

soil (though ancient habitations not a few claim that event); that the great men discussed their far-reaching plans together, while both basked in the sunshine of royal favour and universal acclaim. Yet, at the end of their triumphs, stealing grey along the avenue of years, Death, hideous in one case, violent in both, confronted each with his sudden dart.

Ancient chroniclers declare how, when the little *Squirrel*, a vessel of but ten tons burthen, was bearing Sir Humphrey upon his last voyage from Newfoundland, there took shape before his vision the spectre of a lion gliding over the sea, "yawning and gaping wide as he went," and belching forth a most horrible blast of sound. Upon this monster's disappearance, there rose a tempest, wherein, to calm the shipmen's fears, Sir Humphrey uttered godly wisdom, and, lifting his voice that all the company might hear, cried out, "We are as near to heaven here at sea as at land." Near, indeed, was the great Gilbert to his faith's haven, for that hurricane soon swallowed the little vessel and all thereon. Yet I think the good knight's memory is green; that