

that Father Biard was a natural born Spaniard and an evil-disposed man, Turnel preferred to believe that the Jesuit was a liar, rather than that his accusers were guilty of falsehood.

The second day after the departure of the fleet, so great a storm arose that it scattered the three vessels in such a manner that they failed to join company again, and all steered in different directions. No news was heard of the barque, and it was believed she went to the bottom with the six Englishmen who sailed her. But the ship in which Argal commanded was fortunate enough to arrive in port in Virginia, in the space of about three weeks. The Marshal of Virginia heard very willingly from Captain Argal all that had transpired, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Father Biard, whose voyages he could soon have shortened by means of a rope.

The two Jesuits and a boy were on board the captive ship, which had been given in command to Lieutenant, now Captain Turnel. This vessel separated from that of Argal by the tempest, was so incessantly buffeted about by the storm for sixteen days, that the captain, losing all hope of being able to reach Virginia, called all his people and consulted with them as to what was best to be done in order to save their lives; for there was no appearance of being able to battle with the winds any longer, to save themselves from being driven away from Virginia, because they had on board some horses taken from Port Royal, and these were wasting the water, so much had they drank. The hurricanes destroyed so many of the sails and so much of the rigging that there remained no stores with which to repair the damage. The provisions also were very low, with the exception of codfish, of which there was enough. As for bread, the supply for the space of three months had only been two ounces per head each day, very rarely three, and there remained of it an exceedingly small quantity. The result of this consultation was that the seamen were of opinion it was necessary to hold out some days longer for the sake of sustaining their credit. Fair weather came the next day, and favoured them so much that they did not consider themselves to be more than five and twenty leagues from the port in Virginia. But to confess the full truth the Jesuits did not pray for this fair wind, for they well knew where it was leading them.

There arose, however, a furious South-west wind, which drove right in the face of the English, and forced them to furl all the sails, and to think of their conscience. The captain seeing how things stood, gave up the design of reaching Virginia, and concluded that it was necessary to make for the Azores, seven hundred leagues from where he was, in order to provide for their wants at these islands, and await good weather. He turned the ship's head to proceed to the Azores, and soon afterwards they killed the horses, which had not only consumed but spoiled the water in such a manner that it became stinking. Yet even in this state it was given in very small measure. But the horse-flesh was found by the Jesuits to taste very well.

Now, during these terrible tempests, Captain Turnel called Father Biard, and had a conversation with him. The captain spoke good French, and many other languages, besides Latin and Greek, which he understood thoroughly. He was a man of great intelligence, and one who had studied a great deal (page 57.). The captain, addressing Father Biard, said, "God is exasperated against us. I see it well; he is angry with us, but not with you; against us, because we went to make war upon you without having first declared it, which is contrary to the law of nations. But I protest that it has been against my opinion and against my will. I did not know what to do; I had to slay, for I was a servant. God is not angry with you, but on your account, because all the suffering was yours." The captain went on to observe: "But, Father Biard, why do your French companions of Port Royal thus accuse you?" The Jesuit responded: "But, sir, have you ever heard me speak evil of them?" "No, indeed," replied the other, "but I have remarked that when others were speaking evil of them, both before Captain Argal and myself, you always defended them." "Sir," responded Father Biard, "take an argument from that, and judge who has God and

truth on his side; whether the slanderers or the charitable." "I understand it well," said the captain; "but, Father Biard, has charity not made you lie when you told me that we should find nothing but poverty at Port Royal?" The Father answered: "Pardon me, sir, I pray you to remember that I only said to you when I was there, I had seen and found nothing but poverty." "That might be all very well," observed the captain, "if you were not a Spaniard, as they say you are, for being such, the good you so much desired for the French was not for the love you bore them, but because you hated the English." To this statement Father Biard made a long and forcible reply; but he could never make Turnel yield his opinion, for the latter said it was not to be believed that five or six Frenchmen, in affliction, should have desired to sign a false accusation against a priest, their fellow citizen, having no other profit by it than to get him hanged, and by this means gratify their accursed passion.

## TO MARY.

By THE HON. MR. FITZBARDING.

Adieu, adieu, for we must part, alas! my dearest Mary;  
But love, like time, you know has wings, and love,  
Like time, must vary;  
And I who lately glided on in pleasure's faery carriage,  
Am roused as by a thunderbolt—by that hobgoblin marriage.  
No more we'll linger, side by side, along the moonlit river,  
No more I'll clasp you to my breast, O never more, O never!  
The ship awaits, I sail at two, with many a bursting sigh  
Wild anguish burning in my heart, the salt tear in my eye.  
Marry! the thing is so absurd; just think that to the fall  
I can trace back my ancestors, while you have none at all;  
And bright tho' be your hazel eyes, your sweet smile so bewitching,  
Yet we, we came from Normandy, while you come from the kitchen.  
My mother, as I told you, was a patroness of Almac's, and yours—she might perhaps be held the *ton* among the Kalmucs,  
And how would horror freeze each hair in Lady Sarah's wig,  
When first we introduced to her your fat aunt, Mrs. Figge.  
Then, there's your father—what a bore! I swear to you I rather,  
Would cut my moustache or my throat than listen to your father;  
As hour to hour he prosed on, and spends the weary night  
In talking of such things as ne'er are named to ears polite.  
Then too your dowdy sister Jane—how she does, "young love," squall!  
She'd be among the Hottentots the Venus of the Kraal.  
Still these perhaps might all be borne, aunt, sister, father, mother,  
But what on earth were we to do with that Yahoo, your brother?  
Once more adieu! in far off lands, and whereso'er I roam,  
My thoughts shall wing their flight to you, like birds that seek their home,  
And fond prayers I will breathe for you, beloved, tho' unseen,  
When I'm a wanderer forlorn, and you are Mrs. Green.  
Ah! why should cruel fortune frown on such a love as ours,  
Why should we ever find that thorns are lurking 'mid life's flowers?  
Yet think of him whom fate and you, are ruthlessly discarding,  
Your Harry Cecil Percy Nevil Hummery Fitzbarding.  
Montreal, Oct. 1865.

## A GALLERY OF GREAT MEN.

WHEN we are edified, instructed, or even pleased by any man's work, most of us feel a desire to be acquainted with him. It is not mere vulgar curiosity, but having heard so much of his chivalry and goodness, it is only natural that we should wish to behold the man himself; to see in what he differs from our own preconceived idea of him, and how far his external features seem to express the qualities of his nature. I suppose there are few educated Englishmen who would not give a great deal to have beheld the face of William Shakespeare. It is, of course, only the living who can afford us this sort of gratification to the full; but yet, if a picture can be relied upon as genuine; as having been the veritable likeness of the man who was once so great, or good, or famous—it having been accepted as such in his own lifetime—surely there is a great, although, doubtless, an inferior interest in the contemplation of it. Formerly, this pleasure could be enjoyed by only a very few; mostly rich and noble persons, who chanced to possess such authentic portraits, and their friends. For instance, in the case of Shakespeare, it was known that a certain picture had been taken in his own lifetime, by one of two persons, both his private friends; and it was certainly considered to be a likeness, since it was left by one of them in his will, as a valuable legacy, to Sir William Davenant. After his death, it was bought by Betterton the actor, upon whose decease, one Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicolls of Southgate, whose only daughter married the Duke of Chandos.

All this, and more, is written on a paper at the back of the canvas—now called the Chandos Picture—and the arms of the Duke of Buckingham are affixed. Its history is probably more certain than the genealogy of any living man; and its authenticity was acknowledged at all stages. Sir Godfrey Kneller copied it as a present for Dryden, who acknowledged the gift in the following lines:

Shakespeare, thy gift I place before my sight;  
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;  
With reverence look on his majestic face,  
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

Even the incredulous Horace Walpole allowed its claims; and it has been engraved no less than four times within the last century and a half. But until recently, this picture was at Stowe, and out of general reach. Such was more or less the case with the likenesses of all our celebrated men, until the National-Portrait gallery was established, where any of us may now see this very Chandos Picture—the copy of which drew the above apostrophe from Dryden—as well as nearly two hundred other portraits of more or less famous Englishmen—kings, statesmen, poets, warriors, divines, and painters—but all to be relied upon as veritable pictures of the persons they profess to represent.

They are not all, by any means, first-rate specimens of art, but the majority give one, very strongly, that notion of being "like," which we now and then receive from a portrait, although we have never set eyes on the features which it represents. Nor is this to be wondered at; for most men of mark exhibit some evidence of their ability in their faces, and the faces that are thus distinguished—or in other words, are "characteristic"—are, it is well known, most easily and faithfully conveyed to canvas. The picture of Woodfall, for example, the first parliamentary reporter, which fronts you as you ascend the stairs, has a certain habitual air of *listening*, which no allegorical painter, wishing to embody that action, no mythological delineator of a supposed Echo, could ever compass. Again, close beside General Picton's dauntless face, severe almost to cruelty, hangs the complacent unctuous countenance of William Huntingdon, S.S., the meaning of which initials he thus himself explains: "As I cannot get at D.D., for want of cash, neither can I get at M.A. for want of learning, therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean Sinner Saved." This was the famous river-porter, whose theological works extended over twenty volumes, and whose epitaph, composed by himself, runs as follows: