under the water, whereby we had much to do before we could kill her."

The next day some of the men went ashore and climbed a high hill, to view "the lay of the land." To their intense joy they saw open water to the south-east. They imagined that they were nearing the end of their trials, had accomplished the purpose of the voyage, and had earned the reward offered by the States, which had promised a considerable sum of money, in case "it should bee made apparent that the sayd passage [by the northeast of Europe and Asia] was to be sayled." In their joy they knew not how to "get soon inough on boord to certifie William Barentz thereof." Alas! they little dreamed what lay before them.

Now they turned the northern extremity of Nova Zembla and began to head southward. But their course was beset with difficulties and perils. A powerful current swept them around the headland, driving the ice with threatening force against the ship and the cable that she had out; "so that wee were in feare that we

should lose all the cable, which was 200 fadome at least; but God provided well for us, so that in the end wee got to the place againe from whence wee put out."

Now, day after day, they strove to extricate themselves and to reach the open water which they had seen. But they were always baffled and beaten back by the rushing current and the driving ice. Once "we went up upon the ice and wondered much thereat, it was such manner of ice: for on the top it was ful of earth, and there we found above forty egges, and it was not like other ice, for it was of a perfect azure coloure, like to the skies, whereby there grew great contention in words amongst our men, some saying that it was ice, others that it was frozen land: for it lay unreasonable high above the water." Other travelers have described this deep-blue ice.

After various trying experiences, on the 26th of August their fate came upon them. Having vainly striven to make their way out to the open water to the southeast, and being hindered by the drifting ice from following the coast southwestward, they resolved to give up the attempt and to return by the way they had come, that is, around the northern end of Nova Zembla. It was already too late! They were shut in. "And at that time we had like to have lost three men that were upon the ice to make way for the ship" (by cutting a passage). It seems that, the ice and the ship moving in opposite directions, the men were nearly swept away. "But God, by the nimbleness of their hands, delivered them out of that danger, which was a pittifull thing to

behold, for if they had not been nimble, they had surely dyed for it."

"The same day in the evening we got to the west side of the Ice Haven, where we were forced, in great cold, poverty, misery, and grief, to stay all that winter."

CHAPTER XXVIII

WINTER-BOUND ON NOVA ZEMBLA

WITH the pathetic words quoted at the close of the preceding chapter begins the story of one of the most trying experiences in the whole record of Arctic exploration, borne with a patience and heroic fortitude worthy of the highest admiration. It must be remembered that there was no experience of a successful wintering in Polar regions to encourage the explorers. The unfortunate Sir Hugh Willoughby, with all his companions, had perished forty-two years earlier. Therefore there were no rules of diet, clothing, and exercise, such as successive generations have accumulated; none of the appliances which, in our day, make it possible for the Arctic explorer to sit down, on board his vessel shut in by the ice, in a cabin lighted by electricity, to a table generously supplied with canned fresh meats and fresh vegetables. Our Dutchmen were veritable pioneers in this field. It was a stern, grim, deadly necessity that held them fast in its vise-like grip, with none of the alleviations which modern science has provided. They had but their own stout hearts and an unflinching trust in God. When we consider all the adverse circumstances, we must admit that the story of the next year is an astonishing one. Its relatively

happy issue was due to the high moral qualities of patience, good sense, industry, courage, and faith.

The 27th of August the bow of the ship was lifted about four feet. Those who were on board made preparations to leave her and signaled to those who were ashore to come, expecting that she would be crushed. The next day she slipped down out of the ice with such a loud crack as made them all think that it was the end of her. The next day they tried "with yron hookes and other instruments to breake the flakes of ice that lay one heaped upon the other, but al in vaine; so that we determined to commit ourselves to the mercie of God and to attend ayde from him."

Day after day the conditions grew worse, with high winds and snow, the drifting ice grinding against the sides of the vessel and sometimes lifting one end or the other several feet. More than once the boats were got out on the ice, with the expectation that the ship would go to pieces. On the 2d of September, in a violent snow-storm, the ice cracking with great noise, they determined to carry ashore thirteen barrels of bread and two casks of wine, so that they might be provided against a sudden emergency. By the 5th the weather was clear, but very cold. The ship had a considerable list and was leaking badly. Therefore it was thought prudent to carry ashore some powder, lead, muskets, and other necessaries, with an additional stock of provisions, as well as some carpenter's tools, and to make a tent or hut over one of the boats that had been drawn ashore. All this time, however, they elung to the ship, evidently in the hope of release. But each day the

Winter-Bound on Nova Zembla 283

prospect grew more discouraging. By the 11th of September, the winter drawing on rapidly, they realized the situation and resolved to face the necessity of wintering there with good courage and with faith. Some of the men, exploring the land a few days earlier, had reported having "found a river of sweet water, with great store of wood that had bin driven thither."



HOUSE-BUILDING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

This was about eight miles away. A party was sent out to ascertain the truth of this statement. The result was, that "we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certain trees, roots and all, which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria [Siberia] or Muscovia [Russia], or elsewhere; wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them

to us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would shew us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build an house, but also to burne and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without all doubt we had died there miserably with extreme cold.

“The 15th of September wee saw three beares, whereof the one lay still behind a peece of ice and the other two came close to the ship, which we perceiving, made our peeces ready to shoote at them; at which time there stood a tub full of beef upon the ice; one of the beares went unto it and put his head into the tub to take out a peece of the beef, but she fared therewith as the dog did with the pudding; for as she was snatching at the beefe, she was shot into the head, wherewith she fell downe dead and never stird. There we saw a curious sight: the other beare stood still and lookt upon her fellow; and when she had stood a good while she smelt her fellow, and perceiving that she was dead, went away, but we tooke halberts and other armes with us and followed her.” This second animal, in spite of being shot in the body, made its escape. The same day a sled was built for hauling wood to the place where the house was to be reared.

Now we have, day after day, the record of systematic work in hauling driftwood. September 21 was so cold that the cook's galley had to be taken below, because everything froze on the deck. On the 23d, “our carpentur dyed as we came aboard that evening.” This was the first death and must have cast a gloom over the party. The next day he was buried under the

shingle in the cleft of a rock, because they could not dig a grave in the frozen earth.

On the 25th "we raised up the principles of our house and began to worke hard thereon."

On the 26th they had the cruel experience of a west wind and open sea; so that they could have got away, if only their ship had been free.

"The 27th it blew hard northeast, and it froze so hard that as we put a nayle into our mouthes (as when men worke carpenters worke they use to doe), there would ice hange thereon when we tooke it out againe, and make the blood follow." On this day and on the next and again on the next, there were visits from bears. But in every case the animals got away without damage on either side. On the 28th it was bright and calm, with an open sea. "But our ship lay fast in the ice and stirred not." What a cruel trial to the poor fellows dreading the bitter winter and longing for their homes! They bravely pushed the work on the house, however, and on the landing of the stores, though it was "so extreame cold that we could hardly worke, but extremity forced us thereunto." On the 30th they built a big fire near the house, that they might thaw the ground, in order to pile earth against the house to make it warmer. "But it was all lost labour, for the earth was so hard and frozen so deep, that we could not thaw it, and it would have cost us too much wood."

October 1 they had a snow-storm with such a furious gale that a man could hardly walk against it or even draw his breath. On the 2d "we set up our house [completed its erection], and upon it we placed a

may-pole made of frozen snow [as one might, under other circumstances, raise a flag]." On the 5th they broke up the lower deck of the forecastle and with the planks made a sloping roof, that the water might run off. The 8th "it blew so hard and snowed so fast that we should have smothered, if we had gone out into the aire; and to speak truth, it had not been possible for any man to have gone our ship's length, though his life had laine thereon." "The 10 of October as one of our men went out, he chaunced to meet a beare, and was almost at [against] him before he knew it, but presently he ranne back againe towards the ship and the beare after him: but the beare comming to the place where before that we killed another beare and set her upright and there let her freeze, shee stood still, whereby our man got before her and clome up into the ship in great fear, crying, a beare, a beare; which we hearing came above hatches to looke on her and to shoote at her, but we could not see her, by means of the exceeding great smoke [their eyes being inflamed] that had so tormented us while we lay under hatches in the foule wether. The beare staid not long there, but ran away." "The 11th it was calme wether, the wind being south and somewhat warme, and then wee carried our wine and other victuals on land."

On the 12th half of the men slept in the house for the first time. They suffered greatly from cold, because the bunks were not yet made and they had not clothing enough. Besides, they could not keep a fire, because the chimney was not yet built, "whereby it smoaked exceedingly." On the 13th some of the men were haul-

ing a cask of beer (the Norwegian "sprossen-bier," from which we get our name "spruce-beer," which, despite its name, has no spruce in it), when they were assailed by so furious a wind that they left the sled where it was and got in out of the cold. The next day they found the cask burst, but the beer that had run out frozen "as hard upon the side of the barrel as if it had been glewed thereon." They broke it off and ate it.

By the 18th the sea was covered with ice, and no open water could be seen. On the 19th another bear visited the ship, at a time when but two men and a boy were aboard. After vainly trying to drive her away by throwing billets of wood at her, the men jumped into the hold and the boy climbed up the fore-rigging. "Meane time some of our men shot at her with a musket, and then she ran away." What marksmen these worthy Dutchmen were with their clumsy muskets, which were held, not against, but over the shoulder, so as to escape the terrible "kick"! On the 24th the rest of the men came to the house, drawing the sick man upon a sled. "Then with great labour and paine wee drew our boate home to our house and turned the bottom thereof upwards, that when time served us (if God saved our lives in the winter-time) wee might use it: for wee alwaies trusted in God that hee would deliver us from thence towards summer-time, either one way or other." By this time the sun was very low, and they prudently hastened their preparations against the cold and dark winter that was at hand.

On the 26th there was another prodigious adventure. As some of the men were hauling stores out of the

ship, three bears came upon them. "As good fortune was, there lay two halberds upon the slead, whereof the master tooke one and I the other, and made resistance against them as well as we could; but the rest of our men ran to save themselves in the ship. One of these fell into a crevice in the ice, which greeved us much, for wee thought verily that the beares would have run unto him to devoure him; but God defended him, for the beares still made towards the ship after the men that ran thither to save themselves." The writer and the man who had fallen into the crevice, having climbed into the ship on the other side, were then attacked. Having no weapons but the halberds, they "gave them worke to doe" by throwing billets at them; and every time they threw, the bears ran after the missile, "as a dog useth to doe at a stone that is cast at him." "Mean time we sent a man down under hatches, to strike fire, and another to fetch pikes; but wee could get no fire, and so wee had no meanes to shoote." Their firearms were discharged with matches. Until the match was lighted, they were useless. At last the largest of the bears got a blow on the snout from a halberd; whereupon it turned and ran away, followed by the others.

October 27th there was so violent a snow-storm that they could not work out of doors. Still some of the men killed an Arctic fox, which they roasted and ate. "The same day we set up our clock, so that it struck the hour; and we hung up a lamp to burne in the night time, wherein we used the fat of the beare, which we molt and burnt in the lampe."

On the 28th three of the men were caught in a violent snow-storm and narrowly escaped spending the night without cover, which surely would have been death to them. November 2 the sun did not show its whole disk above the horizon. They killed and ate another fox. They remarked that these animals became more numerous as the sun sank lower, and that at the same time the bears began to disappear. On the 3d they saw only the upper edge of the sun. On the 4th they saw him no more. Nor would they see him again for several months. The long Arctic night had begun. The surgeon now did a very wise thing, in making a vapor-bath out of an empty hogshead for the use of the crew. We see it represented in the illustration. This was undoubtedly one of the agencies which helped greatly to the preservation of the men's health. Another fox was taken. They now remarked that the moon was visible day and night for seven or eight days at a time. The 7th it was dark and still. They could hardly discern the day from the night, especially as the clock had stopped, and they did not know whether the faint light was that of the day or of the moon. The 8th another fox was taken. The bread was distributed so that each man had four pounds and ten ounces for his share for eight days. This would make a barrel last eight days instead of five or six, as formerly was the case. They had no need, however, to go on short allowance of fish and meat. The 11th they made and set a trap for foxes and caught one. The 21st they agreed that every man should take his turn at cutting wood, to relieve the cook, who had his hands full with cooking twice a

day. But seventeen cheeses were left. One was divided among all, and the rest were distributed one to each man, to be eaten at his discretion. Another and larger fox-trap was set, which caught four in one day.

The next day it stormed so furiously that they could not, even under the most urgent necessity, go out of doors. They employed themselves in making more traps, for now they depended wholly on foxes for fresh meat. The next day they managed to shovel away the snow, so that they could open the doors. They found the traps and springes completely snowed under. They cleared and set them again and that day took one fox. Six of the men visited the ship to see how she lay, and caught a fox alive in the hold. December 1 the wind was from such a quarter that the house was full of smoke, and the men were obliged to lie all the day in their bunks. They heated stones and put them at their feet, for the cold was intolerable. While they lay shivering in their bunks, with the storm raging without, and within the smoke blinding their eyes and almost stifling them, they could hear the ice crack in the sea a half-mile away, with "a hugh noyse." All those three days while they were weather-bound, they depended on the sand-glass (which may be seen in the illustration), which needed to be turned every twelve hours, "stil watching it lest we should misse our time; for the cold was so great that our clock was frozen and might not goe, although we hung more waight on it than before."

December 4 the weather was clear, and they went to work in regular reliefs to clear passages from the doors, only the master and the pilot being exempted. The 6th

there was an easterly wind with "extreame cold, almost not to be endured." It is pathetic to read, "We lookt pittifully one upon the other, being in great feare, that if ye extremitie of the cold grew to be more and more, we should all die there with the cold, for that what fire soever we made, it would not warme us."

On the 7th they had a perilous experience within doors. On account of the excessive cold, somebody proposed that they burn some "sea-coles" that they had brought out of the ship. So in the evening they made a great fire of it and stopped up all the doors and the chimney, to keep the heat in. Then they lay in their bunks, "well comforted with the heat, and so lay a great while talking together." Suddenly they were seized with "a great swoounding and daseeling."

The strongest started up to let in some fresh air, "but he that opened the door fell down in a swoound uppon the snow;" whereupon the writer ran quickly and got some vinegar and rubbed his face with it, and he recovered. "So the cold was the onely relief that we had; otherwise we had without doubt all died in a sodaine swoound. The master, when we were come to ourselves againe, gave every one of us a little wine to comfort our hearts." By the 16th all the wood in the house had been burned, and they were under the necessity of shoveling away the snow to get at that which was covered up. In this work, which they did by reliefs of two or three, they could not remain long exposed, so great was the cold, though they wore caps of fox-skin and double clothing. The 18th they visited the ship, caught another fox in the hold, and found that since

their last visit the water had risen about a finger and all was frozen.

There is a touch of pathos about this: "The 19 of December we put each other in good comfort, that the sun was then almost halfe over and ready to come to us againe, which we sore longed for, it being a weary time for us to be without the sunne and to want the greatest comfort that God sendeth unto man here upon the earth, and that which rejoiceth every living thing." This cheerful, hopeful spirit counted for much in enabling the poor fellows to survive that fearful winter. They made the best of everything. Even the foxes' meat "seemed as dainty as venison" to them. When we contrast their fearful sufferings from cold with the comparative comfort and well-being in which recent explorers have lived through Polar winters, clad in their warm furs and nourished with a wholesome diet, we realize how scant was their clothing and how inadequate was their outfit.

Modern Arctic explorers have been wont to make much of festivals and to serve elaborate Christmas dinners, but for these poor fellows there was no holiday cheer. "The 25th of December, being Christmas Day, it was foule wether with a north-west wind." They lay in their bunks, unable to warm themselves, though they used all the resources they had, "great fires, good store of clothes, and hot stones and billets laid upon our feete and upon our bodies." Though they awoke to find their "cabins were frozen white," "yet," says the writer, "we comforted ourselves againe as well as we could, that the sunne was then as low as it could

goe, and that it now began to come to us againe, and we found it to be true; for that the daies beginning to lengthen the cold began to strengthen, but hope put us in good comfort and eased our paine."

The 29th was the third day of so excessive cold, that they had not left the house, "nor durst thrust our heads out of doores; and within the house it was so extreme cold, that as we sate before a great fire and seemed to burne our shins on the fore side, we froze behinde at our backs and were al white, as the countrymen used to be when they come in at the gates of the towne in Holland with their sleads." On the 28th one man crept out through a hole, but he quickly returned, reporting that the snow lay higher than the house, and that "if he had stayed out longer, his eares would undoubtedly have been frozen off." The 29th was calm. They opened a door and shoveled steps, by which they "went up out of the house, as if it had bin out of a seller." Digging out and clearing the springes, they found in one a dead fox, frozen as hard as a stone, which some of the men thawed and ate. The old year closes with this dismal entry: "The 31 of December we were so fast shut up into the house as if we had beene prisoners, and it was so extreame cold that the fire almost caste no heate; for as we put our feete to the fire, we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, and if we had not sooner smelt than felt them, we should have burnt them quite away ere we had knowne it."

The new year began gloomily enough. The record runs: "Anno 1597. After that, with great cold, we had brought the yeare unto an end, we entred into ye

yeare of our Lord God 1597, ye beginning whereof was in ye same maner as ye end of Anno 1596 had been. At the same time we agreed to share our wine every man a small measure full, and that but once in two daies, that if we should stay long there, we might drink it at our neede [should have some left for cases of emergency].”

The storms and fearful cold continued day after day. If they “thrust a halfe pike out at ye chimney with a clothe or fether upon it,” to see which way the wind blew, “as soone as we thrust it out, it was presently frozen as hard as a peece of wood.”

January 5 the weather was better. They seized the opportunity to clean the house, to fetch in wood, and to make preparations against another siege. After working hard all the day, “we remembered ourselves that it was Twelfth Night [the feast of the Epiphany], and then we prayed our maister that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some o. the wine that night which we had spared, whereof for certain daies we had not drunke; and so that night we made merry and drew for King. And therewith we had two pounds of meale, whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and to every man a white basket, which we sopt in the wine. And so supposing that we were [fancying ourselves to be] in our owne country and amongst our frends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our own house. And we also made tickets [ballots, and voted], and our gunner was King of Nov^a Zembla, which is at least 800. miles long.” Brave fellows! It needed pluck to

make merry and play games, when cold and darkness, winter and famine and death, shut them in. A few days later the writer says playfully, with reference to their going out in more moderate weather, "it was no need to bid us goe home againe, for in the aire it was not smoking hot." They visited the ship, saw several bear-tracks there, and noted that the water had risen a foot in the hold. They took the height of a star, made certain calculations, and reached a result confirming former calculations that they were in the 76th degree of latitude.

The 15th they visited the ship, and found that bears had torn and tossed things about. The next day their hearts leaped with joy, because "about noone time we saw a certain rednes in the skie, as a shew or messenger of the sunne that began to come towards us." The next day it thawed a little in the house. Their wood began to run low. They wisely determined to burn it more sparingly, and to save their coal for consumption on their return voyage in open boats, for it seems to have grown clear to them that the ship never would be got out. The bread, too, began to grow scant, and the writer tells us quite frankly that some of the men went to a reserve of a half-barrel in the ship and "secretly each of them tooke a bisket or two out of it." It is the only instance that we have encountered of such selfish conduct, though the pinch of hunger often paralyzes conscience. Now the catch of foxes began to fail, from which they inferred that they would soon begin to see bears again, and, in spite of all discouragements, "gave God thankes that the hardest

time of the winter was past, being in good hope that we should live to talke of those things at home in our own country."

January 26th there was a mournful occurrence in the little company: "The sicke man that was amongst us was very weake and felt himself to be extreame sick, for he had long laine ill, and we comforted him as well as we might and spoke kindly to him: but he died not long after midnight." The next day they dug a grave in the snow seven feet deep, working each a little, for it was so cold that no one could remain long in the air, and there they laid their dead comrade, after a sort of funeral discourse, with prayers and the singing of psalms. Then they ate the funeral meal. This was a characteristic Dutch custom. They would scarcely have thought themselves to show decent respect to the dead, if they had omitted it. The same day, when their hearts must have been heavy indeed, they were cheered by seeing "the sunne in his full roundresse a little above the horrison; which made us all glad, and we gave God hearty thanks for his grace showed unto us, that that glorious light appeared unto us againe." The sun was visible, however, only by refraction, being still below the horizon.

The weather was now clear, and they went out many times to take exercise in walking, running, and playing ball, which made their joints more supple; for, owing to the life that they had led for several months, their limbs were stiff, and several suffered from scurvy. The weather changed again. Once more they were shut in. "We tooke not now so much paines to dig open the

doore, but when we had occasion to goe out we clome out at the chimney."

February 9 the sun was again above the horizon. The 12th "there came a great beare towards our house, which made us all goe in, and we leveled at her with



"HOW WE SHOT A BEAR, WHEREFROM WE GOT A GOOD HUNDRED POUNDS' WEIGHT OF GREASE"

our muskets, and as she came right before our dore we shot her into the breast clean through the heart, the bullet passing through her body and went out againe at the tayle, and was as flat as a counter. The beare feeling the blow, lept backwards and ran twenty or thirty foote from the house, and there lay downe, wherewith we lept up all out of the house and ran to her and

found her still alive, and when she saw us she reared up her head, as if she wished to see who had done it to her; but we trusted her not, for that we had tried her strength sufficiently before, and therefore we shot her twice into the body againe, and therewith she dyed." Out of her body they took at least a hundred pounds of fat, which proved very useful; for it enabled them to keep a lamp burning all night long, and thus they could pass the long hours in reading and other diversions, which before had been impossible.

The 16th was Shrove Tuesday (the last day before the Lenten fast). "Then wee made ourselves somewhat merry in our great griefe and trouble, and every one of us dranke a draught of wine in remembrance that winter began to weare away and faire weather to approche."

The 21st they burned the last of their wood and were put to such straits that they tore off some pieces from the house, to keep the fire going. The next day was clear and cold. They organized a party of eleven, all well armed, to haul wood in a sled from the place where they had obtained their winter's supply. When they came to the spot, they found the wood so deeply covered with snow that they could not reach it; but by going further, with great labor and trouble they got some. When they came to haul it home, however, they found themselves so weak, owing to the privations and sufferings they had endured, that it seemed as if they could not do it, but must die of cold. They persevered, however, and at last succeeded. The next day they caught two foxes, "that were as good to us as

venison." They exercised out-doors. The 28th ten men went and drew home another sled-load of wood. One man could not help, because he had a joint of one of his great toes frozen off.

The remainder of the winter passed in much the same way. There were alternations of clear, cold weather with furious storms. The strength of the poor fellows was slowly failing, through their privations and meagre fare. But their courage and good spirits never forsook them. Whenever it was possible, they took exercise by running and playing "colfe" on the ice. With the appearance of spring, bears again became very troublesome and bold. But now they had the sun always in the sky, and, weak as they were, so that they could hardly work, they were getting the boats ready and making other preparations for their perilous voyage in them, since it was plain that the ship never could be got out.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN OPEN BOATS FROM NOVA ZEMBLA TO LAPLAND

JUNE 1, the day on which the preparations for the homeward voyage were to begin in good earnest, was bright and beautiful. But so many were sick from having eaten of a bear's liver, that not much could be done on that day. But by the night of the 13th all things were in readiness. The boats had been repaired, strengthened, and built up at the sides, so as to fit them for heavy seas. They had been stocked with such provisions as remained, and a small portion of the most valuable goods from the cargo had been put on board. Oars, sails, and other things had been got ready. The boats had been previously hauled to the water-side, where they were loaded. There was a vast amount of hard work in all this; but they found that they were equal to it, "for that good will on the one side and hope on the other side encreased our strength. All the labour and paines that we tooke seemed light and easie unto us, because of the hope that we had to get out of that wild, desart, irkesome, fearefull, and cold country."

The 9th, like good, cleanly Dutchmen, they had a grand wash-day, that they might start with clean clothes. The 11th was so stormy, and the wind blew so hard that they were in great dread lest the ice should be swept away, with the ship, boats, provisions, and

everything. The 12th "there came a great leane beare out of the sea upon the ice toward us, which we judged to come out of Tartaria [to have come on drifting ice from Siberia], for we had before scene of them eighty or more miles within the sea [at sea]." No doubt its lean appearance suggested its having come a long distance. After something of the usual excitement, it was killed.

Everything being ready for departure, "William Barents wrote a letter and placed it in a powder-horn and hanged it up in the chimney, shewing how we came out of Holland to saile to the kingdome of China, and what had happened to us being there on land, with all our crosses [adversities], that if any man chanced to come thither, they might know what had happened unto us." As we shall see later, the spot made sacred by the fortitude of these pioneers has actually been visited within recent years, and relics of their ten months' dreary abode have been brought home to Europe. In view of the perilous voyage before them, the captain prepared a statement setting forth the experience of the party in being caught in the ice and detained so many months, and their purpose to sail away in open boats, committing themselves into the hands of God. This document they all signed in duplicate, and a copy was placed in each boat, so that, in case of disaster to either or both, some record of them might perhaps come to the hands of their friends. "And so, committing ourselves to the will and mercie of God, with a west north-west wind and an endifferent open water, on the 14th of June in the morning we set saile

from the land of Nova Zembla and the fast ice thereto adjoining, and put to sea." They headed eastward, to round the extremity of the island, returning by the same route as that by which they had come.

They had not gone very far before they were fast in an ice-floe. While working to get out, "four of us went on land, and there we tooke four birds, which we kild with stones upon the cliftes." These probably were awkward and stupid guillemots. On the 16th they reached the Orange Islands, at the extremity of Nova Zembla. There they landed, both to replenish their water supply with melted snow and to seek for birds and eggs for their sick. They found none on the island where they were, but some of the men crossed on the ice to another and got three birds. This tender care for the sick is one of the admirable traits which we notice in the heroes of our story, and was a natural expression of the spirit of mutual helpfulness which was the main secret of their happy issue out of all their difficulties. The effort to provide fresh food for the sick came near to costing a life. The captain broke through the ice, which was worn thin by a strong current running beneath it, and was in great danger. "But by Gods helpe he got out againe" and dried himself by the fire, while the birds were being dressed and cooked.

"When we put to sea againe, it was drowsie miseling weather, whereby we were al dankish and wet, for we had no shelter in our open scutes." At the next stop the captain "called to William Barents to know how he did, and William Barents made answeare and said, Quite well, mate. I still hope to be able to run before

we get to Wardhuus" (a well known point on the Lapland coast, not far from North Cape). "Then he spake to me and said, Gerrit, are we about the Ice Point [the northernmost point of Nova Zembla]? If we be, then I pray you lift me up, for I must view it once againe."

Now the weather grew still worse, and they were obliged to stay there, shut in by the ice.

Then some one said that if they could make fast a tackle or rope to the firm ice, they might draw the boat out of the drifting ice. It was a perilous thing to undertake. On the other hand, if it were not done, most likely the boat would be crushed, and all would perish. In this dilemma our friend Gerrit de Veer, modestly esteeming his life the least valuable of any, and being besides the lightest man in the party, undertook to carry a rope out. This he successfully accomplished, by creeping from one piece of drifting ice to another, until he was able to make the rope fast to a high ice-block. Then they hauled up to the firm ice, quickly got the sick men out and made them comfortable, unloaded the boats and drew them up, "making account that we had escaped out of the jaws of death." The next day they repaired the boats, which had been much strained, and went on land to look for eggs for the sick. They found none, but got four birds. The next day they were still shut in and saw no opening, "which made us thinke that there would be our last abode."

The next day Claes Adrianson was very low. When this was mentioned in the presence of William Barentz, he quietly remarked that he, too, was probably near his

journey's end. The others did not believe it, for they did not know how sick he was. Then he spent some time in looking at De Veer's chart of the voyage. Shortly afterwards he called for a drink of water and almost immediately died. So passed away this brave soul, who had impressed himself on his generation by his skill and courage, leaving a name that is still honored after three hundred years. De Veer says pathetically, "The death of William Barents put us in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God."

It was not until the second day that they were able to get a start from that place, and then only by dragging the boats a considerable distance over the ice. "And being gotten unto the open water, we committed ourselves to God and set saile." But scarcely had they got under way when they were again beset and forced to come to a stop. The sun was shining brightly, yet with so little power that the snow thawed very little, and they actually suffered from lack of water, having no fire wherewith to melt snow.

So matters went. Now they made some headway; now they were hemmed in by the ice. June 24th they were at Cape Nassau. Some of the men went ashore and found neither birds nor eggs, but got some driftwood, which they brought to the boats. With this a fire was made and a sort of biseuit-porridge was cooked. It was no wonder that they craved something warm to eat. June 26th they were bowling along merrily before a stiff breeze, when their foremast broke. This compelled them to hoist the mainsail. But this was so

much too large for the strong wind, that they were in immediate danger of capsizing. "But God, that had delivered us out of so many dangers of death, holpe us once againe, and so with great danger we got to the fast ice againe."

Thus they worked their way gradually down the coast of Nova Zembla, enduring great hardships with admirable patience and good temper, the boats sometimes separated in fog and mist, and finding each other by firing guns. One day they saw a great herd of walrus on the ice. The same day they found birds so numerous that two muskets fired among them killed twelve. On the 28th they had hauled up on the ice to escape being nipped, and, having made tents of sails over the boats, were resting, when the man on watch saw three bears approaching, and gave the alarm. The animals came on until they were greeted with the fire of several muskets. But as these were loaded with bird-shot, there was not much harm done. The bears turned, however, and ran away, which gave an opportunity for re-loading with ball. Later one of them was killed. The other two continued to prowl around for two or three days.

July 1 they had an anxious time. The ice on which they were broke up, and great cakes came driven with great force by wind and current, dashing together and piling up. They made all haste to drag the boats as far from the edge as possible, and came near not only to losing one, but their own lives as well. It was a narrow escape, and they were glad to come out alive, with the loss of some of their provisions and of all the merchan-

dise. The next day some of the men, in searching for fuel for a fire, in order that they might melt pitch and mend the boats, came upon wood that had been split and the wedges that had been used. They hastened back to the boats with the tidings that men had been there before them. While they calked the boats, a bear stole upon the man who was watching the goods and would have caught him unawares, had not somebody called to him from the boats to look out. Thereupon he ran away.

One day they killed thirteen birds, which they then picked up by floating after them on a piece of drift-ice, the boats being still drawn up, awaiting suitable weather for traveling. The "foules" gave them "a princely meale-tide." No doubt they were fishy; but canvas-backs could not have been more welcome.

On the 10th of July they got away, after being weather-bound six days, but were scarcely well started when they got into a perilous situation between two ice-fields and were again compelled to unload the boats. To drag these heavy craft over the ice to open water was no light task.

Launched once more, they were soon again in danger between two ice-fields that came drifting one against the other. Thus continually baffled and beset, the writer has our sympathy when he says, "our courages were cooled to see ourselves so often inclosed in ye ice, being in great feare yt by meanes of the long and continuall paines we should loose all our strength and not long be able to hold out." They *did* hold out, however, and slowly fought their way southward,

battling with wind and ice, rowing when they could not sail, and patiently lying by when they could not do either.

“The 11th of July as we sate fast upon the ice, there came a great beare out of the water running towards us, but we watcht for her with three muskets, and when she came within thirty paces of us we shot all the three muskets at her and killed her outright, so that she stirred not a foote; and we might see the fat run out at the holes of her skinne, that was shot in with the muskets, swimme upon the water like oyle.” They “drew her up on the ice and smit out her teeth.” These seem to have been all that they cared to preserve of the bears that they killed. Since their woful experience of being made sick by eating a liver, they do not seem to have cooked any portion of the flesh, though Arctic explorers have generally found a very helpful food supply in bear’s meat. But our friends were probably at that time somewhat dainty about their eating, having an unexpected supply of very delicate food. Some of the men had landed on an island and walked about on it. They saw no sign of any one’s having been there since their visit, in the previous year, but they got seventy shel-drake’s eggs. When they had them they knew not wherein to carry them. At last one of them “put off his breeches, and tying them fast below, they carried them between two of them, and the third bare the musket.” So they returned, after a twelve hours’ absence which had caused serious alarm. “With the eggs that they had brought we were al wel comforted and felt like lords. Thus we had a little holiday in the midst of our pains.”

The 16th a bear came upon them from the mainland, so snowy-white that they did not see it until it was quite near. They fired and hit it, but it escaped. The next day, some of the men going to a near-by island to look from the high land for open water, encountered the wounded animal. It hobbled away, but one of the men pursued it and thrust a boat-hook into its body, whereupon it rose on its hind feet and broke the hook with a blow of its paw, which at the same time sent the man sprawling on his back. Others coming up despatched the bear with their muskets.

So the days went by, as they slowly made their way southward. July 19 some of the men brought in a hundred eggs, together with the joyful news that there was plenty of open water to be seen. The eggs were speedily cooked and divided. Then they hauled the boats over the ice, and "with Gods merciful helpe put to sea." Now they were clear of ice, and they sailed, according to their estimate, on an average seventy-two miles in every twenty-four hours.

One day they had an experience which is thus quaintly told: "We saw about two hundred sea horses [walrus] lying upon a peake of ice, and we sayled close by them and drave them from thence, which had almost cost us deere; for they, being mighty strong fishes, swam towards us (as if they would be revenged on us for the dispight that we had don them) round about our boats with a great noyse, as if they would have devoured us; but we escaped from them by reason that we had a good gale of wind, yet it was not wisely done of us to wake sleeping wolves." The curiosity

and fearlessness of these animals have often imperiled the safety of parties in boats.

One day they came to a cliff that was alive with birds. They killed twenty-two with stones and got fifteen eggs. These were "foolish guillemots," of which they could have got hundreds if they had had more time.



“TRUE PORTRAITURE OF OUR BOATS”

Sometimes they took them alive as they sat, each on its one egg.

July 28 they saw a number of men on the land. Those who were well enough went ashore, not without trepidation, since they did not know the disposition of the strangers. What were their surprise and delight, when they recognized Russians whom they had met on the previous expedition! “We perceived that they

were abasht and wondered at us, to remember that at that time we were so well furnished with a splendid great ship, that was exceedingly provided of all things necessary, and then to see us so leane and bare and with so small open boats." Two of them in a friendly fashion clapped the captain and De Veer on the shoulder and said, "Cralle pro pal, which we understood to be, Have you lost your ship? and we made answere, Crable pro pal, which was as much as to say, that we had lost our ship. Then they made shew [signs] to be sorry for our losse and grieved to see us in so poor a state. One of them went unto their lodging and fetcht a round rie loafe weighing about 8 pounds, with some smoked foules, which we accepted thankfully, and gave them. in exchange halfe a dozen of biscuit. And we were much comforted to see the Russians, for that in thirteene months time we had not scene any man, but only monstrous and cruell wild béares. And we thanked God with all our hearts that he had been so gracious and mercifull unto us."

The next day the Russians dug up some barrels of train-oil which they had buried in the shingle of the beach, put them aboard, and sailed away. Our Dutche friends followed in their boats, but, a fog coming on, lost sight of them, and soon became beset by ice. Once more they were weather-bound. There was a raging storm, the wind blowing furiously from the northwest, with a torrent of rain, an experience to which they had grown quite unaccustomed. Though they covered the boats with sails, they could not keep themselves dry. But this detention, they thought, was a blessing in

disguise; for the next day, landing on an island, they found an abundance of spoon-wort or scurvy-grass, in those times considered a sovereign remedy for scurvy.

"Now some of us could eat biskit againe, which not long before they could not do" (no doubt because of the soreness of the gums and loosening of the teeth).

Still weather-bound, they began to be seriously anxious over their scant supply of food. They had nothing now but a little bread and cheese, a meagre diet truly for men recovering from a long sickness.

They were now at the southern extremity of Nova Zembla.

On the 3d of August it was determined to sail over to Russia. "So committing ourselves to God, we set saile with a north-west wind." Before long they were again beset with ice, to their great discouragement, and were compelled to strike sail and take to the oars. They made, however, according to their estimate, about eighty miles that day. On the next they saw the coast of Russia lying before them, whereat they were "exceeding glad," as well they might be. They then rowed on towards the shore, which they found to be "very low land, like a bare strand that might be flowed over with the water." Later they encountered a small Russian vessel. "When we had come hard by them, they came al above hatches, and we cried unto them, Candinaes, Candinaes, whereby we asked them if we were about Candinaes" (Kanin Nos, the cape at the eastern side of the entrance of the White Sea), "but they cryed againe and sayd, Petzora, Petzora, to shew us that we were thereabouts."

It was undoubtedly a keen disappointment to them to find that they were at the least three days' sailing further to the southeast than they supposed themselves to be. It was an error which would not have been made if William Barentz had been alive. They accounted for it on the ground that they were deceived by a variation of the compass, due to its standing "upon a chest bound with yron bands."

Finding themselves so far out of their course, they determined to stay there over the night. But the next day they were obliged to remain, on account of stress of weather. They had nothing left to eat but a little mouldy bread, "and hunger was a sharpe sword which we could hardly endure any longer." The next day they started, but a head wind baffled them so that they made only about twelve miles, "and we al together heartlesse and faint." Indeed, it must have been a cruel experience to find themselves starving, after they had overcome the worst obstacles of their voyage and were on the shore of an inhabited region.

By the 8th things had come to a sorry pass indeed. With the wind dead ahead, the two boats lay to all the day. "Some of us were exceeding hungrie and could not endure it any longer, but were wholly out of heart and wished to die." The next day the same weather continued, and they were obliged still to lie to, unable to sail and too weak to make headway with the oars against the strong wind. Two of the men landed and found a dead seal "that stank exceedingly, which they drew with them to our boat, thinking that they should have a dainty morsell out of it, because they endured

so great hunger." They were, however, dissuaded from it.

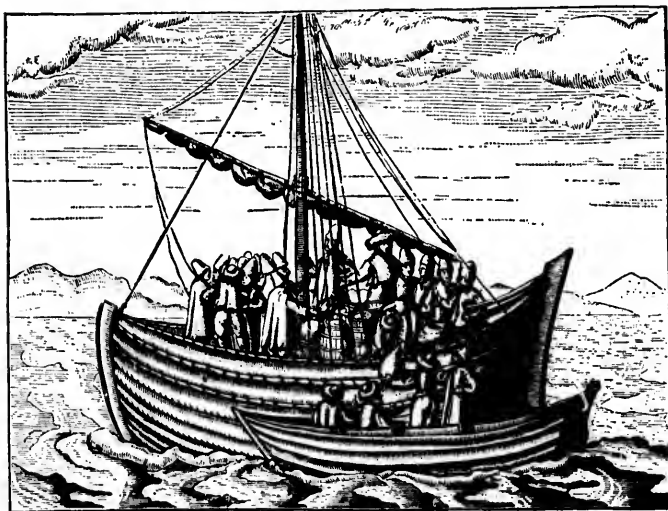
The next day they were able to get under way. Our good friend Gerrit was now so weak that he could not row. Therefore he was set to steer. After a while the wind came out strong and favorable.

On the 12th they saw a Russian vessel under full sail and rowed out to meet it. The captain went aboard and, being unable to speak the strangers' language, by signs bargained for a supply of fish and some cakes of meal. This was most timely, for they had become reduced to four ounces of bread a day with a little water. "The fishes we shared amongst us equally, the lowest as well as the highest." On the 15th, when they thought that they had passed Cape Kanin Nos, they encountered some Russian craft, from which they learned that they were still southeast of the cape. They were also advised that their boats were quite too small for crossing the White Sea. They begged for some bread and were given a loaf, which they devoured greedily, as they rowed.

The Russian sailors treated the bewildered Dutchmen very kindly. They got out a chart and showed them just where they were. The latter were somewhat disconcerted when they realized how little progress they had made, and that they still had to cross the mouth of the White Sea with so slender a store of provisions. Therefore the captain bought some meal, bacon, butter and "a runlet of honny" from the Muscovites. That evening when the voyagers lay to, they enjoyed quite a feast, "so that we thought it to be a festivall day with

us; but still our minds ran upon our other companions, because we knew not where they were." (They had become separated in the darkness of a storm, two days before.)

The next day they encountered "a Russian loogie that came sayling out of the White Sea." Without asking for it they were given a loaf of bread, and were



A RUSSIAN LODJA

made to understand that the Russians had met the other boat on the previous day and sold provisions to it. "To conclude, they showed us great friendship, for the which we thanked them." On the 18th they passed the long-looked-for Cape Kanin Nos. Being short of water, they wished to land, but the surf ran so high that they did not dare. With a favorable wind they

From Nova Zembla to Lapland 315

stretched across the mouth of the White Sea, and "thanked God that he had helped us to saile over it in 30 hours, it being 120 miles at the least." They had now come to the coast of Lapland. This was getting to be something like home!

After this things went better with the voyagers. From time to time they met people and were always treated with kindness, though their hosts mostly had nothing but the rudest fare, being sometimes poor fishermen, sometimes Laplanders. The voyagers were now able to buy plenty of fresh fish and eat their fill, besides having plenty of water, which was another great boon.

On the 21st they saw two men come down a hill towards the shore. These supposed strangers, as they afterwards related, were planning to exchange a pair of breeches for some food (for each wore two or three pair), when they recognized the boat. At the same time the occupants of the latter recognized the new-comers as two of their missing mates. Of course there was a joyful meeting. Another glad surprise met them a few days later. As they worked their way along the coast, they learned that at Kola, which lies inland at the head of a deep fiord, there were three Dutch vessels. This intelligence did not particularly interest them, as their destination, Wardohuns, lay further on. But stress of weather compelling them to lie to, they hired a Laplander to guide one of their men to Kola, to see whether they could get passage to Holland. The Laplander returned, bringing a most cordial letter, expressing the greatest joy at their safety and promising

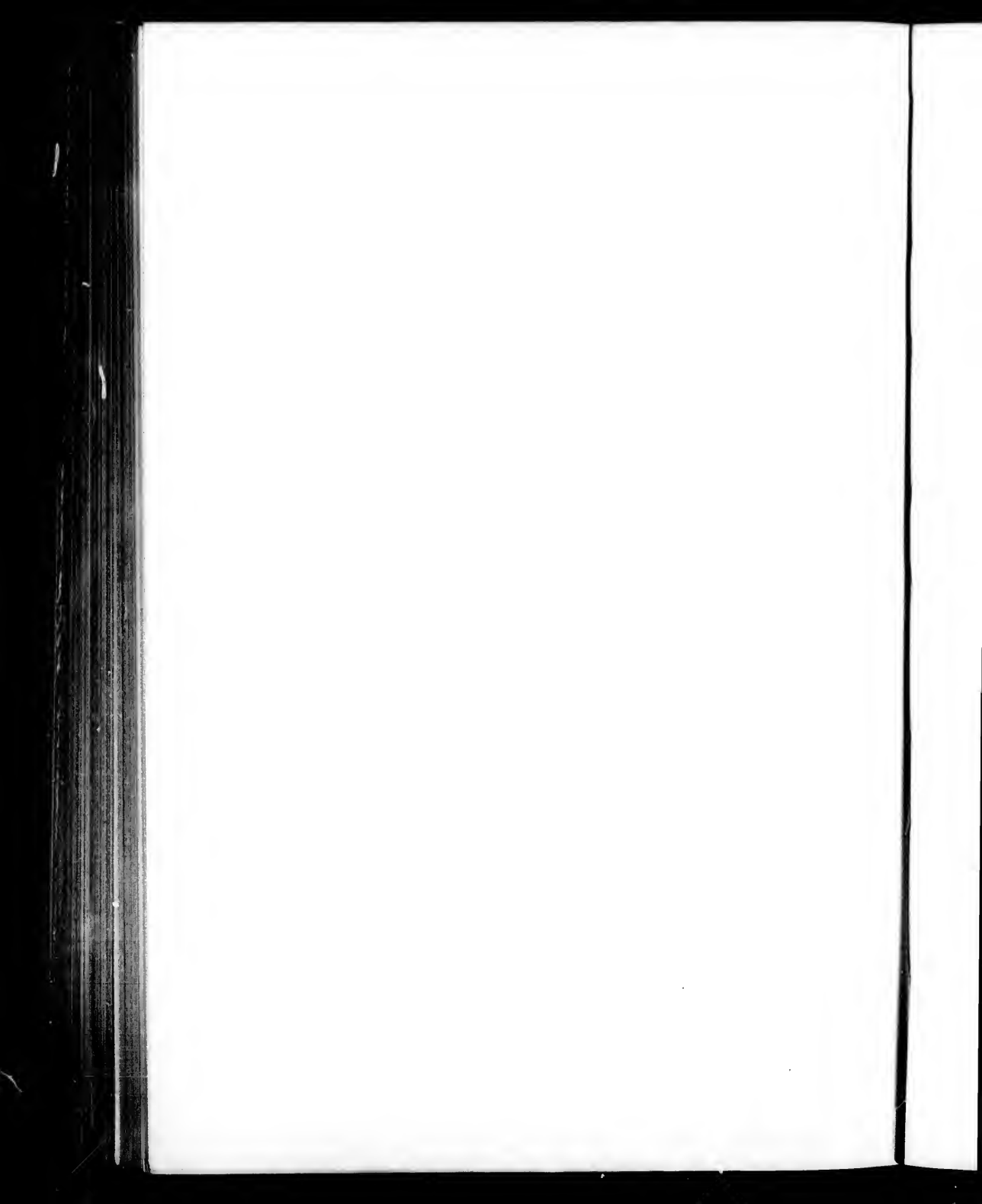
immediate help. Though it was signed "John Cornelison Rip," they could not believe that it was from the captain of their consort, from which they had parted a year before, at Bear Island. They speculated on the subject a whole day. Then the captain bethought him of comparing the signature with that of certain letters of Cornelison which he chanced to have kept. "It is surely his handwriting," he cried out joyfully. Still some doubted; the thing seemed so incredible. While they still debated, a boat came in sight, and their doubts were resolved by the appearance of Cornelison himself.

What joy there was, what "exceeding gladnesse, as if either of us on both sides had seene each other rise from death to life againe; for we esteemed him, and he us, to be dead long since!" He brought them a boat-load of creature comforts; "and we rejoyced together, giving God great thanks for his mercy shewed unto us." The next day they started in the boat for Kola, "first taking our leaves of the Russians and heartily thanking them for their curtesie shewed unto us."

"As we past along we saw some trees, which made us as glad as if we had then come into a new world, for in all the time that we had beene out we had not seene any trees."

"The 11th of September, by leave and consent of the governor for the Great Prince of Muscovia, we brought our boats into the merchants' house and left them there for a remembrance of our long, farre, and never before sailed way, and that we had sailed in those open boates almost 1600 miles."





On the 15th all embarked for home on Cornelison's ship. "Upon the first of November about noone wee got to Amsterdam, in the same clothes that we wore in Nova Zembla [how the good burghers must have stared!] with our caps furd with white foxes skins, and went to the house of Peter Hasselaer, that was one of the merchants that sent out the two ships. And being there where many men wouddred to see us, having esteemed us long before that to have bin dead and rotten, the newes thereof being also carried to the Princes Courte where the noble lords were then at table, we were presently feteht thither by the scout and two of the burghers of the towne, and there, in the presence of the burgomasters, we made reheursall of our voyages and adventures. And after that we were placed in good lodgings for certain daies, untill we had received our pay, and then every one of us departed and went to the place of his aboard."

Thus ends the story of one of the most memorable voyages ever made. Seventeen had gone out; twelve came home, — a remarkably low percentage of deaths, when all the circumstances are considered. The brave and skilful Barentz, whose memory is perpetuated in the name of Barentz Land and that of the sea that he had explored, lay sleeping on its icy shore. But the stout-hearted Jacob Heemskereke lived to serve his country ten years longer. He died gloriously as commander of the Dutch fleet in a victory won over the Spaniards at Gibraltar. Our friend Gerrit de Veer is known to the world as the author of the chronicle which we have followed, a narrative so interesting by

its simple pathos that it has given delight to thousands of readers.

For two hundred and seventy-four years no human being ever visited the Ice Haven where Barentz and his companions wintered, nor the house in which they lived. But at length, on Sept. 9, 1871, a Norwegian fishing-vessel, commanded by Captain Carlsen, made her way there through the ice. Carlsen found the house standing.

Round it were several large puncheons and heaps of reindeer's and bears' bones. The clock, the bunks, the cask used as a bath, were still in their old places. A halberd was leaning against the wall, just as it had been left two hundred and seventy-four years before. The cooking-pans were still over the fireplace. There, too, were the candlesticks, the instruments, and the books that had beguiled the weary hours of that long night centuries ago. There was also a flute which would still give out a few notes; and, most touching of all, the small shoes of the poor little ship-boy who died during the winter. The awful cold against which the Dutch mariners fought so bravely, had made some amends, as it were, by embalming their memory, in preserving from the tooth of Time the relics of their abode.

The Dutch people feel an affectionate pride in the glorious deeds of their Sea-Fathers and cherish these treasures with careful reverence. A house, open in front, in exact imitation of the drawing in Gerrit de Veer's book, has been constructed for their reception at the Naval Museum in the Hague, where they may now be seen.

CHAPTER XXX

HENRY HUDSON'S VOYAGES TOWARDS THE NORTHEAST

THE voyages of Barentz had a certain influence on those of the renowned explorer whose achievements we are about to consider; for among Hudson's treasured possessions was a set of sailing directions for the Icelandic waters drawn up by Barentz. Another of the notable men of the day, who was a friend of Hudson and determined the object of his most memorable voyage, was Captain John Smith, the hero of early Virginia. Of Hudson himself it may be truly said that no man made his mark deeper and broader upon the nautical achievements of his time. And the astonishing thing about his work is, that it was all done within the short space of four years. In every way he was a most notable man. His daring and energy were boundless. His skill as a navigator placed him easily in the front rank of seamen, so that his services were sought by various governments: Henry the Great, of France, made overtures to him to lead an expedition of discovery, and the Dutch secured him for one. His observation was so acute, and his records of landmarks, currents, soundings, and latitude so careful and exact, that we are able to trace his movements very closely and get an excellent idea of the regions he visited and the peoples he encountered.

It is a common mistake to suppose that he was a Dutchman, and we sometimes find him called Hendrik

Hudson. In fact, he was an Englishman, the grandson, it seems, of one of the directors of the Muscovy Company, which had been chartered in 1555 for the purpose of furthering the trade with Russia by the White Sea. It is likely that he grew up in that splendid school of hardy seamen. At all events, he first became known as a captain in its service.

On the 19th of April, 1607, a little company received the Communion together in the old church of St. Ethelburga, in London, as a preparation for one of the boldest ventures ever made. They purposed nothing less than to sail straight north across the Pole, in the hope of finding a practicable passage to the eastern shores of Asia. It was a splendid dream, a brilliant guess. Experience had not yet shown its impracticability. Had it been possible to follow the course thus laid, it would have brought the daring navigators right into Behring Strait.

Northward the little vessel steered, past the Shetland and the Faroe Isles, until Greenland was descried. For weeks, through fog and rain and snow, that desolate coast was followed. Then the course was changed to the northeast, and in due time the wild shores of Spitzbergen, which Barentz had discovered, hove in sight. Forward the venturesome little "Hopewell" pushed her lonely way, sometimes diverted from her course by masses of ice, but still pressing on as opportunity offered. It was now the height of the Arctic summer. The sun at midnight stood ten degrees above the horizon, and while further progress was blocked by interminable ice-fields, on shore it was quite hot, so that

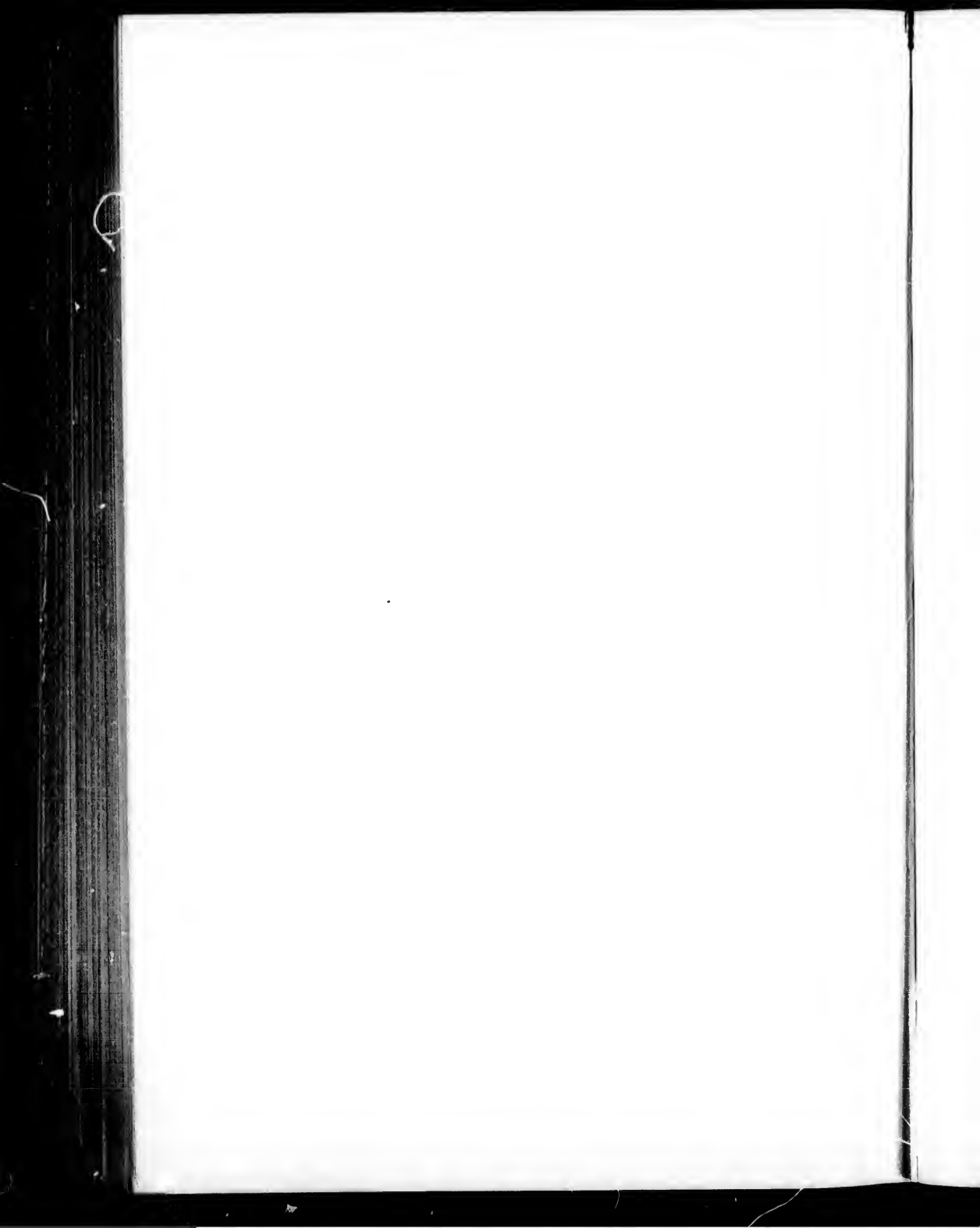
ad-
vy
ur-
ite
lid
me

ved
nel-
lest
man
of
pres
ess.
ity.
, it
nto

and
For
late
l to
nitz-
ght.
her
by
pity
ner.
ori-
ter-
that



HENRY HUDSON



those who landed were delighted to quench their thirst in a cool brook.

Hudson had come nearer to the Pole than any man before him, as near as it was possible to come without sledges. Further advance was impossible, and he turned his prow homeward. Another disappointment awaited him. He hoped to pass to the north of Greenland, which was then so imperfectly known that he might reasonably entertain such an idea, and so, through Davis Strait, back to England. He soon found that this was impossible, and abandoning the attempt, made straight for home. The net result of the voyage was a considerable increase of knowledge of the Arctic regions. Besides, Hudson reported so great numbers of whales in the waters about Spitzbergen, that the pursuit of them in that region became a very important industry.

In the spring of the next year we find Hudson sailing again in quest of a passage to China. This time he purposed trying the northeastern route, which some of the earliest explorers had vainly essayed. He hoped that he could avoid the difficulty former navigators had experienced in passing between Nova Zembla and the mainland, by working his way through the Kostin Shar, which, as laid down on the chart left by Barentz, seemed a practicable strait between the northern and southern portions of Nova Zembla. Accordingly, after turning North Cape, at the extremity of Norway, he bore away due east. Ten days later he was much impressed with the quantity of driftwood which he passed. This is carried along from the North American coast by the Gulf Stream as far as the icy shores of

Spitzbergen, which thus are strewn with flotsam from far southern forests.

A still more notable experience was the sight of a mermaid. It is thus related in Hudson's journal: "This morning two of our companions looking overboard saw a mermaid. She was come close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men: a little later a sea came and overturned her; her backe and breasts were like a woman's; her body as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long hair hanging down behinde, of colour blacke; in her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porposse, and speckled like a macrell." This story is told in evident good faith, and we can readily understand how two superstitious sailors, in an age which still believed in witchcraft, looking through the mist of the early morning at a seal, with its bright, wistful eyes, easily imagined that they beheld one of the supposed half-human denizens of the deep.

Now they had come into the populous northern waters. The sea about them was alive with whales and porpoises and covered by innumerable sea-fowl. Upon and near the ice was an incredible number of seals, and they heard the roaring of bears. Day after day the "midnight sun" swung in a circle in the sky, without ever touching the horizon. When they sighted Nova Zembla they were, as nearly as they could judge, off a point now called South Goose Cape. A boat-party which went ashore to fill some water-casks, reported it very hot on the land, and grass growing rank, with numerous tracks of bears, deer, and foxes in the

marshy ground. They also saw a cross and the remains of fires. It will be remembered that the Barentz party, making their way in boats along this coast, encountered Russians who had come over to collect oil. Along the shore walrus were abundant, and inland were vast numbers of wild geese, of which the voyagers secured several dozen. While lying off the coast, they were carried several miles northward by a strong current. This was the eastern branch of the Gulf Stream, to which this high latitude owes its comparatively mild summer temperature.

Day after day they searched the coast for a passage to the eastward. But all their hopes were disappointed. The Kostin Shar was impracticable.

The land was very attractive. Says Hudson's journal: "Generally all the land of Nova Zembla that yet we have seen is to a man's eye a pleasant land; much mayne high land, with no snow on it, looking in some places greene, and decre feeding thereon: and the hills are partly covered with snow, and partly bare." The pleasant summer aspect of this high northern island has been described by many later observers. But the sea was full of drifting ice, such as that which shut Barentz in twelve years earlier. Once for twelve mortal hours the explorers battled for their lives, having two anchors out and fending off with beams and spars.

At last Hudson reluctantly concluded that there was not any navigable passage that way, and headed homeward, resolved, however, on trying a passage by the northwest the next year.

CHAPTER XXXI

HUDSON'S EXPLORATION OF THE HUDSON RIVER

IN 1609 Hudson sailed on the voyage which has given him a pioneer's place in the story of our country. Most likely the Dutch East India Company was attracted by his reputation and wished to enlist his skill and daring in a new effort to find a northern route to Cathay. At all events, we find him leaving Amsterdam on the 25th of March, in the "Half-Moon," with a crew partly English and partly Dutch. On the 5th of May he turned North Cape and bore away east and south, heading for the Yugor Shar, a passage between Nova Zembla and the mainland, through which, in 1879, Nordenskiöld passed in his successful voyage circumnavigating Asia.

Two weeks later we find him again off North Cape heading in the opposite direction. The sea to the north of Russia had been found full of ice, and some of the men who had sailed in East Indian waters suffered greatly from the cold. Besides, violent quarrels, fomented probably by the mate, Juet, had broken out between the English and Dutch sailors. Then Hudson proposed to the crew to turn back and try for a passage to China about the 40th degree of latitude on the North American coast. This idea had been suggested to him by his friend, Captain John Smith, who was then at Jamestown, and who had sent him a letter and maps which conveyed the impression, based undoubtedly on

Hudson's Exploration of Hudson River 329

Verrazano's supposed discovery, that somewhere to the north of the Virginia colony was a strait leading from the eastern to the western ocean. Thus was Smith indirectly the means of turning a voyage which would certainly have ended in failure into one which made its mark on the history of the world. So we find the little "Half-Moon" heading for America, where she was destined to become famous. On this voyage Hudson observed the first sun-spot of which record has ever been made.

The first point reached on the western continent was Penobscot Bay. The explorers had passed through a whole fleet of Frenchmen fishing on the banks. The journal says, "but we spake with none of them," probably because they were very doubtful of their welcome on that coast, which the French claimed. The "Half-Moon" had some time before carried away her foremast in a gale. Now was an opportunity of repairing the loss. She landed a party, who cut down a tree and made a mast. This work, together with that of mending the sails, occupied a week. Meanwhile the crew were feasting on cod and lobsters, which they caught in great numbers.

The natives flocked aboard with fine furs, which they wished to exchange for red cloth. They were evidently accustomed to the easy and familiar manners of the French, with whom they bartered constantly. But the attitude of the "Half-Moon's" crew was very different. The record says, in surly fashion, "The people coming aboard shewed us great friendship, but we could not trust them." They kept a constant watch on the

Indians, "for fear of being betrayed by them." But the only treachery shown was on their own part. Observing that the natives had two French shallops, they noted where they were fastened, and then sent an armed boat's crew which seized one of them and brought it off. "Then we manned our boat and scute," the journal continues, "with twelve men and muskets and two stone pieces or murderers, and drave the savages from their houses and took the spoyle of them." By way of justification for this dastardly outrage, the record adds, "as they would have done to us." No wonder that immediately afterwards it was thought expedient to hoist sail and leave those parts.

Working her way cautiously down the coast, using the lead constantly because of the frequent shoals and reefs, the "Half-Moon" made a landing next at some point on Cape Cod, where they found "goodly grapes and rose-trees." Here they had some intercourse with natives, whom they treated decently.

Still heading south, they went as far as a point on the eastern shore of Virginia. An inlet here Hudson mistook for the mouth of the James River. The journal says, "This is the entrance into the King's River in Virginia, where our Englishmen are." He must have been sorely tempted to visit his friend Smith, but he probably reflected that a Dutch vessel prowling along the shores of his Britannic Majesty's province would scarcely receive a very warm welcome from the Englishmen at Jamestown.

Accordingly the "Half-Moon" bore up to the northward, entered Delaware Bay, and explored it a few miles,

Hudson's Exploration of Hudson River 331

but was deterred from going very far by the frequent shoals. She put to sea again, after going aground once, but getting off without damage into deep water.

Standing along the coast and keeping the lead going, the "Half-Moon" came a few days later into New York Bay. The sea-worn voyagers were delighted with the depth of the water, the bold hills of Staten Island, and the abundance of fine fish. In a short time they caught "ten great mullets, of a foot and a halfe long a peece, and a ray as great as four men could hale into the ship." They were much impressed with the seeming friendliness of the natives, who are thus described: "They were in deere skinnes loose, well dressed. They have yellow copper. They desire cloathes and are very civill. They have great store of maize or Indian wheat, whereof they make good bread." "Still," it is added, "we durst not trust them."

It was early in September, and the voyagers saw the scene at its best; the wide waters, with their beautiful shores covered with "great and tall oakes," gay with canoe-loads of savages clad "some in mantles of feathers, and some in skinnes of divers sorts of good fures." A party who were sent ashore came back enraptured, reporting "the land as pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees as ever they had scene, and very sweet smells came from them." To those who three successive seasons had been buffeted by the storms and harassed by the ice-fields of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, this new world must have seemed enchanting.

Still it was not all cakes and ale. A boat which went some distance exploring was set upon by two canoes

full of painted warriors. It came on to rain, their match went out, so that their muskets were useless, and the Europeans had much ado to save themselves. They lost one man killed and two wounded. The darkness which befriended them also hindered them from finding the ship, and the poor fellows rowed to and fro throughout the stormy night. The next morning they found the ship, and their dead comrade was taken ashore and buried. His name was Coleman, and they called the place Coleman's Point.

Quite regardless of the hostilities they had begun, the natives continued to come to trade. But the foreigners were too wary to give them any opportunity for treachery. One whom they purposed holding as a hostage leaped overboard and made his escape.

On the 12th of September the "Half-Moon" began to ascend the river. At her first anchorage she was visited by twenty-eight canoes full of men, women, and children. But her crew would allow none of them to come aboard, though they bought some of their wares, such as oysters and beans. The journal upon which we mainly rely was written by the mate, Juet. Comparing this with the communications which Hudson made to his friends, it seems that he and his crew entirely disagreed as to the treatment due to the natives, and that his kindness was rewarded by friendship, their sullen distrust by acts of hostility.

Past the frowning Palisades, past the majestic Highlands, whose picturesque grandeur surpasses that of the storied Rhine, past the lofty Catskills, sped the little "Half-Moon." Every mile of the way opened new

Hudson's Exploration of Hudson River 333

marvels. The river teeming with fine fish; the superb hills covered with magnificent trees; the abundance of corn, pumpkins, beans, tobacco, grapes, and chestnuts; the wealth of otter and beaver skins brought by friendly natives to be bartered for beads, knives, and hatchets, — all these things greatly impressed the delighted voyagers. “Our master’s mate went on land with an old savage, a governour of the country, who carried him to his house and made him good cheere.” This hospitality was returned a few days later by inviting some of the dusky warriors into the cabin of the “Half-Moon” and giving them so much wine and spirits that one of them became quite intoxicated and lay on board all the night in a drunken stupor. “One of them had his wife with them, which sate so modestly as any of our country-women would doe in a strange place.”

On the 18th of September Hudson reached the highest point of the river to which he ascended, at or near the site of Albany. Here the “Half-Moon” lay an entire day, while the carpenter made some repairs, and the deck was crowded with wondering, trafficking savages. A boat which had been sent up the river returned reporting shallow water, and it was decided to go back.

On the way down there was more of friendly interchange with the natives and some of quite another character. In passing through the Highlands, “the people of the mountaynes came aboard us, wondring at our ship and weapons. This afternoon one canoe kept hanging under our sterne with one man in it, which we could not keepe from thence, who got up by our rudder to the cabin window and stole out my pillow and two shirts.

Our master's mate shot at him and stroake him on the brest and killed him. Whereupon all the rest fled away, some in their canoes, and some leapt out of them into the water. We manned our boats and got our things againe. Then one of them that swamme got hold of our boat, thinking to overthrow it. But our cooke took a sword and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned."

The next day there was a concerted attack of the Indians which is thus related: "Two canoes full of men with their bows and arrows shot at us; in recompence whereof we discharged six muskets and killed two or three of them. Then above an hundred of them came above a point of land to shoot at us. There I shot a falcon [a species of cannon] at them and killed two of them. Yet they manned off another canoe with nine or ten men which came to meet us. So I shot at it also a falcon, and shot it through and killed one of them. Then our men with their muskets killed three or four more of them." This bloody encounter is supposed to have taken place at the upper end of the island of Manna-hatta, on which New York City stands. The journal which has been quoted was written by the mate Juet, who was always suspicious and violent towards the natives. These hostilities were undoubtedly provoked by his killing a savage for a petty pilfering.

On the 4th of October the "Half-Moon" cleared from the mouth of the river, and on the 7th of November reached Dartmouth, in England. Here the unruly Englishmen in the crew, led probably by Juet, insisted on Hudson's landing. He then wrote to Amsterdam,

Hudson's Exploration of Hudson River 335

making a report of his voyage and asking for money and some men to replace the insubordinate ones. Before he could get away again, King James, who was nothing if not arbitrary, issued an order forbidding him to leave the country. So it was that Hudson was forced back into the service of the Muscovy Company.

With this one voyage in their interest the Dutch certainly had good reason to be satisfied. He had opened to them a magnificent region. On his exploration of it they grounded their claim to one of the fairest portions of the earth. Thus he materially affected the course of American history. The settlement of the Dutch in the Middle States has been held to be one of the controlling factors in our national development.

If the explorers heard any mention on the Hudson of earlier visits by the French, they studiously ignored it. The record expressly declares that they were the first discoverers.

CHAPTER XXXII

HUDSON EXPLORES HUDSON BAY

HUDSON'S fourth voyage derives an added interest from its tragic end, which cut off one of the greatest heroes of discovery. When he was forced back into the service of the Muscovy Company, his friend Sir Dudley Digges, with some others, fitted out a vessel for him to command in a search for a northwest passage. We are sorry to find the surly *Juet* again in the second berth. Probably his experience and thorough seamanship commended him. But the selection proved most unfortunate. Besides a brief fragment of a journal by the master's own hand, we have a narrative written by one of the crew, named Prickett, which is remarkable for its vivid style.

On the 17th of April, 1610, the vessel sailed. Nearing Iceland, "we saw," says Prickett, "that famous hill, Mount Hecla, which cast out much fire, a sign of fowle weather to come in short time." Landing at another point, "we found on the shore an hot bath, and here all our Englishmen bathed themselves; the water was so hot that it would seald a fowle." On the 4th of June Greenland was reached; but the shore was so beset with ice that it was impossible to make a haven. "On this coast we saw store of whales. Three came close by us, so that wee could hardly shunne them, two passing very

neere, and the third going under our ship, but wee received no harm by them, praysed be God." They began to encounter enormous icebergs. The overturning of one gave warning of the danger of approaching them too close.

Prickett says sarcastically, "Some of our men this day fell sicke, I will not say it was for feare, although I saw small signe of other grief."

Already navigation was becoming very difficult, owing to the extent of the ice-fields and the number of huge bergs. Hudson himself was much perplexed, but undismayed, while the crew was almost insubordinate. The carpenter, who, as we shall see later, was a brave and loyal soul, spoke up cheeringly in support of the master's arguments, and the malcontents returned to their duty. Shortly afterwards the vessel entered the strait now called after Hudson. "On one of the islarnds of floating ice was a beare which from one to another came towards us, till she was readie to come aboard. But when she saw us looke at her, she cast her head between her hinde legges and then dived under the ice: and so from one piece to another, till she was out of our reach." Landing somewhere on the shore of Ungava Bay, they "sprung a covey of partridges [ptarmigan] and shot one." A few days later they saw "some deere, a dozen or sixteene in an herd, but could not come nigh them with a musket shot."

Following the strait, they came to Cape Wolstenholme, at its western extremity. "In this place great store of fawle breed. Passing along," — the writer and some others had been sent ashore to explore the country,

— “wee saw some round hills of stone, like to grass cockes, which at the first I took to be the work of some Christian. Being nigh them, I turned off the uppermost stone, and found them hollow within and full of fowles hanged by their neckes.” It was evidently a cache of Eskimo. Returning on board, the party eagerly reported their find and the opportunity of supplying the ship with an abundance of sea-fowl. But Hudson would not consent to stop. Probably he imagined himself on the verge of the great discovery which had been his dream for years. This refusal aggravated the growing discontent of the crew. The next step in the preparation of the tragedy was Hudson's removal of Juet, on account of his opposition to the further prosecution of the search, and his appointment of Bylot as mate.

The whole of July was spent in exploring the eastern shore of the great inland sea, Hudson Bay. On one occasion the weather was so stormy, the vessel lay at anchor eight days, “in all which time wee could not get one houre to weigh our anchor.” At last Hudson, impatient to be gone, ordered the anchor up, against the judgment of the crew. By the time it was got a-peak a heavy sea struck the vessel, the anchor was lost, some of the men were hurt, and of course the discontent grew.

The last of October found the party at the bottom of James's Bay. All the summer and autumn had been spent in a vain search for a passage which Hudson fondly expected to come upon any day, but which it is now known does not lie within thousands of miles of the coast he was exploring. At last he reluctantly re-

signed himself to the necessity of wintering there. "It was time," says Prickett, "for the nights were long and cold, and the earth covered with snow." Somewhere on the shore a place was found, the vessel was hauled aground, and by the 10th of November she was frozen in. They had six months' provisions and, probably, a much longer stay in the ice ahead of them. It was one of the crew's grievances that, on their showing, the master might have had ample supplies, had he so willed. The long dreary stay in the ice was inaugurated by the death of one of the crew, a particularly mournful incident when it befalls a little company isolated from all the world.

That winter's experience proved a bitter one. The most of the crew had their feet frozen, besides other hardships. But their hunger was relieved by such a supply of game as seemed to them a real miracle of Providence. Of the snow-white ptarmigan they killed over a hundred dozen. When these had disappeared with the coming of spring, there succeeded swans, geese, and ducks. But they were shy and hard to be got, merely stopping to rest as they passed to their breeding-grounds further north. Then cruel straits befell the wretched mariners. They wandered over the country, which began to be open while the vessel was still fast in the ice, seeking anything that had in it the least show of sustenance, even the Arctic moss, "than the which I take the powder of a post to be much the better," says Prickett.

About the time that the ice was breaking up there came a solitary savage. Hudson gave him a knife, a

looking-glass, and buttons. He received them thankfully and made signs that he would come again. The next day the honest fellow appeared, and this artless scene was enacted. First he produced his own wares, two deer-skins and two beaver-skins, then the articles that had been given him. He laid the knife upon one of the beaver-skins, the glass and the buttons upon the other, intimating that it was an exchange. Hudson then offered a hatchet for the two deer-skins. The fellow wanted to part with only one at that price, but finally yielded the point. Then, "after many signs that after so many sleepes he would come again, he went his way, but never came more." It was an unfortunate termination of an intercourse which would perhaps have proved very helpful.

There came a providential supply in the form of fish. But this did not last long; and Hudson met with another disappointment when he started out in the boat in the hope of getting meat from the natives. The latter would never let him come near them, though they set the woods on fire in his sight.

At last, after being fast in the ice for seven months, the vessel was got out into open water. This fact precipitated the impending tragedy. In preparation for renewing the search for a passage, Hudson distributed the remainder of food, giving each man his share. Then the long smouldering discontent broke out. On the pretext that he had kept a large portion in his cabin for himself, though the real cause of the mutiny was a determination not to engage again in the search and encounter its hardships, a majority of the crew, under

the leadership of one Green, a dissolute young man whom Hudson had taken under his charge and was endeavoring to reform, and of Juet, the deposed mate, rose in the night, seized the ship, and bound the master. In the morning they put him, with his son John and six feeble and helpless men, into the boat. When the carpenter saw what they were doing, he expostulated with them and told them that, if they ever reached England, they certainly would be hanged. Seeing them obstinate, the brave fellow said that he would cast his lot with those in the boat, rather than with the mutineers. Before leaving the ship he secured a musket, some powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, a little meal, and a few other things. With this slender supply the heroic explorer and his wretched companions were set adrift and soon disappeared forever from the view of the civilized world. A ship sent out from England to search for them failed to find a trace of them.

The mutineers held their course boldly homeward, but were soon overtaken by disaster. They were making for Cape Wolstenholme, where they hoped to get a supply of sea-fowl. On the way they found nothing but what they called cockle-grass, which, however, they were very glad to gather, for it eked out their slender stores. Arrived at the cape, they had secured a small quantity of sea-fowl and gulls, when suddenly they found themselves near a number of natives. The latter made signs of friendship and even took the white men to the breeding-grounds and showed them how they caught the birds, by pulling them off the rocks with nooses at the end of poles. Then the whites exhibited

the superiority of their method, by killing seven or eight birds at a shot. All was friendliness and jollity, the savages dancing for joy and eagerly exchanging such articles as walrus-teeth for trifles. The sailors returned on board "much rejoicing at this chance, as if they had met with the most simple and kind people of the world." They felt sure now that their wants would be amply supplied.

The next day the boat started ashore early with six men, one of whom was Prickett. In his lively fashion he describes the scene thus: "When we came neere the shoare, the people were on the hills dancing and leaping; to the cove we came where they had drawn up their boates: wee brought our boate to the east side of the cove, close to the rockes. Ashoare they went and made fast the boat to a great stone on the shore; the people came, and every one had somewhat in his hand to barter; but Henry Green swore they should have nothing till he had venison, for they had so promised him by signes."

Shortly afterwards the men went upon the rocks, all unarmed, leaving Prickett, who was lame from frost-bite, to keep the boat and watch the articles intended for barter, while they gathered sorrel. The savages, also, seemed to be unarmed. Presently, while Prickett was occupied with a fellow who hung about the bow of the boat, and whom he ordered away, he was suddenly aware of one who had crept behind him to the stern. He looked up, and seeing the savage with a knife raised, threw up his left arm just in time to turn the point of the weapon. A desperate struggle ensued, in which he

received three wounds, but finally killed his man. In the mean time the men on the rocks were in terrible straits. Green and another came tumbling into the boat mortally wounded. The rest made a resolute stand at the bow, one of them armed with a hatchet, until the boat was got off. Then the savages sent a shower of arrows after them and inflicted more wounds. Before the ship picked them up, Green was dead and was thrown into the sea. The rest died within a day or two, Prickett alone surviving of the boat's crew.

The ringleader, Green, being dead, Bylot took command. He proved himself an able seaman, and in after years won renown as an Arctic explorer.

Dire hardships awaited the little handful of a crew. After standing back and forth along the coast some days while they killed some three hundred more of sea-fowl, they made for the ocean. Their daily allowance was half of a bird each, with a little pottage. In time even this failed. Then candles were served out, and they were fain to eat the bones of birds fried in candle-grease, with vinegar for a relish. "And sure," says Prickett, "our course was so much the longer through our evil steerage, for our men became so weak that they could not stand at the helme, but were fain to sit. Then Robert Juet died for meere want, and all our men were in despaire."

At last the vessel, driving hither and thither, almost wholly at the mercy of the winds, sighted the Irish coast, and the few gaunt survivors were relieved by fishermen. Ultimately they reached England.

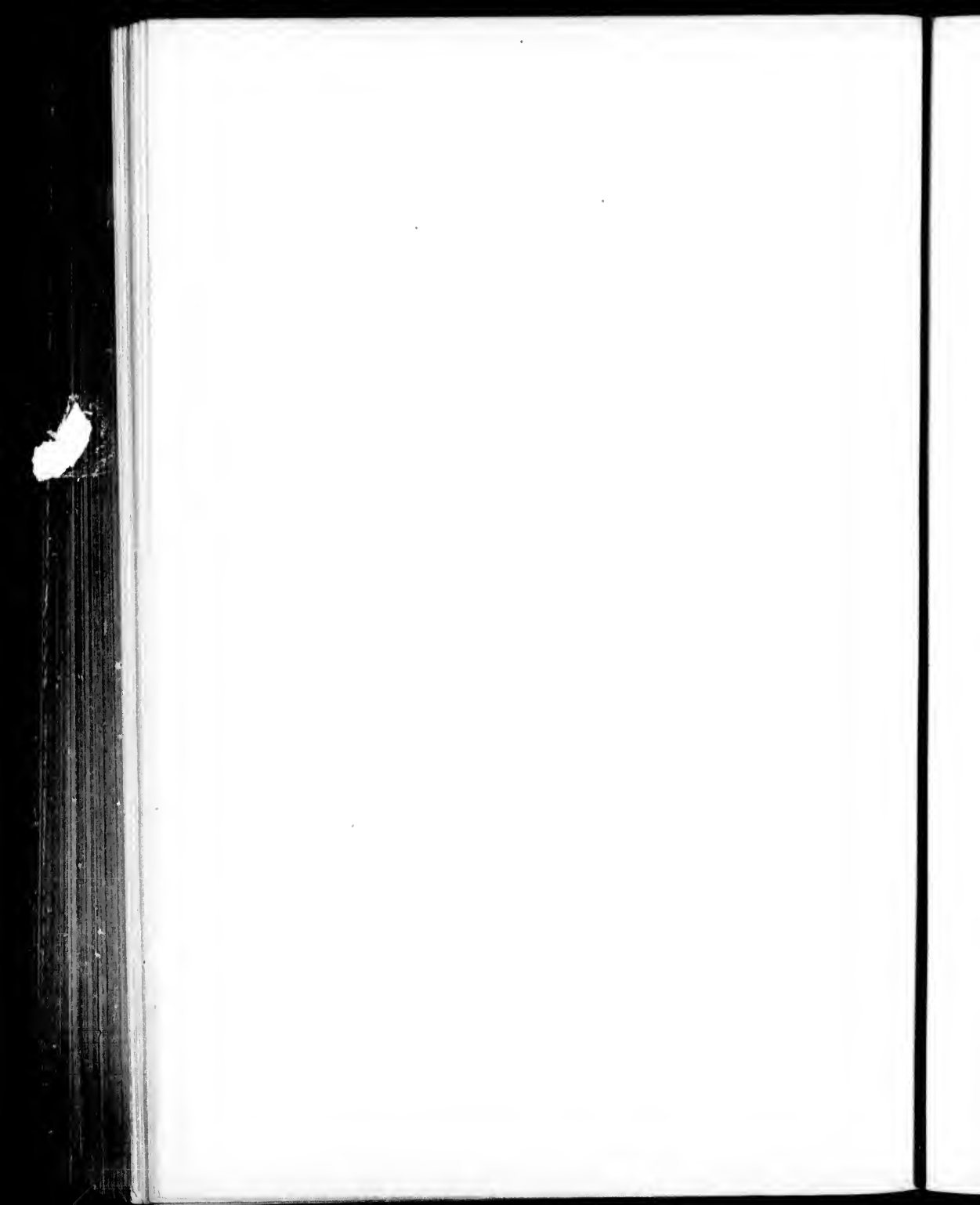
As to the great explorer, we cannot better close this sketch than with this eloquent tribute from Dr. John Fiske: "The man who came to such an untimely end was a notable instance of the irony of human destiny. Of all the searchers for a northerly route to the Indies none was ever more persistent or more devoted than he. In the brief four years during which we can follow his career, he tried four ways of finding it, — the way across the pole, the way by Nova Zembla, by the imaginary sea of Verrazano, and by the veritable sea of Hudson. Had his life been spared, we should doubtless have seen him enter the bay afterward discovered by Baffin, the route by which success could be attained, but only with modern resources and in the middle of the nineteenth century."

"In all that he attempted he failed, and yet he achieved great results that were not contemplated in his schemes. He started two immense industries, — the Spitzbergen whale-fisheries and the Hudson Bay fur-trade; and he brought the Dutch to Manhattan Island. No realization of his dreams could have approached the astonishing reality which would have greeted him, could he have looked through the coming centuries and caught a glimpse of what the voyager now beholds in sailing up the bay of New York."

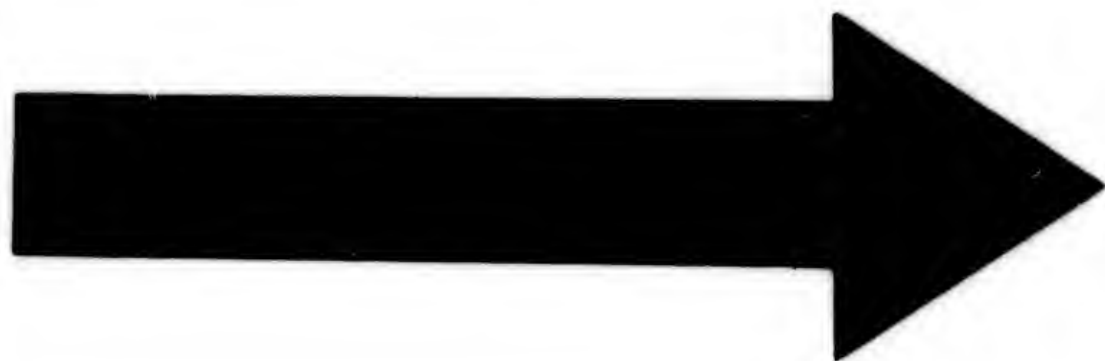
"But what perhaps would have surprised him most of all would have been to learn that his name was to become part of the folk-lore of the beautiful river to which it is attached; that he was to figure as a Dutchman, in spite of himself, in legend and on the stage; that when it is thunder weather on the Catskills, the

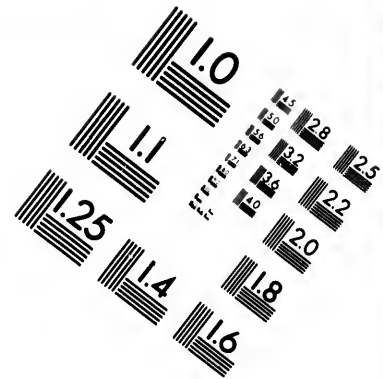
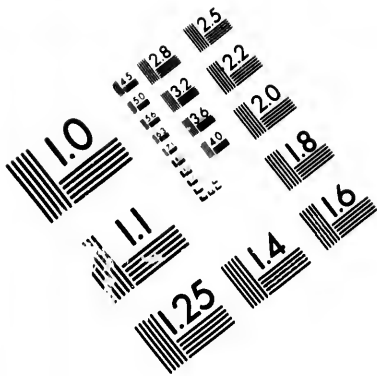
Hudson Explores Hudson Bay 345

children should say that it is Hendrik Hudson playing at skittles with his goblin crew. So the memory of the great Arctic navigator will remain a familiar presence among the hillsides which the gentle fancy of Irving has clothed with undying romance."

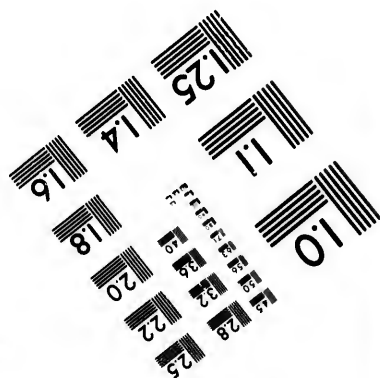
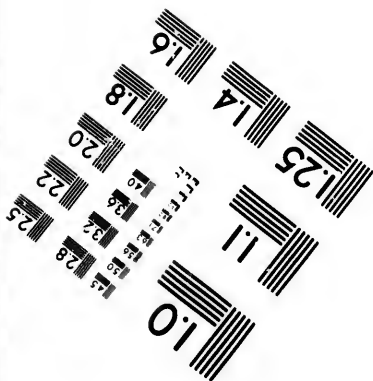
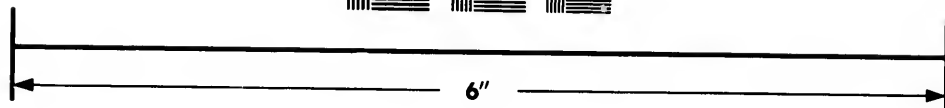
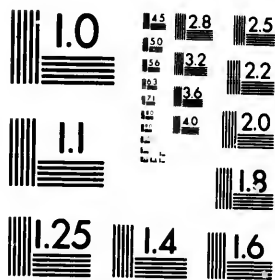


PART SECOND
RECENT VOYAGES





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

0
15 28
12 32 25
13 22
16 20
18
5

11
10
12
14



Part Second

RECENT VOYAGES

CHAPTER XXXIII

A NORTHWEST PASSAGE DISCOVERED

THE efforts of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and a host of others, to find a northwest passage failed. But after the voyages of Captains Fox and James there was a lull of a hundred years. The scheme was, however, not wholly lost sight of. Indeed the Northwest Passage has always been a fascinating dream of British navigators. Again, in 1740-41, the attempt was renewed, with the old result, and the eighteenth century closed, leaving the problem still unsolved. A Russian expedition, under Kotzebue, in 1817, threatened to carry away the coveted prize. England's pride was aroused, and the quest was resumed with energy. One expedition followed another in quick succession. In this way the geography of the regions in the north of the western hemisphere gained much in definiteness. In these undertakings the names of Parry, Ross, Barrow, and Franklin became especially prominent.

In 1845 Sir John Franklin sailed with the "Erebus" and the "Terror," and picked crews numbering one hundred and thirty-four men. In July, 1846, he was seen by a whaler in Baffin's Bay. From that time noth-

ing was seen, nor for many years definitely heard, of the expedition. Franklin and his men and ships passed as completely from human knowledge as if they had been swallowed up by the sea. A disappearance so mysterious naturally caused painful anxiety which gradually



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

deepened into sorrow, as the conviction grew that they had met with disaster. No less than fifteen expeditions left England and the United States between 1848 and 1854, in the hope of rescuing the survivors, who, it was confidently believed, were somewhere alive. It was thought reasonably certain that, in regions in which

A Northwest Passage Discovered 351

even grass-eating animals, such as deer, musk-oxen, and hares, maintain themselves in large numbers, and in which Eskimo spend their whole lives, some at least of the unfortunate men would be found to have made a successful battle for existence.

The British Admiralty spared no pains or expense in its efforts to effect a rescue, and Lady Franklin was untiring in her exertions and lavish of her means in seeking the same end. But the mystery remained unsolved until 1854, when Dr. Rae, conducting an exploring party of the Hudson Bay Company, was told by the Eskimo that, some years earlier, about forty white men had been seen dragging a boat over the ice, and that later in the same season the bodies of the whole party were found by the natives near Back's Great Fish River, where they had perished from cold and hunger. Dr. Rae also recovered a number of articles which were identified as having belonged to the Franklin expedition, and he received the reward of fifty thousand dollars offered by the Admiralty to the first person who should bring authentic tidings of the missing expedition.

The last vestiges of doubt were set at rest by Captain McClintock in 1858. He led an expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin at her own expense and succeeded in ascertaining the course of the ill-fated party. He heard from the Eskimo in Boothia reports as to the loss of the ships, and he gathered relics along the coast of King William's Land and found skeletons that told a terrible tale of disaster. All hope was extinguished, when in a cairn a record was found containing an official statement. It was dated April 25, 1848, and signed

by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. It stated that the "Erebus" and "Terror" had been beset since September 12, 1846, and had been abandoned April 22, 1848. In the mean time Sir John Franklin had died, in June, 1847. Up to the date of writing, nine officers and fifteen men had died. It was added that on the following day they would start for Back's Fish River. Dr. Rae's previous discoveries in the latter region completed the story by giving information of the miserable end of the last remnant, as they struggled southward, evidently with the hope of reaching the Hudson Bay settlements. What these brave men of the Franklin expedition suffered, from the time that the ships were beset, in 1846, until the last survivor perished, we can but faintly surmise.

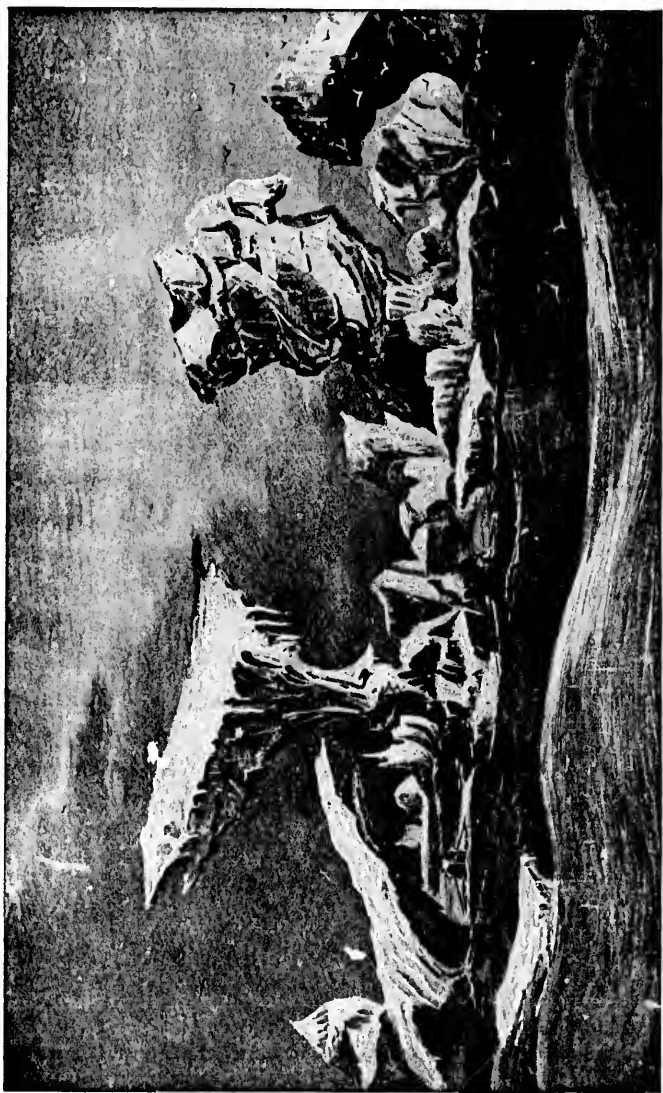
On the monument erected to Franklin in Waterloo Place, London, the honor is claimed for him of having discovered the Northwest Passage. Certainly, in the course of his various explorations, approaching the Polar regions sometimes from the east, sometimes from the west, he had traversed wellnigh the whole distance between Baffin Bay and Behring Strait. But he never made his way through from ocean to ocean, and he can scarcely be said in any strict sense to have made the great discovery. That honor belongs, if to any one, to another explorer, of equal skill and courage, and of happier fortune, who was engaged in the search for him.

In January, 1850, the "Investigator" and the "Enterprise" sailed from the Thames, to go around Cape Horn and pass through Behring Strait, into the Arctic Ocean, attacking the problem from the west, while a

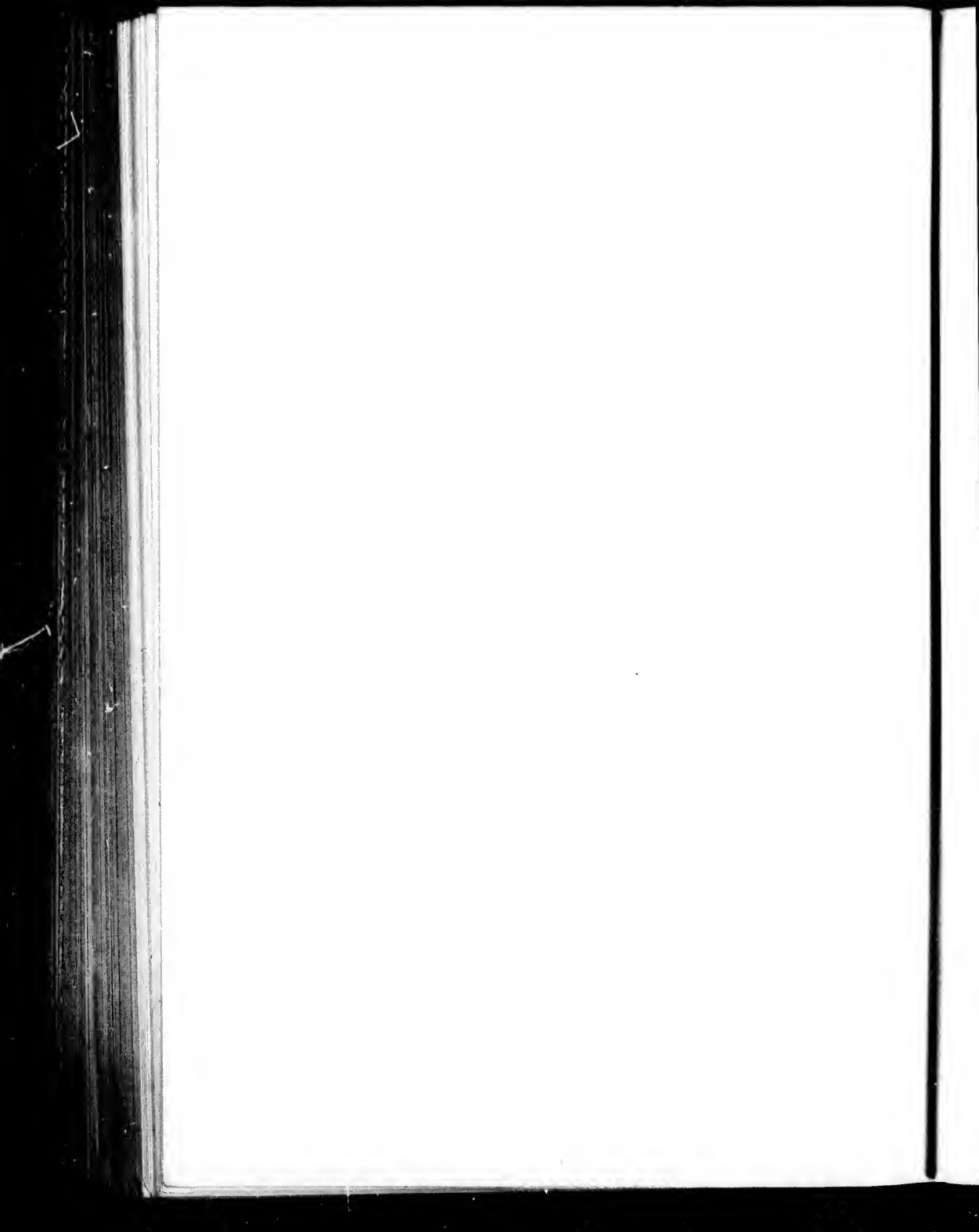
the
nber
In
me,
and
low-
Dr.
eted
d of
ntly
nts.
tion
, in
ntly

rloo
ving
the
olar
the
be-
ver
can
the
to
ap-

En-
ape
etic
e a



BOATS IN A SWELL AMONGST ICE.



whole squadron, following the usual route, assailed it from the east. By the middle of April the "Investigator," which alone we shall follow, reached the Strait of Magellan and found there a steam vessel ready to tow her into the Pacific. Here was observed an interesting instance of the California gold fever which was then at its height. At Port Famine was the wrecked crew of a schooner which had sailed from New York. Her owners had been in business there, one as a hardwareman, the other as a provision-dealer. One day these two put their heads together and agreed that there was a good chance of making millions in California to hundreds in New York. At once they sold out and embarked their all in buying and equipping a vessel. Ten weeks later their schooner was wrecked and they were ruined. Their British cousins could not but admire their pluck, however. They would not listen to a suggestion of going back to New York. "No!" they said cheerfully, "we'll get to California somehow and right ourselves yet."

Having passed through Behring Strait, the "Investigator" crossed the Arctic Circle on July 29, and rounded Point Barrow, the turning point of the American continent, on August 15. Her course was now shaped along the coast in the strip of water between the land and the heavy ice, which, on account of its great depth and the shallowness of the sea, is kept from the shore at a distance varying from a few yards to a mile. This strip is the cruising-ground to-day of steam-whalers, which every year sail from San Francisco and return at the close of the season, steam giving

them comparative freedom and independence. But at the time of the "Investigator's" voyage the sight of a vessel was rare on this coast. Some Eskimo who were met about one hundred and twenty miles east of Point Barrow had never seen one and were filled with wonder at the sight.

These natives were a stalwart set, the women somewhat good-looking, were it not for the universal dirtiness of their persons, which scarcely allowed the tattooing on their chins to be seen. Everybody was fat, and they seemed to have stores of meat. Thieving, performed with artless skill, seemed to be their chief accomplishment. When Captain McClure detected one of them in the act of picking his pocket, at the very minute that with the other hand he was receiving a gift of tobacco, the fellow only laughed. The whole party joined in the chorus, and even the aggrieved person could not resist the general spirit of merriment.

The ship worked her way along between the land and the recently boundless ocean of ice, whose thickness might be judged from the fact that at its edge, where of course it was thinnest, it grounded in thirty-five or forty feet of water. The shore was one vast plain, without a stone or elevation. The eye ranged over an immense green flat, variegated with moss, grass, and flowers, and broken here and there by fine sheets of fresh water. Altogether, it was a cheerful prospect, in singular contrast with the sea of eternal ice approaching so near. Large herds of reindeer were seen grazing. Water-fowl, such as the eider-duck, were very numerous. The centre of Jones' Island was one great

swamp, the breeding-place of flocks of wild fowl. A little further on natives were found who had never seen a European. They went through the usual salutation of rubbing noses with great cordiality and welcomed the strangers with their usual cheerful pilfering. Nothing was "too hot or too heavy" for them. One fair dame who had just received numerous presents was found sitting, like a hen on her eggs, over a varied assortment of articles that she had stolen. In one particular some of these people showed an unusual degree of good sense. When they were asked why they did not trade with the white men up the big river (the Mackenzie), they answered that the traders had given the Indians a water which had killed a great many of them and made them foolish, and they did not want any of it.

One remarkable gift which these people possess is a natural facility in drawing. Give one of them paper and pencil, and he will delineate the outlines of the coast with which he is familiar with astonishing accuracy. It has often been remarked that this artistic gift seems to connect this dwindling remnant of an ancient folk with those primitive men whose rude carvings on bone or ivory, found in caves, are among the few remnants of an age so long past that we can scarcely guess how long. They knew nothing of what lay in the north. Occasionally they had penetrated lanes in the ice some miles; but that was all. The great, mysterious sea of ice was to them terrible, as the home of the white bear. One of the women, with tears in her eyes, told how, lately, one of these fierce brutes had

carried off her child as it was playing near her on the beach.

After leaving Cape Bathurst, smoke was observed rising in a dense cloud on the shore. This seemed very remarkable in a region in which fuel is so scarce that the idea of signal-fires was preposterous. Some of the officers were sent in a boat to investigate. They re-



SMOKE ISSUING FROM CLIFF AT CAPE BATHURST

ported that the fires were volcanic, the smoke issuing, strongly impregnated with sulphur, through fifteen different apertures. A few days later the "Investigator" stood off from the continent and came under the lee of the great island known as Banks Land. At the same time ducks began to be seen flying south, — a sure sign of approaching winter. It was not long before the

A Northwest Passage Discovered 359

ship found herself beset in the ice in Prince of Wales Strait, and here she spent the next nine months. We need not go into details. There were the usual experiences of an Arctic winter, in this case rendered wholesome by good sense and cheerful by good feeling between all parties.

One day Captain McClure, pushing a sledge journey to the northward, ascended a hill early in the morning. When the sun rose, a joyful sight met his eyes. Before him lay the frozen waters of a channel so wide that its further shore could not be seen. But he knew that beyond it lay Melville Island, whose southern shore Sir Edward Parry had reached, from the east, thirty-odd years before. The Northwest Passage was discovered! He had set at rest forever the question of a water communication between the two oceans. This channel is set down on recent maps as McClure Strait.

We shall not follow in detail the further fortunes of the "Investigator." She did not discover the Franklin party, nor any trace of it; nor was she so favored as to traverse the route whose existence was now established. The next summer, finding her progress on that line blocked, she turned, retraced her course to the southern extremity of Banks Land, passed up its west coast, and entered Banks or McClure Strait. On the southern shore of this channel she found a harbor, where she spent the second winter, and where, as it proved, she was destined to lay her bones.

One thing that surprised the "Investigators" was the quantity of game seen in this high latitude. Hares frequently appeared in troops. One valley was found

literally alive with them and with ptarmigan. On returning from a sledge journey of some weeks, Captain McClure found that no less than twenty reindeer had been killed in his absence. One would think it impossible that these animals should live where ice and snow cover the earth nine or ten months, and the ground, where it is exposed, is frozen so hard as to turn the edge of tools. But they thrive and are sometimes found very fat. Wolves and foxes also abounded. The former were continually prowling in the neighborhood of reindeer, in the hope of catching an unwary fawn. If a hunter left a dead deer for a few hours, he found only the bones when he returned. Once one of the men wounded a fine buck near dark and returned to the ship, intending to take up the trail in the morning. The next day he found four wolves in possession of the game. They were not alarmed at his approach, and he did not care to shoot. This was before the days of magazine-guns, and a man with a single-shot rifle would very naturally hesitate to provoke an encounter with wolves so daring. As he came nearer, shouting and gesticulating, three drew back a few yards. But the fourth pertinaciously held on to the prey. Another of the crew chanced that way and found the man and the beast actually tugging against each other. Of course, he put an end to the struggle.

The summer came, but did not bring the expected release for the "Investigator." She was still fast, and her crew were confronted with the dreary prospect of a third winter in the ice, the second in one spot. Already for a year they had been on two-thirds of the usual

allowance, and now they must look forward to a still further reduction. Hunger began to be felt; and it became evident that, without a considerable supply of game, the winter could not be passed on the allowance of food which the ship's resources admitted of. One meal a day became the rule. Scurvy, too, had made its appearance, and, already early in the season, seventeen men were on the sick-list. Altogether, the outlook was a sombre one. But the last thought which Captain



BLOCK OF STONE WITH PARRY'S INSCRIPTION

McClure was willing to entertain was that of abandoning the ship. Happily, with the advance of winter, the number of deer in the neighborhood became really wonderful. In spite, too, of their privation and their cheerless environment, the spirits of the crew remained remarkably good. Their hardships were the favorite subject of jest. So it was that, at the close of 1852, Captain McClure had reason to feel profound gratitude for many blessings which he and his men still enjoyed.

It was truly remarkable that not one of the original crew had died, either by disease or accident.

Thus the winter wore away. In the spring a dramatic meeting took place. The "Intrepid" and the "Resolute," belonging to a squadron which left England in 1852, had approached from the east to a position within one hundred and eighty miles of the "Investigator's" and there spent the winter. A sledge-party from the newcomers visiting Winter Harbor, where Sir Edward Parry had wintered thirty-three years before, and inspecting a remarkable block of sandstone on which he had caused his ship's name and record to be engraved, were amazed to find there a document, which had been recently deposited by a sledge-party from the "Investigator," stating her position and the discovery of the Northwest Passage.

In the mean time a desperate resolve had been reached on the "Investigator." A party of thirty was to leave her, with the intention of traveling over the ice towards open water and home. The rest were to remain on board until relief should reach them — or death. It was a trying time for both parties, — for those who were about to face the hardships and the perils of the sledge-journey, and for those who must summon fortitude to see their companions leave them, most likely forever. When preparations for the departing expedition were complete, a stranger was seen approaching over the ice. Imagine the joy of the "Investigators" when he announced himself as an officer sent with a detail from the "Resolute." Relief was near at hand when they knew not that there was any within the Arctic regions! It

A Northwest Passage Discovered 363

was opportune indeed. Without it, the thirty men who were about to start, on the desperate chance of reaching home by sledges and boats, would probably have met the fate which had befallen Franklin's followers, while the forlorn remnant in the ship had little else to expect than the lingering death of the pioneer Willoughby and his ill-fated crews.

There is little more to tell. The "Investigator" was abandoned, and her officers and crew spent a fourth winter in the ice, on the "Resolute" and "Intrepid." Then came the abandonment of these and of two other ships. In short, a whole squadron was left in the ice, their crews being taken home on other vessels. In England all honor was rendered to the brave "Investigators," and Captain McClure was knighted. A committee of Parliament, unable to decide the question of priority between him and Franklin, reported that he had discovered a northwest passage and successfully conducted his followers from the Pacific to the Atlantic by that route. The prize of £10,000 was awarded to the "Investigator." But to this day no vessel has traversed the entire distance between the two oceans.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE "VEGA" BEGINS HER FAMOUS VOYAGE

THE voyage of the "Vega," under the auspices of the Swedish government and under the command of Prof. A. E. Nordenskiöld, was undertaken in order to solve, if possible, the long-mooted question of the possibility of passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the north of Europe and Asia. With a full store of supplies and with a competent staff of scientific men, she sailed from Gothenburg on the 4th of July, 1878. Strong head winds retarded her progress northward, and it was not until the 25th that she entered the Polar Sea. Three days later was sighted the southwestern portion of Nova Zembla, known as Goose Land, because of the immense number of geese and swans which breed there.

With glorious weather and over calm, shining seas the "Vega" sped southward, having the treeless, grassy slopes and valleys of Nova Zembla on her port side, as she headed for the Yugor Schar, the most southerly of the sounds leading into the Kara Sea. She made a short stop at Chabarova, a Samoyed village, situated on the mainland shore of the strait, and the resort of Russian and Finnish merchants who come thither in summer to trade with the natives and, with their aid, to hunt and fish in the neighboring sea. In winter the Samoyeds

The "Vega" Begins her Famous Voyage 365

drive their reindeer-herds to more southern regions, and the hamlet is deserted.

The natives are all nominally Christians, members of the Orthodox Church. But their old idolatry is their true religion and is practised openly. The curious old cut on page 366 might be supposed to be a libel on the divinities worshipped by these people, if it were



BARON ADOLPH ERIC NORDENSKIÖLD

not fully confirmed by the accounts given by explorers, both older and more recent. Stephen Burrough, in his story of the voyage of the "Searchthrift," in 1556, relates that he came to "a heap of Samoyed idols, above 300 in number, the worst and the most unartificial worke that ever I saw: the eyes and mouths of sundry of them were bloodie. They had the shape of men, women, and children, very grosly wrought. Some of the idols

were an old sticke, with two or three notches made with a knife in it. There was one of their sleds broken and lay by the heape of idols." The very same peculiarities are noted to-day. Professor Nordenskiöld and his companions visited sacrificial mounds of the Samoyeds, where they found numerous stick-idols, like those above described, before which votive offerings were arrayed. The mouths of the images were besmeared



SAMOYED SLED AND IDOLS

with blood, this being the means by which the divinities represented were supposed to take part in the sacrificial feast eaten in their presence and in their honor. Near a Samoyed grave was a broken sled. It had been provided with the evident purpose that the spirit of the deceased should not lack means of transport in the other world. Probably reindeer for drawing it were slaughtered at the funeral banquet. The professor bought two idols from an old Samoyed woman who pro-

The "Vega" Begins her Famous Voyage 367

duced them from an out-worn boot. She parted with her divinities quite readily. This idol-worship is looked upon at least without disapproval by the Russians, who seem to see in these Samoyed "bolvans" something not unlike the sacred images which they are wont to venerate.

Except a few Samoyeds recently settled on Nova Zembla or pasturing their herds in summer on the plains of Vaygats Island, all the islands of these Polar regions — Spitzbergen, Franz-Yosef Land, Nova Zembla, Vaygats, and the New Siberian Islands — are uninhabited. But the dreary desolation of these treeless wastes is enlivened in summer by an abundant animal life, chiefly by immense flocks of birds. Stormy petrels, auks, guillemots, puffins, terns, and gulls of various species are found in countless numbers, sometimes hovering over the sea with shrill cries, sometimes crowded together on the face of some cliff and disputing every inch of footing, sometimes at their breeding-places, where the eggs are laid, often without a trace of a nest, so close together that it is impossible to walk between them without treading upon some. On the guillemot-fells eggs lie beside eggs in close rows from the crown of the cliff to near the sea-level. They are laid on the rock, which is either bare or only covered with old birds' dung. They are so closely packed together that a man lowered by means of a rope from the top of the cliff has been known to collect more than a half-barrel from a single ledge of small extent. Yet each bird has but one egg. If a shot be fired, thousands take wing, without apparently diminishing the

e with
en and
arities
d his
oyeds,
those
were
ncared



inities
ificial
Near
n pro-
of the
n the
were
fessor
o pro-

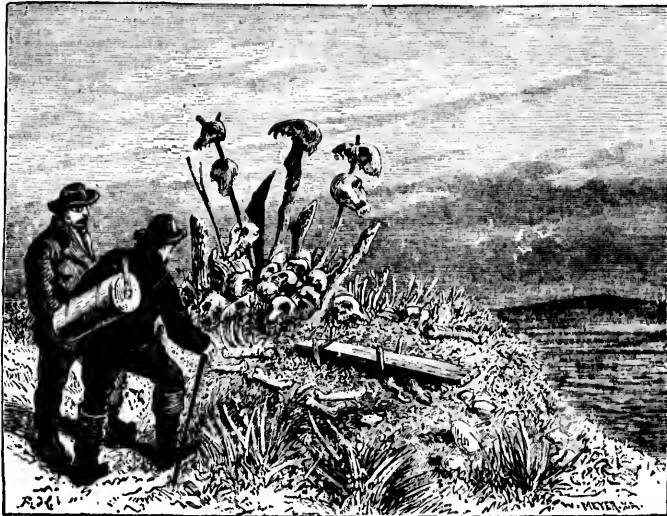
numbers of those that remain sitting. The clumsy, short-winged birds, when they start, fall some distance before they can begin their flight, and sometimes actually tumble into the water. An unceasing cackle goes on in the loomery, with occasional angry screams and fights about the ownership of an egg or the possession of a few inches of rock to stand on.

The eggs of most kinds are found by Arctic travelers a very palatable addition to their sea-fare. Then there are vast numbers of geese, of stately swans, and of eider ducks. These fowl resort to these regions in the breeding season, in order that in these immense solitudes they may rear their young undisturbed. But, for all their care, they cannot escape their enemies. The walrus-hunters who in summer visit the islands of the Polar Sea plunder the nests of the eider duck, both of eggs and of the down of which they are made. Large quantities are collected every year by hunters from Norway. It is said that the number of the ducks on Spitzbergen has been greatly diminished by the reckless way in which not only the nests are robbed, but the birds are slaughtered. The geese place their nests on little hillocks, commonly in the neighborhood of a small lake. But the swans, which are very difficult of approach by the hunter, breed on the open plain. Their nests, formed of moss, are so large that they can be seen at a great distance.

There are, besides, the great snowy owl and its victim, the ptarmigan, or Arctic grouse. This bird, whose winter plumage is white like that of its destroyer, strange to say, if we consider its surroundings, is ex-

The "Vega" Begins her Famous Voyage 369

ceedingly fat and juicy. The former, unlike other owls, sees exceedingly well, even in the brightest sunshine. Probably this fact is due to the length of the Arctic day. Its favorite food is the lemming, a small burrowing animal, related to the rat, which tunnels its way under the snow and occasionally appears above it.



PLACE OF SACRIFICE

As its prey occurs in great numbers on the north coast of Asia, the owl is common there.

The other birds migrate, but the ptarmigan and the snowy owl winter in Spitzbergen. What can they find to eat amid its icy desolation? Nordenskiöld thinks that the ptarmigan creeps in under the stones of such places as those in which it breeds, and spends the winter mostly in a torpid state. In 1872 he found

in Spitzbergen a fell, which was the home of great numbers of these birds, near his own winter quarters, under the 80th degree of latitude! He estimated that not less than two hundred were shot there during the winter.

Even song-birds are not wholly wanting in the Polar summer. The twitter of the snow-bunting may be heard on the grassy plains where it builds its nest; and shore-larks rear their little broods under bushes or stones in carefully built nests lined with grass and feathers.

When we think of the Polar regions, the reindeer, which plays so conspicuous a part in its life, naturally comes to the mind. This remarkable animal is found nearly as far to the north as the limit of land in the Old World. The rigors of the Polar winter do not seem to seriously affect it. It is found in a thriving condition so far as 80° or 81° north. Even in winter it finds abundant food on the mountain slopes swept clear of snow by storms. That even the Norwegian reindeer can bear the climate of Spitzbergen is shown by the fact that some of the draught animals which Norden-skiöld took with him to Spitzbergen in 1872, having made their escape and joined their wild kin, were shot by hunters in 1875 and were found to be very fat. The animals thrive and are very numerous in Spitzbergen. A strange story is told of some Russians who in 1743 were by an accident thrown on this coast with only powder and ball for twelve shots. They were compelled to spend six successive years on this desolate coast. When the three survivors were found and res-

The "Vega" Begins her Famous Voyage 371

ened, they had without fire-arms killed two hundred and fifty reindeer.

Another very important denizen of these high latitudes is the Polar bear. The further north one goes, the more he seems to be at home. He frequents principally coasts and islands which are surrounded by drift-ice, even ice-floes far out at sea, for his best hunting is among the ice-fields. When he observes a man, he commonly approaches, in the hope of prey, trying all the while by zigzag movements to conceal his intentions. If one keeps quite still, the bear comes so near as to be shot at the distance of a few feet. If an unarmed man falls in with a Polar bear, some rapid movements and loud cries are generally sufficient to put him to flight; but if the man attempts to run away, he is sure to have the bear after him at full speed. If the animal is wounded, he always takes to flight. While camping in these regions, often, on awaking in the morning, one finds in the neighborhood a bear that has nosed around the tent, without daring to attack it. This animal has a special fancy for investigation. Let him find a depot of provisions or anything covered, he will never be content until he has torn it open, tossed about its contents, and eaten everything which he considers eatable. Sometimes, owing to a very wide range of taste, he gets very queer things into his interior. During one of the English expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, one was killed in whose stomach was found, among a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends, a large supply of sticking-plaster, a part of the contents of a caché which he had robbed.

It is evident that this animal has lost much of his native ferocity since experience has taught him how formidable man is. In the earliest explorations the sight of a bear created great dismay, as we gather from the stories of such encounters during Barentz voyages; but now walrus hunters do not hesitate for a moment to attack them, relying rather on the lance than on the gun, though the modern magazine-rifles are immensely more effective than the earlier firearms.

The Polar bear first became known to Europeans after the Norwegians' discovery of Greenland and Iceland, and was at first considered an extraordinary rarity. In the year 1064 the King of Denmark gave in exchange for a white bear from Greenland a well-equipped, full-rigged trading-vessel, a considerable sum of money, and a valuable gold ring. At the present time they are very far indeed from being thought rare. The Norwegian walrus-hunting vessels kill, on an average, at least a hundred yearly.

Another interesting denizen of the Polar regions is the mountain fox, which is common both on Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. It will be remembered that the Barentz party subsisted largely on it. Its abode sometimes consists of a number of passages excavated in the ground and connected together, with several openings.

The lemming occurs in incredible numbers on Nova Zembla. In the early summer, on the disappearance of the snow, there will be found in the meadows innumerable little paths intersecting each other in every direction. These have been formed by the passing to and fro of these little animals under the snow. Thus they

The "Vega" Begins her Famous Voyage 373

live, securely protected against the severe cold and having at hand an abundant supply of food in the grass and lichens above the frozen ground. A colony of many thousands of animals dwells safe and warm where a casual observer would see nothing but a waste of snow.

But it is in the Polar Sea that animal life is most abundant. The ocean fairly swarms with crustacea and with a vast variety of marine life. The explorers soon found a way of turning this fact to their advantage. If they wanted a specimen skeletonized, they had only to lower it into the water. After a sufficient time the bones would be found to have been completely stripped of flesh. What is remarkable about this abundance of animal life is the intense cold in which it exists. Facts like these tend to upset many of our notions. An exceedingly interesting discovery made by Nordenskiöld during the winter was that of a very minute crustacean living in the snow along the beach, which has the power of emitting an intense bluish-white flash of light. The effect of this phosphorescent illumination shining about one's feet at every step on a dark winter day, with the sun out of sight and the mercury apparently trying to go there too, must be almost thrilling.

The walrus, another most interesting animal, has wholly disappeared from places where once hundreds were found. Its curiosity and gregariousness no doubt have contributed much to this result. Its affectionate nature has frequently been its ruin, for the mother often sacrifices her life in the attempt to protect her offspring. Few animals have been the subjects of more fanciful stories. Albertus Magnus, who died in 1280, says that

they are taken thus: While the animal sleeps, hanging by its large tusks to a cleft of rock, the hunter approaches stealthily, cuts out a piece of its skin, and fastens it to a strong rope, whose other end is secured to trees or rocks. Then he awakens the animal by throwing stones at its head. In its efforts to escape, it slips out of its hide. It dies soon afterwards. Walrus-lines, he adds, are very useful in lifting great weights, on account of their strength. As he mentions their sale at Cologne, it is probable that they were employed there in hoisting great stones for the famous cathedral.

Both the Eskimo and the Chukehis set great store by walrus-hide, on account of its toughness. They also consider its flesh a delicacy. Our taste would hardly agree with theirs; but the tongue is said to be really delicious. There is no doubt that the walrus has been hunted by the Polar tribes for thousands of years. In the caves, where the remains of primitive man are found, implements made of walrus tusks have been discovered.

Since the voyages of the sixteenth century, which made Europeans know the animal, an exterminating warfare has been waged, in which hundreds of thousands have been slaughtered. When the hunters see a herd of walrus, either on a piece of drift ice or in the water, they endeavor to approach silently and against the wind, which is usually not difficult. If they succeed in getting one of the animals harpooned, they are sure of as many more as they can attend to; for his companions immediately come swimming up to the boat, curious to know what is the matter. In this way one after another is struck, until all the harpoons are in use.

The "Vega" Begins her Famous Voyage 375

Each one, when he is fixed, plunges and tries to escape. Soon the boat is drawn along at a whizzing rate, although the rowers hold back with the oars. There is no real danger, however, so long as all the animals draw in one direction. If one seeks to take a different course, his line must be cut immediately: otherwise the boat is cap-sized. When they are exhausted, they are, one after another, drawn to the surface and dispatched. One can easily understand how by such methods whole herds are quickly destroyed.

On the whole, this closer survey of the Polar regions, with their long summer day, with their grass and bright but scentless flowers, with their myriads of wild fowl swarming on the faces of high cliffs or darkening the air, and with their hardy animals not merely surviving the intense cold of winter, but growing fat, gives us a cheerful picture, quite the reverse of what we are apt to imagine.

One terrible plague of the lower Arctic regions comes to mind. We are familiar with accounts of the sufferings of travelers from mosquito-bites on the coast of Greenland. The face of a person venturing into marshy ground without a veil quickly becomes unrecognizable. The eyelids are closed, and suppurating tumors are formed under the hair. The same conditions prevail in Alaska. Bears, it is said, are sometimes so bitten about the eyes that they cannot see, owing to the swelling and inflammation, and so perish of starvation. A hunter has been known to shoot his dogs, because the poor creatures from the same cause had got into such a state that he had no alternative but that of abandon-

ing them in their misery or putting an end to their suffering. From this plague the mainland of Siberia is not free. Especially are the forest regions infested. One reason of the Samoyeds' driving their reindeer herds north in the summer is that on the open grassy tundra the animals are comparatively safe from the attacks of these pests of man and beast. In the higher Arctic regions, such as Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, one is exempt from this torment, — a very considerable compensation for much which must be endured.

CHAPTER XXXV

THROUGH THE KARA SEA TO THE NORTHERNMOST
POINT OF ASIA

ON August 1, on a gloriously bright day, with a wind so light that the sails did little service, the "Vega" steamed through the straits called Yugor Schar and entered the Kara Sea, lying between Nova Zembla and the Taimur peninsula. This sea had always formed the barrier of northeast voyages, from the earliest times having generally been found impassable. But the "Vega" experienced no difficulty and steamed eastward, encountering only some open rotten ice, whose dirty surface indicated that it was neither glacier nor sea ice, but had probably come from the Gulf of Obi or Yenisei. Off large rivers the ice is usually covered with a layer of yellow clay, deposited by the swell of river-water washing over the ice while the latter is still fast to the shore.

On the 6th Captain Palander, going ahead in the steam-launch to survey the course for the "Vega," killed an exceedingly large and fat bear. There was nothing in his stomach but mosses and lichens, from which it may be inferred that these animals may thrive on a vegetable diet. In 1873 Nordenskiöld saw an old bear pasturing peaceably with a number of reindeer. He surmised that the old fellow meditated seizing one

when he should be near enough. This reminds me of the experience of some city-folk. Going away in the summer, they made arrangements to have their pet cat supplied with milk. On their return, looking down into the area, they were amazed to see tabby sharing her bowl of milk with a big rat and frolicking with him in the friendliest manner. "Misery makes strange bed-fellows," is a common saying. The next morning after the family's return, the rat's skin and bones were all that remained to tell the story of his short-lived friendship with one of the enemies of his race. Tabby had imitated the conduct of those human beings who, so soon as they are admitted to more elevated society, "cut" their old acquaintances. If a cat, with untold generations of elevating association with human beings at the back of it, could be guilty of so black treachery, should we expect better things of a benighted Polar bear, who had never lived in the refined atmosphere of a menagerie and never had tasted a peanut?

It would seem that bears are numerous on that portion of the coast, for within two or three days the "Vega" party killed two more. To a modern man, armed with a magazine-rifle, this animal naturally seems infinitely less formidable than to sixteenth-century explorers, with their "harquebushes" and matchlocks that often refused to "give fire" at critical moments.

On Dickson's Island, just off the mouth of the Yenisei, a small herd of reindeer was seen feeding, and Captain Palander succeeded in killing one. The ruins of a hut on one of the small rocky islets showed that formerly hunters had been in the habit of coming thither

during the summer. But there was no sign of the presence of a human being. On the Yalmal peninsula, however, which the "Vega" passed a day earlier, a Samoyed encampment was observed a short distance inland. The wide, grassy plains of this great peninsula afford splendid pasturage for herds of tame reindeer; so that, in the summer season, there is a quite considerable population of Samoyeds. In 1862 Krusenstern, a Russian naval explorer, after an adventurous voyage across the Kara Sea, was compelled to abandon his vessel off this coast. He and his companions drifted back and forth several days on a large ice-cake. Finally they landed on Yalmal, destitute of everything, and would have perished had they not encountered a rich Samoyed, the owner of two thousand reindeer, who fed them bountifully with meat and raw fish, lodged them in the tents of the village, and, when they were rested, sent them on sleds some hundreds of miles, to Obdorsk, on the Obi.

The winter in this desolate waste, lying open to the unbroken force of storms from the Polar Sea, must be something of almost inconceivable severity. No human life maintains itself here. The few hunters and fishermen and the wandering groups of Samoyeds who visit it in summer, retreat far southward. There is scarcely a single record of any one's having wintered on this forbidding coast. One there is, however, that is quite remarkable. In 1876 a small vessel, built on the upper waters of the Yenisei to try the experiment of carrying a cargo down that river and through the Kara Sea to Europe, was detained near the mouth of the river

until the early winter set in. It was then put in winter quarters, and the captain and the greater part of the crew went away, leaving the vessel under the care of the mate, a Finn, named Nummelin, with four men, all of them Siberian criminal exiles. These built with planks a small cabin on an island in the Yenisei, collected drift-wood in great heaps around it, and faced the winter. It soon came. The severe cold began in October. Day after day it grew more intense. More than once in that awful season the mercury froze in the thermometer, while snowstorms shut the men in for several days at a time. The sun left them on the 21st of November. In the wintry darkness that dread foe, the scurvy, attacked them. The gloomy form of Death stalked into the frost-bound cabin and bore away one after another of its inmates, until Nummelin was left alone with a single companion. Then the latter, in attempting to cross from the island to the mainland, perished.

On the 11th of May a relief party, sent to save the vessel, arrived from the south. They had first to shovel away the snow, which lay about eighteen feet deep over nine feet of river ice. When they had got the vessel nearly dug out, it was buried deep by a new snow-storm. In the middle of June the ice began to move. Then came one of those tremendous floods for which the Siberian streams are noted. The river rose fifteen feet. The men spent six days on the roof of the hut, which barely rose above the surface of the water, working day and night with poles to keep off the pieces of ice which threatened to sweep away their frail refuge. The

whole surrounding country was inundated, and so rapidly that even migrating birds were caught unawares. Several exhausted ptarmigan alighted among the men on the roof, two on the dogs' backs. Of course the vessel was swept away and lost. But it is interesting to know that her captain bought another small craft, built on the Yenisei, loaded it with Siberian products, such as fish, furs, and graphite, and with the same mate, Nummelin, and three other men, actually sailed to Norway, Sweden, and St. Petersburg. Everywhere a warm welcome was given to the first vessel that ever came through from Siberia to Europe.

In 1876, after visiting the Philadelphia Exposition, Professor Nordenskiöld left New York on the 1st of July, took his own steamer in Norway, and reached the mouth of the Yenisei on August 15, only forty-six days from New York! Then he ascended the river a considerable distance, carrying the first cargo of goods by sea to Siberia. He commenced the return voyage on September 1 and completed it safely. In spite, however, of these two achievements, it would seem, from what we know as to the usual condition of the Kara Sea, that the question of marine commerce with Siberia must remain problematical.

A very noticeable thing was the almost complete absence of animal life in the region now traversed. The "Vega" was approaching Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost point of the Asiatic continent, in the same latitude as the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. It must have produced a weird impression to steam along all the day through a thick fog, over a sea smooth and

glassy as a mirror, passing occasionally an ice-field, catching, when the fog lifted, glimpses of the desolate shore, where there was no sign of human existence, seeing not a single bird, only very rarely a seal.

Now they came to the great goal of centuries of fruitless struggle. For the first time a vessel lay at anchor off the northernmost cape of the Old World. All that was hitherto known of this part of the coast had been gained by approach from landward. The occasion was one to be celebrated. Accordingly, the "Vega" and her consort, the "Lena," representatives of the new era, the era of steam and electricity, decked themselves with flags and fired salutes, while the old era, in the person of a solitary Polar bear, paced uneasily up and down the beach, sniffing curiously and wondering what manner of beings these intruders were, then lumbered out of sight, terrified at the booming of the cannon.

Mournful in its solitude and desolation is this last point of the old, old continent which was the cradle of our race. No sign of man was there, scarcely any of animal life, and of the vegetable world little more than mosses and lichens. But future explorers will find the cairn which our party reared on the promontory.

At Preobraschenie Island the animal life of the Arctic world was again found in profusion. The perpendicular cliffs swarmed with loons and kittiwakes and guillemots, and on the slopes the great white owl was seen sitting motionless, waiting for its prey. Two bears who were out hunting for young birds, fell to the rifles of the party; and in the ocean were herds of seal and walrus.

Shortly after this the "Vega" arrived off the Lena Delta. This region has since acquired for us Americans a mournful interest, from the fact that here, in October, 1881, the heroic De Long and the most of his comrades of the "Jeannette" perished. The story of their sufferings from cold and hunger is one of the most affecting records in the history of Arctic exploration. Along with his body and the bodies of the last survivors of his immediate party, his note-book was recovered. It is pathetic to read the few lines that tell the story of these brave men's freezing and starvation in the desolate, icy waste. A remarkable series of scientific observations shows that the Old World's cold-pole lies not, as we should suppose, at the furthest known north, but in the neighborhood of the town of Verchojansk, which is situated to the southeast of the Lena Delta. This fact throws light on the extremely low temperatures experienced by these houseless wanderers.

In the journal the entries become very brief towards the last. But what volumes of meaning are in those few words! There is a tragic interest about a writing which we know was traced by fingers actually stiffening in death.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE "VEGA'S" INTERCOURSE WITH NATIVES OF
SIBERIA

OFF the mouth of the Lena the "Vega" parted with her junior consort, the steamer "Lena," which was destined to ascend that river, and steamed on her way eastward. If space permitted, it would be exceedingly interesting to take a little excursion on board the "Lena" up this great river of the North. It has wide, treeless plains, much like our prairies, with a rich, black soil that returns an enormous yield of grain. There is a vast belt of forest extending unbroken perhaps three thousand miles by half that width. There is splendid mineral wealth awaiting development. Great rivers drain this broad and rich empire, the New West, so to speak, of the Old World, only awaiting the magic touch which shall cause its riches to pour into the markets of the world. Just here is the trouble. Siberia's greatest need is the means of developing its resources. Its mighty rivers empty into an ocean frozen through a great part of the year. Therefore their availability for the purposes of commerce remains doubtful.

One of the most striking features of Siberia is the tundra, the wide, treeless plain that covers a large portion of the northern coast region. It is perpetually frozen to a great depth and only thaws on the surface

Intercourse with Natives of Siberia 385

in summer, when it is covered with a light vegetation of moss, grasses, and flowers. It is all the more interesting because of its containing evidences of a geological period extending back perhaps hundreds of thousands of years. In this now treeless waste are found masses of driftwood, dating from a very remote period and called by the Russian natives "Noah's wood," as if they would trace it back to the Deluge. Besides, large tree-stems may be seen with their roots fast in the soil. These, which are found considerably beyond the present tree-limit, prove that in an earlier time trees grew further north than they do now. This probably indicates a milder climate then existing.

A very notable thing about the tundra is, that sometimes the earthy strata alternate with layers of pure, clear ice. This fact throws light on the manner in which the tundra has been formed. Since the Siberian rivers flow from the south, it follows that the ice of the upper waters breaks up at a time when the lower reaches are still locked fast in the grip of winter. The rivers, pouring down a great volume of water swollen by the melting snows of the south, if they fail to break the mighty ice-barrier, overflow their banks and inundate the country for miles. On low-lying lands this water remains and freezes. Then comes another flood, bringing down a quantity of soil. So we have earth and ice in alternate layers.

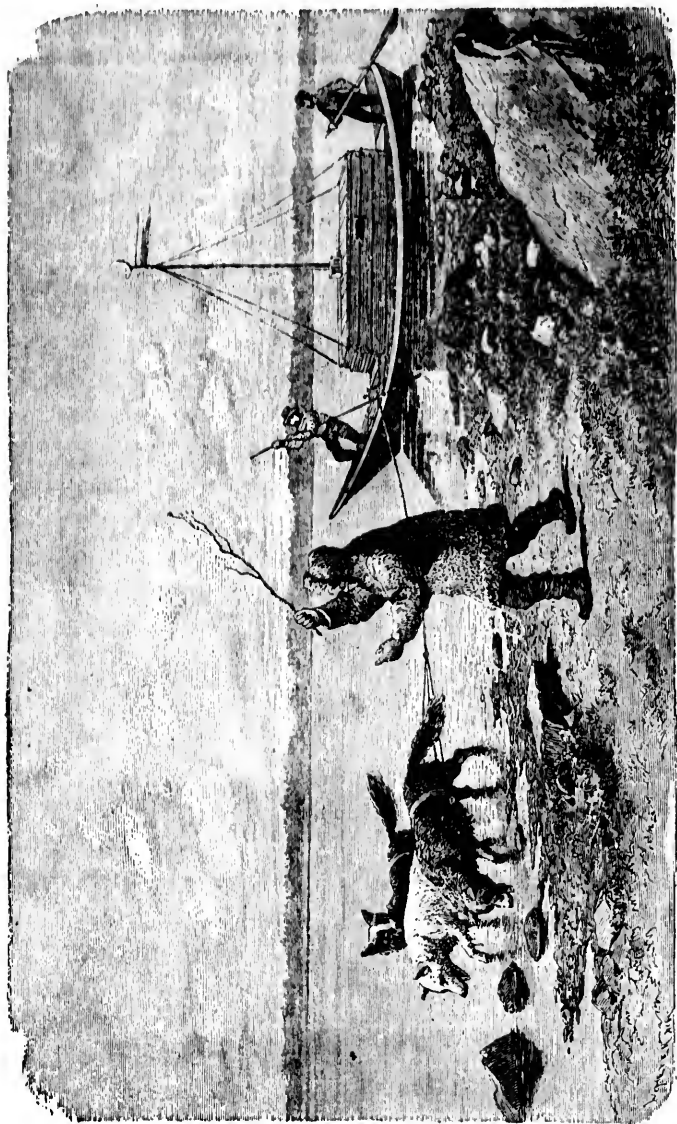
Most interesting of all, however, are the animal remains that occur in these frozen strata. As is well known, entire carcasses of elephants and rhinoceroses have been found, so completely preserved from putre-

faction that the flesh has been fed to dogs, — flesh probably hundreds of thousands of years old! The ivory thus obtained is to-day, as it has been for centuries, the subject of a lucrative trade. The first mammoth tusk was brought to England in 1611, and much wonder was expressed at the sight of ivory that had come from the frozen North, instead of the tropics. Since the elephant and rhinoceros are to-day the inhabitants of very hot countries, Northern Siberia, it is sometimes assumed, must once have had a climate like that of Equatorial Africa. This is a mistake. The truth is that the dead animals found in Siberia belonged to a distinct species, adapted to a severe climate, as is clearly shown by the provision which nature gave them against cold. The Siberian rhinoceros was covered with hair, and the northern elephant, the mammoth, had a triple coat, the outermost of hair about fourteen inches long, the next of about six, and inside of this a fine, short one. Thus he had changes of clothing for winter, spring, and summer; in spite of which fact he has long since died from the face of the earth.

A very singular and important discovery has been made in France. Along with roughly worked flint-flakes, such as commonly occur in caves once tenanted by primitive man, some pieces of ivory were found on which, among other things, an unmistakable mammoth, with trunk, tusks, and hair, is carved in a style of art very similar to that for which the Eskimo and the Chukchis of to-day are noted. This discovery seems to leave no doubt of the existence of man and the mammoth at the same period.

sh prob-
e ivory
ries, the
th tusk
der was
rom the
the ele-
of very
mes as-
of Equa-
that the
distinct
y shown
st cold.
air, and
ple coat,
ong, the
ort one.
ring, and
nce died

has been
ed flint-
tenanted
ound on
mammoth,
le of art
and the
seems to
mammoth



TOWING WITH DOGS

Therefore we may be reasonably sure that at the time when these monsters roamed the forests and plains of Northern Asia in herds, that is, probably several hundred thousand years ago, the human race already existed on the earth, under conditions not unlike those of the Polar savages of to-day. From other indications it appears that the climate of Northern Siberia was then much the same as it now is. We naturally wonder how these large animals found sufficient pasture in such regions. It should be remembered that, even far north of the limit of trees, there are luxuriant bushy thickets, whose juicy leaves, with no tropical sun to burn them, are rich food for grass-eating creatures. The Chukchis collect and eat with delight great quantities of young willow-leaves.

When the "Vega" stopped, on her homeward route, at Aden, near the entrance of the Red Sea, Professor Nordenskiöld remarked: "No place in the high north is so bare of vegetation as the environs of Aden and the parts of the east coast of the Red Sea which we saw. Nor can there be any comparison in respect of the abundance of animal life between the equatorial countries and the Polar regions."

The New Siberian Islands have long been renowned for their richness in elephant-tusks. These are washed by the waves out of the sand-beds on the shore, and are collected at low water on the banks then laid bare. One traveler saw as many as ten tusks sticking out of the ground within the space of a mile or so. It seems the very irony of fate that, two years after the "Vega" had touched at these islands and gone on her way safe

and strong, the shipwrecked crew of the "Jeannette," part of whose mission in Polar waters was to seek and succor the "Vega," found temporary shelter here. It is likely that the huts which De Long's party observed had been built by ivory-hunters.

The "Vega" saw little of animal life about the islands, only a few gulls. The season was now far advanced, and the most of the birds had taken their flight southward.

Cape Baranov was passed on the 5th of September. Since leaving the entrance of the White Sea not a single native human being had been seen, and the everlasting monotony of ice, fog, and shallow water was growing wearisome, even to so enthusiastic a Polar explorer as the Professor. Now came a pleasant change. They were approaching an inhabited portion of the coast. One day two great skin-canoes, like the *oumiaks* of the Eskimo, came out to them, full of laughing and chattering savages, — men, women, and children. They were invited aboard, and, skin-clad and bareheaded, they came swarming merrily over the guards of the "Vega." They spoke no language but their own *Chukch*, and all intercourse was by signs. It seemed strange that these people, living on Russian territory, knew not a single word of Russian; but there was a boy who could count up to ten in English, an accomplishment which he had been taught by American whalers. Another evidence of their occasional contact with white men was their calling for "ram" (*rum*). This, however, was refused on all occasions but those of necessity. The Professor remarks approvingly that "even here there are men who

will not taste spirits, but with a gesture of disdain refuse the glass that is offered them." After roaming about the ship and enjoying the hospitality of the crew, the visitors went away rich in old clothing which the sailors gave them lavishly, in the confident expectation of being, within a very few days, in a latitude where winter clothes would be quite unnecessary.

Among these savages trade is carried on wholly by barter. They know nothing of the use of money and despise it as haughtily as Diogenes himself, except as so much glittering metal. The more glitter, the more value. Therefore they would think a man very lacking in "horse-sense" who would not prefer a half-dozen brass buttons or an empty baking-powder can to a gold double-eagle. A beautiful black fox-skin was offered to Nordenskiöld for an iron pot. When the Russians first went to Kamchatka, they got eight sable-skins for a knife, eighteen for an axe. Yet the natives laughed among themselves at the foreigners who were so "dead easy" and gave so much for so little. How true it is that the value of things is not in themselves, but in the mind's eye that sees them! May it not well be that if beings of intelligence as much superior to ours as ours is above that of savages should visit London, Paris, New York, or Chicago, they would think as lightly of some of the things that we toil and wear out our lives for, as we think of the Chukchi's tin boxes? Hamlet goes so far as to say, "There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

In dealing with things whose value they know, these people are very shrewd traders, with a constant eye to

the main chance. They have been brought up from childhood in an atmosphere of barter. A constant intercourse of this kind is maintained between Asia and America. A sort of market is held on an island in Behring Strait, where natives of the two continents meet and exchange their goods. Daring boatmen as they are, they often cross from one mainland to the other in their skin-canoes. Many a fur that graces a St. Petersburg belle was the prize of a trapper in America, then was bartered to an Asiatic savage who disposed of it to a Siberian trader, who sold it to a Russian merchant at Tobolsk; and thus, after traveling the whole width of the continent, it has come to end its career at the capital of the Czars.

On the second day the "Vega" was again visited by natives, who invited the voyagers ashore. It was a season of plenty, as the summer commonly is, and their tents showed a rude and revolting abundance, to which they bade their visitors a hearty welcome by unmistakable signs. Nordenskiöld could hardly have failed to recall what old traders had written about the beastly habits of these northern tribes, when he saw an old woman with her bare arms plunged into the paunch of a reindeer, which she was emptying, and cramming its spinach-like contents into a sealskin bag, evidently to preserve them for green food during the winter.

The arrangement of their dwellings is well adapted to the bitter cold. There is a roomy outer tent, of skins, in which the cooking is done. Within this is a close sleeping-tent, which is also the living-room in winter, formed of warm reindeer skins and heated by one or

more train-oil lamps. In this box-like structure the inmates revel in a temperature that makes their almost naked bodies reek with perspiration, while the cold without freezes mercury.

In spite of these characteristics of debased savagery and a degree of filthiness which can hardly be believed, as it certainly cannot be described, the Chukchis have some admirable traits. When we read that their villages are absolutely without government, we are apt to imagine that the greatest disorder prevails. According to our habits of thought, anarchy, or the absence of law, necessarily means disorder. Nothing of the sort! Nordenskiöld's testimony and that of other travelers, both as to the Chukchis and our Eskimo, show these poor, filthy savages in a light which may excite our envy. The greatest unanimity reigns in one of their little communities. There is no selfish intrusion upon others' rights. The women are the equals of the men, not their drudges, as among our Indian tribes; and the wife is invariably consulted before the husband concludes any important bargain. The women have to work hard, because they live hard; but they are not oppressed, and the men's part is equally laborious. Within the family harmony is the rule. A hard word is rarely heard. Parents are tender in their care of their children. They neither chastise nor scold them. The children requite this treatment with dutiful affection. Their behavior in their rude tent-home is equal to that of the best-reared European children in their parlor. Quarreling is unheard of. Consideration for one another is the rule. A bit of sugar given to one

child in a group passes from mouth to mouth until every one has had a taste. Children hasten to offer their parents a share of any dainty they may have obtained. Good-nature is not confined within the family-circle. The prevailing temper of each little community, in spite of occasional fights under the influence of drink, is one of kindness. Hospitality is universal and unbounded. Of course, there could not be any quarrelling about money among a people who do not use it, nor about land where the earth is covered for nine months with ice and snow. Building-sites are a drug where people live in skin-tents and shift them about at pleasure. The one valuable industry among these people is seal-fishing. It gives them food, clothing, and fuel. They might easily quarrel among themselves, if they were so disposed, for the best locations for carrying this on. But it is said that they arrange this matter also according to certain rules which every one freely respects.

Such a spectacle of harmony is something to be noted with envy. It may raise the question whether we do not pay too dearly for our material possessions, when they plunge us into fierce rivalries and bitter strifes, and when they cost us that inward peace which is the highest good, and that outward peace of which even filthy savages set us the example.

These Chukehis have very much in common with the Eskimo. They share the same artistic gift which enables them, in clumsy drawings or rude carvings on ivory, to hit off the striking features of an object with a certain truth to nature that is the essence of art. They

are, moreover, a people of the Stone Age. Saving some metal implements and weapons obtained from white men, all that they use they make for themselves of stone or bone. Now, among the relics which have been found of the men of the Stone Age of Europe, a noticeable thing is the occurrence of bone-carvings; showing just this kind of artistic gift. Thus we have in the rude Chukchi carvings a link connecting the present with the dim past; and we may study the savages of the European Stone Age in a living example. We have, then, almost a demonstration that the Eskimo and Chukchis are the descendants of races which once occupied nearly all of northern Europe, but have been gradually pushed further and further by other peoples crowding upon them, until they have found their last refuge in the ice-desert on the shores of the Polar Sea.

Within modern times, that is, about 1700, the Chukchis were a numerous and warlike people, making a desperate stand against the Russians in their conquest of Siberia, slaying and being slain by hundreds. In the peaceful savages of to-day we scarcely recognize a single trait of the picture drawn by an historian in 1777: "They are more savage, coarse, proud, refractory, thievish, false, and revengeful than the neighboring nomads. They are as bad and dangerous as the Tunguses are friendly." "Give a dog a bad name," says the proverb, "and you may as well hang him." So the Chukchis are in bad repute in Siberia to this day, notwithstanding the good report of many travelers and the fact that Nordenskiöld was in daily contact

with them a whole winter, without the least ill-feeling between them and his men; a happy result that was no doubt due to his respect for their rights, in never allowing any interference with their seal-fishing. Undoubtedly, however, some of the wilder Chukchi tribes still deserve the old bad name.

Those of to-day fall into two classes, -- the reindeer-owning Chukchis, who live in the interior and wander from place to place, and the coast Chukchis, who have no reindeer, but live by fishing and seal-hunting, and have more or less fixed habitations. No doubt the former more nearly represent the earlier condition of the whole people.

A very interesting circumstance is that, as the Chukchis were themselves driven to the Polar Sea, so they drove out a still earlier race, called Onkilon. It was a strange experience for the scientists of the "Vega" to find ruins of long-deserted habitations on the shores of the frozen ocean, where, amid the inhospitality of nature, man might be thought to dwell safe from molestation. The abodes of this old race, which was driven about three hundred years ago, it is said, to islands in the Polar Sea, differed wholly from those of the Chukchis. They were partly under ground. Some of these old sites were carefully excavated and examined by the scientists of the "Vega," who found in them many stone weapons and implements, striking memorials of a long-departed race. Strange to find on the desolate shore of the Polar Sea, where land is worthless, an illustration of that passionate earth-hunger which, from earliest times, has driven people after people to follow on one

another's heels, like ocean waves chasing each other to the strand!

Another interesting fact about this portion of the Siberian coast was that this was the western limit of Captain Cook's explorations. Just one hundred years before the "Vega" rounded Cape Irkaipij, that renowned navigator, the discoverer of the Sandwich Islands, having sailed up through Behring Strait, came in sight of that promontory and named it Cape North.

It was now growing late, and the state of the ice had become very baffling. Sometimes the "Vega" was compelled to lie to for days at a stretch, waiting for an opening. At other times, thanks to her strong bow, she pushed her way desperately through the floes, cutting ice away with axes, even blasting it. But it was all in vain. The early winter of that boreal clime was setting in. Every night new ice formed, binding together the old blocks. On the 28th of September the "Vega" resigned herself to her fate of being ice-bound for the winter, and that within a short distance of Behring Strait, through which she had expected to pass homeward, thus circumnavigating Europe and Asia in one season. This detention was the cause of the anxiety in Europe and America which led to the "Jeannette's" being charged to look out for her.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN WINTER QUARTERS ON THE SIBERIAN COAST

THE expedition now settled down to the prospect of spending the winter in the ice. All needful preparations were made for the health, comfort, and convenience of the crew. It is distinctly one of the triumphs of modern science that, time and again, explorers, such as Nansen, Peary, and the "Vega" party, have wintered in the far North, not merely without loss of life or serious illness, but even with perfect health and a certain degree of enjoyment. Very different indeed are the modern conditions from those which confronted the early explorers. They fought their brave fight against cruel cold and insidious disease unaided by experience and unfurnished with the weapons which science puts into the hands of the men of to-day. Now it is understood to be a question of forethought and of hygiene. Given a properly built vessel, with appropriate equipment, and due care as to diet, clothing, exercise, and cheerful mental conditions, the ice-beset explorers sit in their warm, well-ventilated cabin, lighted by electricity, eat meats and vegetables as wholesome as if they had been provided fresh on that day, record their scientific observations, classify their collections, and while away their leisure hours with games and cheerful talk or reading.

Winter Quarters on the Siberian Coast 399

We need not describe in detail the winter on board the "Vega." It was such as might have been expected, under the given conditions. There was plenty of good, steady work, with abundance of wholesome food, warm clothing, daily exercise, and cheerful spirits, such as naturally go with health.

One day was very much like another. As soon as it was well light, visitors would begin to arrive, for the "Vega" "received" every day. A long string of "equipages" was drawn up outside, the poor, half-starved dogs, from four to a dozen hitched to each sledge, curling themselves up in the snow while the *élite* of all the country around, men and women, climbed the ice-stairs and

swarmed on the deck, under the awning, with their articles for barter, such as bones of whales, fresh cod, driftwood, weapons, clothing, implements of the chase,



WINTER DRESS

pieces of reindeer meat, occasionally a hare, more than once a fox which, by cutting off head and feet, they sought to palm off as a hare. A curious trait about these people is that they have no more conscience in a trade than if they were so many horse-jockeys, whereas they will not steal. The "Vega" put ashore a large quantity of provisions, arms, clothing, spirits, and so on, so that, in the event of her being suddenly nipped in the ice, there would be a reserve. These goods were simply piled and covered with a tarpaulin, without any watch over them. Yet, though there was around a population many of whom were literally on the verge of starvation, and this heap of stores meant to the poor savages wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, not a single article was taken. Could that experience be duplicated in a civilized community? This fact was the more noteworthy because they proved exceedingly importunate beggars, and commonly the lack of respect which makes beggars breeds thieves.

The visitors were rarely allowed to go below. The odor of a Chukchi in a confined space is something which lingers persistently and necessitates strong fumigation. Bodies which are never washed in a lifetime, — even the face gets only the cleansing of occasional exposure to driving snow, — clad in skins tanned by a peculiarly disgusting method, generate smells to which, happily, civilization does not afford any parallel. But on deck they had a thoroughly good time. They watched with wonder the glowing forge where the smith wrought the red-hot iron. Then, happiest incident of all, came the huge cans of hot soup which were freely dispensed every

day. How they crowded around and plunged in their old pots, tin cans, or whatever would hold the most! Even the frowzy, half-famished dogs curled up in the snow were not overlooked. Many a meal of penumicra they owed to the bounty of the "Vega." Yet, such is the state of half-starvation in which these people habitually live in winter, in spite of this charity and the opportunity which they enjoyed of bartering easily obtained trifles for food, there were families that struck tents in the depth of winter and moved away to other locations where the fishing was better, because they were almost perishing. Indeed, the whole community showed the wasting effect of the cold in their thinner faces. Like all savages, they gorge themselves when food is abundant, taking little thought for the morrow. A family of eight persons, including a child, has been known to consume thirty pounds of food, chiefly seal flesh and blubber, at a single sitting. Then come periods of want, when they gladly eat such offal as a well-bred dog would turn up his nose at.

One article that a Chukehi will not sell for anything, even for spirits, is the little charm or amulet, most commonly a bit of forked stick or rudely carved piece of bone, which he is sure to have somewhere about his person. His belief that this can save him from harm and give him good luck, is part of his religion,—indeed, one may say, his only religion. The "Vega" party did not see any shamans among the Chukehis whom they met. These men are, however, generally described by travelers as having almost unbounded influence, on account of their alleged intercourse with spirits. They

correspond to the rain-makers among Africans and medicine-men among our Indians, and, like them, use their supposed supernatural powers to terrify their fellowmen. Baron von Wrangel, an excellent authority, states that in 1814 a severe epidemic broke out among the Chukchis and their reindeer at Anjui. The shamans declared that, in order to appease the angry spirits, Kotschen, one of the most esteemed men of the tribe, who perhaps had offended these cunning sorcerers, must be sacrificed. He was so much respected that no one could be found to execute the sentence. Then, when the disease continued to rage, Kotschen himself ordered his son to do it; and the latter was compelled to stab his own father to death and give up his body to the shamans as an offering to the demons.

This horrible story might be doubted, if it did not agree with the report which many travelers have made of a custom said to prevail among these people. When a man grows very old and no longer able to hunt or fish, a mere consumer of food, a family council is held, and it is determined to put him out of the way. The intended victim himself cheerfully acquiesces in the plan and takes part in the preparations. There is a sort of feast, which he enjoys as much as any one. Then, in the presence of the assembled family, some near relative, commonly a son, chokes him to death. Since we have the testimony of the "Vega" party as to the commendable traits which they observed among those with whom they came in contact, it is fair to hear what others have related as to some at least of the wilder tribes.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THROUGH BEHRING STRAIT TO CIPANGO

THE expedition had an opportunity of witnessing at least one of the peculiar customs of the Chukchis. One day Johnsen, the hunter, came in much excited and reported that he had found the body of a murdered man on the tundra. On investigation, it proved that the corpse was that of a man who had died naturally. Near him lay the implements which he had used. This was the usual way of disposing of the dead, — probably the only possible one where they can neither be buried nor burned. Wolves, ravens, and foxes soon devour the flesh and scatter the bones. The ground in the neighborhood of a permanent village becomes strewn with these ghastly reminders of our common mortality.

The only article suggestive of the mysteries of Shamanism which the "Vega" party saw was the drum, or tambourine, common among all the Polar peoples. One is found in every Chukchi tent. That it is commonly associated with some superstition was evident from the haste of the possessors to hide it, if time allowed, before the entrance of strangers, and their unwillingness to part with it. Besides its employment in the mysterious rites of sorcery and its use as an ordinary musical instrument, in which it accompanies the voice in a monotonous chant, it has another utility which I

cannot describe so well as in the language of the Professor: "When the ladies unravel and comb their long black hair, this is done carefully over the drum, on whose bottom the numerous beings which the comb brings with it from the warm hearth of home out into the cold, wide world, are collected and cracked, — in case they are not eaten up."

The use of tobacco is common not only among men and women, but children. A child not yet weaned, but able to walk, has been seen to chew and smoke and to drink rum.

Sometimes quite extensive excursions were made inland, and the habits of the reindeer or nomad Chukehis were observed. Here is a pretty picture: "When we came out of the tent in the early morning, we saw all the reindeer advancing in a compact troop. At the head was an old reindeer with large horns, that went forward to his master, who had in the mean time gone to meet the herd, and bade him good morning by gently rubbing his nose against his master's hands. While this was going on, the other reindeer stood drawn up in well-ordered ranks, like the crew in divisions on board a man-of-war. The owner then went forward and saluted every reindeer; they were allowed to stroke his hands with their noses. He, on his part, took every reindeer by his horn and examined it in the most careful way. After the inspection was ended, at a sign given by the master, the whole herd wheeled round and returned in closed ranks, with the old reindeer in front, to the previous day's pasture. The whole scene made a very favorable impression on us. It showed the good master

Through Behring Strait to Cipango 405

treating his inferiors kindly and having a friendly word for each of them."

One cannot but wonder how any life can maintain itself amid so intense cold as that of northern Siberia and in a region where for nine months the ground is covered with ice and snow. Yet some animals are found in considerable numbers. Strange to say, the favorite haunt of hares is the immediate neighborhood of a Chukehi village. The offal thrown out there induces a heavier growth of vegetation, which, though concealed by snow, they know how to find. Undeterred by fear of the half-famished dogs, Bunny is wont to come in the winter nights, stealing amid the tents and burrowing in the snow for a meal. The Polar hare is very large and is delicious eating. Marmots, too, were found abundant, besides, of course, flesh-eating animals, such as wolves, foxes, weasels, and land bears, the latter to be distinguished from the Polar bear.

A circumstance of very great interest was the traffic carried on throughout the winter along the coast. The sledge-parties invariably stopped at the "Vega," which was, as the author humorously expressed it, "the only house of entertainment on the coast of the Asiatic Polar Sea." Thus there was a good opportunity of observing the nature of this traffic. The sledges were in trains, each vehicle drawn by eight to ten dogs. When going eastward to Behring Strait, they were laden with reindeer skins. Returning, they were freighted with the goods received in exchange, which invariably included some kind of spirits. Sometimes these sledge-parties are overtaken by such fearful blizzards as even a Chuk-

chi dog can hardly endure. One day, after a fearful storm, a native who had lost his way came on board, carrying a dog, frozen stiff, by the tail. He and the poor beast had gone astray on the ice and had lain out, without eating anything, all the night. The master was all right, except that he was very hungry; but the dog scarcely showed a sign of life. Yet, after being subjected to careful massage for hours, it actually recovered.

The Chukehi dogs are similar to the Eskimo dogs of Greenland, but smaller. They resemble wolves and are long-legged, long-haired, and shaggy. They illustrate in a very curious way the influence of habit in the evolution of a breed. Having been used for generations wholly as draught animals and not as watch-dogs, they have either lost or have never possessed the power of barking. Even a European may enter the master's tent without the slightest alarm from one of them. In other words, they have lost much of their dog nature in becoming draught animals. They are as dirty and as peaceable as their owners. There are no fights between teams belonging to the same village, rarely even with strange dogs. In Europe dogs are the friends of their masters and the enemies of each other; Chukchi dogs are the friends of each other and their master's patient slaves, broken to harness so soon as they are a few months old, often getting very little food for weeks at a time, yet never going off hunting on their own account, so that hares and ptarmigan come with impunity about the tents.

Fearfully and wonderfully made are these Chukchis, the Bedouins of Siberia, as they have been called. They

set at defiance every law of nature. They never by any chance wash themselves. Their filthiness passes all possibility of description. They eat offal and putrid flesh, live in a perpetual alternation between gorging and starving, sleep in an atmosphere so close and so vile that it would asphyxiate a decent dog, and withal they are a hardy, robust race, averaging several inches more in height than the Eskimo, with women who are distinctly good-looking and would be attractive, but for the horrible smell which accompanies them.

With journeys among these people, with scientific observations, with reading, games, lectures, and musical entertainments, the long Polar winter passed not disagreeably. At last, long before the ground became clear of snow, the first harbingers of spring appeared, in large flocks of geese, eider-ducks, gulls, and the like. About the middle of June great clouds of small birds, of the Sylvia family, settled on the only dark spot in the wilderness of white, the deck of the "Vega." The poor little travelers, exhausted by their long flight, were allowed to rest undisturbed.

Suddenly, on the 18th of July, the vessel was observed to move slightly. The captain rushed on deck. The ice was in motion! Everything had long been in readiness for this joyful hour of release. The fires were quickly lighted. Soon the engines were throbbing, and the "Vega," gay with bunting, moved out under steam and sail from the berth where she had been imprisoned ten months. On a neighboring height the Chukchis were assembled, viewing disconsolately the departure of the friends whose presence had been so marked an event in

their lives and so great a boon. The representatives of the superior race were not without feelings of sadness. Nearly a year they had lived in almost daily contact with these poor, debased creatures. Treating them kindly, they had drawn out the best qualities of their natures. There had never been the slightest friction. And now they would have been something less than human, if they could have left them to their brutish existence, with its everlasting struggle with cold and



NOTII AND HIS WIFE

hunger and its occasional joys, only a degree removed from those of beasts, without some touch of regret.

The next day the "Vega" passed Cape Serdze Kamen. The sea about this famous promontory swarmed with life. Here and there were walrus. Seals swam about in great numbers, and vast flocks of birds, whose breeding-place was in the steep cliffs, swarmed around the vessel.

Through Behring Strait to Cipango 409

The easternmost promontory of Asia, East Cape, was next seen. An hour later, steaming from the Polar Sea into the Pacific, the "Vega" flung out all her flags and greeted the two worlds, one on either hand, with the roar of a Swedish salute. The dream of more than three centuries was realized. The Northeast Passage was achieved!

Standing on the deck of the "Vega," the explorers might easily have imagined the shades of a host of brave men of the olden time applauding their performance. A thousand years had passed since Othere's adventurous voyage to the northeast. Sons of the same hardy Norse race had at last accomplished that after which he had blindly groped. This result had been attained without the loss of a single life, without any serious sickness, and without the slightest damage to the vessel. What a contrast with the cruel sufferings of the old explorers! And what a tribute to the worth of science!

We shall not follow the "Vega" further, nor attempt to tell even briefly of the interesting things which were seen and recorded. After passing the Strait, she touched both on the Asiatic and American sides. On the way she visited the famous "rookeries" of the fur-seal, and, in passing Behring Island, investigated the remains of that singular animal, the sea-cow, which has become extinct within the memory of living men.

On September 2 she arrived at Yokohama. Cipango had been reached by the northeast! That route had long since ceased to have any commercial value. But the great explorer and his worthy companions received

everywhere the commendation due to those who had actualized the old dream of Cathay. Governments and cities vied with each other in showering honors on those who had achieved one of the peaceful triumphs of civilization. Wherever they touched on their homeward way, passing through the Suez Canal and thus completing the circumnavigation of Asia, their coming was hailed with joyful acclamations.

INDEX

- ADELANTADO**, title, meaning Governor, of Bartholomew Columbus, 65.
- Aguado**, an officer sent out by Spain to inquire into Columbus's government of Hispaniola, 69.
- Albuquerque**, Alfonso d', a Portuguese viceroy of India, 119.
- Alenquer**, Pero d', the pilot who sailed with Vasco da Gama, 95.
- Almeida**, Francisco d', a Portuguese viceroy of India, 119.
- Anian**, an imaginary strait supposed to be at the western end of the so-called Frobisher Strait. Drake sought it, in the hope of passing through it from the Pacific to the Atlantic, 266.
- Antilla**, a legendary island in the Atlantic Ocean from which the Antilles are called, 21.
- Atlantic Ocean**, early called the Sea of Darkness, gets its modern name from the legendary great island of Atlantis, reported to have lain opposite the Strait of Gibraltar and to have sunk in the ocean, 20.
- BARENTZ**, William, sails from Amsterdam in search of a northeast passage to China, 273; winter-bound on Nova Zembla, 281; fearfully trying experiences during the winter, 285-299; leaves his ship fast in the ice and starts for home in open boats, 301; dies on the way, 304; relics of his party's stay in Nova Zembla found after 274 years, 320.
- Behaim**, Martin, a scientific German, contemporary with Columbus, who made instruments for navigation, 30; his famous globe pictured, 31, 32.
- Bobadilla**, Francisco, governor sent by Spain to supersede Columbus at Hispaniola, 75.
- Brandan**, a legendary island in the Atlantic, 21.
- Brasil**, a legendary island in the Atlantic, from which Brazil takes its name, 21.
- Burrough**, Stephen, sails in the "Searchthrift" to seek a North-east passage, 202.
- CABRAL**, discovers Brazil, in 1500, 120.
- Cape Chelyuskin**, northernmost point of Asia, first reached by sea by Nordenskiöld, 381.
- Cape of Good Hope**, discovered, in 1487, by Bartholomew Diaz, who called it Stormy Cape, 17; name changed by King Joao, 17.
- Cathay**, the northern provinces of China, 12.

- Chancellor, Richard, sails with Wylonghby, 197; enters the White Sea and opens commerce with Russia, 198; visits the Czar at Moscow, 199; interesting description of Russian life, 200; is wrecked and drowned on the coast of Scotland, 202.
- Cibao, mountain region in Hispaniola where Columbus built a fort, 63.
- Cipango, early name for Japan, 20; described by Marco Polo, 12; the goal of Columbus's voyages, 12, 20, etc.
- Columbus, Bartholomew, brother of Christopher, accompanied Bartholomew Diaz and probably encouraged his brother to persevere in his great design, 17; sent by Christopher to solicit aid from the King of England, 24; meets Christopher in Hispaniola, 65; is appointed Adelantado, 66; is sent home in irons, 76; sails with Christopher on his last voyage and does valiant service, 81-90.
- Columbus, Christopher, early circumstances favorable to the career which he adopted, 18; first employment as a weaver, 19; education, 19; extent of his early voyages, 19-20; learned from ancient writers to believe in the roundness of the Earth, 20; his mistake as to the size of the Earth, 22; residence in Portugal, 23; circumstances which stimulated his longing to be an explorer, 23; proposal to the King of Portugal, and the latter's villainous trick, 24; unsuccessful attempt to secure aid from Henry VII. of England, 25; application to Ferdinand and Isabella how met, 25; visit to the convent of La Rabida and its happy results, 26; proposals accepted by Ferdinand and Isabella, 27. *First Voyage*, its incidents, 28-38; land discovered, 38; Cuba discovered, 40; Haiti discovered and called Hispaniola, 42; the "Santa Maria" wrecked, 43; a fort built and garrisoned, 45; Columbus sails on his return voyage, 46; encounters frightful storm, 47-49; reaches Lisbon, 50; has an audience with the Portuguese King, 51; reaches Palos, 51; is royally greeted by his sovereigns, 53-54. *Second Voyage*, discovers Dominica, 56, Marigalante, 57, Porto Rico, 58; finds Navidad destroyed, 59; founds city of Isabella, 61; sends five hundred Indian prisoners to Spain, 62, 68; discovers Jamaica, 64; explores southern coast of Cuba, 64; sails back to Hispaniola and there finds his brother Bartholomew, 65; is forced into a native war, 66; government of natives, 69; Aguado sent by Spain to inquire into his administration, 69; sails for Spain, 70; touches at Guadaloupe, 70; reaches Cadiz, 70; goes with Indian prisoners to court, 70; is received into favor by his sovereigns, 71. *Third Voyage*, sails with six vessels, 73; sights Trinidad and sails on to the mouth of the Orinoco, 74; is met by his brother Bartholomew and escorted to new city called Santo Domingo, 74; is superseded by Francisco Bobadilla, sent out by Spain, 75; he and his brother sent to Spain in irons, 76; his condition excites indignation and

ent of
results,
Ferdin-
First
; land
covered,
called
"Santa
rt built
lumbus
ge, 46;
m, 47-
has an
tuguese
, 51; is
ereigns,
iscovers
nte, 57,
Navidad
city of
hundred
1, 62, 68;
explores
64; sails
ere finds
y, 65; is
66; gov-
Aguado
ire into
sails for
adaloupe,
goes with
rt, 70; is
his sove-
age, sails
nts Trini-
mouth of
et by his
and es-
ed Santo
sed by
nt out by
s brother
, 76; his
ation and

sympathy, 76; after two years is granted a fleet of two ships, 80. *Fourth Voyage*, sails May 9, 1502, 81; sights Martinique, touches at Santo Domingo, 81; sails to Honduras, 82; begins a settlement at Veragua, where gold is found in abundance, 84; uprising of the Indians, 84; capture and subsequent escape of Quibian, the Indian chief, 85; obliged to beach his vessels on the coast of Jamaica, 87; sends for relief from Ovando, 89; beguiles the natives into supplying him with food, 90; sails with two vessels for Spain; dies in Valladolid, 92.

Constantinople, how its capture by the Turks stimulated the desire to find a water route to India and China, 16.

DAVIS, John, sails from England with two ships, 224; second voyage, 226; third voyage, 227.

Dominica, one of the West Indies, discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, 56.

Drake, Sir Francis, childhood, 239; apprenticed to a coaster, 239; early experiences in his career, 245; sails for the Pacific, 247; enters Port St. Julian, 254; reaches Straits of Magellan, 257; stops at Valparaiso, 259; at Lima, 263; pursues the "Cacafuego," 264; overtakes her, 265; sails for home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, 267; adventures along the way, 268, 269; reaches England, 270; honored and knighted by Elizabeth, 271.

FALEIRO, Ruy, an astronomer and geographer with whom Magellan conceived the plan of

reaching the Spice Islands by sailing westward, 122.

Franklin, Sir John, famous explorer of the Northwest, sails to find a northwest passage, 349; last seen in Baffin Bay, 350; first traces of his party found by Dr. Rae, after eight years, 351; their tragic fate ascertained four years later, 351-2.

Frobisher, Sir Martin, sails for the Northwest Passage, 209; believes himself to have found it, 211; returns to England, 213; second expedition sets sail, 213; finds plenty of "gold ore" on the Labrador coast, 214; sails for home, 218; third expedition sets out, 219; sails up Hudson Strait, 220; the fleet reaches home with seventeen hundred tons of iron pyrites, the "gold ore," 222.

GAMA, Paulo da, brother of Vasco, who was in charge of one of the latter's vessels, died on the return voyage, 116.

Gama, Vasco da, sent out by Portugal in 1497, 93; sails round Cape of Good Hope, 98; sights Natal on Christmas Day, 99; arrives at Mozambique, 101; ruthless treatment of natives, 103; stops at Mombasa, 104; sails on to Malindi, 105; sails for Calcut, 106; arrives at, 107; has an audience with the king, 109; sets sail for Portugal, 112; stops at Anjediva Islands, 112; fearful experiences in recrossing the Indian Ocean, 112-114; his brother Paulo dies, 116; triumphant arrival at Lisbon, 116.

Genoa, with Venice controlled trade of the Mediterranean, 18;

rivalry between the two cities, 18; birthplace of Columbus, 18; how her situation necessarily made her a commercial city, 18.

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, expedition under, 206; death of, 208.

Guacanagari, an Indian cacique who hospitably entertained Columbus and was a staunch friend of the Spaniards, 44 and *seq.*

HUDSON, Henry, high rank as an explorer, 321; not a Dutchman, 321; unsuccessfully tries various routes to Asia by the northeast, 322-327; sails to North America to try a passage suggested by Captain John Smith, 328; reaches Penobscot Bay, 329; Cape Cod, 330; the Virginia coast, 330; Delaware Bay, 330; enters New York Bay, 331; ascends and explores Hudson River, 332-334; returns to England, 334; splendid results of this voyage, 335; sails in search of a northwest passage, 336; explores Hudson Bay, 338; bitter experiences while frozen in, 339, 340; is set adrift in an open boat by mutineers and forever disappears, 340, 341; tribute to him by Dr. John Fiske, 344.

ISABELLA, city in Hispaniola founded by Columbus, 61.

JACKMAN, Charles, sails with Arthur Pet to seek a northeast route to Cathay, 203.

Jamaica, one of the West Indies, discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, 64; beached his vessels on the coast, 87.

KHAN, The Grand, the title by which Europeans in Columbus's time spoke of the emperor of China; Columbus on his first voyage bore a letter addressed to him by Ferdinand and Isabella, 29.

Kubla Khan, a famous emperor of China, in the time of Marco Polo, 6; requests the Pope to send men to teach his people the arts and religion of Europe, 6; much interested in Marco Polo and employs him in the public service, 7; sends him on an embassy to Persia, 7-8; grandeur of his empire and magnificence of his capital, 10-11.

LADRONES, first inhabited islands reached by Magellan, 153.

Las Casas, a benevolent Spanish bishop, proposes that natives be brought from Africa to relieve the Indians of their severe tasks, 62.

Lena Delta, scene of the tragic fate of Lieutenant De Long and the most of his men, 383; passed by Nordenskiöld, 383.

Lusiad, The, a famous epic poem written by Camoens, telling of the expedition and relating the adventures of Vasco da Gama, 94.

McCLURE, Captain, sails in quest of northwest passage through Behring Strait, 352; varied experiences, 352-359; a northwest passage discovered, 359; his ship lost in the ice, but his crew successfully brought in sledges through the passage to the Atlantic, 359-362; honored as the

title by
Colum-
emperor
his first
essed to
Isabella,

peror of
Marco
Pope to
people the
urope, 6;
Marco Polo
ne public
an em-
grandeur
gnificance

bitated isl-
ellan, 153.
Spanish
natives be
o relieve
ere tasks,

ragic fate
and the
passed by

pic poem
elling of
ating the
la Gama,

is in quest
e through
varied ex-
a north-
, 359; his
t his crew
n sledges
to the At-
ted as the

discoverer of the Northwest Pas-
sage, 363.
Magellan, Ferdinand, his birth,
119; serves as a page at court,
120; sails for India with Al-
meida, 121; fights the Moors, 122;
changes his name from the Portu-
guese to the Spanish form and
renounces his allegiance, 125,
lays his plan before the Spanish
king, Charles V., 125; sent out
by Spain with a fleet of five
ships, 128, 129; difficulties of the
voyage, 132, 133; drops anchor
at Port St. Julian, 133, mutiny
on board, 135; strait discovered,
146; desertion of the San An-
tonio, 150; reaches the Pacific,
152; discovery of the Ladrões,
156; of the Philippines, 157; is
killed in a war with the natives
of Mactan, 164; after many ad-
ventures one vessel of his fleet
finds its way back to Spain, com-
pleting the first circumnavigation
of the globe, 172-176.
Mangi, the southern provinces of
China, 12.
Marchena, Juan Perez de, Prior of
the convent of La Rabida, who
encouraged Columbus, took up
his cause, pleaded with Queen
Isabella, and at last gained her
consent, 26.
Marco Polo, birth, 5; travels in
Asia, 6-8; returns to Venice, 8;
relates his adventures to a fellow-
prisoner, 8; some of the particu-
lars in which his statements are
confirmed by modern research,
8-10; wide influence of his work,
3-4; Columbus studied him dili-
gently, 12.
Margarite, captain left by Colum-
bus in command at Cibao, 63; is

relieved by Ojeda, seizes caravels
of Bartholomew, and sails for
Spain, 66.

Marigalante, one of the West Indies,
discovered by Columbus on his
second voyage, 57.

Martinique, one of the West India
islands discovered by Columbus
on his fourth voyage, 81.

Maundeville, Sir John, travels in
the East, 12; immense popular-
ity of his book, 12; it was read
by Columbus, 13; some of the
wonders he relates, 192.

Mendez, Diego, a brave and staunch
officer of Columbus on his fourth
voyage, 84, 86, 88, 92.

NAVIDAD, the fort which Colum-
bus built on Hispaniola, 45;
story of its destruction, 60.

Nordenskiöld, Prof. Adolph Eric,
sails to discover a northeast pas-
sage to the Indies, 364; descrip-
tion of the coasts visited and of
the peoples and animals inhabit-
ing them, 364-381; the northern-
most point of Asia passed, 382;
off the Lena Delta, 383; descrip-
tion of the Siberian tundra, 384-
387; visited by Chukchis, 388-
396; their characteristics, 388-396;
frozen in, 397; how the time
was spent in winter-quarters, 398-
402; free from the ice, 407; the
Northeast Passage achieved, 409;
circumnavigation of Europe and
Asia completed, 410.

OJEDA, a valiant Spanish captain,
61; captures and takes the
Indian chief Caonabo to Isabella,
67.

Othere, Norse explorer, visits the
court of Alfred the Great, 189;
his explorations, 190.

Ovando, governor who succeeded Bobadilla at Hispaniola, 76; after eight months' delay sends relief to Columbus at Jamaica, 89.

PET, Arthur, sails with Charles Jackman to seek a northeast route to Cathay, 203.

Pinzon, Martin Alonzo; Commander of the "Pinta," in Columbus's first voyage, 28.

Pinzon, Vicente Yanez; Commander of the "Nina" in Columbus's first voyage, 28.

Porto Rico, one of the West Indies, discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, 58.

Portugal, the foremost nation of modern times in exploration, 14; her ultimate object, the wealth of the Indies, 16; sent out Bartholomew Diaz, 16-17; sent out Vasco da Gama, who opened the route to India, 93, *seq.*; by decree of Pope Alexander the Sixth is given the eastern half of the world, 55.

Prester John, mythical king whom Vasco da Gama tried to find, 94, 95; supposed kingdom, 102.

Prince Henry the Navigator, the father of modern exploration, 14; some of his captains' discoveries, 14, died in the same year in which Columbus first went to sea, 19.

QUEEN'S GARDEN, name given by Columbus to the archipelago on the southern coast of Cuba, 64.

Quibian, the intrepid chief of the Indians whom Columbus encountered at Veragua, 84-86.

Quinsay, the magnificent capital of Kubla Khan's empire, described by Marco Polo, 10-11.

SANTO DOMINGO, city founded by Bartholomew Columbus on island of Hispaniola, 74.

THORNE, Robert, urges Henry VIII. to undertake explorations in the North, 194; sails in 1527, 204.

Toscanelli, a famous astronomer and geographer of Florence, in Italy, whom Columbus consulted, 22; his mistake as to the size of our planet, 22.

Trinidad, one of the West Indies, sighted by Columbus on his third voyage, 74.

VALLADOLID, city in Spain where Columbus died, 92.

Verrazano, Giovanni da, question as to the authenticity of his letter, 178; sails from Dieppe, 177; makes land-fall on the Carolina coast, 179; enters a harbor, probably New York, 181; his description of Narragansett Bay, 182-183; Penobscot Bay, 183; hanged as a pirate in Cadiz, 184; discussion concerning Norumbega, 187-188.

WILLOUGHBY, Sir Hugh, expedition under, 197; its tragic fate, 198.

f of the
s encoun-
capital of
described

founded
mbus on

s Henry
explora-
sails in

ronomer
ence, in
onsulted,
e size of

t Indies,
his third

n Spain
, 92.

question
of his
Dieppe,
he Caro-
harbor,
81; his
sett Bay,
y, 183;
liz, 184;
Norun-

gh, expe-
es tragic

