

Te Deum. From end to end of Europe the trumpet blast rings out "a new world found"—a world of romance, too, abounding in gold and pearls, with strange vegetable forms and animal races, and man in forms and stages of civilization untraced of before. New light breaks in on the learned. The whole current of men's thoughts receives a new direction. Multitudes of adventurous spirits, despising danger and privations, prepare to explore the secrets of the new hemisphere. The poor Genoese sailor is now the most famous man in all the world.

But never was the worthlessness of popularity more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Columbus. Only seven years after this royal reception, envy and malignity did their work; the minds of the sovereigns were poisoned against him by false accusations; and in an evil hour they sent out Bobadilla, a coarse, violent man, to supersede Columbus in Hispaniola. Exulting in the opportunity of insulting a great man, Bobadilla put Columbus in irons and sent him to Spain. It is true Ferdinand and Isabella repudiated the deed, struck off his fetters, ignored the false charges made against him, and received him with kindness and honour. But those irons sank deep into the soul of Columbus. He kept them hanging in his room till the day of his death, and ordered them to be buried in his grave. This was the way in which the great-hearted benefactor of a world protested against the ingratitude and injuries heaped upon him. Yet this is but the oft-recurring fate of genius in every age. The world knows not its prophets: stones them when living, leaving after ages to build their sepulchres.

Columbus made three more voyages to the lands he had found; and, amid terrible perils and hardships, greatly enlarged his discoveries. Besides Hispaniola and Cuba, he reached Jamaica, the Caribbee Islands and Trinidad; and in his last voyage explored a part of the coast of the Continent, in the neighbourhood of Veragua and Honduras. Yet, strange to say, he never knew that he had discovered a new Continent, and died in the belief that the land he found was the eastern coast of Asia. Broken in health and spirits by the sufferings and disasters of his final expedition, he returned to Spain, hoping to find repose after all his toils. Vain hope! Isabella, his patroness, was dead; and the ungrateful Ferdinand treated him coldly; refused to restore him the offices, dignities and property of which he had been unjustly deprived; and, amid the torments of a painful disease, the great man spent his last days in poverty and neglect.

And now we shall hastily glance at one other scene in his eventful history. Let us reverently draw aside the curtains and look into the dying chamber of the hero at Valladolid. A venerable figure is seated in a chair, propped up with pillows—feeble and suffering, but with God's patent of nobility still stamped upon his countenance. Near him stand his sons, and a few dear friends who are true to the last. The old man is bound on his last voyage to that country where "there is no more sea;" and he has loved the sea so well, and played with its wild waves so long, that we can almost fancy he regrets its absence from "the New Earth." He is now embarking on that ocean where we shall each of us, one day, make great discoveries. That old room where he is dying is adorned with many a strange object—trophies of his exploits,—dried plants and skins of animals from another hemisphere; tattered maps and charts on which his voyages are marked: and above all the thorn-branch and carved stick that first assured him of nearing the new world. A set of irons, too, occupy a conspicuous place, the meaning of which we know. And now he gives his last charges to those around his chair, the old