

ing he was astonished and delighted on beholding a sail coming from the eastward, and he turned to meet his fellow adventurers upon these unknown waters; gradually the ships drew near each other, and while Verazzano displayed the white ensign of France, from the other waved the gaudy bars of Spain; symbolical, indeed, of blood and gold.

At this time His Most Catholic Majesty Charles V., whose proper place should have been in a Lunatic Asylum, was at open war with another delectable tyrant, Francis I. of France. Now I have often thought what a blessing it would be if those fellows were compelled to do their own fighting individually, like us common people; what a great amount of suffering and misery it would be, if either, or both, were wiped of the earth in the encounter. But these hard living, hard headed adventurers, had neither the good sense nor good feeling to pass each other politely, but must needs come to blows upon an ocean large enough for them to navigate, like the flying Dutchman, forever.

After pounding each other soundly for some time, without much advantage to either, a storm arose which separated them; but Mastuccio, who by a strange chance of fate was the commander of the Spanish ship, soon discovered that his vessel was sinking. When it was found impossible to keep her longer afloat, they took to their boats and made for the coast, which was dimly visible in the west; when they landed they were received with every demonstration of respect and friendship by the natives, who, building large fires, brought them food and danced about them rejoicing greatly. Verazzano also was not long in discovering that the recent encounter had not improved the condition of his sea weary craft, and looked about anxiously for a harbor, where he might make his projected settlement, or at least repair the damage caused by the battle. Such he soon discovered, and landed his cargo and built a rude encampment, and set about establishing his colony and refitting his ship.

Everything proceeded favorably; the natives were friendly, and Verazzano determined upon exploring the country further inland. For this purpose he procured an Indian guide, and with only one of his own men for a companion, he departed for the unknown wilderness: greatly was he astonished and delighted at the richness and strange magnificence of the land; the lofty wooded mountains and hills, whose bosoms, to his ardent imagination, held untold wealth; the deep valleys whose rushing streams rolled beneath the flickering sun light of the forest; but neither gold nor precious stones rewarded his search, and at last the solemn and wierd majesty of the primeval world weighed upon his spirit, and he turned to retrace his steps, when he found his savage guide had deserted him; but not

dishartened by this, he set out with his solitary follower on his return. For many weary days they toiled onward through the tangled woods, until at length they stood upon a hill which overlooked the ocean; and they knew not which way to turn to reach the settlement. While still undecided, they perceived smoke rising thro' the trees in the distance, and towards it they accordingly bent their steps. Down by a dark deep pool, in the dark recesses of the lonely forest, sat a woman; beautiful she was once, for even yet in this strange place, she unconsciously assumed the graceful attitude of one accustomed to admiration; with her bare feet she idly dabbled in the water; her head thrown back against the root of a huge tree was supported by a slender hand that shone through the unheeded masses of long dark hair; her form, poorly clad, had many of the remnants of "better days," oddly mixed with the uncouth habiliment of savage life; while the spirit of some past dream of hope and loveliness seemed to hover over her, the lost child of grace and beauty. Such I have seen in my dreams, and is it not too bad that it is only in dreams that such are seen, for it is not the past but a dream: a dream alas! that never is nor can be fulfilled.

As I have described Verazzano beheld her, and his heart stood still as he leaned for support on his companion;—that form which he once deemed no wealth could sufficiently adorn—could that be the love of his lost youth, the bride of his manhood and the sorrow of his life? It was—he felt and knew it was—and like in a strange and bewildered dream he approached, bidding his companion to remain. She started, and on beholding him, stretched forth her arms, and with a loud cry, like the sound of an æolian harp that breaks with the rude blasts of midnight, she sank upon his breast. Strangely parted, strangely met—it seemed to these two that the long years of separation and misery were blotted out, and the deep love which had united them of old was still as pure and undefiled as the day they made their vows.

By that dark pool in the wild forest they told the story of their sufferings and Verazzano learned how his rival had spread the report of his death, and how by the importunity of friends, she at length was brought to wed him; how he had recovered from the wound Verazzano had given, and then his entering the service of the Spanish Emperor, and carrying her forcibly to sea with him; and lastly, the battle; how their ship was lost, and they were thrown upon this unknown shore. Then deep in his heart did Verazzano swear to have a terrible revenge; and with a lingering embrace he parted from her who was once his wife and passed away into the forest.

Mastuccio and his avicious, thieving Spaniards did not remain very long on good terms with their Indian neighbors, and before

long their unregulated passions brought upon them the enmity of the savages, till at last they were compelled to live almost entirely within their pallisades. After this they discovered they had neighbors, and that those neighbors possessed a ship, which was the very one they had fought, and which was the cause of their disaster and present suffering. Mastuccio, whose evil nature misfortune had not improved in the least, determined to surprise this colony, seize the ship, and return to Spain. But he had not reckoned upon betrayal, (and here I would give a wholesome advice from one who has good reason to know its value; if ever you should be in camp or quarters, and a woman anywhere near you, make her your friend at any cost, and, believe me, you will have cause to be thankful.) This was maxiam was unknown or disregarded by the sage Mastuccio, and when in the darkness of night he came upon the little colony, he found a warm reception prepared for him and after a bloody and desperate fight, he found himself wounded and a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. Imagine his dismay when he beheld in their leader the man whom he had so deeply injured. Coldly and silently Verazzano regarded the foe who had blasted the fair prospect of his life; with bitter sternness he recounted the story of his wrongs; the terror-stricken wretch howled for mercy which he had never shown, but Verazzano felt that the world was not wide enough to hold them both, and before another sun had sank behind the western forest that dark pool down in the solitary woods received the lifeless form of Stefano Mastuccio. Thus doth his sooty Majesty of vicious proclivities ever treat his most devoted followers; leading them on from one scrape to another till at last in the inevitable tide of events, the harvest of their misdeeds become ripe and they fall by the inexorable scythe of justice. Verazzano gathered his people about him, broke up his colony and one fine morning sailed away and in duo tino arrived in France, but only to find his friend and patron Francis in prison in the hands of the kingly ruffian Charles. Little further is known of him, but let us hope that he found a happiness in the latter years of his life which was some recompense for the misfortunes and sorrows of his youth.

NOTE.—Another and very improbable account is given of Verazzano's death, which is, that he and his colony were destroyed by the Indians who killed and eat them. But this is obviously absurd, but the reader curious in such matters will find further particulars in "The Conquest of Canada," by Warburton, or better in Charlevoix.

LEAVE.—Captains Willess and O'Connor, V. C., 23rd Fusiliers, have been granted leave to England until the return thither of the Regiment from Canada.