

CABOT'S VOYAGES.

(BY EDWIN REYNOLDS HOWLEY.)

In view of the interest at present felt in Cabot and the history of his period, we propose to publish in full a lecture recently delivered in St. John's, Newfoundland, by Rt. Rev. John Howley, which is the most valuable contribution to the literature of the subject that has yet been published.

It is but natural that a people living upon the borders of the great ocean; looking out daily across its boundless waters, and seeing its mighty billows, breaking in colossal roar upon the rocks, should begin to wonder whence they came, and to picture to themselves some far off land lying beyond—a land of legendary beauty, peopled by a strange race of beings. These thoughts have been embodied in that sweetest of all Moore's verses—

"How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,

And as I watch the line of light, that plays Along the smooth wave towards the burning West,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest."

The tradition of this Western Isle or country is to be found in the folklore of all peoples dwelling on the Atlantic sea-board. In Ireland it is called the Tir-na-og—the land of the Young Virgin, or the land of perpetual life. It is thought that a sign of this beautiful island is a pre-arranged death. Thus, in the poem of Eleanora O'Donnely, the dying boy addresses his mother:—

"And then I saw it—the fairy city,
Far away o'er the waters deep,
Towers and castles, and chapels glowing
Like blessed dreams that we see in sleep.

What is its name?—Be still Aechushla!
Thy hair is wet with the mists, my boy,
Thou hast looked, perchance, on the Tir-na-og—
Land of eternal youth and joy."

In France, Britain, Spain, and the western sea-coast of Europe, this tradition was strongly developed, and entered into all the folk lore. These fabulous islands of the ocean were often said to have been seen, with their lofty mountains, their forest covered plains, and cool, shady valleys. They received different names in different countries; thus we have the Ogygia of Homer, the Atlantis of Plato, the Antilla of Aristotle, the Heperades of the Latins, the Hy Dreia, or fount of everlasting life, of the Keltic, etc.

Toward the latter half of the XV century, these vague and romantic traditions and mythical legends began to yield to more practical and solid belief in the existence of a western world, though up to the time of Columbus, and even for many years after a strong mixture of the fabulous and poetic element still continued to modify the more prosaic and scientific theories of the learned men of Europe. Little by little the hardy fishermen of Brit any and of the Basque Provinces had traced their voyages westward over the unknown tracks of the great ocean, sometimes in quest of adventure, and actuated by that desire of knowing and seeing more of this great world, and its hidden wonders—the "Wonder Lust" of the Germans.

In the archives of St. Jean De Luz, it is stated that in the early part of the XV century the inhabitants of that city had discovered Newfoundland and its fisheries. "Already since 1412," writes Leonce Goyette (hist. of St. Jean De Luz), "while fishers had penetrated as far as Iceland. It is a well-established fact that, towards the third quarter of the XV century, or about 1475, the English traded with Iceland, and a large commerce was maintained with it by Bristol" (Justin Winsor, Columbus, page 189). It is generally believed, though it is not absolutely proved, that Columbus made a voyage to Iceland about this time, and that he heard there the tradition of a western land which induced him afterwards to undertake his celebrated voyage.

It is probably about this time (1480) that John Cabot came to Bristol, and was an active participant in all the commercial and adventurous enterprises of that city.

JOHN CABOT.

Concerning John Cabot, we know the following facts: He was an Italian, probably born in Genoa. He is called a Genoese by Stowe in his Chronicles, also by Pedro de Ayala, who says he was a Genoese like Columbus. But in the charter or patent of Henry VII., given to John Cabot, John is styled "Johannes Veneziannus" (citizen of Venice). This puzzled some later historians, until the archives of Venice were searched, the record was found dated 28th March, 1476, of the conferring on him of the freedom of the city of Venice, "after a continued residence of fifteen years." Hence we find that he went to settle in Venice in 1461, and as he must have been capable of fulfilling the duties of a citizen at that time, he would have been about twenty-one or twenty-two

years of age. Hence he would have been born about the year 1439 or 1440, that is to say about the same time as Columbus, of whom he was a fellow citizen, and probably a companion and school fellow. He married in Venice, about the year 1470, and Sebastian, his second son, was born about 1472 or 8.

John Cabot was in Venice for at least three years after the birth of Sebastian, as it was not until 1476, as stated above, that he received the citizenship of Venice. During his stay in that city he made a journey to the East and went as far as Mecca. This was probably in 1478. There he met caravans of merchants, bringing loads of spices and gems from China and Japan. He learned from these merchants that the country whence these precious and coveted articles came, was "far away to the East, near the North" (Bosoniu). This information inspired Cabot with the idea which dominated his after life, namely, to find a passage to Cathay and Zangbar, towards the northwest.

What time he came to settle in Bristol has not been exactly ascertained. All we know for certain is that he was there in 1491. Pedro de Ayala, prothonotary and ambassador of Spain at London, writing in 1498 (26th July) to Ferdinand and Isabella, says: "The citizens of Bristol, for the past seven years, have sent out every year, two, three, or four vessels, in search of the Isle of Bresil, and of the Seven Cities, at the inspiration of this Genoese," that is, John Cabot. Hence we conclude that at least in the year 1491, he was a man of influence in the commercial world of Bristol. It can scarcely be doubted, then, that he must have made several voyages to Iceland, and that he knew well, as we shall see, the course to that island. There he would have heard the ever living traditions of the Western lands, discovered by the Norsemen in the IX and X centuries.

GREENLAND.

It appears to me quite clear, that although the colonies founded by the Norsemen in Greenland, Helluland, Markland and Vinland, failed and disappeared, yet the Norsemen of Iceland never altogether lost their connection with these western lands. In the year 876 or 890, G. Bjarni discovered Greenland. In 986 Bjarni discovered the mainland of America. In the year 1000 we have the famous voyage of Leif Ericson, and the founding of the colony of Vinland. In 1011 this colony was visited by Thorfinn. In 1055, in the annals of the Episcopal See of Skalholt in Iceland, mention is made of Markland. Again, in 1073, Adam Bræmnes mentions Helluland and Vinland. In 1285, two priests from Iceland, named Athalbrand and Thorwald, made a visit to these western lands. They gave the name of N'ja fudra land, which is the first mention we have of this venerable and heroic name. In 1290 Eric Magnuson, King of Norway, sent one Ralf to explore these lands. He received the title of Ralf Land, on account of his discoveries.

In 1384, the name of the Gulf of Markland is mentioned by Hank Erlendsson. He speaks of a vessel with eighteen men coming from there, in 1347. The Annals of Iceland (Fletery Bok) relate a voyage from Greenland to Markland, again in 1394. About the year 1400, we have the narration of Zeno, of the voyage of a sailor of the Feroe Islands to E-toti Lund or N'va Scotia.

In 1481, Eric, King of Pomerania and the Scandinavian Union, mentions these countries among the Norwegian colonies.

In 1490, King John of Norway grants permission to England to fish at Iceland, Greenland, Orkney, Shetland, Feroe, and the other isles belonging to Norway, by which is meant, no doubt, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.

The Ecclesiastical Records, preserved in the Vatican archives, and which were sent by Pope Leo XIII. to the Chicago Exhibition, show a communication with Greenland ranging over 400 years.

The conversion of Greenland to Christianity is attributed to the holy King, St. Olav, in 1080. In 1055, Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, sent Albert as first Bishop of Greenland. The Cathedral See was at Gardar.

There is a letter from Pope Innocent III. to the Archbishop of Drontheim, dated 1206, in which the diocese of Greenland is made a suffragan of the Metropolitan See of Drontheim or Nidaros.

Pope Alexander VI appointed Matthew, monk of St. Benedict, as Bishop of Gardar, in Greenland. This rather lengthy digression is necessary, as I shall show by and by, to the full understanding of the question at issue. It is quite clear that, at the time immediately preceding the voyages of Columbus and Cabot, there was, not only as Lord Bacon remarks (quoted by Zurlin in "Viaggio di Marco Polo"), "a tradition (memoria) of some lands discovered towards the North-west," but that there was (at least among the learned) a very clearly defined knowledge of the western world. I shall return to this point later on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.

CHRISTIANITY OWES MUCH TO HIS ZEAL AND ENDURANCE.

His Life During the Early Days of Methodism in Canada Was Often One of Great Hardship—The Story of One Now Enjoying a Ripely Old Age.

From the Simcoe Informer.

In the early days of Methodism in Canada the work was spread abroad in the land by the active exertions of the circuit rider. It required a man of no ordinary health and strength; an iron constitution and unflagging determination to fulfill the arduous duties incumbent on one who undertook to preach salvation to his fellowmen. It was no easy task that these men set themselves to, but they were strong in the faith and hope of ultimate reward. Many fell by the wayside, while others struggled on, and prospered, and at last enjoyed the ripe old age happy in the knowledge that a lasting reward will soon be theirs. Most of these old timers are not now engaged in active church work, but have been placed in the hands of their families, and now live in quietude in town or on a farm free from the cares of the world, they await the call to come up higher.

Rev. David Williams, who lives two miles southwest of Nixon Ont., in the township of Windham, Norfolk County, was one of these early days circuit riders. He was a man of vigorous health and although without many advantages in the way of early education he succeeded by dint of hard and constant study in being admitted to the ministry in his early days. He was in the first house built in Glen Williams near Georgetown, Mr. George Kennedy the founder of Georgetown, being a brother of his mother. To-day he is 70 years old and for the past 20 years has lived in this country. For many years he had been a sufferer from kidney and kindred diseases. He tried all kinds of remedies, and although sometimes temporarily relieved he gradually grew worse until in October, 1895, he was stricken with paralysis. From this he partially recovered and recovered his powers of speech but his mind was badly wrecked, and his memory was so poor that he could not remember the name of the person from whom he wished to speak with regard to the matter of his mind. One day driving to church he wished to speak of a neighbor who lived next to him for twenty years, but he could not recall the name for an hour or more. In addition to this he had a great deal of trouble, and in some instances, pain in the head, across the forehead, in the temples and behind the ears, across the lower part of the skull, and in the joint of the neck. He had great weakness and pains in the back, hips and legs. In fact, so much did he suffer that he was almost an impossibility, and he fell away in weight until he weighed only 145 pounds. By this time, Dec., 1895, he had become despondent and felt that if he did not soon obtain relief, he would soon bid adieu to the things of this world. On the 20th of December he read of a cure in the Reformer by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and being seized with a sudden inspiration at once wrote to Brockville for a supply of that marvelous remedy. Immediate good results followed their use and he has improved wonderfully during the past year. He has recovered his bodily health and strength, is comparatively free from pain and his memory is nearly as good as it was before he was stricken with paralysis. He attributes the improvement to the prospectus and very bright for complete recovery. He has gained 20 pounds in weight since beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Williams says: "I can heartily endorse the many good things said of these pills in the papers, and strongly recommend them to anyone suffering as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, and thus disengage the system. There are numerous pink colored imitations, against which the public is warned. The genuine Pink Pills can be had only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade-mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all others.

The Appartamento Borgia in the Vatican.

The London Times Vatican correspondent writes: "A work of some importance in the history of art has now been completed in the Vatican by His Holiness Leo XIII. The 'Appartamento Borgia,' well known to all lovers of art, has been closed for some years to the public while the work of restoration was being carried out, and now, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Pope's coronation, it is to be opened."

Mrs. S. James, Seaford, suffered for years with what is called old people's rash. She was treated by many physicians without result. Mr. Fox, the local druggist, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which relieved the irritation at once and speedily effected a permanent cure of the skin eruption. Mrs. James also says that Dr. Chase's Ointment cured her of itching Piles which she had been troubled with for years.

LILLEKORT.

FROM THE PERSON OF KATHER MARMAN.

There was once a man and his wife who were very, very poor, and had a great many children. Each year added one to the number. One day the wife gave birth to a beautiful boy, who on opening his eyes, cried: "Dearest mother, give me food for my brother's old clothes, and for me for two days, and I will go into the world to seek my fortune, for I see you have enough children here without me."

"Heaven forbid, my child!" exclaimed the mother. "You are much too young to leave the house." But the little one insisted; so at length his mother gave him some clothes and some food, and he departed, full of joy. Lillekort (for so he named himself) travelled towards the east. Presently he met an old, one-eyed woman, and took away her eye.

"Alas!" she cried, "I can no longer see. What will become of me?" "What will you give me for your eye?" asked Lillekort.

"A sword that will slay a whole army, no matter how numerous."

Lillekort took the sword and continued his journey. A little farther he met another old, one-eyed woman, and took away her eye, and asked what she would give him for returning it.

The old woman said she would give him a ship that would sail over land and sea, over mountains and valleys, and on his agreeing, she gave him a little ship so small and light that he could carry it around in his pocket.

As soon as he was quite alone Lillekort stopped to examine his little vessel. He drew it from his pocket and put one foot in it. Immediately it grew larger. He put in the second foot. It grew yet larger. He sat down in it. It increased yet more. Then he said:

"Go over the waves of the ocean, over mountains and through valleys, until you reach the palace of the King."

The ship immediately sped through space with the rapidity of a bird, and stopped in front of a magnificent palace. From one of the windows of this palace several persons beheld, with astonishment and interest, this boy who travelled in a manner so strange, and they hastened out to obtain a nearer view of the wonder. But Lillekort had already put his ship in his pocket. They asked who he was and whence he came. To these different questions he knew not how to reply; but in a firm voice said he wished to enter the service of the King, no matter in what capacity; if need be, as a servant of the servants.

His humble request was granted. He was ordered to fetch wood and water for the kitchen. Arriving at the palace he saw with surprise that all the walls were hung with black, both without and within.

"Wherefore," he asked the cook, "is this appearance of mourning?"

"Alas," she replied, "the only daughter of our King has been promised to three trolles, enormous ogres, and Thursday next the first comes to claim her. A knight, whose name is Rend, has undertaken to defend her. But how should he succeed? In the meantime we are all plunged in anguish and affliction."

Thursday evening Rend led the Princess to the sea shore. It was here he had to defend her. But he was not very brave, so instead of waiting near her he climbed a tree and hid among the branches. In vain the Princess begged him to assist her. "No, no," said he; "why two victims? One is sufficient."

At that moment Lillekort asked the cook's permission to go to the sea shore. "Go," said she, "but be sure you return by the time I prepare supper, and do not forget to bring me a good load of wood."

Lillekort promised, and ran toward the beach. At the same time the trolle appeared, making a noise like thunder. His body was of enormous dimensions, and he had five frightful heads.

"Madman!" he cried, on seeing the little kitchen boy.

"Madman!" repeated Lillekort. "Do you know how to fight?" "If I do not I will learn."

The trolle then threw a bar of iron at Lillekort, which, falling on the ground, raised a pile of sand and dust.

"A beautiful tower of strength," cried Lillekort. "Now, see mine."

With these words he drew his sword and with one blow smote off the monster's five heads.

Finding herself delivered, the Princess began to dance and sing gaily, then she said to the young boy: "Rest, lay your head on my knee." "Willst thou thus rested she placed on him a suit of golden armour. All danger being over, Rend came down from the tree, took the tongue and lungs of the monster, and then told the Princess he would kill her unless she promised to acknowledge him publicly as her deliverer. She yielded to his threats, and he returned with her in triumph to the palace. The King lodged him with honors, and a supper seated him at his right hand. Meanwhile, Lillekort entered the giant's ship, and brought from thence a quantity of gold and silver trinkets.

"From whence all these riches?" asked the cook anxiously, for she feared he had stolen them. "Reassure yourself," he replied. "I went home for a moment; these trinkets fell from an old piece of furniture, so I brought them back for you."

"What beautiful things! A thousand thanks!"

The Thursday following, fresh grief, fresh anguish. However, Rend said as he had vanquished the first trolle, he reckoned he could conquer the second. But this time also he took refuge among the branches of a tree, saying: "Why two victims? One is surely sufficient."

Lillekort again obtained the cook's permission to go out, he said to play with some children on the sea shore, so he hastened forth, after promising to return by the time she prepared supper, and bring a good load of wood.

As he reached the shore he saw the trolle approaching. He was twice as colossal as the first, and had ten heads.

"Madman!" exclaimed the trolle, on seeing Lillekort.

"Madman!" repeated the valiant boy, and on the trolle asking if he could fight, replied, as on the former occasion, that he could learn.

The giant then threw a bar of iron at him, which, falling on the ground, raised a column of dust thirty feet high.

"A beautiful tower of strength," said the boy. "Now, see mine." And drawing his sword he, with one blow, smote off the monster's ten heads.

Again the Princess desired him to rest his head on her knees, and this time she placed on him a suit of silver armour. Rend now came down from the tree, took the tongue and lungs of the trolle, and returned with the Princess in triumph to the palace, after having declared he would kill her if she did not acknowledge him publicly as her deliverer. The King received him with enthusiasm, and knew not how to show his gratitude.

Lillekort returned to the kitchen, carrying a quantity of gold and silver he had taken from the trolle's ship.

The third Thursday, the palace was again hung with black, and the people were plunged in grief. But Rend said he had already conquered two formidable monsters and would overcome the third. But, as on the preceding Thursdays, he hid in the tree, and when the Princess implored him to remain with her, said one victim was sufficient.

Lillekort, who had again obtained the cook's permission to go out, reached the shore at the same time as the monster, who was much more terrible than either of the two former. He had fifteen heads, and the bar of iron he threw at his head, little adversely raised a column of earth forty feet high. Lillekort, however, with his magic sword, struck off the fifteen heads at once.

"Rest," said the Princess; "rest your head on my knees."

"Willst thou thus rested, she put on him a suit of bronze armour, and said:—

"How can we make it known that it is you who saved me?"

"Listen," replied Lillekort, "this is my idea. Rend will go without scruple to claim the reward promised to your deliverer: your hand and the half of your father's kingdom. When the day for your marriage arrives say you wish to be served at the table by the boy who carries wood and water to the kitchen. I will let a few drops of wine fall on Rend's plate. He will strike me. A second and a third time I will do the same, and again he will strike me; then you shall say: 'For shame to strike him whom I love—he who saved me—he whom I should wed!'"

Seeing the trolle was dead, Rend came down from the tree and led the Princess back to the palace, after having made her swear a third time to proclaim him as her deliverer.

The King announced that his daughter's deliverer should receive in the most splendid manner the reward he had so well deserved. The cowardly knave was betrothed to the Princess, and half the kingdom was given him. The day of the Princess's marriage she would be served by the boy who carried wood and water to the kitchen.

"What!" exclaimed Rend, in disgust; "you wish that dirty, indecent little varlet to come near you?"

"Yes, I wish it."

Lillekort was summoned, and, as he had said, he once, twice, thrice let some drops of wine fall in Rend's plate.

The first time he was struck the coarse garments he wore fell off, and the valiant boy appeared in a suit of bronze armour, the second time in silver armour, and the third time in armour of glittering gold.

"Then the Princess cried: 'For shame to strike him whom I love—he who saved me—he whom I should wed!'"

Rend swore loudly that it was he who had saved her.

"Let us see the proofs of the victor," said the King.

The knight immediately showed the tongue and lungs of the trolle.

Lillekort fetched the treasures he had taken from the monster's ship. At the sight of the gold, silver, and diamonds, no one had the slightest doubt.

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