


GUIDED READING *Spanish North America*
Section 2

- A.** As you read this section, fill out the chart below to help you better understand the motivations and consequences of European exploration and colonization in the Americas.

Columbus's Exploration of the Americas

Motivations
1. Why did Columbus come to the Americas?

Methods
2. How did European contact change the Americas?

Conquistadors' Conquest of Central and North America

Motivations
3. What motivated Spain's conquest?

Methods
4. How were the Spanish able to succeed?

Spanish Establishment of Missions

Motivations
5. Why did the missionaries come to North America?

Results
6. What resulted from the spread of missions?

- B.** On the back of this paper, identify or define each of the following:

conquistadors
Hernándo Cortés
mestizo
encomienda
Columbian Exchange
Taino
Popé

REVIEW
CHAPTER
1
Section 2

SKILLBUILDER PRACTICE *Using the Internet*

From the voyages of Columbus to the establishment of New Spain, the section entitled "Spanish North America" is filled with topics that appear on numerous web sites on the Internet. Below are the steps one takes to find and analyze a page on the McDougal Littell Web site pertaining to the Spanish exploration of Florida. Use these steps to locate and analyze a Web page about a topic in Section 2 that interests you. Then answer the questions at the bottom of the page. (See Skillbuilder Handbook, p. R29.)

1. Log on to the Internet. Then click on a search engine, such as *Yahoo!*, *Excite*, *Lycos*, or *WebCrawler*, and type in the name *McDougal Littell*.
2. When the McDougal Littell address appears, click on it.
3. In the menu at the bottom of the McDougal Littell home page, click on *Social Studies*.
4. In the column on the left side of the Social Studies page, click on *U.S. History Textbook Resources*.
5. Click on the icon *The Americans*.
6. In the bottom area of the ClassZone page move the scroll bar to *Chapter 2*. Then click on *Links*.
7. Move to the center of the page and click on *Florida of the Conquistador*.
8. Read the page's information about the various conquistadors who explored Florida.

1. Now write a brief interpretation of the picture, telling who you think is fighting whom.

2. Explain how the historical information helped you interpret the picture.



RETEACHING ACTIVITY *Spanish North America*

Section 2

Sequencing

A. Put the events below in the correct chronological order using the letters *A* through *H*.

- _____ 1. Pueblo leader Popé leads a rebellion against Spanish missionaries.
- _____ 2. Spaniard Francisco Pizarro conquers the Inca.
- _____ 3. Spain and Portugal sign the Treaty of Tordesillas.
- _____ 4. Spanish conquistador Hernándo Cortés defeats the Aztec.
- _____ 5. Christopher Columbus reaches the Americas.
- _____ 6. The Spanish establish the outpost of St. Augustine on the Florida coast.
- _____ 7. Navigator Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo explores modern-day San Diego.
- _____ 8. England defeats the Spanish Armada.

Matching

B. Match the following explorers with country or countries for which they sailed.

France

Spain

England

Netherlands

- _____ 1. Henry Hudson
- _____ 2. Giovanni da Verrazzano
- _____ 3. Jacques Cartier
- _____ 4. John Cabot
- _____ 5. Francisco Vásquez de Coronado
- _____ 6. Robert Cavelier Siuer de LaSalle



Section 2

OUTLINE MAP *Spain Explores North America*

A. Review the map of European Exploration on textbook page 15. Then label the following bodies of water, land areas, islands, and routes of Spanish explorers on the accompanying outline map.

<u>Bodies of Water</u>	<u>Land Areas and Cities</u>	<u>Routes of Explorers</u>
Pacific Ocean	North America	De Soto
Atlantic Ocean	Mexico	Cabrillo
Gulf of Mexico	Cuba	Coronado
Mississippi River	Hispaniola	Cabeza de Vaca
Caribbean Sea	Santa Fe	Ponce de León
	Tenochtitlán	Cortés

B. After completing the map, use it to answer the following questions.

1. Which Spanish explorer sailed around the coast of Florida? _____

2. Which explorer reached as far inland as present-day Kansas? _____

About many miles did he cover to reach central Kansas? _____

3. Which explorer crossed the Mississippi River? _____

4. Describe the route of Cabeza de Vaca from the Gulf of Mexico to Tenochtitlán (Mexico City). _____

5. Which Spanish explorers traveled mainly by water? _____

6. The routes of which two explorers began from present-day Cuba? _____

7. Through which present-day states did each of the following explorers travel? (If necessary, use the United States political map in the Atlas of your textbook.)

a. De Soto _____

b. Coronado _____





Section 2

PRIMARY SOURCE *from The Journal of
Christopher Columbus*

Columbus kept a ship's log, or journal, of his historic voyage. When he returned to Spain in 1493, he presented the journal to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. The version printed here was originally copied by the missionary Bartolomé de Las Casas and refers to Columbus in the third person as "the admiral" unless quoting him directly. As you read, think about the reactions of Columbus, his crew, and the Taino when they first encountered one another.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11th / . . . Two hours after midnight land appeared, at a distance of about two leagues from them. They took in all sail, remaining with the mainsail, which is the great sail without bonnets, and kept jogging, waiting for day, a Friday, on which they reached a small island of the Lucayos, which is called in the language of the Indians "Guanahaní." Immediately they saw naked people, and the admiral went ashore in the armed boat, and Martin Alonso Pinzón and Vicente Yañez, his brother, who was captain of the Niña. The admiral brought out the royal standard, and the captains went with two banners of the Green Cross, which the admiral flew on all the ships as a flag, with an F [for Ferdinand] and a Y [for Isabella], and over each letter their crown, one being on one side of the ☩ and the other on the other. When they had landed, they saw very green trees and much water and fruit of various kinds. The admiral called the two captains and the others who had landed, and Rodrigo de Escobedo, secretary of the whole fleet, and Rodrigo Sanchez de Segovia, and said that they should bear witness and testimony how he, before them all, took possession of the island, as in fact he did, for the King and Queen, his Sovereigns, making the declarations which are required, as is contained more at length in the testimonies which were there made in writing. Soon many people of the island gathered there. What follows are the actual words of the admiral, in his book of his first voyage and discovery of these Indies.

"I," he says, "in order that they might feel great amity towards us, because I knew that they were a people to be delivered and converted to our holy faith rather by love than by force, gave to some among them some red caps and some glass beads, which they hung round their necks, and many other things of little value. At this they were greatly pleased and became so entirely our friends that it

was a wonder to see. Afterwards they came swimming to the ships' boats, where we were, and brought us parrots and cotton thread in balls, and spears and many other things, and we exchanged for them other things, such as small glass beads and hawks' bells, which we gave to them. In fact, they took all and gave all, such as they had, with good will, but it seemed to me that they were a people very deficient in everything. They all go naked as their mother bore them, and the women also, although I saw only one very young girl. And all those whom I did see were youths, so that I did not see one who was over thirty years of age; they were very well built, with very handsome bodies and very good faces. Their hair is coarse almost like the hairs of a horse's tail and short; they wear their hair down over their eyebrows, except for a few strands behind, which they wear long and never cut. Some of them are painted black, and they are the colour of the people of the Canaries, neither black nor white, and some of them are painted white and some red and some in any colour that they find. Some of them paint their faces, some their whole bodies, some only the eyes, and some only the nose. They do not bear arms or know them, for I showed to them swords and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance. They have no iron. Their spears are certain reeds, without iron, and some of these have a fish tooth at the end, while others are pointed in various ways. They are all generally fairly tall, good looking and well proportioned. I saw some who bore marks of wounds on their bodies, and I made signs to them to ask how this came about, and they indicated to me that people came from other islands, which are near, and wished to capture them, and they defended themselves. And I believed and still believe that they come here from the mainland to take them for slaves. They should be good servants and of quick

intelligence, since I see that they very soon say all that is said to them, and I believe that they would easily be made Christians, for it appeared to me that they had no creed. Our Lord willing, at the time of my departure I will bring back six of them to Your Highnesses, that they may learn to talk. I saw no beast of any kind in this island, except parrots.” All these are the words of the admiral.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th / As soon as day broke, there came to the shore many of these men, all youths, as I have said, and all of a good height, very handsome people. Their hair is not curly, but loose and coarse as the hair of a horse; all have very broad foreheads and heads, more so than has any people that I have seen up to now. Their eyes are very lovely and not small. They are not at all black, but the colour of Canarians, and nothing else could be expected, since this is in one line from east to west with the island of Hierro in the Canaries. Their legs are very straight, all alike; they have no bellies but very good figures. They came to the ship in boats, which are made of a tree trunk like long boat and all of one piece. They are very wonderfully carved, considering the country, and large, so that in some forty or forty-five men came. Others are smaller, so that in some only a solitary man came. They row them with a paddle, like a baker’s peel, and they travel wonderfully fast. If one capsizes, all at once begin to swim and right it, baling it out with gourds which they carry with them. They brought balls of spun cotton and parrots and spears and other trifles, which it would be tedious to write down, and they gave all for anything that was given to them. And I was attentive and laboured to know if they had gold, and I saw that some of them wore a small piece hanging from a hole which they have in the nose, and from signs I was able to understand that, going to the south or going round the island to the south, there was a king who had large vessels of it and possessed much gold. I endeavoured to make them go there, and afterwards saw that they were not inclined for

the journey. I resolved to wait until the afternoon of the following day, and after that to leave for the south-west, for, as many of them indicated to me, they said that there was land to the south and to the south-west and to the north-west, and that those of the north-west often came to attack them. So I resolved to go to the south-west, to seek the gold and precious stones. This island is fairly large and very flat; the trees are very green and there is much water. In the centre of it, there is a very large lake; there is no mountain, and all is so green that it is a pleasure to gaze upon it. The people also are very gentle and, since they long to possess something of ours and fear that nothing will be given to them unless they give something, when they have nothing, they take what they can and immediately throw themselves into the water and swim. But all that they do possess, they give for anything which is given to them, so that they exchange things even for pieces of broken dishes and bits of broken glass cups. . . .”

from Cecil Jane, trans., *The Journal of Christopher Columbus* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1989), 23–28.

Discussion Questions

1. What impressed you the most about this excerpt from Columbus’s journal?
2. What is Columbus’s main interest on the island? Why is he interested in that?
3. What do you think is Columbus’s attitude toward the Taino? Point out passages that reveal his thoughts and feelings about them.



Section 2

LITERATURE SELECTION *from The Memoirs of Christopher Columbus: A Novel*

by Stephen Marlowe

The Memoirs of Christopher Columbus is a fictionalized account of the life of the legendary explorer. This excerpt depicts the historic first encounter of Columbus and his crew with the Taino in 1492. As you read, imagine how you would have reacted if you had been a Taino or a crew member.

We pull steadily for the shore, ten men in each caravel's boat, a round dozen in *Santa Maria's*. For once even the slovenly Pinzón brothers, who have trimmed their beards and slicked down their hair over their close-set eyes, look presentable. They have broken out new clothes that can almost pass for uniforms—clean white jerkins, black velvet doublets, black tights. Oarsmen, musketeers and crossbowmen wear clean, sun-bleached jerkins and hose. As we approach the shore I stand in the prow to unfurl the colors of Castile and León, the golden castle and the purple lion, and the red and yellow stripes of Aragon.

Behind us *Santa Maria*, *Niña* and *Pinta* ride at anchor in a bay sheltered by reefs of a porous pink coral the likes of which no European has ever seen. Ahead is a dazzling crescent of white sand beach, and beyond the beach a wall of green jungle. The surf here on the western side of the island (where we have sailed, seeking a safe passage through the reefs) is gentle.

As we sweep close to that dazzling beach, I experience an intense yet dreamlike feeling that I have stood in this boat's prow before, and yet, paradoxically, that this is the first day of Creation.

"Up oars!" shouts Peralonso Niño and in unison eighteen oars flash skyward. A wind ruffles the royal standard; I can feel it tug at the staff. A single large green and yellow bird darts close and raucously welcomes us with a voice eerily human. The three boats simultaneously scrape bottom. I raise one bare foot over the gunwale.

But wait—this is a historic moment.

Am I prepared for it? As I take that first step ashore, do I say something deathless and profoundly appropriate, casting my words like a challenge down the corridors of history to intrepid explorers as yet unborn? Do I perhaps say, as I plant the royal banner on the beach, "One small step for a Christian, one giant step for Christendom," thus beating Neil Armstrong by almost 500 years?

As I take that first step ashore, do I say something deathless and profoundly appropriate, casting my words like a challenge down the corridors of history to intrepid explorers as yet unborn?

No, there are no half-billion T.V. viewers around the world to watch me, no periodical has purchased the serial rights to my adventures for a king's ransom, no publisher has advanced an even greater fortune for *Columbus's Journal* (so-called), no mission control exists to monitor my every move. Only the citizens of Palos, and a few score people at that Peripatetic Royal Court visiting God-knows-where in Spain right now, even suspect we have crossed the vastness of the Ocean Sea to this small and lovely tropical island, part of the Indian archipelago, I am convinced, with fabled gold-roofed Cipango just over the horizon.

So I do not utter wisdom for the ages.

What do I say, uneasily and with reason, as I nudge Peralonso Niño, is: "There's someone in the woods over there."

We all freeze, our eyes scanning the foliage (sun-dappled, secret, alien). Again there is a flash of movement, and suddenly there they are, no longer in the woods but coming out.

"Crossbowmen, front!" says Martín Alonzo, but I raise a hand and shake my head.

These natives of the Indian archipelago are but ten in number and not only unarmed, except for

small harmless-looking spears with fish-tooth points, but naked. They are neither black-skinned (as might have been expected, according to Aristotle, since we are more or less on the same latitude as the west coast of Africa) nor white like Europeans. No, they are an indeterminate shade between, a sort of bronzy color that, with imagination and in dim light, you could almost call red. Tan then, a sort of ruddy tan. Tall, well proportioned, their coarse (but not African kinky) hair worn horse-tail long, their limbs straight and smooth-muscled. They peer at our tall-masted ships at anchor, our boats at the water's edge, ourselves taking our first steps across the dazzling (and hot underfoot) sand—their whole world, their whole conception of the nature of things altered at a stroke forever. And innocently and with a naive delight, they smile.

Inspired, I drop to my knees and thank God for sending us here safely, across that vastness of Ocean Sea, and on both sides of me the men are kneeling, and then I rise and draw my ceremonial sword, jewel-encrusted hilt catching the sunlight, and in fine theatrical style raise it skyward as I plant the royal standard and claim this island for the Kingdoms of Castile, León and Aragon, for Queen Isabel and King Fernando, for Spain, for Christianity. In thanksgiving I name it the Island of the Holy Saviour.

The Indians—for what else can I call natives of this Indies archipelago—come closer to watch the arcane ceremony.

Some crewmen remain on their knees, praying. But Vicente Yáñez Pinzón, neither rising nor praying still, does an odd sort of pivot on his knees to face me and in a humble voice speaks. I won't reproduce the precise, embarrassing words, but on behalf of the men of Niña he apologizes for not giving the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, not to mention the Viceroy of the Indies which I now am, his full trust.

One by one the landing party comes to me to ask forgiveness. Only Juan Cosa and Chachu stand silently by, watching.

"Command us, Viceroy!" passionately exclaims Constable Harana, even as he casts suspicious glances at the advancing Indians who, by this time, have ringed us close so that Martín Alonzo again

turns to his crossbowmen and again I must signal him, no.

The boldest of the bronzy-skinned men approaches me and with a smile and a mouthing of gibberish (which anthropologists will later learn is the Arawak language) touches my left sleeve, gently rolling the soft velvet between his fingers. It is clear he has never seen a man clothed before.

I call Luís Torres the interpreter forward.

"Ask him the name of this place, and of himself," I say.

Torres does so, with a show of confidence, in Latin.

The Indian responds incomprehensibly, if musically.

Torres, less confidently, tries Hebrew.

The Indian responds with equal incomprehensibility.

Torres, clearly worried, tries Ladino, Aramaic, Spanish.

Same lack of success.

We all wait for Arabic, that mother of languages.

Torres takes a deep breath and tries Arabic.

And the Indian, who I now realize is a boy of no more than fourteen, throws back his head and laughs.

We all assume this signifies comprehension. But his response is again incomprehensible, if musical.

Gentle, green-eyed, girlishly slim Luís Torres is now desperate. He has come with us, he must feel, under false pretenses.

He tries a sort of sign language, poking his chest and saying, "Torres."

The Indian, grinning, pokes his own chest. "Torres."

Luís Torres sighs and tries again. He spreads his arms broadly to include the beach, the jungle. He bends and scoops up a handful of sand, lets it trickle through his fingers, then spreads his arms again as his expressive face asks a silent question.

The Indian jumps with excitement.

"Guanahaní!" he cries. Then he pokes his own chest and makes the same sound: "Guanahaní."

Comprehension comes to Luís Torres. "Their name for this island is Guanahaní and the people call themselves that too—Guanahaní. Get it?"

***The boldest of the
bronzy-skinned men
approaches me and
with a smile and . . .
touches my left
sleeve, gently rolling
the soft velvet
between his fingers.
It is clear he has
never seen a man
clothed before.***

I get it. Torres and the Guanahaní spokesman continue to smile at each other in a kind of basic sub-linguistic communion.

“Ask him which way’s Cipango,” says Martín Alonzo, “ask him where’s the gold.”

But, “One thing at a time,” I tell him with a viceregal smile, and send two oarsmen back to Santa Maria’s boat for the sea chest full of trinkets, the sort that have proven so popular with the Fan people of West Africa. The chest is set on the sand and with a flourish Pedro Terreros opens it.

“Don’t,” cautions Rodrigo de Segovia, “give all your trinkets to the very first natives you encounter. Trinkets don’t grow on trees.”

The royal comptroller fails to curb Pedro’s munificence. Out of the sea chest, like a magician, he plucks red wool caps, brass rings, strings of bright glass beads and little round falconry bells.

Collective oohs and ahs come from the Guanahaní as Pedro distributes the trinkets. The bells are the clear favorite. Soon their tinkling fills the air, along with Indian laughter, very like our own.

I send to the boat again, this time for empty oak water casks. Luís Torres goes through a frenzy of sign language to indicate thirst and drinking. The Guanahaní spokesman claps his hands, grins, jumps up and down and jabbars to his cohorts, who lift the casks to their shoulders.

So laden, the Indians (or archipelagans, if you prefer) march off. Constable Harana gives them a suspicious look and I know that Martín Alonzo will call for his crossbowmen again.

“We’ll go with them,” I say to forestall him, and detail a guard to stay with the boats.

With us lumbering behind, the ten archipelagans slip silently with our casks through the deep shadows of the jungle (bird calls, strange small unidentifiable crunching sounds, cheeps and chirps and pips and squeaks, sudden slithery rushes, frail querulous cries, clicks and howls and mini-grunts, all slightly unnerving) to a spring, where we are not permitted to lift a finger. The Indians draw water, letting us sample its sweetness from a calabash; then we Spaniards sit against the broad reddish-brown

trunks of unfamiliar trees, relaxing as the complexity of jungle noises assumes its proper place as natural background music, and watch the Indians, in high good spirits, *do our work for us*. . . .

“Where’s the gold? Ask him, will you? Where’s the gold?” Martín Alonzo demands impatiently of Luís Torres as we return to the boats, the archipelagans sagging under the weight of our full water casks.

Second time around, my viceregal smile’s a bit forced. “All in good time,” I tell Pinzón, not wild about the look on his face—an apparent compression of the small features, a meanness especially around the eyes. Gold fever if ever I saw it. . . .

Who can really blame Martín Alonzo? He knows as well as I that whatever else we find, gold is crucial to the Great Venture. Gold—gold in quantity—will alone persuade the royals to send out a second, larger expedition.

With me in command, naturally. I’m Admiral of the Ocean Sea, not to mention viceroy and governor for life.

Sometimes I dream of myself living the viceregal life in a vast, princely palace in a vast, princely realm. It could happen. In Cathay and Cipango, there’s gold aplenty. Marco Polo said so, and he was there.

But where, exactly, are *we*?

Collective oohs and ahs come from the Guanahaní as Pedro distributes the trinkets. The bells are the clear favorite. Soon their tinkling fills the air, along with Indian laughter, very like our own.

Activity Options

1. With a small group of classmates, write a skit about Columbus’s first encounter with the Tainos in 1492. To get a better sense of Columbus’s character, also refer to the excerpt from Columbus’s journal (on pages 26–27). Then assign roles and perform your skit for the class.
2. Jot down vivid descriptive details, such as what two crewmen wore (white jerkins, black velvet doublets, black tights), that you find in this excerpt. Then draw a sketch to illustrate the first encounter.