

friend, seriously, 'it is a happy omen. I do not think you could prevent a mutiny much longer—no; the men say there is no such place as America; they will not be deceived; they will return to Spain. The crew of the *Pinta* are in revolt. They do not care any more for the presence of those birds—not at all. If we do not see land soon, they will kill you and go home.'

But the confidence which we placed in our admiral was soon to be justified. Far away on the southern horizon we at length descried a pilot-boat flying the flag of proffered assistance. We hailed with joy the appearance of this small vessel, which the savage inhabitants of the nearest coast had doubtless sent out to welcome the pioneers of civilization; and we regarded with awe and reverence the sublime features of Madame Columbus, now irradiated with triumph. As for the wretched creatures who had been mutinous, it is not for this hand to chronicle the sudden change in their manner: 'They implore her,' says a great historian, 'to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of her well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced her whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven, with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.'

Stranger still, the native which we took on board this friendly boat was found to be clothed, and he spoke a language which, although not English, was intelligible. We regarded him with great curiosity; but there was nothing savage or uncouth in his manners. He had rings in his ears, and he smoked a short clay pipe.

Of course our excitement all that day was great, and there was a wild scene in the smoking-room in the evening—a mock trial by jury having produced a good many bottles of whiskey in the way of fines. The songs were hearty and hoarse. We raffled a rug.

On the following morning there was something to make one rub one's eyes. It was a long faint, pale blue thing, stretching along the western horizon, and having the appearance of a huge whale lying basking

in the mist of the early sunlight. We called aloud to those who were below. That blue line in the mist was—America!

## CHAPTER XXX.

### LANDED!

THERE was excitement enough, to be sure. Every one was on deck, eagerly regarding the land that was momentarily drawing nearer. And who were these ladies whom we now saw for the first time? Surely they could not have been ill all the way across the Atlantic? Or had they not rather given way to an abject terror of the sea, and hidden themselves close in their berths in order to get a sort of ostrich safety? And the gentlemen who attended them, too—whence had they procured such a supply of tall hats? We resented the appearance of that ungainly article of costume. We had grown accustomed to the soft and delicate colours of the sea and cloud; this sudden black patch struck a blow on the eye; it was an outrage on the harmonious atmospheric effect all around us.

For now we were slowly steaming over the bar, in the stillness of the summer morning; and the beautiful olive green of the water, and the great bay before us, and the white-sailed schooners, and the long semicircle of low green hills were all softened together with a mist of heat. The only sharp point of light was close at hand, where the promontory of Sandy Hook, blazing in sunlight, jutted out into the rippling water. It was all like a dream as we slowly glided along. The pale hills looked spectral and remote: we preferred not to know their name. And then, as we drew near the Narrows, our blue-eyed Bell could not conceal her astonishment and delight. Surely, she said, we have missed our way somewhere, and got back to the wrong side of the Atlantic! The wooded hills coming close to the sea; the villas on the slopes, half hidden in soft green foliage; the long line of shady shore; the small yachts riding at anchor in the clear and rippling water—why, surely, surely, she said, we have just come down the Clyde, and have got to Dunoon, or Inellan, or the Kyles of Bute. We knew quite well that one of these yachts