

Butterworth Hezekiah

The Story of Magellan and The Discovery of the Philippines



Hezekiah Butterworth

**The Story of Magellan and The
Discovery of the Philippines**

«Public Domain»

Butterworth H.

The Story of Magellan and The Discovery of the Philippines /
H. Butterworth — «Public Domain»,

Содержание

CHAPTER I	7
CHAPTER II	9
CHAPTER III	11
CHAPTER IV	14
CHAPTER V	17
CHAPTER VI	21
CHAPTER VII	24
CHAPTER VIII	27
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	29

Butterworth Hezekiah

The Story of Magellan and The Discovery of the Philippines

"Fired by thy fame,¹ and with his King in ire
To match thy deed, shall Magalhaes aspire.

"Along the regions of the burning zone,
To deepest South he dares the course unknown.

"A land of giants shall his eyes behold,
Of camel strength, surpassing human mould.

"Beneath the Southern star's gold gleam he braves
And stems the whirl of land-surrounded waves.

"Forever movèd to the hero's fame,
Those foaming straits shall bear his deathless name."

Camoëns.

PREFACE

I have been asked to write a story of Ferdinand Magellan, the value of whose discoveries has received a new interpretation in the development of the South Temperate Zone of America, and in the ceding of the Philippine Islands to the United States. The works of Lord Stanley and of Guillemard furnish comprehensive histories of the intrepid discoverer of the South Pacific Ocean and the Philippine Islands; but there would seem to be room for a short, picturesque story of Magellan's adventures, such as might be read by family lamps and in schools.

To attempt to write such a story is more than a pleasure, for the study of Magellan reveals a character high above his age; a man unselfish and true, who was filled with a passion for discovery, and who sought the welfare of humanity and the glory of the Cross rather than wealth or fame. Among great discoverers he has left a character well-nigh ideal. The incidents of his life are not only honorable, but usually have the color of chivalry.

His voyages, as pictured by his companion Pigafetta, the historian, give us our first view of the interesting native inhabitants of the South Temperate Zone and of the Pacific archipelagoes, and his adventures with the giants of Patagonia and with the natives of the Ladrone Islands, read almost like stories of Sinbad the Sailor. The simple record of his adventures is in itself a storybook.

Magellan, from his usually high and unselfish character, as well as for the lasting influence of what he did as shown in the new developments of civilization, merits a place among household heroes; and it is in this purpose and spirit I have undertaken a simple sympathetic interpretation of his most noble and fruitful life. I have tried to put into the form of a story the events whose harvests now appear after nearly four hundred years, and to picture truthfully a beautiful and inspiring character. To the narrative of his lone lantern I have added some tales of the Philippines.

¹ Vasco da Gama.

H. Butterworth.

28 Worcester Street, Boston, Mass.

CHAPTER I

A STRANGE ROYAL ORDER

I am to tell the story of a man who had faith in himself.

The clouds and the ocean bear his name. Lord Stanley has called him "the greatest of ancient and modern navigators."

That was a strange royal order, indeed, which Dom Manoel, King of Portugal, issued in the early part of the fifteenth century. It was in effect: "Go to the house of Hernando de Magallanes, in Sabrosa, and tear from it the coat of arms. Hernando de Magallanes (Ferdinand Magellan) has transferred his allegiance to the King of Spain."

The people of the mountain district must have been very much astonished when the cavaliers, if such they were, appeared to execute this order.

As the arms were torn away from the ancient house, we may imagine the alcalde of the place inquiring:

"What has our townsman done? Did he not serve our country well in the East?"

"He is a renegade!" answers the commander.

"But he carried his plans for discovery to our own King first before he went to the court of Spain."

"Say no more! Spain is reaping the fruits of his brain, and under his lead is planting her colonies in the new seas, to the detriment of our country and the shame of the throne. His arms must come down. Portugal rejects his name forever!"

The officers of the King tore down the arms. They thought they had consigned the name for which the arms stood to oblivion. As the Jewish hierarchy said of Spinoza: "Let his name be cast out under the whole heavens!" That name rose again.

Years passed and a nephew of Magellan inherited one of the family estates. He was stoned in the streets on account of his name. This man fled in exile from Portugal to Brazil. He died there, and said: "Let no heir or descendant of mine ever restore the arms of my family."

In his will he wrote:

"I desire that the arms of my family (Magellan) should remain forever obliterated, as was done by order of my Lord and King, *as a punishment for the crime* of Ferdinand Magellan, because he entered the service of Castile to the injury of our kingdom."

It is the history of this same Ferdinand Magellan, whom Portugal and his own family sought to crush out from the world, that we are now about to trace.

Following his highest inspiration, he shut his eyes to the present, and followed the light of the star of destiny in his soul. His discovery seems to open to the West the doors of China.

He was filled from boyhood with a passion for finding unknown lands and waters; he was haunted by ideals and visions of noble exploits for the good of mankind. His own country, Portugal, would not listen to his projects at the time that he offered them to the court; so, like Columbus, Vespucci, and Cabot, he sought the favor of another country. Nothing could stand before the high purpose of his soul. "If not by Portugal, then by Spain," he said to an intimate friend; meaning that, if his own country denied him the favor of giving him an opportunity for exploration, he would present his cause to the court of Spain, which he did.

This man, whose real name was Fernao de Magalhaes, was born about the year 1480, at Sabrosa, in Portugal, a wintry district where the hardy soil and the "gloomy grandeur" of the mountain scenery produced men of strong bodies and lofty spirit. He belonged to a noble family, "one of the noblest in the kingdom." His boyhood was passed in the sierras. He had a love of works of geography and travel, and he dreamed even then of sunny zones, undiscovered waters, and unknown regions of the

world. Henry the Navigator and his school of pilots, astronomers, and explorers, had left the country full of the spirit of new discoveries which yet lived.

He went to the capital of Portugal to be educated, and was made a page to the Queen. He was yet a boy when Columbus returned, bringing the enthralling news of a new world. Spain was filled with excitement at the event; her cities rang with jubilees by day and flared with torches at night. Portugal caught the new spirit of her late King, Henry the Navigator, and was ambitious to rival the discoveries of Spain. She had already established herself in the glowing realms of India.

In 1509 Magellan went to the West Indies in the service of the Portuguese Government. He joined the expedition that discovered the Spice Islands of Banda, and it became his conviction that these islands could be reached by a new ocean way.

A great vision arose in his mind. It was a suggestion that never left him until he saw its fulfillment in an unexpected way on seas of which he never had dreamed.

This view was that he could sail around the world and reach the Spice Islands by the way of the West.

In the service of the King against the Moors in one of the Portuguese wars, he received a wound which healed, but left him lame for life. He, like other officers, sent in his claim for the pension due to such service. He received answer from the parsimonious King (Dom Manoel):

"Your claim is not good. Your wound has healed."

He was wounded more deeply by this insult than he could have been by any poisoned dart from the Moors. That he should have been refused the recognition of those who had shed blood in his country's cause rankled in his heart, especially as he saw his comrades paraded in honor and pensioned for lesser disabilities. He left Portugal, as an exile, and went to Spain.

Here the high aspirations of the lame soldier met with recognition, and it was this service that caused the Portuguese King to issue the strange order which has introduced the young and high-spirited grandee to the readers of this story.

If he had faults – as far as history records he had no vices – his high aim overcame them. He had caught the spirit of Portuguese Henry the Navigator, and his soul had glowed when the fame of Columbus first thrilled Spain. He had learned the history of Vasco da Gama, whose name was the glory of Portugal. He had educated himself for action.

It was the age of opportunity. He saw it; he could not know the way, but he knew the guide that was in him. As a son of the Church, which he then was, he consecrated all he had to her glory. What was fame, what was wealth, what was anything to becoming a benefactor of the world, and living forever in the heart of all mankind?

So his deserted house crumbled in Sabrosa, and his coat of arms did not there reappear until centuries had followed the course of his genius, and the whole world came to know his worth.

In view of recent events his character becomes one of the most interesting of past history.

After nearly four hundred years that cast-out name rises like a star!

Why, in the view of to-day, was that name cast out?

Because Magellan saw his duty in a larger life than in the restrictions of a provincial court. The lesson has its significance. He who sinks self and policy, and follows his highest duty and enters the widest field, will in the final judgment of man receive the noblest and best reward.

We love a lover of mankind, and it strengthens faith and hope to follow the keel of such a sailor on any sea.

CHAPTER II

FRIENDS WITH A PURPOSE

Souls kindle kindred souls, and the inspirations of friendship commonly form a part of the early history of beneficent lives.

One of Magellan's early friends was Francisco Serrao, who sailed with him for Malacca, a great mart of merchandise in the East. It was to him that Magellan wrote that he would meet him again in the East, "if not by the way of Portugal, by that of Spain;" words of signal import, which we have already quoted.

Serrao had a very curious, romantic, and pathetic history. He lived in the times of the Portuguese Viceroy of India. He was made captain of a ship which sought to explore the Spice Islands, which were then held to be the paradise of the East. Cloves and nutmegs then were luxuries, and when brought to Portugal bore the flavor of the sun lands of the far-off mysterious seas.

At Banda ships were loaded with spices. On sailing there Serrao suffered shipwreck and was cast upon a reef and found refuge on a deserted island. The place was a resort of pirates or wreckers. Some pirates sighted the wreck of the ship and sought to plunder the wreckage.

"We have no ship, and the island is without food or water," said Serrao to his men. "Hide under the rock and obey me, and we will soon have a ship and water and food."

The men hid among the caverns of the reef. The pirates landed, and left their ship for the wreckage.

Serrao rushed through the surf, followed by his men, and boarded the pirates' vessel.

The wreckers were filled with terror when they saw what would be their fate if left there, and they begged to be taken on board, and were received by Serrao as prisoners.

Serrao traded for many years among the Spice Islands and was advanced to high positions, but was poisoned at last, as is supposed, by an intrigue of the King of Tidor.

One of the most inspiring of Magellan's friends was Ruy Faleiro, who had wonderful instincts and a wide vision, but who became a madman. Faleiro was a Portuguese who, like Magellan, was out of favor with the court. He was an astronomer, a geographer, and an astrologer. He had a fiery and impulsive temper, but with it a passion for discovery, and so was drawn into Magellan's heart by gravitation. The two journeyed together, studied together, and started at about the same time for Spain. At Seville they met in a club of famous discoverers, students, and refugees.

They had one vision in common, that there was a short route to the Moluccas by the way of the West. The route was not what they dreamed it to be; but there was a new way to the Spice Islands by the West and East, a way that probably no voyager from Europe had ever seen, and their vision was decisive of one of the greatest events – the circumnavigation of the world. The angle of vision was not true in their private meetings, nor had Magellan's been before they met; but another angle leading from it was true, and would cause a change of the conception of the world when poor Ruy Faleiro's brain was losing its hold on such entrancing hopes.

"We can reach Molucca by a short voyage to the West," said Ruy Faleiro.

"I am sure that I can do this, if I can have an expedition such as the King of Spain can give me," said Magellan.

"You must never communicate this secret to any man," said Ruy.

"I will never mention the subject to any but you," said Magellan, "until we can act together."

The vision of finding the East by a short passage to the West, involved so great a prospect of human progress and glory that it would not let Magellan rest at any time. It haunted him wherever he went. He began to talk about it under restraint, and friends came to see what was on his mind and to take advantage of it.

The fiery Ruy Faleiro, when he found that his friend had opened their confidential secret, partly broke friendship with him. Magellan could only acknowledge his error, and say that he never meant in his heart to betray the secrets of his friend, the cosmographer.

Faleiro dreamed on, but his mind weakened.

The popular legend about this unhappy man was, that being an astrologer he cast his own horoscope, and found that the expedition that he hoped to command would be lost, and so feigned madness. This is only a story.

Faleiro died in Seville about 1523.

It would be interesting to know if he lived to hear of the great discovery of his old friend Magellan, and if he joined in the general rejoicing over it. It is probable that he lived to see the strange ways by which his countryman had been led, not over a short passage, but over far-distant seas. His was a pitiable fate; but his name merits honorable mention among men, who, like Miranda in South America, have inspired great deeds which they themselves could not accomplish.

Men of vision and men of action are essential to each other; for many men can see what only a few others can perform.

Magellan married Beatriz Barbosa about the year 1518. He was the father of one son. His wife died shortly after hearing the news of his great discovery of the Pacific and the new way to the East.

He was now prepared to go to Charles V, King of Spain, son of the demented Queen Joanna, the daughter of Isabella, and to lay before him a plan of opening a short way to the East by sailing West. This purpose more and more absorbed his soul – he himself was nothing, discovery was everything. The frown of Portugal no longer cast any deep shadow over his life; it was his mission to *find*. He heard in the acclaim of Columbus a prophecy of what his own name would one day be.

CHAPTER III

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR AND VASCO DA GAMA

All things follow suggestion and inspiration, and the discovery of the Western World owes much to the heart and brain of Prince Henry, called the Navigator. Although the son of a King, he felt that he was more than that – a son of Humanity. He took up his residence far from the pomp of courts on the bleak, bare, solitary promontory of Sagres, the sharp angle of Western Europe. Here he could see the sun go down on the western sea, day by day. Some inward genius like a haunting spirit seemed to beckon his thoughts toward the West.

In view of his abode on a tall headland were the ruins of a Druidical temple, where Strabo tells us the gods used to assemble at night under the moon and stars. So the place was called the Sacrum Promontorium, and it was in this region that Prince Henry schooled his soul in navigation and sought to inspire all adventurers upon the sea. "Farther" was his motto, and "Farther yet!" In his solitude he called to him a company of restless spirits with a passion for discovery, and said to them all, "Farther," and "Farther yet!"

The night of the dark ages was passing, and in the new dawn of civilization, Prince Henry had visions of new ways to India, the magnificent; the land of gold, gems, and spices, where the sun shone on gardens of palms and seas of glory.

There were no lighthouses then on the African coast; there were no sea charts, and the compass was but little known. But there were eternal stars, and under them were the living instincts that awaken genius.

Prince Henry the Navigator was the fourth son of King Joao I, or John the Great, and of Queen Philippa, of the Roses. He was a great-grandson of Edward III, of England.

Prince Henry's motto was "*Talent de bien faire*" – "talent of good faculty." The motto furnishes in brief a history of his life.

The first fruit of Prince Henry's geographical studies was the discovery of the islands of Madeira; but there were islands beyond Madeira, and his restless spirit cried out in the night: "Farther!" and "Farther yet!"

Cape Bojador, farther "than the farthest point of the earth," rose just before the supposed regions of sea monsters, fire, and darkness. Prince John sent a navigator there, and found serene seas. "Farther!"

In 1446 the Prince obtained a charter of the Canary Islands. His ships next discovered the Azores. But there were lands and islands and seas "farther yet."

Prince Henry died in 1463, about thirty years before the triumph of Columbus.

He was the father of modern discovery, the spirit of which rested not until the map of the whole world could be drawn. He was buried in a splendid tomb, and the pupils of his school of cosmography and navigation continued to penetrate the ocean farther and farther to the South and West. Vasco da Gama opened the ocean ways to India, and the two great navigators, Columbus and Magellan, owed much to the spirit of the Prince who left courts that he might find a school amid the sea desolations of St. Vincent, in order to inspire young sailors to venture always "Farther!" and "Farther yet!"

We must here tell you something of Vasco da Gama, in order that you may better understand the plan and purpose of Magellan.

Take your map of the world. Before the passage to India was discovered by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope, Africa, the trade between Asia and Europe was carried on in this manner: There was a great commercial city on the southern coast of Arabia (Arabia Felix) called Alda, or Port Alda. It was a city of merchants. To this port came the ships from the East – China, Japan, India – laden

with gold, silk, and spices. The merchants of Alda carried these goods to the Port of Suez on the Red Sea. Thence the merchandise was conveyed on camels to the Nile and to Alexandria, Egypt, and thence by ships to the ports of the Mediterranean.

Vasco da Gama discovered a new way to India by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and when he returned from that voyage all Europe rang with his praise. His discovery of the way to India from the Mediterranean by rounding Africa was one of the most momentous ever made. Vasco da Gama holds rank with Columbus in the unveiling of the mysteries of the ocean world.

King John the Navigator had heard such wonderful tales of India that he wished to find a way there by water. He accordingly sent one Bartholomeu Diaz on an expedition with this end in view. Diaz did not find India, but he found a cape on the southernmost point of Africa, which he doubled.

So fearful were the tempests there that he called it the Cape of Storms.

But King John saw that the islands of India lay in that direction, and he exclaimed in delight on hearing Diaz's narrative of the tempestuous place:

"'Tis the Cape of Good Hope!" This gave the cape its name.

A Jewish astrologer told Dom Manoel, King of Portugal, that the riches of India could yet be found by way of the sea. Of such a discovery the new King dreamed. Who should he get to undertake a voyage with such a purpose?

One day, as he sat in his halls among his courtiers and grandees studying maps, a man of about thirty years, who had a noble bearing, entered an outer apartment. A sword hung by his side.

The King, who had been thinking of his great mariners, lifted his face and said:

"Thank God! I have found my man. Bring to me Vasco da Gama."

He it was that stood in the outer hall.

"Vasco," said the King, "I know your soul. For the glory of Portugal you must find India by the way of the sea!"

"I am at your service, sire, while life shall last."

"Depart in all haste."

It was March, 1497. Vasco da Gama raised his sails and departed from Lisbon.

He passed the "Cape of Good Hope," and met with many adventures, the narratives of which would fill a book.

He crossed the India Ocean, blown pleasantly on by the trade winds.

One day a loud cry arose:

"Land! land!"

The pilot came running to Vasco da Gama, and fell at his feet.

"Captain, behold India!"

The shores of India rose in the burning light of the tropic seas. Vasco da Gama saw them and fell upon his knees.

Mountain rose above mountain, and hill over hill; then green palms and shining beaches came into view like scenes of enchantment.

"That is Cananor," said the Moorish pilot; "the great city of Calicut is twelve leagues distant."

They sailed over those twelve leagues of clear resplendent waters and came to Calicut, or Malabar. That day of discovery was Portugal's glory.

Calicut was a merchant city of the East, and one of the most famous of India. Here came Arabian and Egyptian merchants. It was a Mohammedan city, and the princes of Calicut encouraged trade between the Arabs and Hindoos. The city was now to become an emporium for the Western World.

After many adventures in Malabar, Vasco da Gama cruised along the coast of India. Everything was wonderful, and the wonders grew.

In September, 1499, he returned, and was received like a sovereign by the Portuguese King. His arrival was a holiday, the glory of which has lived in all Portuguese holidays until now.

He was given titles of distinction. He was made a Viceroy of India.

Twenty years after these events Magellan was destined to discover *another* way to India.

CHAPTER IV

THE ENTHUSIASTS CARRY THEIR PLANS TO THE KING

Magellan, full of his project of finding a short way to the rich spicery by sailing West, now sought the favor of the Spanish court. Gold has ever been the royal want, and nobles have always had open ears to schemes that promised to fill the public treasury.

Magellan's interesting friend Francisco Serrao, who had remained in the Indian possessions of the Portuguese, after Magellan's return, had discovered resources of the tropical seas of the Orient that were almost boundless. He had written to Magellan:

"If you would become rich return to the Moluccas."

This letter would be a sufficient passport to the nobles who had the ear of the King. He showed the letter to the King's ministers.

He thought that the point of South America turned *westward*, as the Cape of Good Hope toward the East. He had an imaginary map in his mind of an ocean world whose shape had no real existence, but that answered well as a theory.

Magellan had brought a globe from Portugal on which he had drawn the undiscovered world as he thought it existed. The strait which he had hoped to find was omitted on this globe in his drawings that no navigator might anticipate his discovery.

Some of the ministers listened to the project with indifference, a few with ridicule; but as a rule Magellan appealed to willing ears. The ministers as a body agreed to commend the enterprise to the King. The Haros of Antwerp, the Rothschilds of the time, favored the expedition. So Magellan and Faleiro made out a petition of formal proposals which they desired to present to the King, and awaited the opportunity.

That opportunity soon came. Charles V, son of Joanna, who was passing her days in solitude and grief on account of the loss of her husband, was on his way to Aragon. He was Emperor of Germany and King of Spain. He was a youth now; having been born in Ghent, February 24, 1500. He came to the throne of Spain in 1516, as the disordered intellect of his mother made her incapable of reigning. He was elected German Emperor in 1519.

In his youth he had been dissolute. Seeing the responsibilities that he owed to the world and the age, he suddenly received new moral impulses and conquered himself, and his moral life was followed by a religious disposition. He received from the Pope the title of Roman Emperor. His powerful intellect subdued a great part of continental Europe to his will; but he became weary of the cares of state, retired from the world, and ended his life as a religious recluse.

The young King entered Spain in triumph, but amid the glare of receptions his ears were not dull to projects for acquiring gold.

Magellan and Faleiro, under the commendation of the ministry, were soon able to lay their project before the young grandson of the great Isabella. He received them in the spirit that Isabella had met Columbus. He approved their plans, and charged them to make preparations for the expedition.

Charles entered Zaragoza in May, 1518, a youth of eighteen, and Magellan and Faleiro followed the royal train on its triumphal march in the blooming days of the year. They were happy men, and their glowing visions added to the joy of the court on its journey amid singing nightingales and pealing bells.

The royal name signed to Magellan's commission was "Juana," who had been the favorite daughter of Queen Isabella, who had signed the commission of Columbus.² This royal daughter of

² Donna Juana and Don Carlos, her son, by the grace of God, Queen and King of Castile, Leon, Aragon, the two Sicilies, and

Aragon and Castile was born at Toledo, November 6, 1479. She was in the bloom of her girlhood when the news of the return of Columbus thrilled Spain.

She was a girl of ardent affections; a lover of music; not beautiful, but charming in manner; and at the age of eighteen was betrothed to Philip of the Low Countries, called Philip the Handsome.

The wedding of this daughter of Isabella was to be celebrated in Flanders by fêtes of unusual splendor. A fleet of one hundred and thirty vessels prepared to bear the bride to her handsome Prince. The ships were under the command of the chivalrous admiral of Castile.

Juana took leave of her mother at the end of August, 1496, and embarked at the port of Laredo. A more interesting bride under more joyous circumstances had seldom gone forth to meet a bridegroom.

The sails covered the sea under the flags of the glory of Spain. They drifted away amid music and shoutings, but the salvos of the guns had hardly died away before terrible storms arose. The fleet was shattered, and many of the vessels were lost.

The young bride herself arrived in Flanders safely, and her marriage with the archduke followed at Lille.

When Queen Isabella heard of the birth of Charles, she recalled that it fell on the day of Matthias, and exclaimed, "*Sors cecidit super Mathiam*" – "the lot fell upon Matthias."

She predicted that the infant would become the King of Spain.

Philip and Juana were summoned to Spain to meet the people over whom it then seemed probable that they would soon be called to reign. They entered France in 1501, attended by Flemish nobles, and wherever they went was a holiday. There were weeks of splendid fêtes in honor of the progress.

When Ferdinand and Isabella heard of the arrival of Philip and Juana in Spain they hastened to Toledo to meet them. Here Philip and his Queen received the allegiance of the Cortes.

But Philip was a gay Prince, and he loved the dissipations of Flanders more than his wife or the interests of his prospective Spanish possessions. So he left his wife, and returned to Flanders.

The conduct of the handsome Prince drove Juana mad. She loved him so fondly that she thought only of him, and sat in silence day after day with her eyes fixed on the ground, as an historian says, "equally regardless of herself, her future subjects, and her afflicted parents."

She subsequently joined Philip at Burgos. Here Philip died of fever after overexertion at a game of ball. Juana never left his bedside, or shed a tear. Her grief obliterated nearly all things in life, and she was dumb. Her only happiness now, except in music, was to be with his dead body.

She removed her husband's remains to Santa Clara.

The body was placed on a magnificent car, and was accompanied in the long way to the tomb by a train of nobles and priests. Juana never left it. She would not allow it to be moved by day. She said:

"A widow who has lost the sun of her soul should never expose herself to the light of day!"

Wherever the procession halted, she ordered new funeral ceremonies. She forbade nuns to approach the body. Finding the coffin had been carried to a nunnery at a stage of the journey, she had it removed to the open fields, where she watched by it, and caused the embalmed body to be revealed to her by torches. She had a tomb made for the remains in sight of her palace windows in Santa Clara, and she watched over it in silence for forty-seven years, taking little interest in any other thing.

But as she survived Ferdinand and Isabella, her name for a time was affixed to royal commissions, and so Magellan sailed in the service of Charles under the signature of Juana, who was silently watching over her husband's tomb, in the hope that the Prince would one day rise again.

Jerusalem, of Navarra, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, the Mallorcas, Seville, Sardinia, Cordova, Corsica, Murcia, Jaen, the Algarves, of Aljazira, Gibraltar, of the Canary Isles, of the Indies, isles and mainland of the Ocean-sea, Counts of Barcelona, Lords of Biscay and Molina, Dukes of Athens and Neopatria, Counts of Roussillon and Cerdana, Marquises of Euristan and Gociano, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Bergona and Brabant, Counts of Flanders and Tirol, etc.

We relate this narrative to give a view of the events of the period, and for the same reason we must speak of another eminent person who acted in the place of the Queen in her unhappy state of mind.

This was the great political genius of the time, the virtuous and benevolent Cardinal Ximenes, statesman, archbishop, the heart of the people and the conscience of the Church. He was born of a humble family in Castile in 1487. He was educated in Rome. His character and learning were such that Queen Isabella chose him for her confessor, and made him Archbishop of Toledo, with the approval of the Pope.

On the death of Philip in 1505, he was made regent for Juana. Ferdinand named Ximenes regent of Spain on his deathbed, until Charles V should return from Flanders to Spain.

The regency of Ximenes was one of honor and glory. He himself lived humbly and simply amid all his associations of pomp and power.

He maintained thirty poor persons daily at his own cost, and gave half of his income to charity. He excited the jealousy of Charles V at last, and lost his power in consequence. He lived to extreme age, and left a character that Spain has ever loved to hold in honor.

Such was the political condition of Spain in the early days of Magellan.

CHAPTER V

ABOUT THE HAPPY ITALIAN WHO WISHED TO SEE THE WORLD. – BEAUTIFUL SEVILLE!

We should have known but little of the adventures of Magellan, but for Antonia Pigafetta, Chevalier, and Knight of Rhodes.

He was a young Italian of a susceptible heart and happy imagination.

He came wandering to Barcelona, Spain, in the generation that remembered Columbus, and the splendid scenes that welcomed the return of Columbus on the field of Sante Fé. He must have heard the enthralling description of those golden days – he could not be a Columbus; but, if he could win the good will of Magellan, he might go after Columbus and see what no Europeans had seen.

So he wandered the streets of Barcelona and heard the tales of the events that occurred when the "Viceroy of the Isles" was received there by Isabella.

What days those had been! The march of Columbus through Spain to meet Isabella at Sante Fé, was such as had a demigod appeared on earth. Spain was thrilled. The world knew no night. The trumpets of heralds rent the air, and men's hearts swelled high at the tales of the golden empires that Colon had added to Aragon and Castile. Alas! they did not know that there are riches which do not enrich, and that it is only the gold that does good that ennobles.

As Columbus approached with his glittering cavaliers songs rent the air, whose words have been interpreted —

"Thy name, O Fernando!
Through all earth shall be sounded,
Columbus has triumphed,
His foes are confounded!"

or

"Thy name, Isabella,
Through all earth shall be sounded,
Columbus has triumphed,
His foes are confounded!"

To Aragon and Castile Columbus had "given a new world." Peals of golden horns shook the delighted cities, where balconies overflowed with flowers.

His reception at Barcelona by the King and Queen had been made inconceivably splendid:

"That was a glorious day
That dawned on Barcelona. Banners filled
The thronging towers, the old bells rung, and blasts
Of lordly trumpets seemed to reach the sky
Cerulean. All Spain had gathered there,
And waited there his coming; Castilian knights,
Gay cavaliers, hidalgos young, and e'en the old
Puissant grandees of far Aragon,
With glittering mail and waving plumes and all
The peasant multitude with bannerets

And charms and flowers.
"Beneath pavilions
Of brocades of gold, the Court had met.
The dual crowns of Leon old and proud Castile
There waited him, the peasant mariner.
"The heralds waited
Near the open gates; the minstrels young and fair
Upon the tapestries and arras'd walls,
And everywhere from all the happy provinces
The wandering troubadours.
"Afar was heard
A cry, a long acclaim. Afar was seen
A proud and stately steed with nodding plumes,
Bridled with gold, whose rider stately rode,
And still afar a long and sinuous train
Of silvery cavaliers. A shout arose,
And all the city, all the vales and hills,
With acclamations rung.
"He came, the Genoese,
With reverent look and calm and lofty mien,
And saw the wondering eyes and heard the cries,
And trumpet peals, as one who followed still
Some Guide unseen.
"Before his steed
Crowned Indians marched with lowly faces,
And wondered at the new world that they saw;
Gay parrots screamed from their gold-circled arms,
And from their crests swept airy plumes. The sun
Shone full in splendor on the scene, and here
The old and new world met!"

The young Italian Chevalier, Pigafetta, Knight of Rhodes, visited the scenes that his own countryman had made immortal by his voyage.

He thought of the plumed Indians and of the birds of splendid plumage that Columbus had brought back.

He heard much of Magellan, the "new Columbus." Why might he not go out upon unknown seas with him and discover new races, and bring back with him tropic spices, birds, and flowers?

He journeyed to Seville and there met Magellan. He entered into the dreams of the new navigator. He asked Magellan to let him sail with him.

"Why do you wish to enter upon such a hazardous undertaking?"

"I am desirous of seeing the wonderful things of the ocean!"

Magellan saw it was so. The Spaniards might distrust him, the Portuguese be jealous of him, but here was a man who would have no race prejudices – a man after his own heart, whom he could trust.

"You wish to see the wonders of the ocean world?" he asked.

"Yes, and I can write, and whatever I may do, and wherever I may go, I will always be true to you – the heart of Pigafetta will always be loyal to the Admiral!"

"My Italian Chevalier, you may embark with me to see the wonders of the ocean world. You shall follow my lantern."

From that hour the young Italian lived in anticipation. What new lands would he see, what palm islands, what gigantic men and strange birds, and inhabitants of the sea?

The young Knight of Rhodes had spoken truly, whatever light might fail, his heart would ever be true to the Admiral.

So the Knight embarked with the rude crew to follow, in the silences of uncharted seas, the lantern of Magellan.

He composed on the voyage a narrative for Villiers de l'Isle Adams, Grand Master of Rhodes. By this narrative we are still able to follow in fancy the lantern of Magellan through the straits that now bear the name of Magellan, to the newly discovered Pacific, and around the world.

His character was as spirited as Magellan's was noble.

We will sail with him in our voyage around the world, for *he* went all the way and bore the news of Magellan's triumphs to Seville again.

Beautiful Seville! We must glance at the city here. She was the pride of Spain in those times when Spain dazzled the world. The Hispal of the Phoenicians, the Hispales of the Roman conquest, and the Seville of the Moors! Her glory had arisen in the twilight of history, and had grown with the advancement of the race.

She was indeed beautiful at the time when Magellan was preparing for the sea. The Moorish period had passed leaving her rich in arts and treasures, and splendid architecture.

Situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, circular in shape and surrounded with more than a hundred Moorish towers, and about ten miles in circumference, she rivaled the cities of Europe and of the Orient.

The great cathedral was being completed at that time, a mountain of art, arising from its plain of marble. It was four hundred and thirty-one feet long, and three hundred and fifteen feet wide, with solemn and grand arches lighted by the finest windows in Spain, perhaps the most enchanting lights through which the sun ever shone. The altars were enriched by the wealth of discovery.

Over this mountain of gold, marbles, and gems gleamed the Giralda, or weather vane, in the form of a statue, three hundred and fifty feet high.

Seville at this time was a city of churches. To these, sailors resorted while waiting for an expedition to complete its preparations for the sea, for most of them were good Catholics, and such as hoped for God's favor in the enterprise upon which they were about to enter.

Here, too, was the old Moorish palace, the Alcázar, with its delicate lacework like the walls of the Alhambra, but richer in color. In this palace was the Hall of the Ambassadors, one of the most enchanting apartments ever created by the genius of man.

In the latter dream of Moorish fancy have passed aching hearts, as well as those filled with wonder and delight. Here Pedro the Cruel received one of the kings of Granada, and murdered him with his own hand, to rob him of the jewels that adorned his person.

The tales of Pedro the Cruel haunted the city at this time.

We are told that this monarch used to go about the city in disguise.

One night he went out thus to serenade a beautiful lady. As he approached the balcony with his guitar where the lady lived, he saw another man there, who had come for the same purpose. The rival musician filled him with rage, and the King rushed upon him and struck him down and killed him.

He fled away. He reasoned that as he was in disguise no one could know him.

There was an old woman who kept a bakery across the way from the house where the noble lady lived. She was looking out of her window at the time of the murder. She saw the act, and got a view of the terrible face of the royal musician as he was fleeing away.

"That was the King himself," said the old bake woman. "By my soul, that was the King!"

The next day the news of the murder filled the city. The murdered man was a person of rank and importance. The people were alarmed and indignant.

"Who did the deed?" was a question that arose to every lip.

The King, cruel as he was, did not wish to be suspected of being a street assassin. So he issued a proclamation in this form:

"Unless the alcalde (judge) of Seville shall discover the murderer of the gallant musician within three days, the alcalde shall lose his head."

The city judge began to make great exertions to discover the murderer.

The old bake woman came to him and said:

"I know who did the deed. But silence, silence! I saw it with my own eyes, but we must be still. It was the King himself!"

The alcalde dared not accuse the King, and yet he must save his own head. What was he to do?

He made an image of the King. He then went to the palace.

"O King! I have found the murderer. I have brought him here to receive sentence."

The King was glad that a suspected person had been found, so that the public thought might be directed to the suspect.

"What shall be done with him?" asked the alcalde.

"What! He who would slay a musician about to serenade a noble lady?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"What shall be done with him? I condemn him to death. Bring him before me."

The alcalde brought in the image of the King, and uncovered it.

The King beheld himself.

"I will save *your* head," said the King, and the alcalde went thoughtfully away.

CHAPTER VI

ENEMIES. – ESTEBAN GORMEZ

No man living could better know what he needed for such a stupendous and unprecedented undertaking than Magellan, who had already been to the spicery of the Orient in the service of Albuquerque, the Portuguese Viceroy. Under the royal sanction, the dockyards of Seville were at his command. He repaired to Seville, and was there looked upon as one destined to harvest the wealth of the Indies.

But as soon as it became known in Portugal that Magellan was to lead a new expedition of discovery, the mistake that the King had made in rejecting the proposal of the lame soldier, to whom he had refused pension honors, became apparent. The court saw what this rejected man of positive purpose and invaluable knowledge of navigation might accomplish. Should his dreams be prophetic and his projects prove successful, the glory would go to Spain, and the King would be held responsible for another mistake like that which his predecessor had made in the case of Columbus.

What must the court of Portugal do? The hammers were flying in Seville on the ships loading for the voyage. Magellan was making up his crews. Spain had faith in him, and he had faith in himself; never a man had more.

Portugal must prevent the expedition. The Crown must appeal to Magellan to withdraw from it. The King must ask young King Charles to dismiss Magellan as an act of royal courtesy. If these efforts were not successful, it was argued that the expedition must be arrested by force, or Magellan must be murdered by secret spies of the court.

The fleet preparing was to consist of five ships with ample equipment. These were named the *Trinidad*, the *San Antonio*, of one hundred and twenty Spanish tons each; the *Concepcion*, of ninety Spanish tons; the *Victoria*, of eighty-five tons; and the *Santiago*, of seventy-five. The *Victoria*, the ship of destiny, was to circumnavigate the globe.

And now while the hammers were at work, the dull King of Portugal began to arouse himself to arrest the plan, and the court, seeing his spirit, acted with him.

In the bright days in Zaragoza Magellan had been warned that he was in danger of being assassinated. But he did not take alarm. As his project rose into public view at Seville he must have known that he was surrounded by spies, but he did not heed them; he kept right on, marching forward as it were after the inspiration that had taken possession of his soul.

There was an India House in Seville, composed of merchants, and these were favorable to the expedition. In Spain everything favored Magellan.

Aluaro da Costa was the Portuguese minister to the court of Spain. He plotted against Magellan, and sought an interview with young Charles in order to induce him to eliminate the Portuguese from the expedition. Charles was about to become a brother-in-law to Dom Manoel, and Aluaro da Costa could appeal to the King in this cause in many ways.

Full of diplomacy and craft, he met the King who had to weigh the prospect of gold and glory against this personal argument. Gold outweighed the family considerations, for Charles in his young days was a man of powerful ambitions.

Aluaro da Costa wrote to Dom Manoel a graphic account of this interview. It shows how politic ministers of state were in those days. We can not give the reader a clearer view of some of the obstacles against which Magellan had to contend in those perilous days in Spain than by citing Aluaro's account to Dom Manoel of his interview with young Charles V in his intrigue against Magellan:

"Sire: Concerning Ferdinand Magellan's affair, how much I have done and how I have labored, God knows, as I have written you at length; and now I have spoken upon the subject very strongly to the King, putting before him all the inconveniences that in this case may arise, and also representing

to him what an ugly matter it was, and how unusual for one King to receive the subjects of another King, his friend, contrary to his wish, a thing unheard of among cavaliers, and accounted both ill-judged and ill-seeming. Yet I had just put your Highness and your Highness's possessions at his service in Valladolid at the moment that, he was harboring these persons against your will. I begged him to consider that this was not the time to offend your Highness, the more so in an affair which was of so little importance and so uncertain; and that he would have plenty of subjects of his own and men to make discoveries when the time came, without availing himself of those malcontents of your Highness, whom your Highness could not fail to believe likely to labor more for your disservice than for anything else; also that his Highness had had until now so much to do in discovering his own kingdoms and dominions, and in settling them, that he ought not to turn his attention to these new affairs, from which dissensions and other matters, which may well be dispensed with, may result.

"I also presented to him the bad appearance that this would have at the very moment of the marriage – the ratification of friendship and affection. And also that it seemed to me that your Highness would much regret to learn that these men asked leave of him to return,³ and that he did not grant it, the which are two faults – the receiving them contrary to your desire, and the retaining them contrary to their own. And I begged of him, both for his own and for your Highness's sake, that he would do one of two things: either permit them to go, or put off the affair for this year, by which he would not lose much; and means might be taken whereby he might be obliged, and your Highness might not be offended, as you would be were this scheme carried out.

"He was so surprised, sire, at what I told him, that I also was surprised; but he replied to me with the best words in the world, saying that on no account did he wish to offend your Highness, and many other good words; and he suggested that I should speak to the Cardinal, and confide the whole matter to him.

"May the Lord increase the life and dominions of your Highness to his holy service. From Saragoca, Tuesday night, the 28th day of September.

"I kiss the hands of your Highness,
"ALVARO DA COSTA."

Court intrigue against Magellan did not avail. There was one thing statecraft could do. It could set spies on Magellan on board his own ships. This it succeeded in doing.

There was in Spain at this time a Portuguese adventurer and navigator by the name of Estevan or Esteban Gormez – Stephen Gormez.

He was a student of navigation, and was restless to follow the examples of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. He had applied to the court of Spain – probably to Cardinal Ximenes, for a commission to go on a voyage of discovery and he had received a favorable answer, and was preparing to embark, when Magellan appeared at court and promised to find the Spice Islands by way of South America.

Magellan's scheme was so much larger and definite than that of Gormez that the court canceled its favors to the lesser plans, and Gormez had to abandon his prospects of sailing under the royal favors of Spain.

The eyes of Spain were now fixed on Magellan.

"I will find a way to the Spice Islands by South America or by the West," said Magellan to the ministers of the King, "or you may have my head."

These were bold words. Magellan had not only been to the Spice Islands, but he had gone out on the very voyage that discovered some of them. He had behaved heroically on the voyage. So his application to the court superseded the plan of Gormez and the latter sunk out of sight.

In his despondency at the failure of his plans, Gormez came to Magellan.

³ This statement there is every reason to believe was a pure fiction of Da Costa.

"My countryman," said Gormez, "your schemes have supplanted mine and turned my ships into air. I was the first to plan a voyage to the Moluccas out of the wake of hurricanes and monsoons. I do not feel that I have been treated rightly. Something surely is due to me."

Magellan was a man of generous impulses. He saw that Gormez had a case for moral appeal.

"My friend," said he, "you shall have a place in my expedition."

He could but think that the inspiration and knowledge of navigation of his countryman would be useful to him, and he pitied him for his disappointment, knowing how he himself would feel were his plans to be set aside.

So Gormez, the Portuguese, was made the pilot of the Antonio.

Magellan, had he reflected, must have seen that this man would carry with him envy and jealousy, passions that are poisons. But Estefano, or Esteban, or Stephen Gormez, took his place at the pilot house of the Antonio to follow the lantern of Magellan, but the hurt in his heart at being superseded never healed.

On the ships also was one Juan de Carthagena, captain of the Concepcion, a spy, and one of the "malapots" of the expedition. He was called the *reedor*, or inspector. He inspected Magellan, and Magellan inspected him, as we shall see.

And now the flags arose in the clear air, and the joyful fleet cleared the Guadalquivir and leaped into the arms of the open sea, amid the acclamations of gay grandees and a happy people.

It was September 20th when the anchors were lifted, of which probably one was destined to come back in triumph after an immortal voyage that encompassed the earth, and gave to Spain a new ocean.

And the King of Portugal ordered the coat of arms to be torn down from the house of Magellan, as we have pictured at the beginning of our narrative.

CHAPTER VII "MAROONED."

The expedition moved down its western way, over the track of Columbus. It had left poor Ruy Faleiro behind – he who had seen the progress of it all in the fitful light of a disordered vision. He had not relinquished his own high aims. He hoped to follow Magellan with an expedition of his own.

The ships were furnished with "castles," fore and aft; they carried gay pennons and were richly stored. The artillery comprised sixty-two culverins and smaller ordnance. Five thousand or more pounds of powder were shut up in the magazines, and a large provision was made for trading with the natives – looking glasses for women, velvets, knives, and ivory ornaments, and twenty thousand bells.

Magellan's ship bore a lantern, swung high in the air amid the thickly corded rigging, which the other ships were to keep in view in the night. What a history had this lantern! It gleamed out on the night track of a new world, a pillar of fire that encompassed the earth as in the orbit of a star.

The fleet had fifteen days of good weather and passed Cape Verde Islands, running along the African coast.

But the fleet carried with it disloyal hearts. The Portuguese prejudice against Magellan sailed with it. The Spanish sailors distrusted the loyalty of Magellan to Spain.

The commander was a man of great heart, chivalrous, and noble, but he could be firm when there arose an occasion for it.

After leaving Teneriffe Magellan altered his course.

Juan de Carthagena, captain of the San Antonio, "the inspector" and a spy, demanded of Magellan why he had done so.

"Sir," said Magellan, "you are to follow my flag by day and my lantern by night, and to ask me no further questions."

Carthagena demanded that Magellan should report his plans to him. Finding that the Admiral was bent on conducting his own expedition, he began to act sullenly, and to disobey orders.

Again the captain of the San Antonio demanded of Magellan that he should communicate his orders in regard to the course of steerage to him. He did this by virtue of his office as inspector. He showed a very haughty and disloyal spirit, and if this were not to be checked, the success of the expedition would be imperilled. He was abetted by Pedro Sanches, a priest. Magellan saw treason already brewing, and he determined to stamp it out at once.

He went to Carthagena, and laid his hands on him.

"Captain, you are my prisoner."

The astonished captain cried out to his men:

"Unhand me – seize Magellan!"

Carthagena had been a priest, and he had great personal influence, but the men did not obey him.

"Lead him to the stocks and secure him there," ordered Magellan.

The order was obeyed. The fallen inspector was committed to the charge of the Captain of the Victoria, and another officer was given charge of the San Antonio.

"When we reach land Juan de Carthagena shall be marooned," was the sentence imposed upon the inspector. A like sentence was imposed upon Sanches.

It touched the hearts of the crews to hear this sentence. What would become of the two priests, were it to be executed? Would they fall prey to the natives, or perhaps win the hearts of the people and be made chiefs among them?

There was a pilot on board the ship who sympathized with the mutineers, but who had close lips, Esteban Gormez, of whom we have spoken. Were the two mutineers to be marooned he would be glad to rescue them.

He had been discontented since the day that his own plans for an expedition had been superseded by those of Magellan.

His discontentment had grown. He became critical as the fleet sailed on. Every day reminded him of what he might have done, if he could have only secured the opportunity.

A disloyal heart in any enterprise is a very perilous influence. A wooden horse in Troy is more dangerous than an army outside.

Magellan in Gormez had a subtle foe, and that foe was his own countryman.

This man probably could not brook to see his rival add the domains of the sea to the crowns of Juana and of Charles, though he himself had sought to do the same thing. Magnanimous he could not be. Discovery for the sake of discovery had little meaning for him, but only discovery for his own advancement and glory.

He became jealous of Mesquita, Magellan's cousin, now master of the Antonio, who is thought to have advised severe measures to suppress conspiracy.

Night after night he sat down under the moon and stars, and brooded over his fancied neglect, and dreamed. Night after night the ships followed the lantern of Magellan, and the wonders of the sea grew; but to him it were better that no discoveries should be made than that such achievements were to go to the glory of Spain through the pilotage of Magellan.

Discontent grows; jealousy grows as one broods over fancied wrongs, and sees the prospects of a rival's success. So it was with Gormez. In his heart he did not wish the expedition to succeed. He was ambitious to lead such an enterprise himself, which he also did, at last, sailing along Massachusetts Bay and giving it its first name.

When Gormez had heard that the two disloyal men were to be marooned, his feelings rose against Magellan. That they deserved their sentence he well knew, but they were opposed to Magellan, as was his own heart. He would have been glad to have saved them from the execution of their sentence, but he did not know how to do it.

"I will rescue them if ever I can," he thought. "This expedition is not for the glory of Portugal."

The ships sailed on, bearing the two conspirators to some place where they could be marooned.

Let us turn from this dark scene to one of a more hopeful spirit.

One day, as we may picture the scene, the sea lay unruffled like a mirror. The ships drifted near each other, and night came on after a sudden twilight, and the stars seemed like liquid lights shot forth or let down from some ethereal fountain. The Southern Cross shone so clearly as to uplift the eyes of the sailors. The ships were becalmed.

Boats began to ply between the ships, and the officers of the Trinity, Santiago, Victoria, and Concepcion assembled under the awning of the San Antonio, Mesquita's ship, of one hundred and twenty tons.

Mesquita, as we have said, was a cousin of Magellan, and so the Antonio seemed a friendly ship. Magellan sat down by his cousin. The lantern was going out; its force was spent.

"We must get a new kind of lantern," said Magellan to his cousin, "and a code of signal lights. We need a lantern that is something more steady and durable than a faggot of wood."

"I have here a new farol," he continued, the men listening with intent ears. "Here it is, and I wonder, my sailors, how far your eyes will follow it."

"All loyal hearts will follow it," said Mesquita, "wherever it may go."

Gormez frowned. His heart was bitter.

There rose up an officer named Del Cano, and stood hat in hand. All eyes were fixed upon him.

"May it please you, Admiral," he said, "to receive a word from me. I will follow the new farol wherever it may lead me. I have ceased to count my own life in this cause."

Gomez frowned again.

"Del Cano," said the Admiral, "I believe in you. You have a true heart. If I should fall see that this farol goes back to Spain!"

Del Cano bowed.

Magellan showed the new lantern to the officers. It was made of beaten reeds that had been soaked in water, and dried in the sun. It would hold light long, and carry it strongly and steadily.

"All the ships must have these new farols," said he, "and I must teach you how to signal by them."

He stood up. The moon was rising, and the dusky, purple air became luminous.

He held the farol in his hand.

"Two lights," he said, "shall mean for the ship to tack.

"Three lights that the sails shall be lowered. Four, that they shall stop.

"Five lights, or more, that we have discovered land, when the flagship shall discharge a bombard. Follow my lantern always; you can trust it wherever it may fare. My farol shall be my star!"

The men sat there long. There sprung up a breeze at last, and the sea began to ripple in the moon.

Most expeditions that have made successful achievements have carried men of great hope. Such a man was Del Cano. He was loyal to the heart of Magellan; and happy is any leader who has such a companion, whose steel rings true.

Magellan hung out the farol. The sails were spread, and the fleet passed on over the solitary ocean.

Whither?

CHAPTER VIII

"THE WONDERS OF NEW LANDS." – PIGAFETTA'S TALES OF HIS ADVENTURES WITH MAGELLAN. – THE STORY OF "THE FOUNTAIN TREE." – "ST. ELMO'S FIRE."

The ships moved on, bearing the hopeful Del Cano, the frowning Gormez, the two prisoners, and the happy Italian Pigafetta.

Our next chapters will be a series of wonder tales which reveal the South Temperate Zone and its inhabitants as they appeared to the young and susceptible Italian, Pigafetta, nearly four hundred years ago.

Pigafetta, as we have shown, desired to accompany Magellan that he might "see the wonders of the new lands." He saw them indeed, and he painted them with his pen so vividly that they will always live. We get our first views of the strange inhabitants of the Southern regions of the New World from him. We are to follow his narratives, as printed for the Hakluyt Society, London, making some omissions, and changing its form in part, hoping thereby to render the text more clear. We closely follow the spirit of events. Pigafetta addresses his narrative "To the very illustrious and very excellent Lord Philip de Villiers Lisleaden, Grand Master of Rhodes," of whom we have spoken.

He says, by way of introduction:

"Finding myself in Spain in the year of the nativity of our Lord, 1519, at the court of the most serene King of the Romans (Charles V), and learning there of the great and awful things of the ocean world, I desired to make a voyage to unknown seas, and to see with my own eyes some of the wonderful things of which I had heard.

"I heard that there was in the city of Seville an armada (armade) of five ships, which were ready to perform a long voyage in order to find the shortest way to the Islands of Moluco (Molucca) from whence came the spices. The Captain General of this armada was Ferdinand de Magagleanes (Magellan), a Portuguese gentleman, who had made several voyages on the ocean. He was an honorable man. So I set out from Barcelona, where the Emperor was, and traveled by land to the said city of Seville, and secured a place in the expedition.

"The Captain General published ordinances for the guidance of the voyage.

"He willed that the vessel on which he himself was should go before the other vessels, and that the others should keep in sight of it. Therefore he hung by night over the deck a torch or faggot of burning wood which he called a farol (lantern), which burned all night, so that the ships might not lose sight of his own.

"He arranged to set other lights as signals in the night. When he wished to make a tack on account of a change of weather he set two lights. Three lights signified "faster." Four lights signified to stop and turn. When he discovered a rock or land, it was to be signalled by other lights.

"He ordered that three watches should be kept at night.

"On Monday, St. Lawrence Day, August 10th, the five ships with the crews to the number of two hundred and thirty-seven⁴ set sail from the noble city of Seville, amid the firing of artillery and came to the end of the river Guadalquivir (Guadalquivir). We stopped near the Cape St. Vinconet to make further provisions for the voyage.

"We went to hear mass on shore. There the Captain commanded that all the men should confess before going any further.

⁴ The number was larger, about 270.

"On Tuesday, September 20th, we set sail from St. Lucar.

"We came to Canaria (Canaries)."

This account repeats in a different way a part of the facts we have given.

Here the young Italian relates his first story, which is substantially as follows:

THE FOUNTAIN TREE

"Among the isles of the Canaria there is one which is very wonderful. There is not to be found a single drop of water which flows from any fountain or river.

"But in this rainless land at the hour of midday, every day, there descends a cloud from the sky which envelops a large tree which grows on this island.

"The cloud falls upon the leaves of the tree, when a great abundance of water distills from the leaves. The tree flows, and soon at the foot of it there gathers a fountain.

"The people of the island come to drink of the water. The animals and the birds refresh themselves there."

The story is true so far as relates to the fountain tree. But that a cloud comes down from Heaven at midday to refresh it, is not an exact statement of the manner in which this tree furnishes water to the sterile island. The young Italian writer describes the tree as he saw it, and as it seemed to be. The tree that supplies water as from a natural fountain may still be found.

With such a tree to begin his researches on the sea, Pigafetta must have been impatient to proceed along the marvelous ocean way. All the world was to him as he saw it; he seldom stopped to inquire if appearances were true.

With men like Del Cano on board, who had ears for a marvelous story, his life in the early part of the voyage must have been a very happy one. Wonder followed wonder...

"Monday, the 3d of October," says the interesting Italian, "we set sail making the course auster, which the Levantine mariners call siroc (southeast) entering into the ocean sea. We passed Cape Verde and navigated by the coast of Guinea of Ethiopia, where there is a mountain called Sierra Leona. A rain fell, and the storm lasted sixty days."

They came to waters full of sharks, which had terrible teeth, and which ate all the people whom they found in the sea, alive or dead. These were caught by a hook of iron.

ST. ELMO'S FIRE

Here good St. Anselme met the ships; in the fancy of the mariners of the time, this airy saint appeared to favored ships in the night, and fair weather always followed the saintly apparition. He came in a robe of fire, and stood and shone on the top of the high masts or on the spars. The sailors hailed him with joy, as one sent from Heaven. Happy was the ship on the tropic sea upon whose rigging the form of good St. Anselme appeared in the night, and especially in the night of cloud and storm!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.