

brought to the ship, where he related his story:

"My noble Captain," he exclaimed, "when his Holiness the Pope gave this great country to our good lord and master the King, he should ere we poor sailors were sent here, have dispossessed it of the Devil; for as I am a man, I have seen him up in the hills; ay, and in more shapes than one!"

Poor ignorant sailor, if he lived in the present time he would know how very easy it is to "raise the devil" in the same country, and that too without running any very serious risk as to consequences.

"A hundred thousand fiends," he continued, "chased me for miles through the forest last night, till at last I climbed a tree, and they disappeared howling in the gloom, but they soon returned about me on wings hooting, croaking and flapping their great pinions under my very nose till I felt ready to fall with terror; at last I said my prayers aloud with great force, for I was sadly overcome with fear and dismay, whereupon all these devils on wings flew away with great clatter. In the morning I looked from my perch and saw what makes my heart sick to remember; five of our companions laid in couches of bark and raised high up on stakes. Dead, they were, for the wild birds of the air were preying upon them as I gazed. O! my noble Captain," he added with great earnestness, "let us return to Portugal, where we will at least have the consolation of being killed by Christians!"

Next day a party guided by this man left the ship and after travelling some distance through the forest they found the bodies of their companions exactly as he had described; sadly they lowered them down and buried them as well as they could according to the rites of the church.

Cortereal was not the sort of man to endure this, and as his friendship for the savages was only a pretence from the beginning, he determined on his revenge. Accordingly, after he had buried his unfortunate followers, he got everything in readiness to start.

The night succeeding was cold and dark, for the season was far advanced, when, at the head of his crew, he made a descent on the Indian village. Heads were broken and lives were lost, but he succeeded in capturing a number of the savages; he set fire to the wigwams and put to sea with all haste.

Down the great river they sailed gaily with favorable wind and tide, but before long storms arose, thick fogs hung continually about them; at last they were driven so close on the lee shore that no hope remained for him but to cast anchor and ride out the gale if possible.

Here, much against his will, he had to cast most of his cargo overboard, slaves and all, an act which has been imitated by others even in our own philanthropic time. The storm abated and the sun shone upon our

bold adventurer at last, but they needed water and food; so he sent the greater part of his men ashore to procure those things. One night after sleeping several hours in his cabin he went on deck, when he discovered with horror and astonishment, that the ship was swiftly and surely gliding out to sea. He called aloud, but his voice was lost on the deep, and there was no reply. The line of the coast lay indistinct and far behind him—he was alone on the ocean. Fresher and fresher blew the wind, swifter and swifter sailed the ship; he stood at the helm guiding her as well as he might before the blast which had now become a hurricane, until in the midst of the storm and darkness she plunged against the rocks that fenced an undiscovered shore; wave after wave, like infuriated monsters, came roaring and leaping through the gloom, dashing over her parting sides, and bearing away like a bubble on their crests, the form of the lone lost mariner Cortreal.

#### THE SPITHEAD DISPLAY.

The Review which did not come off on Wednesday would, even under more favourable circumstances of wind and weather, have been but an indifferent exhibition for a country which still clings to the pretension of being the first of the maritime Powers. All that could be done in the way of mustering an imposing array of ships we may be sure was done; and the result of this unusual effort was that we assembled at Spithead half a dozen first-class armoured-plated men-of-war, about as many second-class ironclads, two or three experimental little vessels of which the *Waterwitch* was the most remarkable, and a grand-looking line of old-fashioned wooden ships whose weakness for active warfare is about proportioned to the number of their guns. As they lay moored in two lines, the wooden ships to port and the ironclads to starboard, the effect is said by the reporters to have been magnificent; and to the eye no doubt it was so, though nearly all the beauty and grandeur was in the line which represented the remains of our once formidable, and now obsolete, fleet of wooden liners and frigates. Two or three of the turret-ships and large ironclads would no doubt have sufficed to destroy the much more numerous fleet which was assembled in the same waters for the review of 1856; but, in comparison with the contemporaneous strength of the navies of the world, the force displayed on Wednesday is as nothing beside the fleet which we possessed at the close of the Russian war. There are several Powers any one of which could muster as many ironclads as England was able to put into line, and though we cling to the hope that in some respects our vessels are more formidable than most of their possible opponents, the difference is neither certain nor great. Nearly 120 liners and frigates, and more than 150 smaller ships, were collected together in 1856; and after eleven years of no sparing expenditure, we can show about a "the of the old wooden contingent, and just sixteen vessels

of all dimensions built upon the principles which have since come into vogue. And even of these sixteen, which really represent the available fleet of England, there is not one that is accepted as anything like a perfect model. The turret-ships do not include a single cruiser in the proper sense of the term, and though they are probably more than a match for the rest of the plated division, they would be easily beaten by the fleets even of some second-rate Powers, balance, as it has often in old times done, a disparity of material strength. The American monitors are neither fast nor effective in a heavy sea, notwithstanding the amazing steadiness which they derive from the lowness of their free board; but under moderately favorable conditions a tenth part of the fleet of the United States would almost suffice to crush our scanty and imperfect, though valuable, squadron of turret ships.

Of the other iron-clads, the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and *Achilles* are fine specimens of what would have been serviceable sea-going ships as recently as six years ago; but they are deficient both in offensive and defensive power. Their guns are for the most part too weak to penetrate armour equal to their own, and their armour would crumble to pieces under the attack of first-class artillery of the present day. The *Bellerophon* and *Minotaur* are more powerful, but even they would be silenced by the fire of an iron-clad carrying 600-pounders, a class of which, but for unfortunate prejudices, we ought now to possess a considerable fleet. The *Lord Clyde* and *Valiant* are even weaker than the *Warrior*, without possessing the many other good qualities for which the first of our ironclads is still pre-eminent. The *Research* is the *Research*. The *Wycorn* is a good little fighting blockade-runner, as she was meant to be, and not much more; and the *Royal Sovereign* and *Prince Albert*, with all their other merits, do not profess to be sea-going ships. This—omitting the glorious-looking specimens of the past, which are never so much in their place as at a peaceful review—represented the available fleet of the greatest maritime Power, if this presumptuous phrase can any longer be used with propriety. Of course we have some other vessels elsewhere, but even after fair warning we could scarcely have mustered in one place a larger fleet than that which the Sultan will rightly regard as the measure of England's naval strength.

It had been hoped that any deficiency in the display of power would have been compensated by the exhibition of more than ordinary skill, and very possibly it might have been, if the ill-luck of dirty weather in the Channel had not marred the programme and reduced the review to a mere exhibition of salute firing. In its way no doubt even this was more or less imposing, and thousands of lady visitors, flushed with the triumph of having clambered up the sides of a three-decker at the imminent peril of their nerves, were probably deeply impressed by the startling noise of successive broadsides and the gloomy grandeur of impervious smoke. These adjuncts of great gun firing are rather telling upon the imagination, and may have sent many a spectator home with a vague sense of the irresistible strength of the British navy. But even the Italians at Lissa succeeded, we may assume, in producing the ordinary effects of exploding gunpowder, and it is quite possible that a squadron capable of deafening and blinding a whole army of enthusiastic admirers might fall short of what the fleet of England ought to be able to do when called upon to take part in the grim work of serious warfare.