



FRANCES A. HUMPHREY



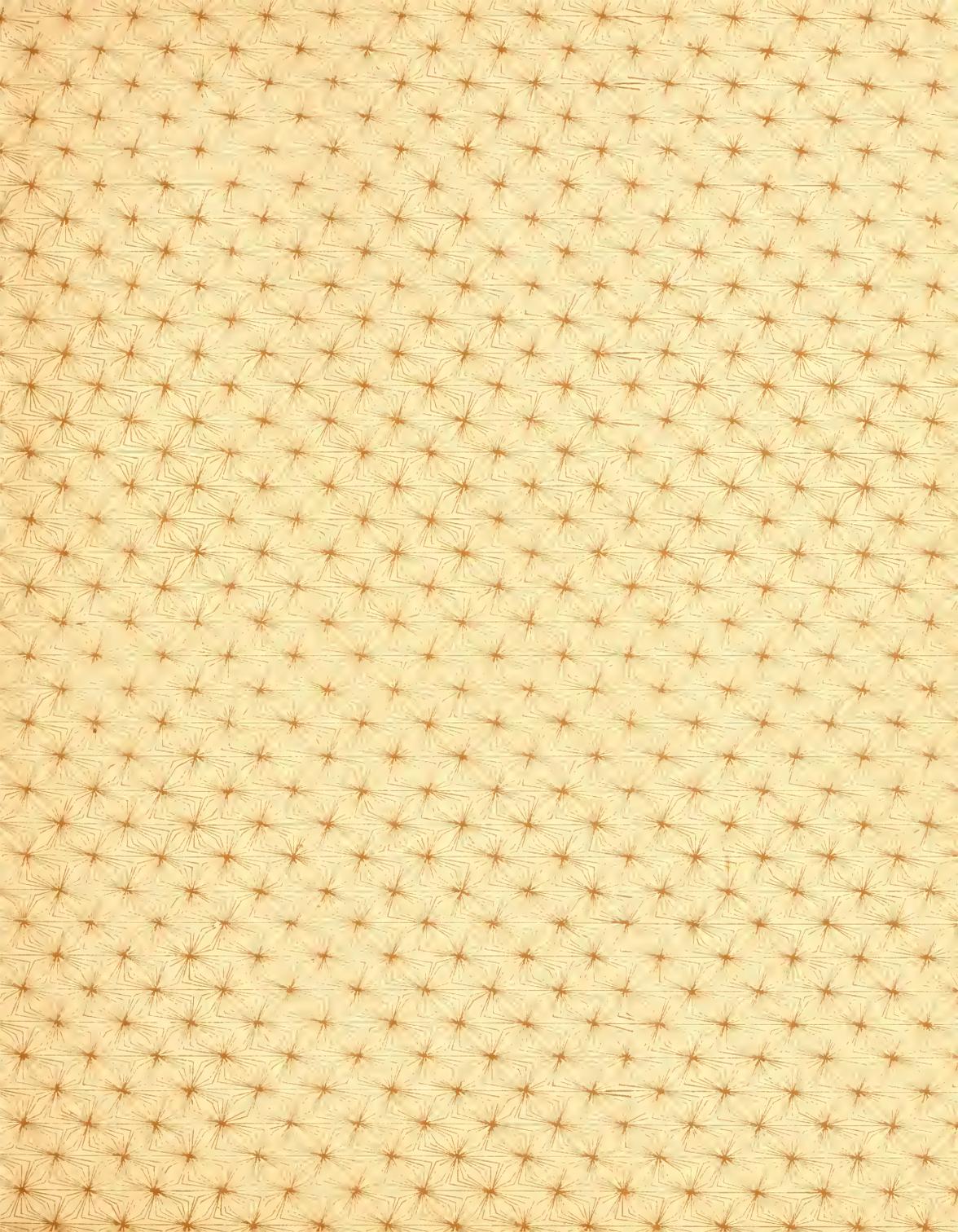
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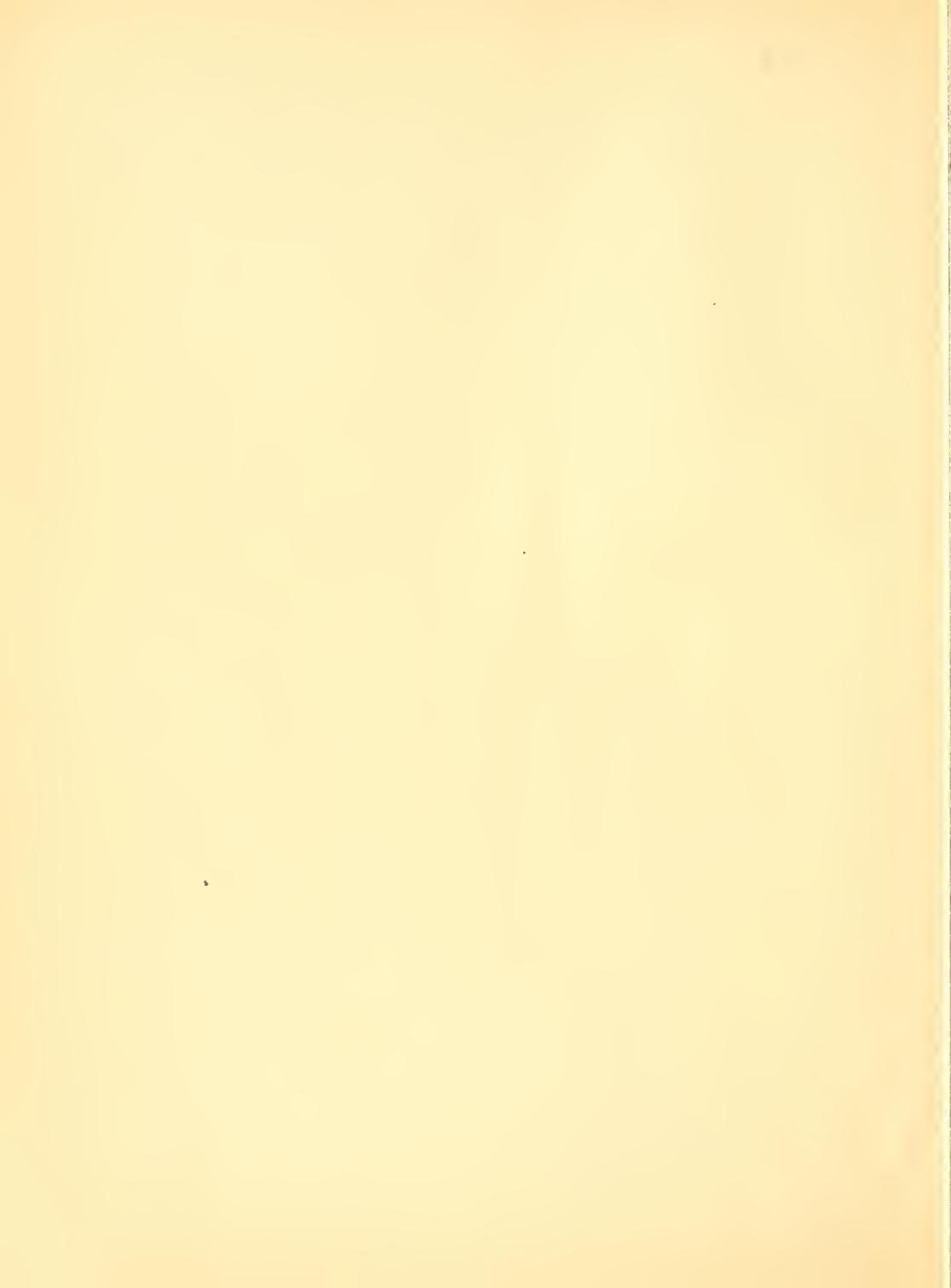
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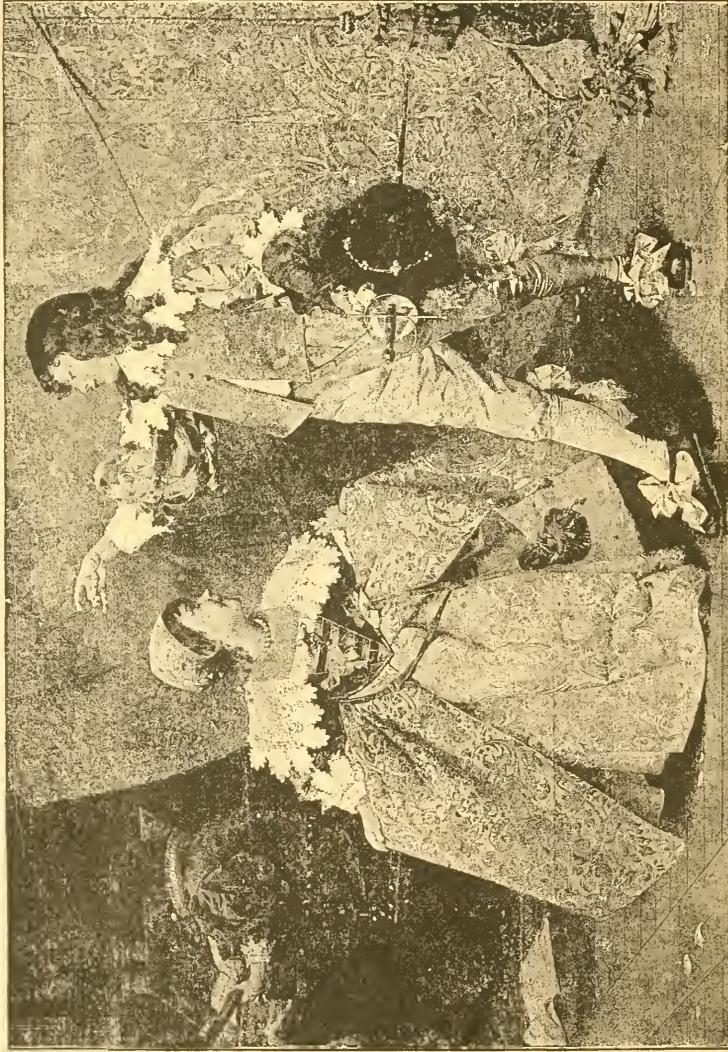
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









"ONE OF THESE DAYS, MAUD, WE TOO WILL SEARCH FOR THE LOST ATLANTIS." "THAT WE WILL."

ADVENTURES OF EARLY DISCOVERERS

BY
FRANCES A HUMPHREY



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ADVENTURES OF THE EARLY DISCOVERERS.

HIDE-AND-SEEK ISLANDS.

Many years ago, thousands of years ago, the people of Europe used to talk about an island which they called Atlantis. They said this island lay far to the west, in the Atlantic Ocean. And, the truth is, that ocean was so named for this island.

Atlantis was said to be a most lovely island, with high mountains, wide rivers, and multitudes of singing birds. Flowers grew everywhere, and the weather was always fair. Diamonds and other precious gems could be picked up anywhere about the island, and Neptune, the sea-god, had a most beautiful palace right in the centre of it. Best of all, the people who lived there were always good and happy.

But I never heard of anybody who ever really *saw* this island. Sometimes, people, as they stood on the western shores of Europe, thought they saw it. It lay along the horizon quite plainly, they thought. But it always went away again. And sometimes the sailors thought they saw it too; but when they turned their boats toward it, lo! it was gone. And this is the way it played Hide-and-Seek, and nobody ever caught it.

There was a good man who lived about a thousand years before Columbus, a man so good he was called Saint Brandon. He was always doing good to people. And when he heard about Atlantis, he wanted to go there and do good to the people. So he sailed with another good man, Saint Malo. But of course, he did not find Atlantis, though he found another island which was ever after called by his name—the island of Saint Brandon.

But the droll thing is that nobody could ever after find that island of Saint Brandon again. A great many people have tried to find it. Even as late as 1721 a ship sailed from the Island of Teneriffe in search of it. For the people of the Canary Islands fancied they saw it, sometimes, about a hundred miles to the west. And, it is said, that even to this day, they sometimes think they see its mountain-tops above the Atlantic waves. And this is the second Hide-and-Seek Island.

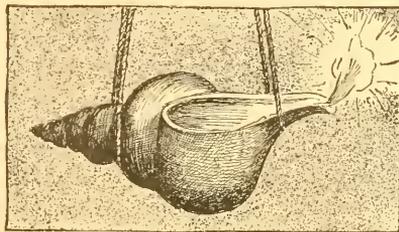
The third was called the Island of the Seven Cities. That was discovered at the time when the Moors were driving the Christians out of Spain. Seven of the Christian bishops fled from Spain, and took ship and sailed out for safety on the Atlantic; for they had rather trust themselves with the waves than with the Moors. By and by they came to an island and landed. They built seven cities on the island, and that was what gave it its name. And that is all we know about it. Nobody could ever find it. The sailors that came into the Spanish ports sometimes said they had seen it afar off. But it always disappeared when they sailed towards it.



HO, FOR THE ISLE OF SAINT BRANDON.

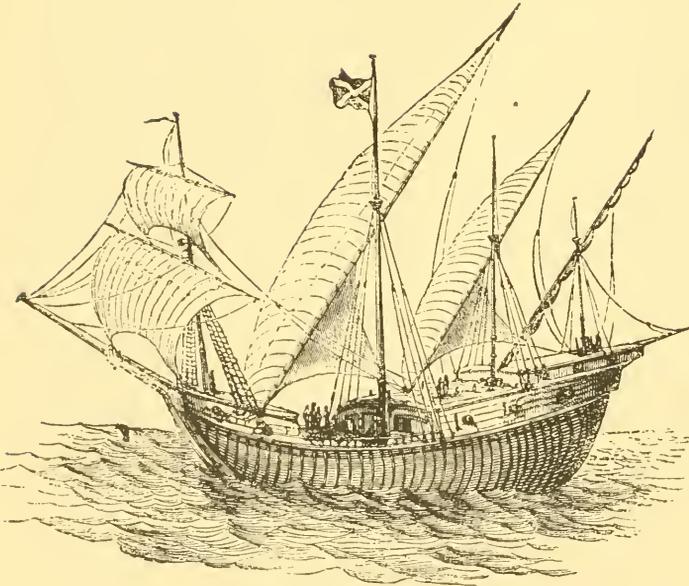
But I think the most charming of all the stories about the Hide-and-Seek islands is that about Bimini. It was said that on this island there was a Fountain of Youth. It was said that if one were old, with gray hair and wrinkles, and faltering steps, half blind and deaf, as the old often are, if such an one were dipped in the waters of this Fountain he would be young once more, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks and dancing feet. Ah! *that* was something worth looking for. And so Ponce de Leon set sail in 1512 in search of Bimini. But alas! it was a Hide-and-Seek island, and he never found it. And though many have sought far and wide for it, it has never been found to this day. But though Ponce de Leon never found the Fountain of Youth, he discovered a land so full of flowers that he named it Florida, by which name it has been known ever since; and many people have found it, with its soft airs and groves of orange-trees, a true Fountain of Health.

And you may be sure that the boys and girls of those far-off times knew all about these Hide-and-Seek Islands, and used to plan, how, when they were grown up they, too, would go in search of them.



LAMP OF THE ZETLANDERS.

THE MAN FOR WHOM AMERICA WAS NAMED.



AN OLD SHIP OF THE EARLY DISCOVERERS.

Last year we had a little talk about Columbus; what a hard time he had; how long he tried before he found any one to help him; how at last Queen Isabella of Spain became his friend and found him ships and money; how he sailed away from Palos August, 1492, and

discovered this western world of ours. How on his third voyage, 1498, he saw the southern part of the great continent.

Well, just as soon as he came back from his first voyage and told what he had found, then everybody, "even the tailors," he said, were eager to go and find something too. And among those who went was Americus Vesputius.

Americus made a voyage in 1497-98. He coasted along the shores of what is now called Yucatan, and along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and Florida.

He named this land "The Land of the Holy Cross."

A few years after he wrote some letters telling all about this voyage. But many people said he did not tell the truth in these letters. They said he did not make a voyage in 1497-98. They said he wanted to take away the glory of the discovery from Columbus, because Columbus did not reach the mainland until the year 1498, after the time that Vespuceius said he did. They said many hard things about Vespuceius and his letters.

But very recently, a learned man named Varnhagen, has been looking it all up carefully. And he is sure that Vespuceius told the truth, and that he really did make that voyage in 1497-98. So, you see, that wise men differ about it, and it is difficult to tell what is the exact truth.

Vespuceius made another voyage in 1501 and he wrote a very pleasant account of it. They sailed across the ocean from Portugal until they came to the great southern continent — now called South America. They sailed down the coast for seven hundred leagues. He says it was a beautiful, fruitful land, with bright skies and soft breezes. They sailed till they came in sight of the stars near the south pole. He saw the four beautiful stars which are called to-day the "Southern Cross."



AMERICUS VESPUCCIUS. — From painting in gallery of Mass. Hist. Society, Boston.

They sailed on and on till it began to grow very cold, and the nights were fifteen hours long. They saw before them a bleak,

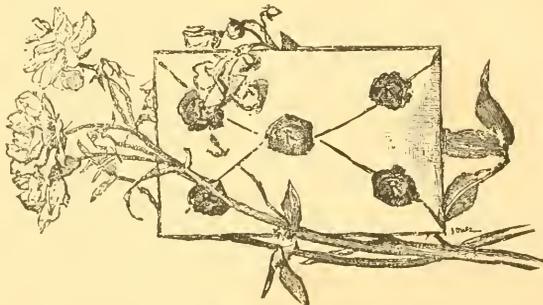
rocky, and ice-bound land; and then they turned back to Portugal.

By and by people began to talk about a name for this new world. Columbus had named it the Indies. Some called it *Mundus Novus* (New World). Others called it *Colonia* or *Columbia*, for Columbus. Others said, let it be called *Fer-Isabella*, after the King and Queen of Spain. The great southern continent was called "The Land of the Holy Cross," the name Vespuccius had given it.

But in 1507 a little book was published at St. Dié, a town among the mountains of Italy and France. In this book Vespuccius' letters were printed. In it was also printed this sentence: "And the fourth part of the world having been discovered by Americus, it may be called *Amerige*, that is, the land of Americus or *America*." Copies of this little book are in the library of Harvard College, and in other collections of books in America.

And that is where the name started from.

Americus Vespuccius was born at Florence, Italy, November 9, 1451, and died February 22, 1512.



A VALENTINE.

A BRAVE OLD ENGLISH SAILOR.

His name was Sebastian Cabot. He was born in the beautiful city of Venice in Italy; a city whose streets are of water, on which the people sail up and down in pretty boats called gondolas. Perhaps being born there was what made Sebastian so fond of the sea, and so little afraid of it. For all Venetian boys can swim like ducks, and almost live in the water, paddling about in it by day and by night.

Then his father, John Cabot, was a sailor, too, and a son often likes to do what his father does.

Nobody knows when Sebastian's birthday was. In fact, we do not know nearly so much about him as we would like to know. We do not know exactly when he made his great voyages. We know that he crossed the Atlantic many times. We think that it was in 1497, that he and his father made a voyage with five ships, furnished at their own cost; and King Henry VII. of England gave them liberty to sail "to all parts, countries and seas of the East," and "to subdue, occupy, and possess all the lands" they found. For the kings of Europe in those days, did not mind giving away whole countries that did not belong to them, and Sebastian expected to reach the East by sailing West.

Sebastian had heard about Columbus and his voyages. He had heard that "Don Christopher Colonus, Genoese, had discovered the coasts of India," "where spices grow," by a "way that was never known before," by sailing West. And this report kindled

“a great flame of desire” in Sebastian’s heart to make some wonderful discovery, too. And as the world was round he



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

thought he could find a still shorter passage to India by sailing northwest. But he did not find it on this voyage in 1497. So in 1498 he tried again. He sailed from England with

three hundred men. He sailed past Iceland, and then to Labrador. He called Labrador "The Land of Cod-fish." For the waters there were so full of these fish that they hindered the sailing of his ship. He found plenty of salmon in the rivers, and bears in the woods. He saw the bears come down to the shore and catch and eat the fish.

From Labrador he sailed south, looking for that northwest passage. He sailed as far south as Florida. But he did not find it, of course, for it is not there. But he discovered that what he had supposed were islands, was really a "New Found Land" which lay between Europe and India. So, although Columbus discovered America, Sebastian Cabot was the first to make sure that it was *not* India, but an entirely new land.

He tried once or twice more to find a northwest passage. He explored what is now Hudson's Bay. But at last he gave it up, discouraged. "They that seek riches," said a famous writer, "must not go to the frozen North." So Sebastian made other voyages.

He was a skilful as well as a brave sailor, and was held in high esteem both by the Kings of England and of Spain.



OUR DOLLS' WASHING DAY.

THE STORY OF FERDINAND DE SOTO.

The little Ferdinand De Soto was born in Spain, about eight years after Columbus discovered America.

His father and mother were people of high rank, but they were poor. So they thought they would have to economize in order to give their little boy a good education. But a rich count happened to see the bright little fellow, and was so pleased with him that he offered to send him to school and pay all his expenses. And so he did; not only to the schools, but also to the University.

Ferdinand was a good scholar. He grew up tall, active and brave. He was nineteen when he left the University, and he at once started for those new-found lands across the Atlantic, to try his fortune. He was poor and he wanted to make money; and people thought gold and precious stones were to be got in plenty in those new lands, if a body only knew just where to look for them. And of course, each one who went hoped he should be the lucky man who would find them.

Ferdinand first coasted along to look for that passage Cabot and others tried to find—the strait which they thought led directly through this new found land to China and the East.

Then he was sent to help Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. And there, after a while, he got plenty of gold—all he wanted; though I am afraid he did not get it rightly or honestly. For the Spaniards thought it no harm to steal their gold from the Indians, and they did many cruel deeds in order to get it.

So Ferdinand, now very rich, went back to Spain and married

Isabella Bovadilla, the daughter of the rich count who had educated him. For so long as Ferdinand was poor, the Count had not been willing he should marry Isabella.

After a few years he thought he should like to try his fortune again in the new world, for he had spent a large part of the gold he had brought home. So he took command of a great expedition, the greatest that had ever been sent from Spain. This expedition was to go to Florida, the beautiful land discovered by Ponce de Leon. How big Florida really was, nobody knew. But it was said that, somewhere in that flowery land, there was a region called El Dorado (the Land of Gold), and that somewhere, too, was that Fountain of Youth you have read about in "The Hide-and-Seek Islands."



THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Great nobles of Spain joined this expedition, and priests, and some women. The Donna Isabella went; and one wife, it is said, went with her husband because he had invested every bit of money in the expedition and she had nothing left to live on.

One lovely day in April, 1539, this expedition set sail, and the guns boomed, the flags waved, and the people cheered; for were

they not starting for El Dorado and the land of the Fountain of Youth!

Near the end of May they arrived at Cuba. There Ferdinand left the Donna Isabella to act as governor during his absence, and himself set sail with his men for Florida. For many long months they wandered through what is now Alabama, Georgia and Arkansas, up even as far as the Indian Territory. Over the Mississippi River, through trackless forests, across great marshes, and over high mountains they made their way. It must have been a gay and imposing sight if one could only have seen them; their banners, the trappings of their horses and their splendid dresses made a fine picture against the green of the forests.

But their march had its dark as well as its gay side. They had many fierce battles with the Indians by the way. For they were cruel to the Indians, as the Spaniards always were. So though the Indians were at first gentle and hospitable, they soon learned to be cruel, too.

At last, finding no gold, they turned homeward. But De Soto was taken with fever and died, May 21, 1542. He was a brave and valiant leader, and his followers did not want the Indians should know of his death, lest they should take courage from it to attack them again. So they buried him in the Mississippi River, where his body could not be found.



ONE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BRAVE CAPTAINS.

Queen Elizabeth of England had many brave captains, and the bravest of them all, perhaps, was Sir Francis Drake.

He was born in the town of Tavistock, in the lovely county of Devon, England; and the little cottage in which his father lived was on the banks of the river Tavy.

When Francis was still a boy, his father moved into Kent, and lived in the hull of a ship, just as the Peggottys did in Dickens' story. There were twelve sons in all, and there must have been no little noise at times in that old hull. It is not possible that a building in which twelve boys lived could ever have been quiet except when they were all asleep.

A boy who lived in the hull of a ship would naturally begin life by going to sea. And that was just what the boy, Francis, did. His father put him with the master of a bark, which coasted along the shores of England, and sometimes took freight over to Zealand and France. And he took such pains to do his work well, and was so diligent, that he greatly pleased his master, so that when his master died, he left his bark to Francis by his will.

But our brave and bold sailor soon grew tired of coasting, and was eager to strike out into the ocean. So he sold his bark and joined an expedition to the West Indies, under Captain John Hawkins. There were six vessels in this expedition, one of which, the *Judith*, was commanded by Drake.

They went first to the coast of Africa and captured two hun-

dred negroes. These they took to the West Indies and sold for slaves. People in those days had not begun to look upon the slave-trade as a wicked trade.

At that time, Spain had possession of the greater part of the new world that Columbus had discovered. And they did not wish to share it with any other nation. So when Captain Hawkins' ships arrived they were roughly handled by the Spaniards. They destroyed all but two, the *Minion* and the *Judith*; took the men prisoners and treated them with great cruelty.

Queen Elizabeth was very angry at this and would have liked to declare war against Spain, if that had been a wise thing to do. But it was not, for Spain was then a great nation with a vast number of ships and soldiers, while England had but few. But she was very glad to have her captains trouble the Spaniards, and get from them by force as much as they could of the gold and silver of which the Spaniards had robbed the Indians of Mexico and Peru.

So, May 24, 1572, Drake set sail with two vessels, for Madre de Dios, a place in the West Indies, where the Spaniards kept great store of gold and silver. And he did get a good deal of that gold and silver, though he was badly wounded in the attack upon the town. But he kept his wound to himself, and his men did



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

not know it until, overcome by the pain and loss of blood, he fainted. Then his men bound up his wound, and revived him, and wanted him to go back to his boats. But he did not want to, and so they took him up and carried him. The whole account of this expedition shows what a fearless man Francis Drake was, but it is too long to tell you here.

While crossing the Isthmus of Panama at this time, he came one day to a tall tree on a high hill. He was with some friendly Indians, and their chief took his hand, and asked him to go up that "goodlie and great high tree." He went up by steps cut in the trunk, and found up there a kind of arbor with seats. And from that arbor he saw, for the first time, the Pacific Ocean. It was then called the South Sea. He was the first Englishman to see that ocean. And then he made a vow that he would be the first Englishman to sail upon it. And you shall hear about that in the next paper.



MAKING A CALL ON GRANDPA.

HOW SIR FRANCIS DRAKE SAILED ROUND THE WORLD.

November 15, 1577, he sailed from Plymouth, England, for the Pacific Ocean, with five ships, the *Pelican*, *Elizabeth*, *Swan*, *Marigold* and *Christopher*. He, himself, was commander of the *Pelican*.

After crossing the Atlantic he sailed down the coast of South America to the Straits of Magellan. Here he changed the name of his vessel from the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*.

It is a difficult matter for a vessel to go through this Strait. It is crooked and narrow in many places, and the tides are high, and the water runs very fast. The shores are steep and rocky. On one side is a volcano, and the peaks of the mountains around are covered with snow. They landed on one island which they named Elizabeth. They found here green valleys and thousands of humming-birds. It took them sixteen days to go through the Strait, and Francis Drake was the second captain to go through it. The first was the Portuguese, Magellan, for whom it was named.

After they got through, a terrible storm arose and drove the ships far south, and so Drake saw where the Atlantic and Pacific meet. In this storm the *Marigold* was lost. The *Swan* and the *Christopher* had been left behind long before. A short time after the loss of the *Marigold*, the *Elizabeth* drifted away, and went back to England. So Sir Francis was left to go on alone in the *Golden Hind*.

Another storm arose, and again was the *Golden Hind* driven down to the very end of South America, and so Drake was the

first to discover Cape Horn. But on the thirtieth of October, the storm went down, and they sailed up the coast. They landed for water at one place where they found a Spaniard asleep, with thirteen bars of silver lying by his side, worth four thousand ducats. A silver ducat is worth one dollar. "We tooke the silver and left the man," says the narrator.

Landing at another place farther on, they met a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving "eight sheepe of Peru." Each sheep had two leather bags on its back; and each bag held fifty pounds of silver. They took the bags of silver. It was a part of the business of this Englishman, you see, to rob every Spaniard he met.

He entered Callao, the port of Peru, where thirty ships were lying at anchor; seventeen of these were loaded with treasure, ready to sail for Spain. But Drake took all the treasure, and then ordered the cables that held the ships to be cut, that they might drift away. He met a bark and robbed it of eighty pounds of gold, and a cross of precious stones. Everybody was taken by surprise, for no one expected to meet an Englishman in this part of the world.

At Callao, he learned that a rich treasure ship had just left there for Panama. He started in pursuit of her. Her name was



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

Cacafuego; and she was called "the great glory of the South Sea." Drake came up with her near Panama. He fired two shots that carried away one of her masts. He then boarded her and found her to be indeed a treasure. For he took from her, not only jewels and precious stones, but thirteen chests of silver coin, eighty pounds of gold and twenty-six tons of silver.

April 15th, Drake took the *Golden Hind* into the port of Aguapulea, for repairs. She was only a vessel of one hundred tons, and she was pretty well battered with the long voyage and the storms. And while he waited there he thought anxiously about what he should do next. He was afraid that if he went back the way he came, the Spaniards would be waiting for him at the mouth of the Straits of Magellan. Ships now go around Cape Horn instead of through these Straits. But no ship had then been round Cape Horn.



IN THE MONTH OF JUNE.

HOW SIR FRANCIS DRAKE SAILED ROUND THE WORLD.

Drake had seen that the two great oceans met at the southern extremity of America, and so he concluded that they met at its northern extremity too. And he thought at first he would sail up that way and so go back into the Atlantic. But the weather became so cold as he sailed north, that he changed his mind. And it was well that he did. For if he had sailed up into the icy Arctic Ocean, with his little vessel filled with treasure, I am afraid we should never have heard from him again.

While sailing up the western coast of America, he came to a "faire and good bay." Here he staid thirty-six days. The *Golden Hind* had sprung a-leak, and they had to lighten her, in order to repair her. So they carried their goods on shore, and built a fort and lived in tents. The people came down to the shore to see these strange white visitors. They sung and danced around them. They put a feathered cap on Drake's head, and a gold chain around his neck. They were kind and hospitable. This "faire and good bay" is thought to have been the Bay of San Francisco.

On the twenty-third of July, 1579, Drake left this port and sailed west; and, so long as the *Golden Hind* was in sight, the natives kept fires burning on the hills. For they were very sorrowful at the departure of their white friends, and wanted to keep them in sight as long as possible.

So the *Golden Hind* sailed across the wide Pacific, and down the coast of Africa, and round the Cape of Good Hope and

home to England—the second ship that had then sailed round the world. And Drake was the first Englishman to sail round it. They reached Plymouth, England, September 26, 1580, and the bells of St. Andrew's church rang out a merry peal, and the people all hastened to the wharf to see them.

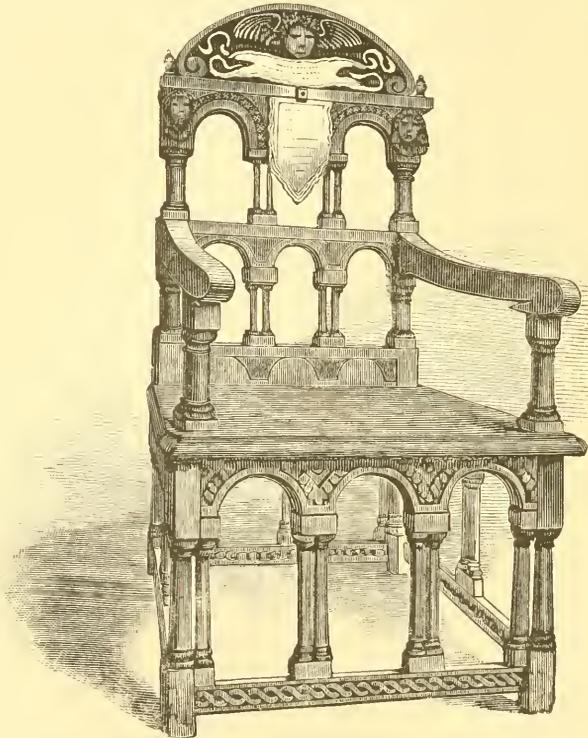
The vessel was then taken to Deptford, and the next year Queen Elizabeth visited it, and made Francis Drake, Sir Francis Drake; and she gave him for a coat of arms, a ship on a world.

She also ordered the *Golden Hind* to be lodged in a dock at Deptford. It was never to go to sea any more, but to stay there as a monument to the courage and daring of Sir Francis Drake.

It remained there for a long series of

years, and was visited by a great many people. At last the wood of it became much decayed, and so enough sound wood was taken out to make a chair. This chair was presented to the University of Oxford. And there it is to this day.

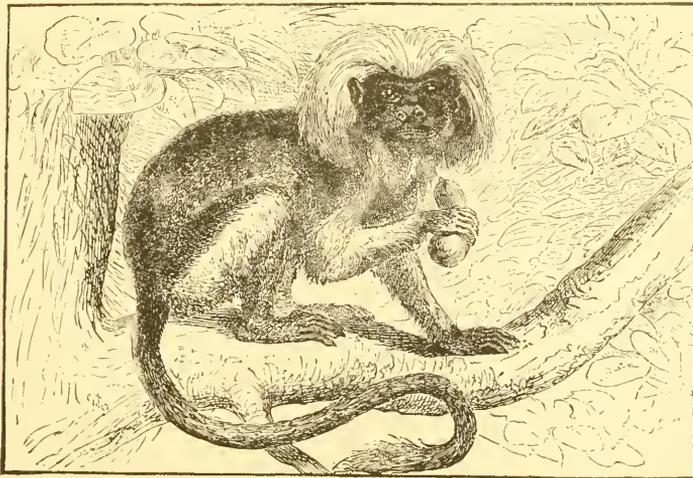
Sir Francis Drake served Elizabeth for many years after this. He helped in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. You will



CHAIR MADE FROM THE "GOLDEN HIND."

read about that Spanish Armada in history. King Philip of Spain, laid a plan to seize England, and not only to seize England, but to seize Queen Elizabeth, too. And he sent a fleet of one hundred and thirty-two ships, of over three thousand guns and over thirty thousand men, to the shores of England.

But Queen Elizabeth was not to be frightened by all these men and ships. "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a King, and of a King of England, too," she said. And she called together her officers and great men, and among them was Sir Francis Drake. And ships, and men and guns were brought, and the Spanish Armada was driven back from the coasts of England, and only fifty-one of the vessels went back to King Philip of Spain.



TAKING A LUNCH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

“In a poor farmhouse among the pleasant valleys of South Devon, among the white apple-orchards and the rich water-meadows and the red fallows and red kine, in the year of grace, 1552, a boy was born, as beautiful as day, and christened Walter Raleigh.”

There, does not that sound like the beginning of a fairy story or a hero story? And Sir Walter Raleigh was a heroic man, and the whole story of his life, which, I hope, you will sometime read, sounds like a fairy story. For his life was full of adventure, full of things both splendid and sad.

He was one of the greatest men of Queen Elizabeth's reign, but he died upon the scaffold.

The house in which he was born at Hayes is still standing.

One of his older brothers was Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He it was who so bravely died at sea. He was an admiral, and had gone out with an expedition to found a colony at Newfoundland. His own ship was the *Squirrel*.

The *Squirrel* was small and overloaded. She was not strong enough to live through the storms she met. And, one night, the watchers on the other vessels saw the lights upon the *Squirrel* suddenly go out, and then they knew that she was “swallowed up by the sea.”

The very day before Sir Humphrey Gilbert was “sitting abaft with a book in his hand;” it was the Book of Books, the Bible; and he said to his terrified men who feared every moment that the *Squirrel* would sink: “Be of good heart, my

friends. We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land."

Our own Longfellow has written a poem about him, two verses of which are here given:

*Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.*

*He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"*

The boy Walter grew up in lovely Devon, "fishing in the gray trout brooks, or going up with his father to the Dartmoor hills to hunt the deer with hound and gun," till such time as he went to the University of Oxford. But he was a soldier before he was eighteen.

There is a pretty story told concerning Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh. The Queen was walking out with her court one day when she came to a muddy place in the highway. She stopped and hesitated to cross, lest she should soil her fine shoes. And, as she stood hesitating, a young man stepped forward, and taking from his shoulders his rich plush cloak, spread it over the mud, and so the Queen passed over dry shod. This young man was Walter Raleigh.

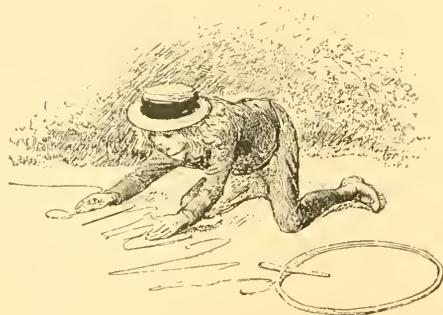


SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

This story was first told by the old historian, Fuller, who was a boy when Raleigh died. And Walter Scott tells it in his beautiful book, *Kenilworth*.

Older brothers always have a great influence over younger brothers. And Walter Raleigh's older brothers, John, Humphrey, and Adrian, must have had a good as well as a great influence over him. They were all brave and good men, and full of the adventurous spirit of the times. They wanted to have a share in the discoveries of that day, and when Sir Humphrey sent out his expeditions, Walter Raleigh had an interest in them.

After Sir Humphrey died Walter Raleigh sent out expeditions on his own account. His brother had wanted to discover that northwest passage about which you have read in the paper upon Cabot. But Sir Walter did not care for that. He wanted to start an English Colony in America before the Spaniards could get possession of it all. And that was the way all the Englishmen of that day felt. Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Richard Grenville, Walter Raleigh's friend, and Sir John Hawkins. They wanted that Englishmen should have a share in this great land of America.



WRITING IN THE SAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S LOST COLONY.

Sir Walter Raleigh made several attempts to start a colony in North America before he sent out the one which is always called "The Lost Colony."

In 1584 he sent Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow to explore the coast, and they brought back very pleasant accounts of a certain island which we know as Roanoke Island in Albemarle Sound — of its trees and deer, and "gentle and loving people."

It was about this time that he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and became Sir Walter Raleigh, and he named the province she had granted him, Virginia, in her honor.

In 1587 he sent out a colony composed of one hundred and fifty householders and their families, to settle upon this island, and this is the colony known as "The Lost Colony."

The governor of this Colony was John Whyte, and only a short time after their arrival at Roanoke, his little granddaughter, Virginia Dare, was born, the first child of English parentage born within the limits of what is now the United States.

And only nine days after she was born, the fleet went back to England, and John Whyte went with it. He meant to return in a few months and bring provisions for the people from England.

This, as I said, was in 1587; and it was in 1588, you remember, that the great Spanish Armada sailed against England. And every ship and every man was needed to fight against the Spaniards.

So though Sir Walter Raleigh tried to send a ship to the relief of these colonists, he could not do so until 1590—three long years.

And what did those people do during those three long years, and what became of them? Nobody knows.

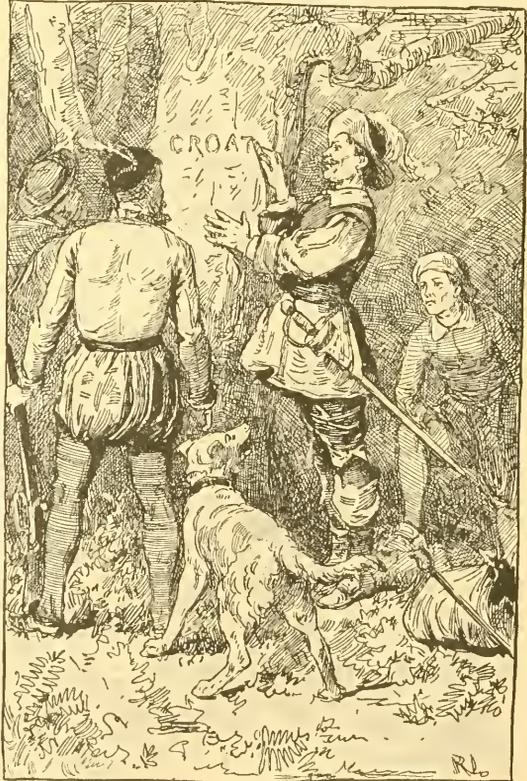
When Governor Whyte sailed away, he made an agreement with the colonists that if any thing should happen to make it wise for them to go to some other place, they would leave, carved upon some tree, the name of that place.

And if it was through disaster that they were obliged to move, they would carve a cross under the name.

As the ship sent by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1590 drew near Roanoke Island, you may be sure that Governor Whyte looked eagerly up and down the shore for some signs of the colony he had left behind; the smoke from their chimneys, perhaps, or the lights in their windows, he would see.

They would be on the lookout, of course, for a ship from England. For had they not been expecting one every day for two years and more?

Doubtless the people would come flocking down to the shore,



CARVING THE NAME.

and among them would be his little granddaughter, Virginia Dare, who must now be nearly three years old.

But no sign did he see; neither smoke from chimneys, nor light in windows. None came down to greet them but the wild deer and the heron. All was silence.

They went on shore. Books and maps were lying about torn, bars of iron and bits of lead. The houses or huts had been long deserted.

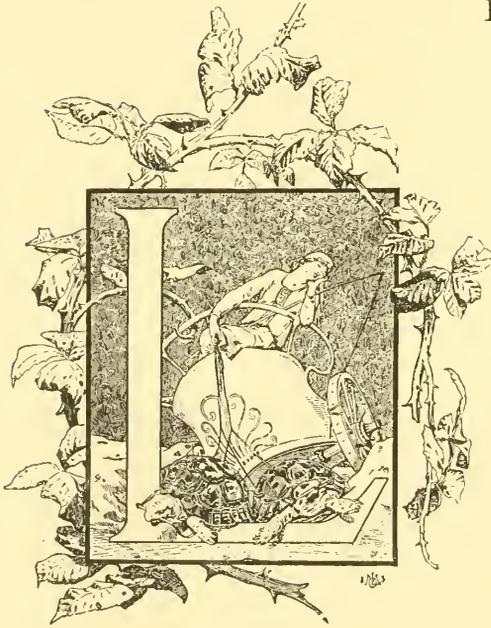
But upon a tree they found this word cut—CROATAN. Where was Croatan? No one knew.

And not a trace of this colony, or of the fate of the little Virginia Dare, has been found to this day.



BRINGING IN THE FRESH SWEET CLOTHES.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S VOYAGE TO GUIANA.



LET us now go a voyage with Sir Walter himself; for he not only sent people to found colonies, but he went, too.

He had heard many wonderful stories about Guiana and its riches. It was said that in Guiana was to be found, at last, the true Eldorado. Its capital was called Manoa the Golden. And in Manoa, it was said, the very boxes and troughs were made of silver and gold; and gold lay in its streets in heaps, like piles of logs!

The Spaniards had tried many times to find this Manoa the Golden, but had not succeeded.

Whether Sir Walter believed all these wonderful stories, I do not know. But he made up his mind there was some truth in them—that riches of some sort were to be found in Guiana. And he did not mean that Spain should get them all. So in 1595 he set sail for the mouth of the Orinoco River.

There he left his big ships and went up the river in boats. These boats carried one hundred men and provisions for a month. The Orinoco has many channels, and the currents and winds were

both strong, and they knew not at first which channel to choose.

But just after they started they saw a canoe with three Indians crossing. They gave chase to them in their big eight-oared boat, and soon caught up with them and took one Indian on board for a pilot. And a capital pilot he proved to be. For he knew all about the river, and "but for him," says Raleigh, "I think we had never found the way either to Guiana or back to our ships."

So they rowed on and on, and sometimes the water was shallow, and they got aground. Sometimes the trees along the banks and on the island were so tall and stood so thickly together they could hardly breathe.

At last the pilot persuaded Sir Walter to leave his big boat behind and row in the smaller boats up a narrow stream. Soon they came to a lovely country with great grassy plains and clumps of trees, and deer that came fearlessly down to the water's edge to feed. But they did not find Manoa the Golden.

After they had gone four hundred miles their provisions began to get low. Sometimes they found plenty of delicious fruits to eat. One day they met some canoes, filled with excellent Indian bread.

At the mouth of the Carino River, they had a pleasant time with the Indians. "They came," says Raleigh, "to wonder at our nation and bring us victuals." There he saw an old chief, a very old man, named Topiawari. He and Raleigh had long talks about England and Queen Elizabeth, and about the geography and climate of Guiana. And Raleigh was surprised to find an Indian so learned and well-bred.

When the old chief took leave of him he said, "I am very old, and Death calls daily for me." He thought he should never see Raleigh again. But they staid in camp a while longer, and

Raleigh sent for him. He came with his followers, and brought a great store of provisions for the English. But Raleigh would not permit his hungry men to touch one bit they did not pay for. For he was always just in his dealings with the Indians, and quite unlike the Spaniards, who took everything they wanted without paying. And the Indians felt the difference. They never forgot Raleigh. Two hundred years after, when Humboldt was in Guiana, he heard traditions of Raleigh's goodness. And the Indians told him how Raleigh had promised to come back.

He did not find Manoa the Golden. Nobody ever found it, and I suspect the story about it was a kind of fairy story.

Sir Walter wrote an interesting account of this voyage which you may some day read, perhaps.



HARVESTERS.

THE SEA-FIGHT OFF CADIZ IN SPAIN.

Sir Walter Raleigh was many things. He was a soldier, a scholar, a navigator, a founder of colonies, a chemist, a poet and an historian. And whatever he did, he did well. Most people, you know, can only do *one* thing well.

He was fond of the planning and laying out of gardens and the planting of trees.

He first brought the potato from America to Ireland, for the potato was an American product. He was then living at Youghal, Ireland.

He introduced tobacco into England. And it is said that one day his servant saw him smoking, and as he had never seen any one smoke before, he naturally thought that his master was on fire, and bringing a big basin of water, he threw it over him to put out the fire.

Sir Walter was rear-admiral in the English Navy. He took part in the great fight against the Spanish Armada about which you have read in this series. His ship was one of three that kept up the chase after the flying Spanish ships to the last.

In 1596 took place the famous sea-fight in the harbor of Cadiz in Spain, between the English and Spanish ships, and Sir Walter Raleigh was in the very thick of it. In fact, he led the attack in his war-ship, the *War-Spright*.

He started betimes in the morning. "With the first peep of day," he says, "I weighed anchor. . . . taking the start of all ours on a good distance."

Under the wall of the town of Cadiz, lay a long line of Spanish galleys, and as the *War-Spright* sailed gallantly and proudly by, they fired upon her. But the only notice Sir Walter took of these "wasps," as he called them, was to blow his trumpets at them. He did not choose to spend his time and ammunition in fighting such small fry as these.

For just before him, and beyond these "wasps," lay the two great ships, *St. Phillip* and *St. Andrew*, the biggest ships in the Spanish Navy, and as he drew near to these, the guns of the *War-Spright* opened upon them.

They replied with their guns, and the battle was raging fiercely when the English ships came up, the *Rainbow* and the *Nonpareil*, and tried to get in ahead of the *War-Spright*.

But this Sir Walter would not allow; he placed the *War-Spright* directly across the channel so no ship could pass.

"I was very sure (after that) that none would outstart me for that day," he says.

When the Spaniards found that Raleigh was upon the point of seizing the great *St. Philip*, they blew her up and sunk her, together with the *St. Thomas*. But he captured the *St. Andrew*



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER PEACOCK GOWN.

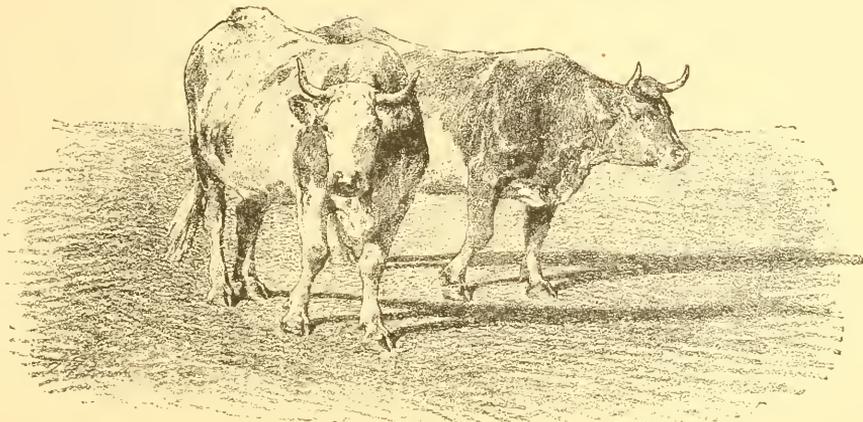
and the *St. Matthew* before they had time to blow them up, and took them home to England and afterwards used them in fighting against the Spaniards.

This famous sea-fight lasted three hours. Eight only of the English fleet were lost or crippled, while the Spaniards lost fifty ships and galleys. After the sea-fight came a land-fight when the English landed and fought for the possession of Cadiz.

But Sir Walter had been so severely wounded that he could not sit upon his horse, and so he could not take part in this. But he had his men carry him on shore in a litter, so that he might look on if he could do nothing more.

The English had hoped to capture the great Indian fleet, which was anchored near Cadiz, but the Spanish Duke of Medina set the fleet on fire, and all the rich stuffs—velvets, silks, jewels, and gold—were burned or sunk in the sea.

This disastrous sea-fight was the first great blow struck at the power of Spain, and from that day she began to decline.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN PRISON.

After Queen Elizabeth died King James of Scotland became King James I. of England.

Now King James did not like Sir Walter Raleigh; more than that, he hated him. And why he hated him you will understand as you grow older and study history for yourself.

Now when one person hates another he always tries to do him harm. And James I. was a king and so had great power to do harm, and he had Sir Walter Raleigh arrested, tried, and imprisoned for a crime of which he was not guilty.

He was imprisoned in the Tower of London, in that part of it called "The Bloody Tower." If you should go to England you could see that very Tower.

But you must not suppose that because he was imprisoned, he was shut up in a cell, or even in one room. He was not allowed to go outside of what is called the Tower of London, but he had a good deal of liberty inside that place.

He had rooms and servants. His wife, Lady Raleigh, was with him part of the time, and part of the time she lodged near the Tower. His older son, Walter, was with him and his little son Carew was born while he was living there.

He used to pass a good deal of his time in a garden where he had a "still." For he was a chemist.

He wrote his famous *History of the World* while living in the Tower. He lived there twelve years, and many people visited him there.

Many of his friends tried to persuade King James to pardon him. Queen Anne tried, for she had a great regard for Sir Walter. Lady Raleigh tried. She went with her son, Walter, and knelt at the feet of the king and begged him to spare her husband and set him free. But the king refused.

Prince Henry, the king's oldest son, tried. Often and often



PRINCES HENRY AND CHARLES ASKING KING JAMES FOR THE PARDON OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

he begged his father to spare the man who had done so much for England's glory. Once when the king was at a feast, and seemed very happy and good-natured, Prince Henry thought it would be a good time to ask again for the pardon of Sir Wal-

ter. So he and his brother, Prince Charles, together asked for his freedom. But the king refused to grant it.

It is true that at last he did promise Prince Henry that he would pardon Sir Walter on the coming Christmas. But, alas! before that Christmas came Prince Henry died, and the king forgot or did not choose to remember his promise.

Prince Henry loved Sir Walter very dearly, and visited him often in the Tower. "No king but my father," Prince Henry once said, "would keep such a bird in a cage."

One of the last pleasures of this Prince was seeing the launch of his own ship, the *Prince*, concerning the building of which he had consulted Sir Walter. For this wonderful man seems to have known all about ship-building. In fact, there was hardly any science of his day of which he was ignorant.

All England mourned for Prince Henry, for he was a lad of great promise—all but his father. But he did not seem to care for the death of his son. He loved nobody but himself.

And with the death of this Prince died also the last hope of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was condemned to death. But concerning that I cannot tell you; it is too sad a story. He died bravely and "made no more of his death than it had been to take a journey." And as years go on his memory is more and more honored. America especially likes to do honor to Sir Walter Raleigh. His portrait is in the Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass., and in St. Margaret's Church in London, where he was buried, there is a window to his memory, given by Americans.

On this window are these lines by James Russell Lowell:

*"The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came.
Proud of her past from which our future grew,
This window we inscribe to Raleigh's name."*



FIRST INSPIRATIONS OF COLUMBUS. — By Giulio Monteverde. In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

HOW THE NORTHMEN CAME TO AMERICA.

In 1002, four hundred and thirty years before Christopher Columbus was born, Lief, the son of Eric, started on a voyage of discovery. He was a hardy Norwegian, who lived in Greenland.

His ship was a queer little vessel, sometimes moved by sails, and sometimes by oars. But it was tight and strong. He had twenty-five men, and he sailed away southwesterly. It was early summer, but he met many icebergs, just as our vessels now do.

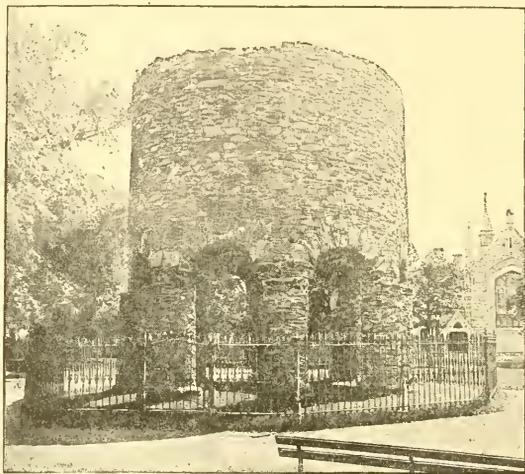
The first land he came to was flat and stony near the sea. Farther inland, were high mountains with snow on their tops. This land was what is now called Labrador. Still sailing on towards the south, they by-and-by came to a flat country. This flat country had vast forests, and was what is now called Newfoundland. Here they cast anchor and went on shore, and feasted upon the sweet berries they found growing in abundance.

But they were not content to stop here, and so sailed on still farther south and southwesterly till they came to another and far different land.

This land had pretty green hills covered with trees, wild plums and berries grew here. The climate was soft, and there were song-birds and plenty of squirrels. They liked the look of this land so well, they sought along the shore for a harbor, and finally found one at the mouth of a river, where the tide swept in. Here were salmon and wild deer. A young German

boy of the company wandered away one day and, when found, was eating delicious grapes, such as grew in his own German fatherland. The grapes were so abundant, Lief named the country Vinland. The company built huts and stayed in Vinland during that winter. At first the days and nights were about the same length. Then the days shortened and the sun rose at half-past seven, and set at half-past four.

In the spring Lief went back to Greenland, and his brother Thorwald bought his vessel and sailed for Vinland. Thorwald and his men passed the winter in the same huts where Lief and his men had staid the winter before. When summer



THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

came they began to explore, and one day they saw some dusky men, the first human beings they had found. These dusky men were timid and ran away, but Thorwald's men caught some of them and cruelly put them to death. This made these dusky Indians angry, and they made an attack upon the Northmen and Thorwald was killed. Vinland means Wine-land.

The next summer Thorfin, a young Norwegian nobleman, came to Vinland with his beautiful bride, Gudfrida. These came with five other women, and a number of men. They lived three years in Vinland, and then Thorfin and Gudfrida returned to Norway, carrying specimens of the furs and fruits of this new country. Some of Thorfin's people staid behind and were joined by about

thirty more from Greenland. Among this thirty was Freydisa, sister of Lief. She was such a bad-hearted, deceitful woman, her family hoped she would always stay in Vinland, and never come back to Greenland. But she stirred up such strife, and set the colony so by the ears, she had to flee back to Greenland to save her life. And this is about all we know about the colony of Vinland. It became extinct, but just how, nobody knows. What I have told you is found in the chronicles of Iceland.

Historians differ as to how far these Northmen sailed along the shores of America. Some think Lief went as far as what is now Rhode Island, and that the old stone mill at Newport is the remains of a tower built by the Northmen. This tower is round and rests on seven columns. Its foundation stones are wrought spheres.

Others say that the Northmen did not get any further than Labrador, and I suppose we shall never know the exact truth about it.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF COLUMBUS.

About the year 1435, a little boy was born in the city of Genoa, in Italy. Genoa is still a lovely city — a city of palaces. Back of it are high rugged mountains, and in front of it, lying at its feet, is the blue, tideless Mediterranean Sea. Its streets are narrow and steep.

But in 1435, when this little boy was born, Genoa was not only a lovely city, but a very rich one. It had a great many ships, which sailed to all parts of the world; that is, to all parts of the world that the Genoese knew anything about. For America was then unknown to the people of Europe. They did not know that across the Atlantic Ocean lay this big continent of ours. They knew something about Asia, and the East Indies. They traded with the East Indies. But they brought all their silks, and their spices, and other precious things by way of the Gulf of Persia, and various rivers, to the Mediterranean Sea. They did not know there was an easier way to get there, by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope, at the southern point of Africa.

They did not dare to sail very far south. They noticed that it grew warmer as they sailed south, and they thought if they kept on, by and by they would come to where the water of the ocean would boil!

But, as I said, Genoa was then a very rich and lovely city and there this little boy was born. His name was Christofò Colombo. That is his Italian name. In Spanish history he is

called Cristoval Colon, and we know him as Christopher Columbus, the great discoverer of America.

Yes, the great Columbus was once a wee baby just as we all have been, and, I have no doubt, cried just as all babies do, and ate and slept, and cooed, and kicked, till, by and by, he grew into a big boy of six.

His parents were poor. His father was a wool-comber. For a little time Colombo was the only child, but after awhile, two little brothers and a sister came into the home-nest, which was then pretty well crowded.

But though the parents of Colombo were poor, they managed to give him a good education. He was taught to read and to write, and he wrote so good a hand, Las Casas tells us, that he might have earned his bread



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. (*From an old print.*)

by writing. Las Casas was a historian who knew all about that, for he owned some of Columbus' manuscripts.

He was also taught arithmetic, drawing and designing, and in course of time, grammar and Latin. But the study he seemed to enjoy most was geography, and he had a great desire to go to sea. So his wise father concluded that if his little son wished to follow a maritime life, that is, to go to sea, for the purpose

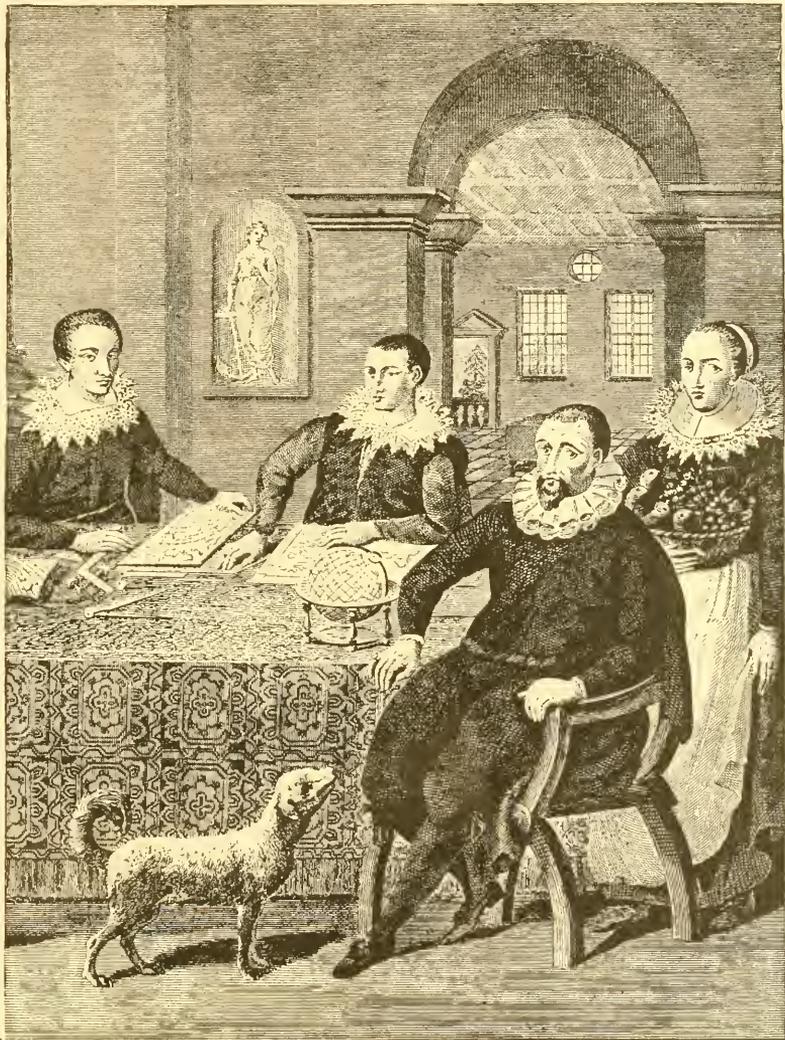
of trade or of discovery, he must be properly fitted for it, and he sent him to the famous University of Pavia, in Lombardy. There he was taught not only geography, but geometry, astronomy, and navigation. And he studied hard, just as boys are apt to study the things they like.

He was at Pavia only a short time, but he made good use of that time, and, afterwards, as he grew up to big boyhood and to manhood, he kept right on studying; in fact, I suppose he never stopped studying so long as he lived, which is the right way to do if a boy or girl wishes to be really successful in life.

We do not know exactly how old Colombo was when he came back from Pavia to his father's house in Genoa. But he must have been still very young, as, according to his own account, he was only fourteen when he entered upon his maritime life.

Between the time that he left Pavia until he began to go to sea, he helped his father at wool-combing. But we can easily imagine that this wide-awake, earnest boy, spent a good deal of time at the busy wharves of Genoa, watching the coming and going of the richly-laden, queer vessels of those days, and talking with the sailors about the unknown and distant countries he so much wished to see. For wharves are very fascinating places to most boys, and certainly must have been to one so fond of geography as was Colombo.

Very early he must have begun to wonder about this big world of ours. Giulio Montevede, in his statue, "The First Inspirations of Columbus," represents him as a mere lad, busy with thoughts concerning that unknown land which he thinks must lie beyond the wide Atlantic Ocean.



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COLUMBUS AND HIS SONS DIEGO AND FERDINAND.
From an old print.

COLUMBUS IN LISBON.

In 1470 Columbus went to Lisbon, the capital of Portugal.

He was then thirty-five, but his hair was already white with care and trouble. He was a tall and dignified man, courteous to every one, and especially gentle and kindly in his own household. He is said to have had a quick temper, but he early learned to control that quick temper.

He married and settled in Lisbon. The father of his wife had been a distinguished navigator, and all his papers—his charts and the journals of his voyages—were given to Columbus. He studied these carefully. At the same time he made maps and charts to support his family, for he was poor. Notwithstanding his own poverty, he helped his aged father who continued to live in Genoa, and gave money for the education of his younger brothers.

From time to time he voyaged down the coast of Guinea and made a trip in 1477 to Iceland.

He read the works of Marco Polo. Marco Polo was a Venetian traveller who had visited Cathay (China) and Cipango (Japan). He told marvellous stories about the riches of these countries. They abounded, he said, in gold and precious stones, and the palace of the King of Japan was covered with plates of gold, instead of lead, as in other lands.

The works of Marco Polo had been translated into many languages, and were in manuscript, because the art of printing was

not then in general use. It was not an easy matter to get these works, but Columbus got them, and read them eagerly, and he longed to see these wonderful lands. As he read and studied, and thought, he became sure that, by sailing directly west, he should reach first the island of Cipango (Japan) and then Cathay (China).

And this was what all the wise men of that day thought, that the world was much smaller than it really is, and that the Atlantic Ocean, only, lay between the western coast of Europe and the eastern coast of Asia.

Prince Henry of Portugal had thought to reach India by sailing round Africa, but he died in 1473, before this was accomplished. Columbus thought that a shorter way than this would be directly west.

This Prince Henry was a great and good man, and as eager for discovery as was Columbus. His nephew John II. was king of Portugal, when Columbus finally made up his mind to ask the Crown of Portugal to fit out a fleet of vessels to make a voyage of discovery across the Atlantic.

King John was eager to find a passage by sea to India, but he was not so ready to listen to Columbus as the latter had hoped.

He gave Columbus audience and listened attentively to what he had to say, but referred the matter to a "junto," or company of learned men. These learned men discouraged the king from attempting the voyage. They thought the idea of reaching India by sailing west was nonsense. But the king, still doubting, called together his council and laid Columbus' proposal before them. They too advised the king not to enter upon the undertaking. But seeing him still dissatisfied they proposed to him to do a truly mean thing.

It was to fit out a vessel secretly in the direction pointed out by Columbus, and see if anything came of it. The king listened to this mean counsel, and the vessel was fitted out. They asked Columbus to give them a plan of his proposed route, and to bring to them his charts, pretending they only wanted to examine them. But they gave them into the hands of the captain of the vessel, with orders to follow the course marked out on Columbus' chart.

The vessel sailed. But storms arose, and the crew were afraid when they saw the great tumbling waves of the wide Atlantic before them, and not a bit of land, and quickly put back to Lisbon.

When Columbus heard of this mean trick of King John, he was very angry and would have nothing more to say to him, although the king would like to have talked the matter over with him again. His wife had died and he left Lisbon near the end of 1484, taking his son Diego with him.

ARRIVAL OF COLUMBUS IN SPAIN.

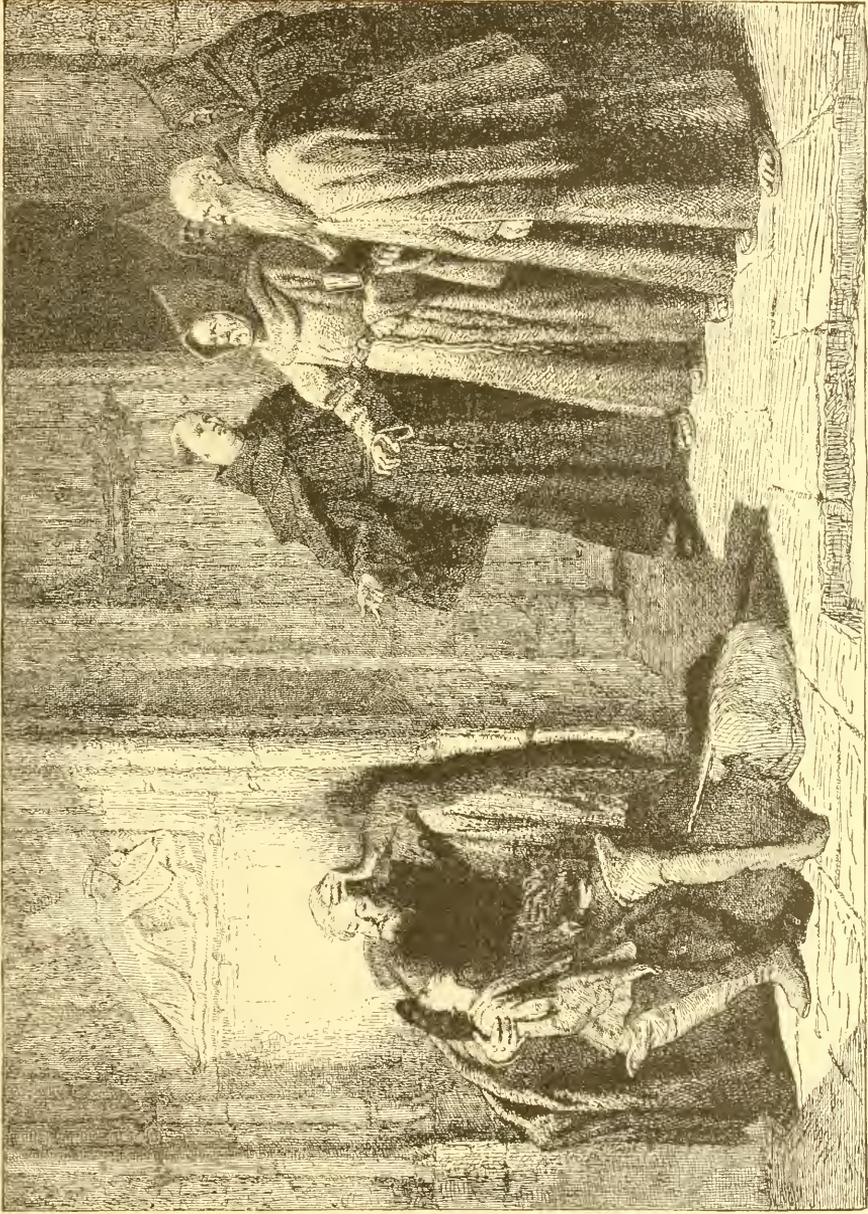
Said Columbus to his son Diego, when writing to him about his brother Ferdinand, and telling him always to love and cling to him, "for ten brothers would not be too many for you; I have never found better friends on my right hand and on my left, than my brothers."

So we often find, in the life of Columbus, mention made of his brothers, especially of his brother Bartholomew.

When Columbus left Lisbon, he sent his brother Bartholomew to Henry VII. of England, to propose that he should furnish vessels for the discovery of the Indies at the West. At the same time Columbus himself made a similar proposal to the Republic of Genoa. But neither proposal was accepted.

The next we hear from Columbus he was in Spain. One day, a stranger on foot stopped at the gate of the convent, La Rabida, in the province of Andalusia, and asked for food for his little boy. The two were dusty and weary with travel. They were poor, or they would not have been asking for food and shelter in this way. They asked only for bread and water.

While the porter was giving them the bread, the prior or head of the convent chanced to go by. You have read that Columbus was a tall and dignified man, of courteous manners, and you will not be surprised to learn that this prior was pleased with his appearance, and stopped to speak with him. Doubtless he was surprised, too, to see such a man so destitute.



COLUMBUS AND HIS SON DIEGO AT THE DOOR OF THE CONVENT, LA RAHIDA.

This prior was a man of much learning. He lived not far from the port of Palos and knew all about the various voyages of discovery that had been made. So he was greatly interested when he learned Columbus' errand, for Columbus had come to apply to the court of Spain for help to carry out his plans.



QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

This prior's name was Juan Perez de la Marchena, and from that time to the end of his life he was a firm friend to Columbus.

At this time, 1486, Ferdinand and Isabella were king and queen of Spain. Ferdinand was king of Arragon, and Isabella was queen of Castile, and by their marriage these two kingdoms had become one. But they had separate councils, and

each conducted the affairs of his or her kingdom.

Writers who lived at that time, have told us many charming things about Queen Isabella. "She was the noblest creature that ever reigned over men," says one. She was fair, and her hair was auburn. Her clear blue eyes were honest and loving, and she was a "model of modesty and integrity." Our own Washington Irving, who wrote a life of Columbus, says she is one of the "purest and most beautiful characters in history."

And it was to this beautiful and gracious queen that Colum-

bus was now to make his proposals for a voyage of discovery. Juan Perez gave him a letter of introduction to one of the chief men of her court, and Columbus, leaving his son Diego with the good prior, went to Cordova where the king and queen were.

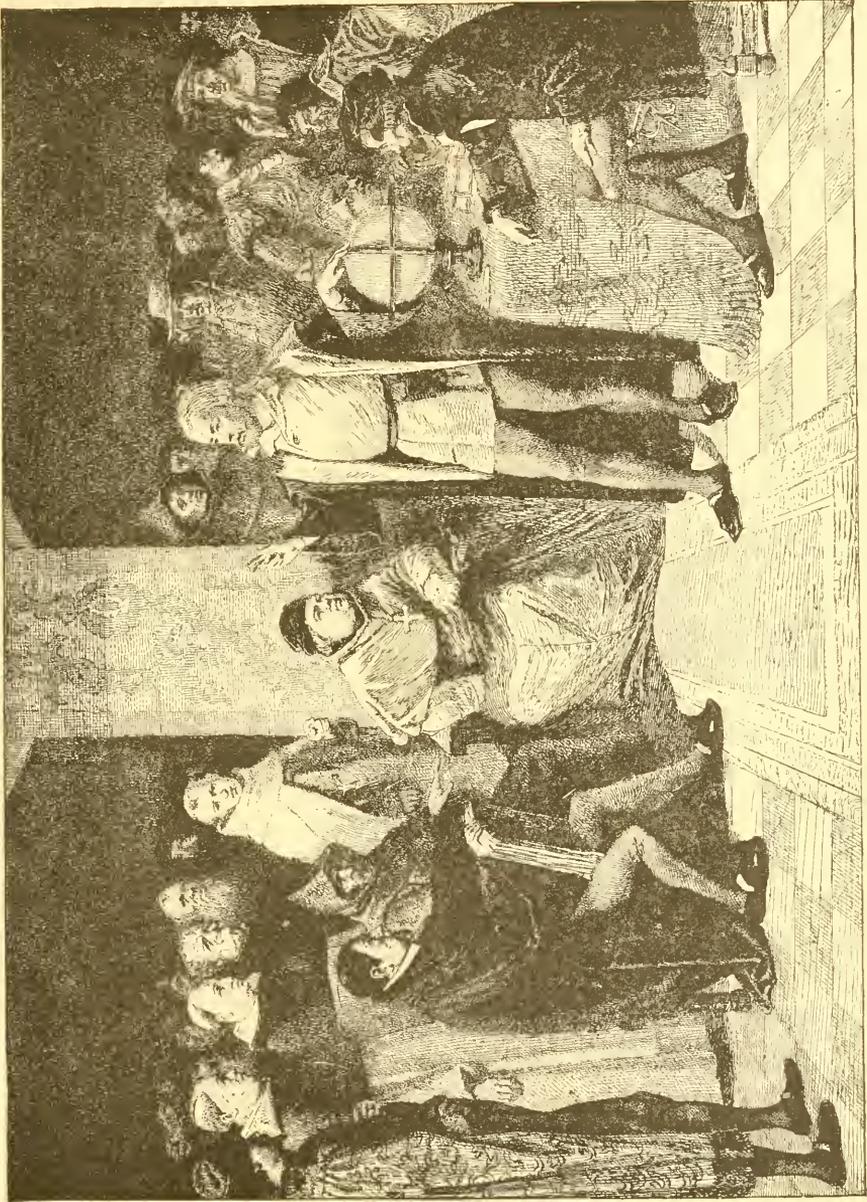
They were engaged, at that time, in a war with the Moors. The Moors had held possession of the southern part of Spain for eight hundred years, and the Spaniards wished to drive them back into Africa. So when Columbus reached Cordova, he found the city full of soldiers, and the court was like a military camp.

Queen Isabella often went with her army, and, like her soldiers, wore armor at such times.

(Several suits of armor worn by Isabella, can be seen to-day, together with her sword, in the royal arsenal at Madrid.)

It was a bad time for Columbus to make his proposals, for everybody, including the king and queen, was thinking only of war. When the king was away with the army, Isabella was busy sending him troops and supplies. They were continually moving from place to place, and as Columbus was poor, he could not follow them. He supported himself, as he had done before, in making maps and charts, while the good Juan Perez took care of and educated his son Diego.

At last he was summoned before the king. Ferdinand listened to what he had to say, and then turned the matter over, as King John did, to a conference of wise men. This conference was held at Salamanca, the great seat of learning, then, in Spain. These learned men were some of them professors of astronomy, geography, and other sciences. They were learned priests and friars. And before them Columbus stood up in his poor, plain dress, and told his story.



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE WISE MEN OF SALAMANCA.

THE VESSELS ARE FITTED OUT FOR THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

The wise men of Salamanca listened to what Columbus had to say. A few believed as he did. But others laughed.

“The world round!” some of them said, “we don’t believe it is, and even if it were, how, if you sailed down under it, could you ever get back again up hill?”

They were wise in many things, but, as you see, they knew but little about our world.

And so the conference came to nothing, and Columbus waited and waited, for seven long years. At last he said he would wait no longer. Nobody would listen to him. The king and queen were thinking only of war. “When the war is over,” they said, “we will see what we can do for you.” The followers of the court laughed at him. Even the little children pointed at him, as he passed, and called him a “madman.” Yes, he would go away from Spain to France whose king had written to him that he would help him.

So he went down to the convent of La Rabida to tell his good friend, Juan Perez, what he was going to do. He came to the convent gate, weary, hungry and poor, as he did at first. And the good Juan Perez’s heart ached when he saw him.

But when he heard what Columbus was going to do, he said, “That must not be. Spain must not lose the glory of the great discovery. We must try once more what we can do.” And he wrote to Queen Isabella himself such a letter, that she

replied at once, asking Don Perez to come to her, and tell her once more what it was Columbus wished to do.

Don Perez was so glad when he got this letter that he lost not a moment, but mounted his mule, and started at midnight for Santa Fé, where the queen and court were. He succeeded; and Queen Isabella sent again for Columbus.



JUAN PEREZ, AT MIDNIGHT, ON HIS WAY TO SANTA FE.

But at the very last, once more she hesitated. It was not strange that she did so. King Ferdinand did not look favorably on Columbus. Had he had his way, Columbus would have been sent away for good. Besides there was no money. The war had used up the money of both Castile and Arragon. But it was only for a brief time that Queen Isabella hesitated, and then she said, as

such a generous, noble queen would say, "I undertake the enterprise for my own kingdom of Castile, and I will pledge my private jewels to raise the necessary funds."

The port of Palos in Andalusia was the place fixed upon from which to fit out the vessels. There were three: the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*. Two of these were small, of a kind called caravels. They were not decked over, but were built



QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN IN HER ARMOR.

high at either end with cabins which looked like houses, or castles.

At first Columbus could not get even these three small vessels. The king and queen had ordered the town of Palos to furnish two of these vessels. But it refused. Nobody was willing to risk a vessel, and nobody was willing to go on such a voyage. But the sovereigns issued a second order to have ships seized, and masters and crews forced to serve.

Then arose a great hue and cry in Palos. The most dreadful stories were told about those unknown seas and lands whither they were to sail. The people of Palos went from house to house and talked about it just as people now talk about things.

“O,” said the women, “if our husbands and sons go they will never come back. They will be swallowed up by the fearful waves, or by creatures more cruel than the waves.” So, you may see, there was a great outcry about the voyage in Palos.

One navigator, however, who lived in Palos, Alonzo Pinzon, a man of courage, said he was ready to go, and to risk both himself and his money. He thought Columbus would come out all right, and would find the country he was going to seek. So he and his brother furnished one vessel and part of the rest. Alonzo Pinzon was made captain of the *Pinta* and his brother Vicente Yañez Pinzon captain of the *Niña*. The *Santa Maria*, the largest vessel, and the only one decked, was the flag ship, and Columbus himself was its captain.

THE VOYAGE AND THE DISCOVERY.

Columbus was fifty-six years of age when he set sail from Palos with the *Pinta*, the *Niña* and the *Santa Maria*. They sailed August, 1492, and the mothers, wives and children of the men went down to the wharves to bid them "good-by" with many tears, for they never expected to see them return.

On the third day out, the rudder of the *Pinta* was found to be broken, and they put in to the Canary Islands. There they staid three weeks till a new one could be made. As they sailed past the island of Teneriffe the sailors were terrified at sight of its volcanoes sending forth fire and smoke. But Columbus told them all about volcanoes, and calmed their fears. And so he had to keep explaining things to them, for as soon as they lost sight of the Canary Islands they were full of fears at every new thing.

They had heard of the Canary Islands. European vessels often visited these islands. But of the ocean beyond they knew nothing. To them it was a wide waste of unknown waters. They feared its storms, its rocks, its shoals, and the dreadful creatures which they thought lived in it. Many of these truly brave men cried aloud when the last bit of land disappeared in the east, and they thought of the dear friends they had left. Brave as they were, they had not the courage and faith of Columbus. *He* was a happy man when he saw the last faint land-line disappear; for he had now entered upon that voyage for which he had worked and waited for eighteen years.

September 6 they set sail from the Canaries, and on September 11, they fell in with part of a wreck. The sight of this wreck filled the crew with fear. September 14, however, they thought there were signs of land. A heron hovered about the ships, a bird which they supposed never flew far from land.



On and on the three ships sailed, until they came within the influence of what are called the "Trade Winds." The soft air and the beautiful skies made them think of their beloved Andalusia. They began to see patches of weeds, such as grow in rivers, green, too, as if it had not been long since they were washed down into the ocean. A pretty white tropical bird came to greet them.

The crew watched eagerly for land. Ferdinand and Isabella had promised to the man who should first discover it a pension of thirty crowns. On the 18th Alonzo Pinzon thought he saw land at the north, but it proved to be fog on the horizon.

The sailors began to grow uneasy. The favorable wind, that had borne them so far towards the west, they began to fear would not allow them to return again. On the 20th, however, a contrary breeze sprung up, and they felt better. That day birds flew about the vessel, such as live only in groves and orchards. They came singing in the morning, and went away at night.

Next there came a calm, and the ocean was covered with weeds as far as the eye could reach. The men were frightened again. They thought they were coming upon sunken land, where the vessels would get aground, and could never be got off again, and they would have to stay there and die.

The calm was broken by a great swell of the ocean, and then they felt better again. At last, however, they began to talk seriously of a mutiny against Columbus. He was a madman, they said. Some of them even proposed to throw him into the sea and then return to Spain, and tell the king and queen that he had tumbled overboard while gazing at the stars!

Columbus knew what was going on, but he spoke soothingly to the men, and promised a doublet of velvet in addition to the thirty crowns to whoever should first see land. September 25 Alonzo Pinzon shouted from his vessel, "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward." But Alonzo Pinzon was again mistaken.

October 7 Columbus changed his course. Up to that time he had sailed directly west. But he had noticed flocks of birds coming from and going back to the southwest. He determined to follow in the track of those birds. On the evening of October 11 he went up on top of the castle to watch for land. There had been many signs of land that day—a branch of thorn with berries on it, a piece of a tree, a carved staff. How eager, how anxious, how full of hope was Columbus! At ten o'clock he saw a light. It moved from side to side, and up and down. He called to two of his gentlemen to come and look. They, too, saw the light. At two o'clock in the morning, a gun from the *Pinta* gave the welcome signal of land, and they took in sail and lay to, waiting for daylight.

COLUMBUS MAKES HIS FIRST LANDING IN THE NEW WORLD.

You may be sure that, at the first dawn of day, Columbus, his officers and his crew were on deck for a look at the new-found land. And a beautiful land it was, a green and level island, covered with trees like an orchard or park. The date of its discovery was October 12, 1492.

There were people on the island, a dusky people unlike any the Spaniards had ever seen.

Columbus at once ordered the boats to be manned. He put on his finest dress of scarlet, took the flag of Castile and Arragon in his hand and stepped on board his boat. Alonzo Pinzon and his brother followed in their boats. Each carried the flag of the Expedition. On this flag was a green cross having on each side the letters F and Y the initials of Ferdinand and Ysabel.



COLUMBUS KNELT AND GAVE THANKS TO GOD.

As soon as Columbus landed he knelt, kissed the ground, and gave thanks to God for his success. The rest knelt around him.

Then he arose to his feet, drew his sword, and took possession of the island in the name of the Spanish

Sovereigns. He named this island San Salvador.

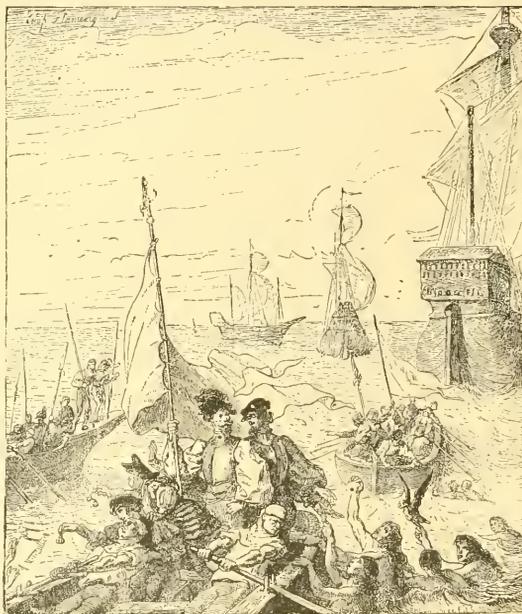
The king and queen had promised Columbus *that he should be*

viceroi and admiral over all lands he should discover. So he next called around him his officers and crew to take the oath of obedience to him as Admiral.

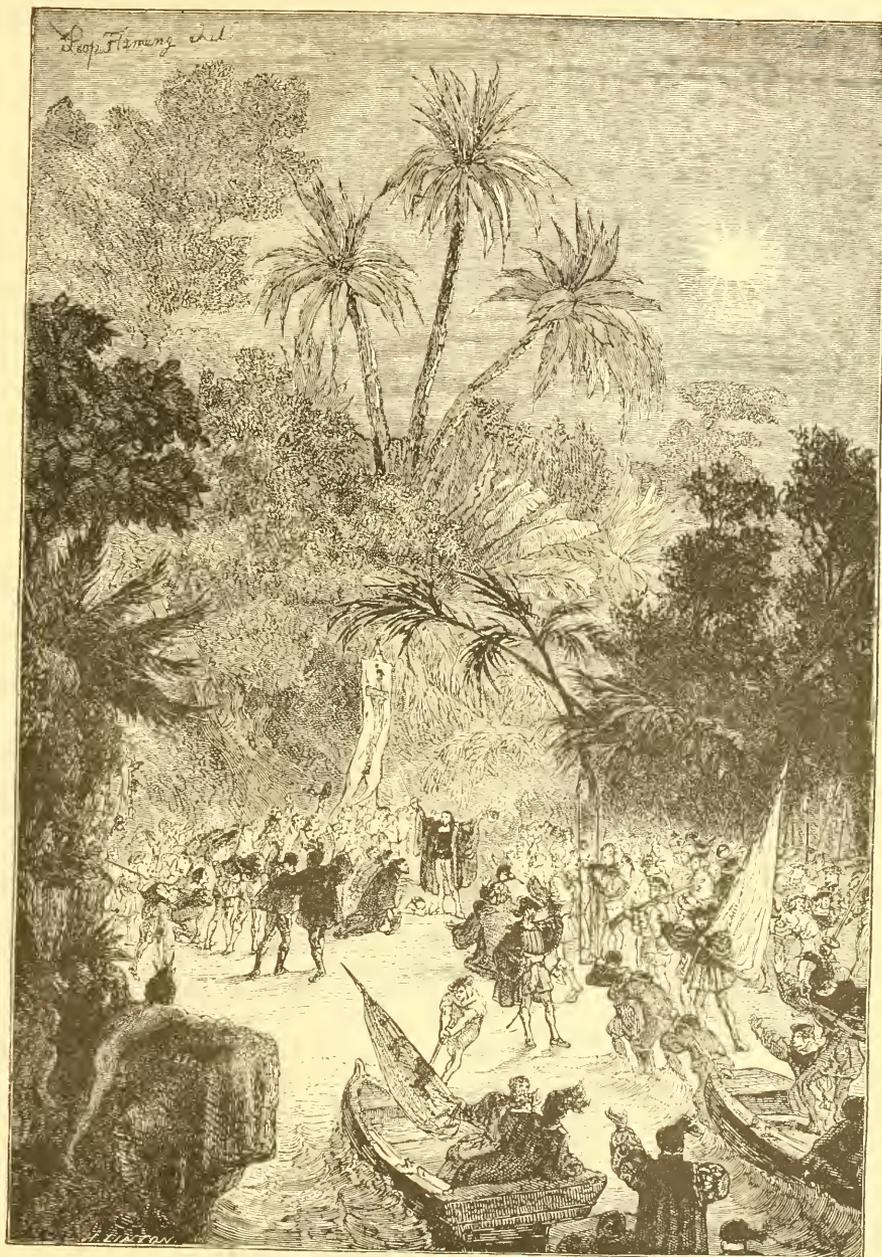
The natives watched these proceedings with curiosity. Early in the morning they had seen with fear these monsters—for such they called the vessels—hovering on their huge white wings about their island. They crowded down to the shore to get a nearer view. But, when they saw the boats filled with strange beings drawing near, they had fled in terror to the woods.

When they found, however, that these strange beings did not follow them, but went quietly about their own business, they took courage, and came out from their hiding places. They saw with wonder the white skins of the Spaniards, their beards, their gay clothes, and their shining armor. Growing still bolder, they went up to these strange beings, touched their wonderful clothes and faces, and took their white hands in theirs.

Columbus was pleased with their gentleness, and told his men to let them gratify their curiosity. He treated them with such kindness they began to think these vessels had come straight from the skies, on their white wings, and that these strange and terrible, but beautiful beings, were the inhabitants of the skies!



THE NATIVES SWIM OUT AND BRING GIFTS.



TAKING POSSESSION OF THE ISLAND IN THE NAME OF THE SPANISH SOVEREIGNS.

You may remember, that Columbus thought when he sailed west that he should reach some part of the East Indies. So he named these people Indians.

He gave them colored caps, glass beads, and hawks' bells. They hung the strings of beads about their necks, and jingled the bells. The Spaniards staid all that day on this green island, refreshing themselves after their long voyage.

The next morning the shore was thronged with the natives. When the boats again put off many came out to meet them in their light canoes hollowed from trees. Some swam out, bringing gifts of parrots, balls of cotton, and cakes of bread called *cassava*. Some of them wore ornaments of gold in their noses.

Columbus staid a few days at this island, which is one of the Bahamas, and then began a cruise among the other islands of this group. Everywhere the natives received them with kindness, bringing them cotton, and exchanging their few ornaments of gold for beads and hawks' bells. For the Spaniards were greedy for gold.

These people lived in tents made of branches of trees and covered with palm leaves. These tents were built under the shelter of the beautiful trees, and were neatly kept by the women. They slept in a kind of cotton net, slung between two posts, which nets they called *hamacs*. Did you ever see a *hamac*?

Among these islands was one, most beautiful of all, to which Columbus gave the name of "Isabella." "I know not," he says "where first to go, nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on this beautiful verdure. Here are large lakes, and the groves about them are marvellous, and here and in all the islands everything is green, and the herbage as in April in Andalusia. The singing of the birds is such, that it seems as if one would never desire to depart thence."

CRUISING.

The next island Columbus found was Cuba. When he saw this great island he was sure he had found Japan (Cipango). As he sailed along its shores he sent a boat on shore, now and then, to ask the natives about that splendid city wherein dwelt the king in his palace covered with gold. Afterwards he thought that this island was not an island at all, but a continent—the Continent of Asia. And to the day of his death he always thought so. The air was so spicy he was sure the Spice Islands lay somewhere near. He saw on this island of Cuba a canoe hollowed from a tree, so big that it would hold one hundred and fifty persons. He found in an empty house—for the people fled when they saw the Spaniards coming—a cake of wax. This he took to send to the Spanish sovereigns, “for where there is wax,” said he, “there must be a thousand other good things.”

After Cuba, he next found Hayti; and what a lovely time he must have had sailing over those summer seas and finding green and flowery islands, peopled with a gentle, friendly race. Hurricanes often blow in the West Indies, but Columbus does not seem to have met with any. In the rivers of Hayti they found fish like those of Spain. They heard birds which they thought were nightingales—birds which live in Spain. The country they thought looked like the more beautiful parts of Spain, and so they named the island Hispaniola, which means Little Spain.

Here, as elsewhere, the people fled in terror when they saw the Spaniards. But the Indians whom Columbus had with him followed

them and quieted their fears. They told them that these people had come down from the skies to bring beautiful gifts.



THE DREADFUL LIZARD.

On this island the *Santa Maria* was wrecked on the morning of Christmas day, 1492. Columbus usually stayed on deck at night because there was great danger in coasting along these unknown

shores. But that night he was so tired, and the sea was so calm, he thought he might safely rest a while. He gave orders to the steersman not to give the helm in charge to a ship boy. But no sooner had the admiral gone than the steersman did that very thing, and the vessel was carried by the currents on to a sand bar.

This wreck took place not far from the home of the chief Guacanagari, who proved to be a good friend. He sent his canoes and men to help the Spaniards to unload the vessel. He ordered a guard to be kept over their goods after they were brought on shore, and nothing was stolen. The chief invited Columbus to visit him and gave him a feast of fruits and fish. He ordered his people to dance before him to cheer him. He tried to cheer him all he could for the loss of the *Santa Maria*.

Columbus told Guacanagari he would protect him from his enemies, the Caribs. He ordered a cannon on board the *Niña* to be fired off. When the natives saw the flash and heard the roar they were frightened. They saw how the big ball tore the trees. But they were glad too. They said, "These wonderful beings have brought their thunder and lightning from the skies and will protect us from the Caribs."

During all these cruisings from island to island, the Spaniards had seen no wild beasts. But they had seen a fearful creature with spines on its back, a pouch under its throat and a wide mouth. They soon found that this creature was a kind of lizard and harmless. Its flesh is good for food.

They found also a root new to them which the Indians ate; it was the potato. In Cuba they saw the natives going about "with certain dried herbs which they rolled up in a leaf and lighting one end, put the other end in their mouths," and smoked. They called this roll "a tobacco."

HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

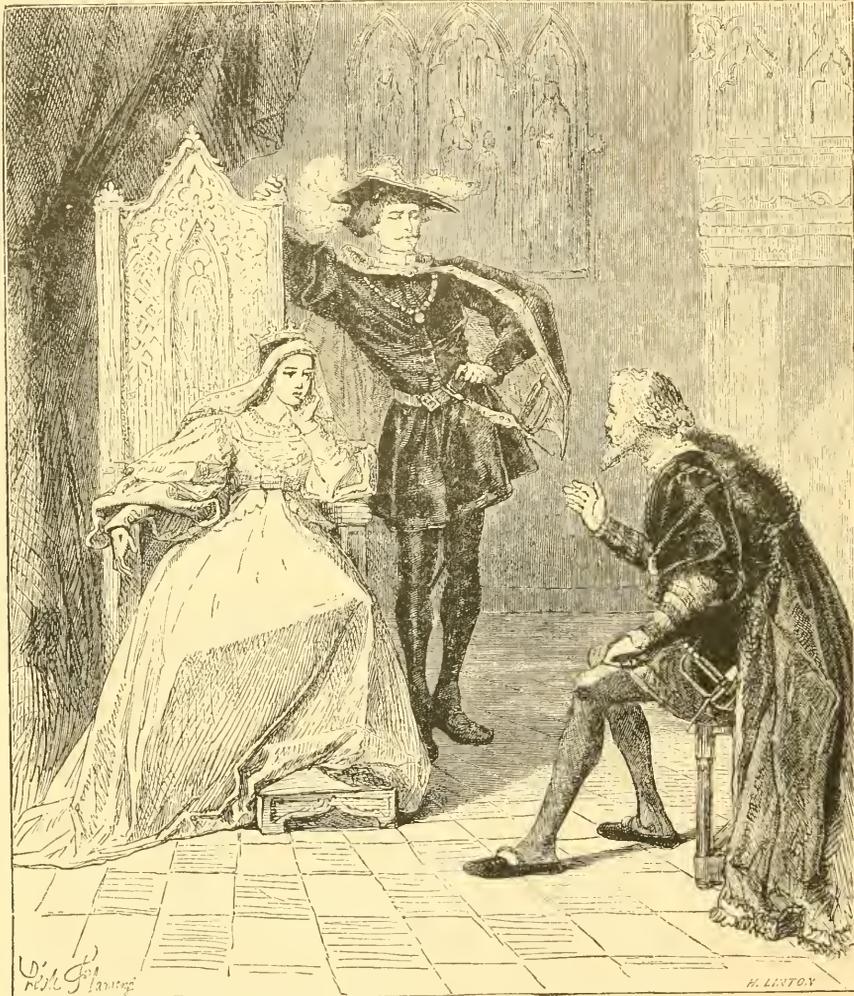
January 4, 1493, Columbus set out on his return to Spain. He took with him nine Indians. He was two months crossing the Atlantic, and met with a fearful storm which lasted fourteen days. He feared the vessel might sink, and the king and queen of Spain might never hear of his great discovery. So he wrote an account of it on a strip of parchment, wrapped it in a waxed cloth, placed it in the centre of a cake of wax, put the whole into a barrel and threw it into the sea. He thought perhaps somebody might find it.

He put into the river Tagus in Portugal to wait for fair weather, and visited the queen of Portugal.

March 13, he sailed into the harbor of Palos. You remember that the *Santa Maria* was wrecked off the coast of Cuba. The *Pinta* had become separated from the *Niña* while crossing the Atlantic. So it was only the *Niña* that sailed into Palos on that joyful day almost four hundred years ago. The news of her arrival quickly flew over the town. The bells were rung, the shops were closed, and everybody left their business and their work, even the children left their play, to hasten to the wharves.

Columbus was at once ordered to go to the court at Barcelona. As he drew near that city, a great company on horseback came out to meet him. His entrance was a triumph. Such a brilliant and strange procession had never before been seen in Spain. For first of all came the dusky Indians (six of them) wearing feathers of gay tropical birds and ornaments of gold. The

sailors and ship-boys of the *Niña* carried poles and pike staffs, on the top of which were stuffed parrots, cocoanuts, bananas, huge



COLUMBUS TELLING THE STORY OF HIS VOYAGE TO THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

calabashes or gourds, rare plants and the stuffed body of an iguana or big lizard. One of the prettiest things was the yellow ears of



COLUMBUS ENTERS IN TRIUMPH THE CITY OF BARCELONA.

the Indian corn. Coronets and bracelets of gold, baskets finely woven of grass, and banners were in the procession. Then came Columbus himself, on horseback, and around him were the proud



COLUMBUS TELLING DON PEREZ WHAT HE HAD SEEN AND DONE.

nobles of Spain. I wonder if he remembered then the time when he came to the door of the convent of La Rabida asking for bread and water.

The king and queen rose to receive him, which was a great honor. They listened to his story, and when he had finished they fell on their knees, all who were present did the same, and the royal choir chanted the *Te Deum Laudamus* (We praise thee, O God). Thus they gave to God the glory of the great discovery.

But I doubt if Columbus enjoyed anything more than he did the telling of all he had seen and done to his good and faithful friend Don Perez.

HIS SECOND VOYAGE TO THE NEW WORLD.

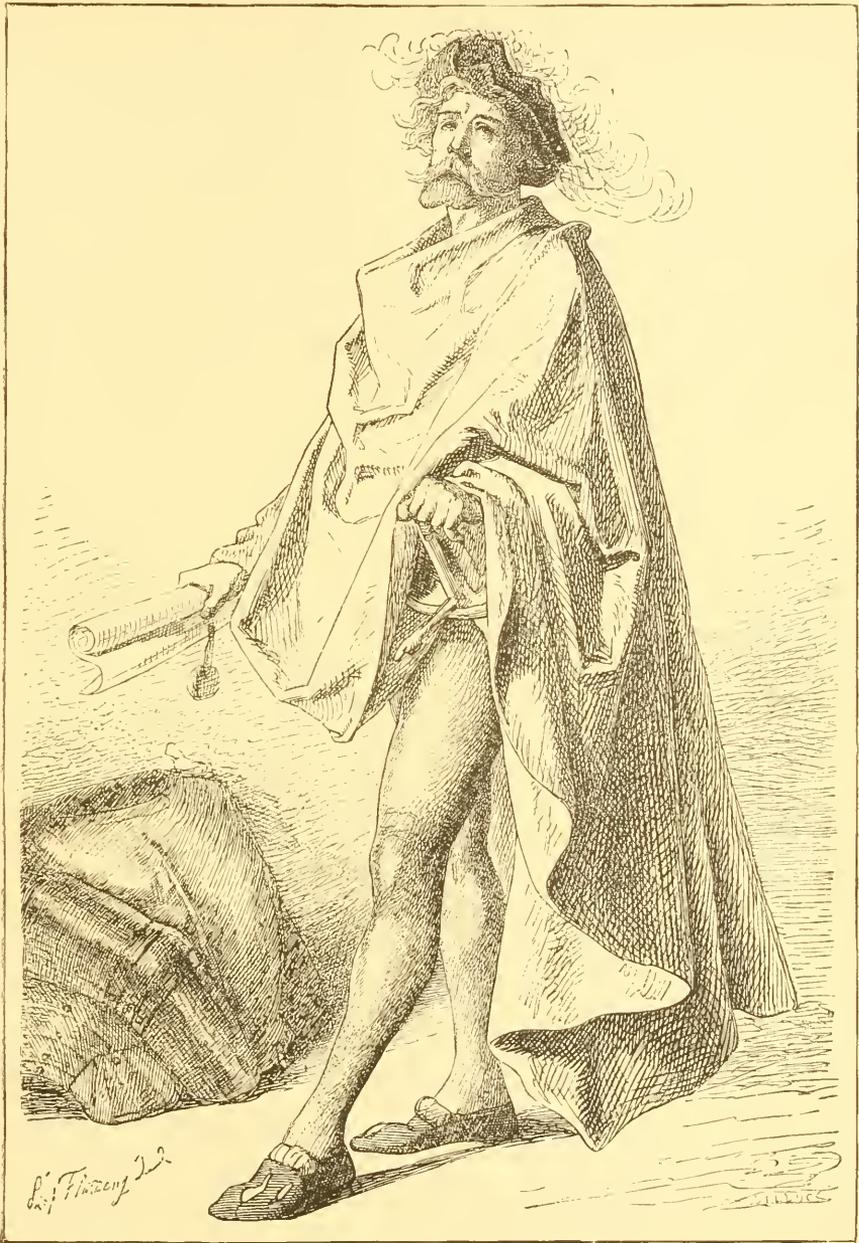
September 25, 1493, Columbus set sail on his second voyage. This time he had three large ships and fourteen small ones. On his first voyage, you remember, nobody was willing to go. But now so many were eager to go that he had in all fifteen hundred.

His two boys, Diego and Ferdinand, came to see Columbus off, "proud of the glory of their father."

The vessels stopped at the Canary Islands, where calves, goats, sheep and pigs were bought to stock the island of Hispaniola.

November 2, the fleet arrived at the Antilles. On the 4th they landed on Gaudaloupe, and here the Spaniards first tasted the delicious pine-apple. The houses on this island were square. They were woven of reeds and thatched with palm leaves, and each had a little portico. The people on this island were the warlike Caribs. Their arrows were pointed with the bones of fishes, and were poisoned. The women fought as well as the men. The children learned to use the bow and arrow very early.

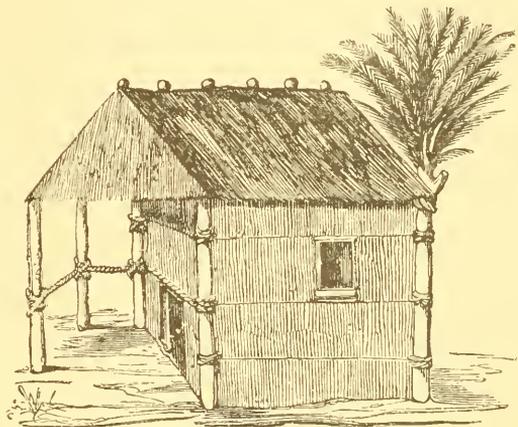
November 22, the fleet arrived off Hispaniola (Hayti). Before Columbus went back to Spain from his first voyage, he had had a fort built from the wreck of the *Santa Maria*. He had called that fort La Navidad, and had left a number of Spaniards in it. November 27, he arrived opposite the harbor of La Navidad, but there was no sign of life. Not a Spaniard was to be seen. The next day he landed and found the fort burned. All around lay



BARTHOLOMEW COLOMBUS.

broken chests, torn clothes, and household things. He soon learned the truth.

In the interior of the island lived a warlike Carib chief named Caonabo — Caonabo means “The Lord of the Golden House.” He was so called because he lived in the golden mountain of Cibao. After Columbus went away the Spaniards that he had left in the fort treated the natives badly. They lived wicked lives; they grew careless and would not obey their commander. They often left the fort unguarded. One night all but ten were away. Caonabo came with his warriors, killed the ten, destroyed the fort, and set fire to the houses where the other white men were sleeping. Afterwards Caonabo was taken prisoner; and this is how it was done.



A CARIB HOUSE.

Columbus had tried in vain to take him in battle, and at last

Alonso de Ojeda said he would take him alive by a trick. He invited Caonabo to visit Isabella, the town Columbus had founded. He told Caonabo he would give him the bell on the chapel of Isabella. This bell was a great wonder to the Indians. When they heard it ring and saw the Spaniards hurrying to the service, they thought the bell “talked” and called them.

So Caonabo called his warriors together and started for Isabella. They halted one day near the river Yagui, and Ojeda showed to Caonabo a set of manacles — irons to hold the hands together — such as are put upon prisoners. They were of steel,

and polished till they shone like silver. Ojeda told Caonabo that these were worn by the king and queen of Spain at festivals — that they came from the skies.

“Go, Caonabo,” he said, “and bathe in the river, then I will put these on your wrists, and you shall mount my horse and ride like a king before your people.” For these Indians thought the horses of the Spaniards were wonderful creatures. They at first thought the man and the horse made one animal.

So Caonabo was greatly pleased at Ojeda’s offer. He bathed, and then Ojeda helped him to get upon his horse, and then put on the manacles. And there was Caonabo a prisoner! For he could not help himself; and Ojeda took the bridle of his horse, and he and his men dashed away upon their horses, and carried Caonabo with them. Columbus afterwards took him to Spain, but he died on the voyage. And that was the end of the brave, proud Caonabo, who died as many a white man has done, for his people and his country.

In October, Bartholomew Columbus arrived at Isabella, and glad enough was Columbus to see him. For Columbus was not having an easy time. The Spaniards had hoped and expected to find gold so plenty that they could pick it up like stones. And when they did not they were bitterly disappointed. They said Columbus was to blame. (We always have to find fault with somebody, you know, when things don’t turn out to suit us.) They sent lying reports home about him. They did everything they could to harm him. Many of them were bad men and lived bad lives. So he was glad to have near him so good, so brave, so loving, so active, so generous a man as was this brother; and when he went back a second time to Spain he left Bartholomew in command of the island of Hispaniola.

STORY OF THE EGG. THE THIRD VOYAGE.

I must go back a little in this chapter to tell you a pretty story about Columbus, a story that everybody likes, and likes to tell.

When Columbus returned from his first voyage, you remember, he was feasted and made much of. And, among others, Gonzalvez de Mendoza, the grand Cardinal of Spain, gave him a splendid banquet. Mendoza was the first subject in the Spanish kingdom, and was a noble and princely man. He gave to Columbus the most honorable place at his table, and served him as he would have served the king himself.

He did not envy Columbus his good fortune in discovering the New World. Not a bit. He was glad to do him honor.

But there were men who did envy Columbus. And because they envied him they would like to have injured him. Some of these men were at the banquet that day. And one of them it was who said to Columbus:

“If *you* had not discovered the New World, do you not think there are plenty of men in Spain who could have done it?” It was the same as if he had said, “It was nothing to discover the New World. It was easy enough just to sail West till you came to it. You are making a great fuss about nothing.”

Columbus did not reply to this in words. But he took an egg and asked this man to make it stand up on one end. The man tried, but could not make it stand up. Then another tried, and another, and another, till all had tried, and none could do it.

Then Columbus took the egg and struck one end lightly upon the table, so as to break it a little, and left it standing.

I do not suppose he said anything. But they all knew what he meant—that it is easy to do a thing after you know how it is done. And now that he had shown the way to the New World, it was easy enough for other men to follow.

This story is told by an Italian, Benzoni, in his history printed in 1572.

You have read that the proud Caonabo died while on the passage to Spain. But Columbus had also taken with him Caonabo's brother and his nephew, the latter a boy of ten. These two he carried about with him in Spain wherever he went. He presented them to Ferdinand and Isabella. Whenever they passed through a great city, he put a heavy gold collar and chain round the neck of Caonabo's brother, because he came from the "Golden House" of Cibao.

May 30, 1498, Columbus set sail on his third voyage to the New World. This time he sailed a little south of West and came into what are called the "calm latitudes." These lie on the equator. And here the wind fell, and they had a calm which lasted eight days. The air was hot "like a furnace," the "tar



COLUMBUS PRESENTING THE BROTHER OF CAONABO TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



COLUMBUS WELCOMED BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

about the ships melted; the seams of the ships opened; the salt meat was spoiled; the wheat was parched as if with fire"; the hoops shrunk from the water casks, and some of them burst. In this way they lost much of their water, and on July 31 there was but one cask of water on each ship. Columbus began to

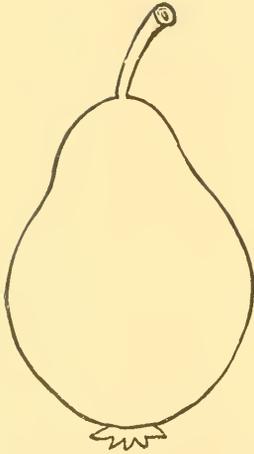


HUGE WAVE AT THE MOUTH OF THE ORINOCO.

feel anxious; he feared they might get out of water before they reached land. But that very day at noon, a sailor saw three mountain tops rising above the horizon. These proved to be an island with three mountains upon it. So Columbus named it La Trinidad, which means the Trinity, or three. They went on shore and found a clear brook where they filled their casks.

Trinidad is near the mouth of the Orinoco River. This river brought down a vast body of water into the ocean and the current was strong there, and the waves big. One night, when Columbus was on deck, he heard a loud roar in the south. He looked, and saw a great wave coming high as the ship itself. It was rolling toward the ship with a noise like thunder. It was white with foam. He thought it would roll over the ship and destroy it. But instead of that, the ship was lifted up upon it like a cork, and rode there in safety. But the crew were greatly terrified.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.



COLUMBUS THOUGHT THE
EARTH WAS SHAPED LIKE
A PEAR.

Columbus by this time had changed his mind about the shape of the earth. Instead of being round, he now thought it was shaped like a pear, one part of it being higher than the rest, and tapering up toward the sky. And he now thought he had come to that part of the earth which was higher than the rest. For the sky was very clear and blue here, and the air cool and sweet. The coast opposite to La Trinidad was a green and fruitful land; the mornings and evenings were cool and fresh, and even at noon the sun was not very hot.

Now, in this same latitude in Africa, he knew it was hot and dry, and the land was unfruitful. In Africa, too, the people were black, and coarse in manner.

But here the natives were fair, fairer even than in Cuba. They had long hair, and were graceful and bright. So this land, he thought, must be much higher than that in the same latitude in Africa. The great river Orinoco, too, carried its fresh waters far out into the ocean. It ran hard and fast, as though it ran down hill. Yes, he was sure now that he had come to that part of the earth that tapered up toward the sky. And that if he kept sailing on, by and by he would come to the top, and



S. S. A. S
X M Y
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there he would find the Garden of Eden, which we read about in the Bible! For up near the stem of the pear, he thought the Garden of Eden was placed.

We know he was mistaken but so he thought; and he wrote to the king and queen of Spain all about what he thought, and perhaps they thought so too. For many wise men of that day supposed the Garden of Eden was to be found on some part of the earth higher than the rest.

After Columbus set sail upon his third voyage, his enemies were very busy in Spain. They tried to turn the king and queen against him. They said he made his discoveries only for his own profit; that he treated those who went with him badly; that he deceived the king and queen about the countries he had found; they said everything that bad men can say about one whom they wish to injure.



COLUMBUS RETURNING TO SPAIN IN CHAINS.

So finally the king and queen sent Boabdilla out to see about things. If Boabdilla found that Columbus had done wrong, he was to send him home and be governor in his place.

“But,” they said to Boabdilla, “inquire very carefully, and do nothing hastily.”

But Boabdilla did not inquire at all. He at once ordered Columbus to be put in chains. Nobody would do it at first. Put chains upon Columbus, the great discoverer! The good, true, noble man! But at last one of his own servants put the man-

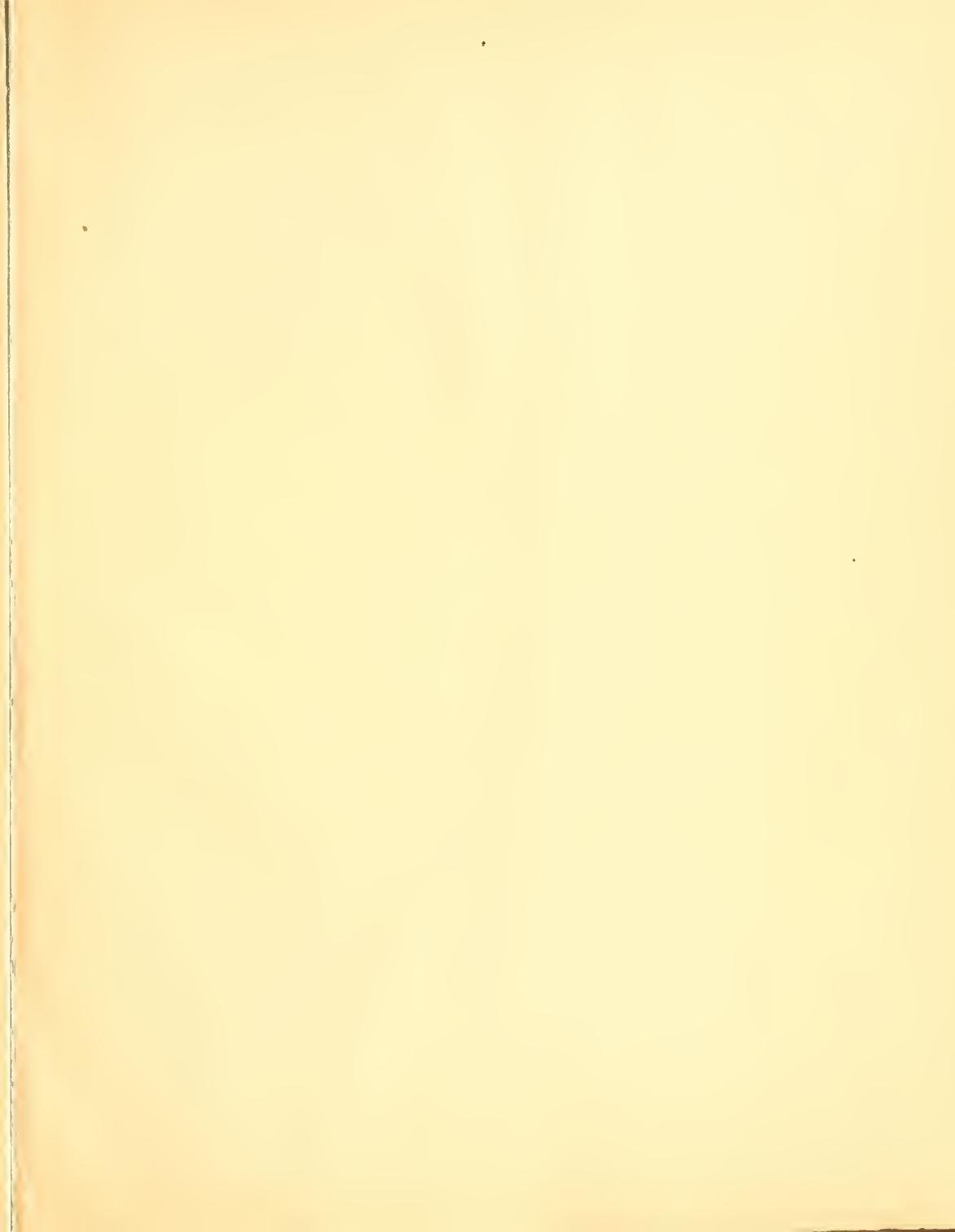
acles on his wrists, and then he was sent home to Spain in chains.

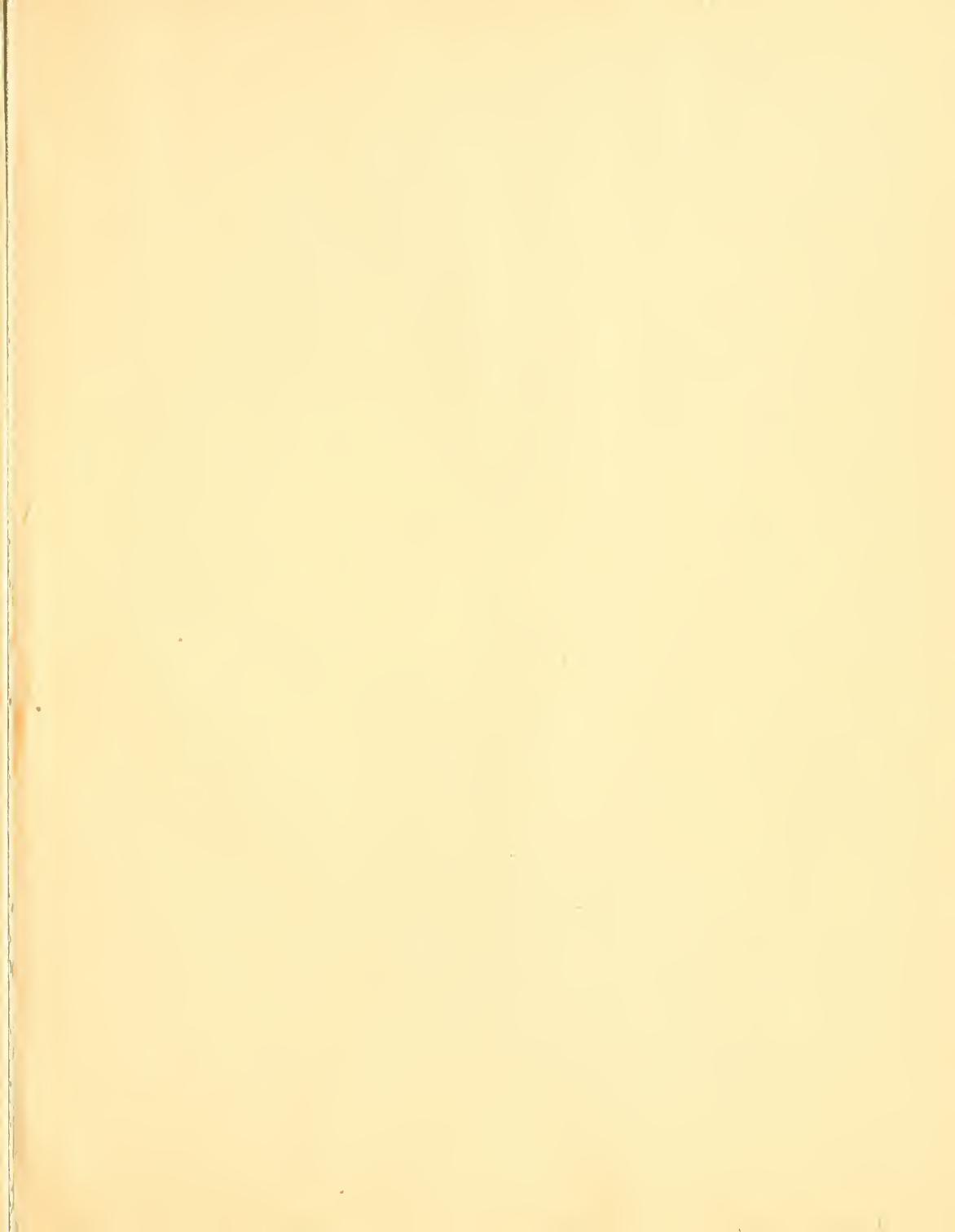
But when he arrived there, Queen Isabella was very angry; and she ordered the chains to be taken off, and Columbus to be brought to her.

When he entered her presence, worn with sorrow and age, mournful, but still carrying himself nobly, the good and tender-hearted queen burst into tears.

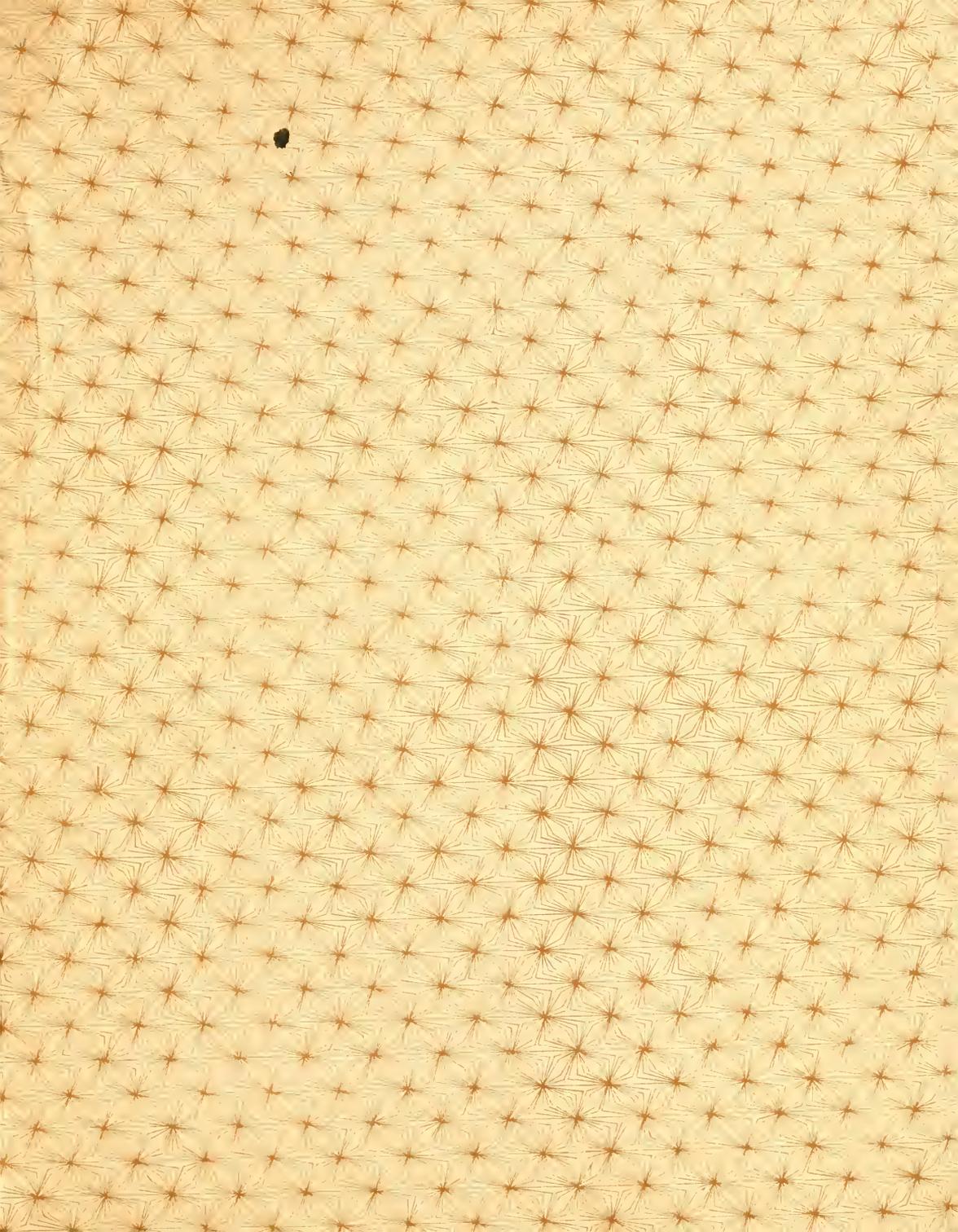
Columbus again obtained leave to make another voyage to the New World. He sailed May 9, 1502. About three weeks after his return from that voyage Queen Isabella died. And by her death Columbus lost his best friend.

He died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, aged seventy years.









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