

that the island described as "lying opposite the same" was Prince Edward Island, which was long after known as the "Isle of St. John." They hold that Cabot skirted this island, and sailed along the southern coast on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, beyond the site on which at present Quebec stands; that returning by the northern shore of the Gulf, "still trending eastward," they coasted to the latitude of  $53^{\circ}$  N., and then sailing by Newfoundland Island, which they took to be and depicted as an archipelago, they continued their course southward to the Chesapeake, and so home.

The penurious Henry VII. appears to have bestowed on Cabot neither honors nor rewards. His discoveries brought no immediate returns, and probably the close-fisted monarch thought he paid him handsomely when he presented him with ten pounds as a reward of his services; and not only so, but made a note of it in the account of his privy purse expenses, lest any one should accuse him of neglecting the great seaman. Cabot remained for a number of years in England, loved and admired for his genial, modest disposition, his ardent and enterprising spirit which was ever urging on new maritime adventures. At length he entered the service of the King of Spain, who estimated his worth so highly that he at once made him Pilot Major of the Kingdom. In the service of Spain he made many voyages, discovered Brazil and explored the Plata and Paraguay rivers. When Edward VI. ascended the throne he returned to England, and was appointed Chief Pilot, with a pension of £166 per annum. For many years he was the very soul of the maritime and commercial enterprises of England, and was the first who, in company with others, opened up the trade with Russia.

Cabot died in his eightieth year in London. His friend Richard Eden, gives us a glimpse of him in his closing hours, when bound for that far off country where "there is no more sea;" and he had loved the sea so well, and played with its wild waves so long, that even in his last moments the music of ocean was in his ears, and in the wanderings of his fevered fancy he spoke of a divine revelation to him of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. The dying seaman was again, in imagination, on his beloved ocean, over whose billows his intrepid and adventurous youth had opened a pathway, and on whose mysterious secrets he had pondered for three-score years. Soon he entered the quiet haven where the

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