

of Queen Elizabeth. This is no other than Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the gallant knights of Devonshire. He unrolls a parchment scroll and proceeds to read the royal patent, authorizing him to take possession of the island, on behalf of his royal mistress, and exercise jurisdiction over it, and all other possessions of the Crown in these regions. The banner of England is hoisted on a pole, and the arms of England affixed to a wooden pillar; and the English sailors present give three lusty cheers for England's Queen, which awake the echoes among the hills, and quite startle the Spaniards and French, who don't know how to cheer, but signify, in their own fashion, their acquiescence in the ceremonial. In this way is the island taken possession of; the grant giving Sir Humphrey Gilbert jurisdiction for two hundred leagues in every direction, so that the limits included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, part of Labrador, as well as the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Prince Edward—a right royal principality truly.

Who was this Sir Humphrey Gilbert, first colonizer of Newfoundland, who with some two hundred and fifty followers from Devonshire had arrived with the view of making this western wilderness a home for Englishmen? He was a son of the famous Sir Otho Gilbert, of Compton Castle, Torbay. His mother was a Champernoun, of pure Norman descent, and could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzant. She bore her husband three brave sons, John, Humphrey and Adrian, who all proved to be men of remarkable ability and force of character, and all three were knighted by Elizabeth—a distinction which meant something from the hands of the great Queen, who bestowed that dignity with singular frugality and discrimination, and only in recognition of distinguished genius or valor. In Elizabeth's day the dignity of knighthood was the highest distinction that could be conferred on a warrior and a gentleman. On the death of Sir Otho Gilbert, his widow married Walter Raleigh, a gentleman of ancient blood, none older in the land, but impoverished, who was now living at Hayes, a farm in the parish of East Badleigh, Devonshire, which was the only wreck that remained of his estate. To her second husband, the fair Champernoun bore a son whose fame was destined to be world wide, and who in a period more prolific of great men and great events than any other before or since, played a gallant part, and was also knighted as Sir Walter Raleigh, by Elizabeth. If the