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THE DISCOVERER OF NORTH AMERICA, AND THE FIRST COLONIZER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

THREE hundred and seventy-seven years ago, on the 24th of June, 1497, at five o'clock in the morning, a small vessel, of some two hundred tons, was approaching the shores of Newfoundland; and as the early haze cleared away, the thrilling cry of "Land, ho!" rang through the ship. The name painted on the stern of this good ship was *The Matthew, of Bristol*, and she was manned by stout West country sailors. Her commander was Sebastian Cabot—one of the greatest names on England's roll of naval heroes, second only to that of Columbus. Though of Italian extraction, he was born in Bristol, and spent his youth, and most of his manhood, in the service of England, so that she may fairly claim him as one of her own sons. His father, John Cabot, a Venetian, was an intelligent, thoughtful man, who, with his son Sebastian, had given much attention to those maritime enterprises, which were then engaging the boldest spirits in Europe. When the news of Columbus's great discovery flew from nation to nation, giving a new direction to men's thoughts, and kindling in the minds of multitudes a quenchless desire to explore the secrets of the new hemisphere, the thought presented itself to the mind of Cabot that by taking a north-west course, instead of the track which led the great navigator to San Salvador, he would reach, by a shorter route, the eastern coasts of Asia, and open up intercourse

with the Cathay of Marco Polo—the great object of maritime adventure in those days. On application to Henry VII. he obtained letters patent sanctioning his undertaking; but the expense of the expedition was borne by the Cabots and their connections. And so, in the month of May, 1497, this daring navigator took his departure from the port of Bristol, and turned his prow to the north-west, to traverse stormy seas which were yet unfurrowed by European keel. It is uncertain whether his father accompanied him; but in contemporary and subsequent records, the whole glory of the enterprise is justly attributed to his son Sebastian. Nothing whatever is known of the voyage. No diary was kept on board, and the commander gave the world no account of what took place, beyond the bare results of the voyage. Few can both *do* great things and *describe* them adequately. Julius Cæsar is almost the only exception to this rule. Without any flourish of trumpets, these silent Englishmen sailed from Bristol, out into the unexplored wilds of the North Atlantic, never fancying that they were doing anything great. Yet the greatest and most momentous consequences flowed from this voyage of *The Matthew*. The continent of North America was discovered by Englishmen, and the claim to possession, which first discovery then established, kindled that passion for colonization which has since dotted the globe with English colonies, and fostered that swarming tendency, which has gone on, deepening and strengthening in the race ever since, and which was never so productive of momentous results as at the present hour. The honor of England was pledged to hold what the daring enterprise of her seamen had discovered. Had not Cabot led the way to the shores of Newfoundland, other European races might have monopolized these vast regions, and the English tongue would not have been spoken, from Atlantic to Pacific, as it is to-day. From the discovery of Newfoundland by Sebastian Cabot, all these great results have flowed.

It would be interesting if we could decide with certainty on what part of the coast of Newfoundland Cabot first landed. The common opinion is that the headland of Cape Bonavista was the portion of the coast first sighted by Cabot, and by him named in gratitude by the Italian designation of "Bona Vista," or happy sight; and that he called the whole country "Baccalaos," from the abundance of codfish, the native term for which is "baccalao." This account has been often repeated, in ordinary histories, but in

reality there is no foundation for it. The Red Indians of Newfoundland did not call codfish "baccalao," that being a name given by the Basques, who were the earliest cod-fishers on the great Banks and coast of the Island, and named the Cod "baccalaos," and Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, collectively, the "Baccalaos" or Codlands. Nor is there really any evidence to show that Cape Bonavista was the first land seen by Cabot. The various accounts of his voyage, which are sufficiently bewildering and contradictory, seem to indicate that there is a strong probability that the land first seen by Cabot was the coast of Labrador, close to the Straits of Belle Isle; so that he discovered Newfoundland and the continent of America at the same time. The chief evidence in support of this opinion rests on a map drawn by Cabot, though unfortunately not now in existence; but underneath it the engraver placed an inscription which has been preserved, and which records that "he discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24th June 1497, about five o'clock in the morning. This island he called 'Prima Vista'—first seen. That island which lieth out before the land, he called of St. John, on this occasion, because it was discovered on the day of St. John the Baptist." The only island of any considerable size, standing apart from the land, in the latitude in which Cabot then was, is Newfoundland. Turning westward at this point, he ranged along the shore till he made the coast of Nova Scotia, and then bore up for England, where the news of his discovery made a profound sensation. The following year he made a second voyage, still hoping to discover the strait which would conduct him to the Indian Seas; and on this occasion he sailed along the whole coast of North America, from Labrador to Florida. By both these achievements he made himself the discoverer of continental America; for at that date Columbus had discovered only some of the West India Islands. Were justice done to his memory the whole of the northern continent should be called "Cabotia," for he first surveyed its coasts and attempted to colonize its shores. The southern portion of the continent should bear the name of Columbia.

It is but fair to state that another opinion regarding Cabot's "Prima Vista" is held by some competent judges, who maintain that the first land made by the adventurers in the *Matthew* was Cape North, the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island, and

that the island described as "lying opposite the same" was Prince Edward Island, which was long after known as the "Isle of St. John." They hold that Cabot skirted this island, and sailed along the southern coast on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, beyond the site on which at present Quebec stands; that returning by the northern shore of the Gulf, "still trending eastward," they coasted to the latitude of 53° N., and then sailing by Newfoundland Island, which they took to be and depicted as an archipelago, they continued their course southward to the Chesapeake, and so home.

The penurious Henry VII. appears to have bestowed on Cabot neither honors nor rewards. His discoveries brought no immediate returns, and probably the close-fisted monarch thought he paid him handsomely when he presented him with ten pounds as a reward of his services; and not only so, but made a note of it in the account of his privy purse expenses, lest any one should accuse him of neglecting the great seaman. Cabot remained for a number of years in England, loved and admired for his genial, modest disposition, his ardent and enterprising spirit which was ever urging on new maritime adventures. At length he entered the service of the King of Spain, who estimated his worth so highly that he at once made him Pilot Major of the Kingdom. In the service of Spain he made many voyages, discovered Brazil and explored the Plata and Paraguay rivers. When Edward VI. ascended the throne he returned to England, and was appointed Chief Pilot, with a pension of £166 per annum. For many years he was the very soul of the maritime and commercial enterprises of England, and was the first who, in company with others, opened up the trade with Russia.

Cabot died in his eightieth year in London. His friend Richard Eden, gives us a glimpse of him in his closing hours, when bound for that far off country where "there is no more sea;" and he had loved the sea so well, and played with its wild waves so long, that even in his last moments the music of ocean was in his ears, and in the wanderings of his fevered fancy he spoke of a divine revelation to him of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. The dying seaman was again, in imagination, on his beloved ocean, over whose billows his intrepid and adventurous youth had opened a pathway, and on whose mysterious secrets he had pondered for three-score years. Soon he entered the quiet haven where the

hail storms are unfelt and the rough winds are hushed for evermore. It is probable that he died in London, though even that is not certain any more than the exact date of his death. No man knows where his dust reposes. No monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of one of the noblest and bravest seamen that ever trod the deck of an English ship. He gave a continent to England; and in all that wide region there is not a headland, bay, creek or harbor called by his name. The navy and commerce of England received from his genius their first onward impulse; but no monumental record marks the few feet of earth which, in return for all his services, England gave as a resting-place for his ashes. His maps and discoveries were never published, and were allowed to sink into perpetual oblivion. The world's benefactors seldom meet their reward here. Never was there a more flagrant case of the world's ingratitude than that presented in the case of Sebastian Cabot. Have our North American Colonies done anything to wipe away the blot? In the splendid Parliament Buildings at Ottawa has a niche been devoted to a statue of the discoverer of North America? If so, it is not yet generally known. In the year 1860 Newfoundland came to the rescue; and when the Prince of Wales visited the island the people presented him with a fine specimen of a Newfoundland dog, having first baptized the animal by the name of "Cabot," out of respect to the memory of the discoverer of the island. It is surely possible to do better than that. The erection of a statue in the capital of the Dominion would be but a little tardy justice done to the merits of this great man, after a lapse of more than three centuries and a half. It is known that there is still, in one of the private picture-galleries of England, a portrait of Cabot, painted for Edward VI. by the great painter, Holbein. Though taken at an advanced age, it is said to have been an admirable and characteristic likeness, presenting a man of commanding stature, on whose noble countenance the lines of profound thought were deeply marked; while the dark hazel eye gave token of the force and ardour of character which made him a leader of men. An engraving of this fine portrait would be a boon to the public.

We have seen that the grand object of Cabot, in his early voyages, was to find a short route to Cathay or China. "There is no new thing under the sun." What we call new has existed ages ago, in rude and embryotic form, and now merely recurs in

fully developed shape, and perfected to its ideal. The crude idea of Cabot, that China would be reached by sailing to the north-west, will one day be realized in a far grander way than he conceived. The Canadian Pacific Railway will, in a few years, be completed, including, I venture to predict, a branch across Newfoundland, having St. John's for its eastern terminus, and a line of steamers from its western extremity connecting it with China and Japan—the Cathay and Cipango of the early navigators. This will be the shortest, safest and easiest route for the trans-continental traffic between England and China. Cabot was right after all. Along this line the most direct and practicable communication will be maintained between Shanghae and Liverpool. The proper route between China and Europe is *via* Newfoundland. It is shorter by a thousand miles than by the American Pacific line. One day the dark cliffs around the harbor of St. John's will re-echo the scream of the locomotive as the train arrives with passengers from China *en route* for Europe, and the "Heathen Chinee," with flowing robe and streaming pigtail, will pay a flying visit to Cabot's "Prima Vista."

Passing over the eighty-six years which followed the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot, we come to the year 1583. On the 15th of August in that year there were lying in the harbor of St. John's thirty-six vessels belonging to various nations. A few of these were English, and the rest Portuguese, Spanish and French. In addition to these, there were three English vessels, which had arrived the day before, whose names were *The Delight*, *The Golden Hind* and *The Swallow*. Early on this morning, boats were lowered from these ships, and the commander and officers went ashore. Soon a goodly company had assembled on the beach, then lined by a few wooden huts of the rudest description. The rough inmates of these huts gathered round the company which had landed from the English ships, and the captains of the other vessels were there by special summons. A very curious and motley group that must have been—bronzed and swarthy Spaniards, Portuguese and French, contrasting strikingly with the more ponderous and ruddy Englishmen, and all in the picturesque costume of the sixteenth century. Presently a circle is formed around one commanding figure—a man of noble presence, wearing the richly slashed and laced doublet, velvet cloak, trunk hose and grey hat and feather, which constituted the dress of gentlemen in the days

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 gentlemen. 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

law holds good that great men have always mothers above the common level, in regard to intellect and worth, then the mother of four such sons must have been a grand woman indeed, although no record of her personal character has been preserved. Thus Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert were half brothers. Young Raleigh was brought up on the pleasant farm of Hayes; while Gilbert and his two brothers dwelt in the quaint, gloomy towers of Compton Castle, amid the apple orchards of Torbay. There still stands the ruins of this old castle, near Brixham, where William of Orange first set his foot on British soil. Amid the soft beauty of Torbay, within sight of the restless sea, in which he was destined to find a grave, young Humphrey Gilbert grew up. Torbay has long been noted for its lovely scenery—its parks full of grand old oaks, chestnut trees and stately elms—its rich red fallow fields—its apple orchards bursting into flower as summer approaches—its pebbly beach kissed by the waves, and its rounded hills gently sloping to the sea. In that favored spot, the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year lingers smiling to twine a garland for the new. This was the beautiful home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, first colonizer of Newfoundland; and here he grew in the simple and manly but high bred ways of English gentlemen of the Elizabethan period.

Having come to man's estate he embraced the profession of arms, fought bravely and won distinction in Continental and Irish wars; and in his mature age he and his still more distinguished half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, formed the design of colonizing the island of Newfoundland, first of all, and then the neighboring continent and islands. Hence it came that on the 5th of August, 1583, he was standing on the beach of St. John's harbor. His design was grand, and worthy of a patriotic, heroic nobleman.

But how inscrutable to us are the ways of Providence? His expedition, so nobly planned and so ably conducted, met only with disappointment and finally disaster. He was the first to issue the laws by which the fisheries were for a long time afterwards regulated. He established the English laws, constitution and church government; made it penal for any one to attempt anything prejudicial to the new dominion; and levied contributions on all fishing vessels. But the task of founding a colony on the rugged shores of Newfoundland was no easy one with the materials at hand. Among the adventurers on board his little squadron were

some most unruly spirits, and not a few pirates who had been condemned to service in the fleet, by way of punishment. These were the cause of great trouble to the leader, fostering disaffection, desertion and mutiny. The prospect of wintering on such a bleak coast was most distasteful to such men, and they began to desert in all directions. Sickness, too, invaded the little company, and the Admiral embarked those suffering from disease for England, in the *Swallow*. Soon after he set out on a surveying expedition along the coast. One of his vessels, the *Delight*, struck on a shoal and became a wreck. Only the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* now remained, and there was nothing for it but to return to England.

Sir Humphrey was on board the *Squirrel*, a little nut-shell of ten tons. He was urged to go on board the other ship, but his heroic answer was, "No, I will not forsake my little company with whom I have passed through so many storms and perils." They reached the parallel of the Azores in safety; but there encountered a terrible storm, which made the hearts of the bravest quail. Sir Humphrey alone retained his self-possession. Those on board the *Golden Hind* could see the gallant, fearless knight sitting on the deck of his little barque, the Bible in his hand, and as they came within hail, his strong voice, full of cheerful courage, was heard across the angry billows ringing out these memorable words—"Cheer up, brothers, we are as near heaven by sea as by land." The storm increased with the night; the black billows roared around the little vessels like hungry beasts of prey. Suddenly, towards midnight, the lights in the *Squirrel* disappeared; the little barque was seen no more; and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, scholar, soldier, discoverer, colonizer and philosopher, pious and heroic in life and death, sank amid the dark waves of the Atlantic:

"He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand:
'Do not fear, Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land.'

"In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously
The fleet of death rose all around."

Thus tragically perished one of the bravest adventurers, who, in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, led the way in planting those English colonies which now dot the globe, and which, forming an outlet for a swarming population, have extended the dominion,

the arms and the commerce of England over all seas. To Newfoundland the death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert was an irreparable loss. Had he lived to see England again, he and Raleigh would, to a certainty, have renewed their efforts at colonization in the island; and profiting by past errors, would have planted there men of the right stamp. But his work on earth was finished; and the colony had to struggle on as best it could, without such wise and noble helpers. Newfoundland has reason to cherish the memory of the brave knight, for his name is one of the brightest in her annals. He had fully appreciated the enormous value of her fisheries; and rightly concluded that the proper way to prosecute those fisheries was by colonizing the country with Englishmen, and thus raising up a resident population who would combine agricultural pursuits with fishing.

Unfortunately, influenced by the narrow, short-sighted counsels of selfish, greedy men, England was led afterwards to depart from this truly national policy, and to aim at making the island a mere fishing station, to which those interested in the fisheries might resort in summer to cure their fish. Interested, selfish persons represented the country to be a mere barren rock, on which fishermen might dry their nets and prepare their fish, but useless for all other purposes. The fisheries were long regarded as the grand nursery of seamen for the navy. Colonization was prohibited under penalties. The fishing population were compelled to return to England on the approach of each winter. No Governor was appointed; no laws were enforced, except the arbitrary decisions of "fishing admirals," as they were called, who were merely the skippers who happened to arrive in port first in the spring, and who were local despots for the time being. This was the wretched policy which, being followed for a century and a half, retarded the progress of the country, and repressed effectually the enterprise and energies of the people. If Newfoundland is to-day behind the neighboring provinces, the cause is to be traced to this monstrous policy which placed England in the light of a harsh stepmother to her most ancient colony. All those absurd and injurious enactments have long since been removed from the statute book; and Newfoundland enjoys to-day the same privileges and liberties as the other North American Colonies, and is now fairly started on the path of progress.

"Let the past bury its dead." A clear and hopeful future now opens before her.

SONNET.

By meadows green and leafy woodland covers,
We wandered, hand in hand, when we were young,
And Nature, kindest, tenderest of lovers,
Sprinkled our paths with flowers and songs celestial sung.
Then we were dwellers in a realm ideal,
And we were dreamers:—"As the days go by,"
We said, "the world, so selfish, cold and real,
Our songs shall charm—our names shall never die!"
But Enon died. His name is never spoken,
And I live on, unhonored and unknown!
Ah! by his side to sleep the sleep unbroken,
With arms enclasped—two statues carved in stone—
Never to dream again,—and living seems
Nothing but dreams—Ah! me, nothing but dreams.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. IV.

A paragraph on Hunting and Music—The Pony: his uses and abuses—Novel and advantageous trade refused—Jewellery (with a vengeance).

MANY of these dignitaries keep a tame antelope, and we can say safely, that we never saw any of our domestic animals more thoroughly tame. Of course they are captured young. We helped to secure a couple of them on the Cut-off, and before we had them two days they would follow like a dog, bleating plaintively. With the assistance of a dog we ran them down after a two hours' chase. As we had cows in the train, they did not suffer for sustenance. We never saw any young animal which learned to drink so easily. What ultimately became of them we cannot say, as we parted company with them at Denver. The antelope which we saw around the village all appeared to be young; at least we saw no mothers among them. We suppose that they are killed each winter when game is scarce and shy, the red brother evidently not allowing the sentimental to interfere with the

practical. Whether the slaying of these family pets would be a source of grief to the youngsters or not, we cannot say; but are inclined to think not. Such an act would be one which the elders would look upon as indicating a proneness to dissipation and incipient immorality, which must be sternly crushed in the bud. We have never seen anything more graceful than the antelope. The limbs are long, thin and straight; head rather lengthy, but well formed and beautifully poised, and body devoid of any harsh lines. Nothing can be more beautiful than his appearance as he stands on the hillside viewing us with an air of mixed timidity and curiosity. His color is greyish, leaning a trifle to white, and he may be about three feet high, but looks much taller. The head is erect, and every muscle braced to start on the instant. He is slender throughout, and his weight bears no proportion to his height. Guns are at once in request, and sanguinary feelings take the place of those of admiration. No wonder the animal creation are afraid of man, for his path is always one of blood. Their fate is determined by the feelings of a moment, and those feelings are nearly always adverse to them. Some of our party, whose impatience had blinded their judgment, fire long before such a proceeding was warranted, unless, indeed, there was no limit to the range of a rifle, no variation in the line of vision nor vibration of muscle. The result was what might have been expected. The animal ran, the dogs were let loose, and the very poetry of motion exemplified. We never saw anything run with so much apparent ease and grace. The motion seemed so smooth, and withal so swift, that we could watch for hours without tiring; the luxury, however, does not last long, for he is soon so far away that the dogs cease to follow or bark after him. The "canines" have been badly sold. When first loosed, they thought their fortune was made, their imagination revelling in anticipated feasts of savory antelope and much doggish sport. Their crestfallen appearance as they return is truly laughable. One looks back over his shoulder with a quick uncertain glance, as if he believed the whole thing was, in some incomprehensible way, an illusion, while the other is so utterly dispirited at the sudden and alarming failure of his powers of locomotion that he cannot lift his head or look man or beast in the eye. We deeply sympathise with the despondent animals, but for once our sympathy does not afford any consolation. After putting three

hundred miles between us and the Missouri, we see numbers of them every day, and these numbers increase as we approach the Rocky Mountains. The animal is very difficult to approach, as there is always some one on guard who occupies the highest eminence in the vicinity. This sentinel gives the alarm by a bleat and snort, and immediately scampers off, followed by the whole flock. We have in our "crowd" a man by the name of Clark, who may be mentioned in this connection. He is a short, thick-set individual, much given to telling stories of wholesale antelope slaughter, in which he, of course, does not occupy a secondary position; a veritable Nimrod, a "mighty hunter" in his way. The stories are as new to us as is the antelope, so we look forward with much interest to the time when he will make his advent in the old role. We are near the hunting grounds, and as this mighty hunter cleans his rifle and runs bullets by the score, we enquire as to the habits of the animal and the difficulties of securing him. Our questions expose our ignorance. His information is volumnious, but exceedingly difficult of application. The morning appears to be the best time of the day to hunt this animal, for then he is stationary, but so wakeful that it is almost impossible to approach him; at noon he is out on the open prairie, where he can see for miles around him, and towards evening he haunts sequestered valleys, where he cannot be found. Under these circumstances we advise friend Clark that he desist from moulding balls and start with the empty gun, as the sport appears to be all in the pursuit. We are answered with winks and nods of mysterious import, while his countenance, as the firelight is reflected from it, is radiant with inexpressible benignity towards us as one who has to learn, and shines like a well polished boot from the grease of the bacon which we had for supper. We are assured that we will have an agreeable change from limpid, indigestible bacon to antelope ham, cutlets and roasts, infinite in variety and unlimited in quantity. This heavenly consummation is to take place at dinner time. True to his hunter instinct, he is off early in the morning, mounted on his well-tried and trusty pony—that pony who has been favored with sights, in the shape of dead and dying antelope, such as have fallen to the lot of few of his race. We hear many shots in the distance, and we quietly tally by their number how many of these beautiful creatures have bit the dust. We really get alarmed at such wholesale slaughter,

and if we had a pony would go and put a stop to the wanton slaying of that which we could not use. Towards noon we see him bearing down on the train, his horse jaded and spiritless. He has evidently come for a span and wagon to bring in the defunct animals. We feel ill-pleased at the thoughtlessness of the man. Why, by all that's good and pious, didn't he have sense enough to throw one over his saddle-bow and bring it in for dinner. The thoughtless wretch; it is positively tantalizing, after having expectation reduced almost to certainty. As he arrives, questions are showered upon him. "Where's the antelope?" "Why didn't you bring in one?" "How many did you kill?" "How far off are they?" Under all this fire of questions Clark preserves an equanimity worthy of a stoic. He is the only cool individual in the crowd. When we are almost devoured by torturing suspense, he coolly informs us that he has killed—nothing. "Why, what is the reason?" was enquired by all in a breath. "Too wild" was the answer. Why, then, did you fire so many shots? He said what was very true: that if he fired he *might* kill some; but if not, there was no chance. This was the way with him, always hunting, continually firing, and never killing anything. He got to be a regular nuisance, scaring all game from our path; when, in self-defence, we set him to kill prairie dogs, by one and all vouching for the fact that Uncle Sam's representative in Denver paid twenty-five cents for each scalp on presentation. There was more than usual excitement among the dogs for several days following this announcement. One could not show his nose without a rifle ball whistling past it; but the measure of his success was about equal to that in the antelope line. When not engaged in hunting, he sang for us with a pertinacity which was worthy of all praise, having evidently cultivated a taste for this desirable accomplishment in his youth. He appeared to have learned but the one song, and, unfortunately, of this he remembered but a single line, and that was, "I wish I was in Dixie's land, and away." Now this is, no doubt, a fine old song when sung in full; in fact, we know it is. There is just enough of the patriotic about it to stir the blood, while many of the minor parts, which appear to be dragged in without relevancy or connection, are very affecting. When we are plaintively told, "The old woman acted a foolish part to die for the man that broke her heart," we see before us a long train of female woes brought on by

the brute man. We are not given the slightest hint as to how this was done, and this, to our imaginative person, is far from satisfactory. We can imagine how this devoted old lady clung to the worthless wretch through good and evil report; how tales and evidences of dissipation were either discredited or excused, and how eventually (here the reader will pause and think over all the cases of people dying of a broken heart of which he or she has ever had, choosing the one which suits best), true to the last, she died. The next verse, if wanting in connection with the former, is of a more cheerful strain. That "Buckwheat cakes and apple batter will make you fat, will make you fatter," we are well prepared to believe. The scene of which these edibles are the adjuncts must needs be of a domestic character; in fact, they involuntarily set us "dreaming of home and mother," or, what is still better, of the mother of our children. These mournful or cheering variations are denied to us. The single line was reiterated till we were fairly driven wild with the monotony of its cadences. A person who is obliged to listen continuously to the ticking of a clock will be driven mad, it is said. His "wish" "That he was in Dixie, and a-w-a-y, and a-w-a-y," was one in which we all heartily joined, for, as the war was raging, there was a probability that the song might be "hushed forever." It may be supposed, or inferred, from this, that we are vindictive, but we disclaim any such feeling. We are only acting in self-defence, which, in all cases, is allowable. No description, at least nothing we can say, will give an idea of the horrible character of the accompanying music. At times it arose to a wild wail, ending in an unearthly shriek of seeming agony, while the next moment he was coughing and raking up stray, unwilling and unsuitable notes from dizzy depths far under C below the line. This infliction continued during the entire journey to the Rocky Mountains. We left him in Denver leaning against the palisades of the Mammoth Corral singing the good old song in his most touching style, and it requires little stretch of the imagination to believe he is at it yet.

These Indians each and all have ponies, and some of the nabobs of the tribe have many of them. To the encampment to which we have just referred there belong—so we should judge—from twelve to fifteen hundred. The pony is everything to the Indian, and he is too often everything to the pony. That he drives him long, hard and far without rest or food there can be no question.

It may almost be said of the western Indian that, like the Mexican, he spends the greater part of his life on horseback. His pony is always at hand, tied to some conveniently situated tree or post, or held by some of the young lads. We were puzzled to account for the manner in which the pony managed to live, and grow fat under circumstances which seemed to indicate extreme hardship, and could only account for it under the supposition that the owner had many of them, and consequently changed his steed often. These ponies are small and very handsome, docile and kind in disposition, and possessed of endurance which almost rivals the far famed Arabian. His weight we should judge to be from five to eight hundred pounds, and his color is for the most part red (bay), though we have seen some few, patched and mottled in a manner that, like Joseph amongst his brethren, must cause them to be greatly envied. No bit is ever put into the mouth of this animal; the means of guiding him being a halter which fits closly about the nose. The red brother seldom indulges in the luxury of a saddle; in fact his discoveries in this department of mechanics have not been such as to afford him any great amount of self congratulation. We certainly have seen a rude pair of stirrups thrown over a fold of buckskin on the back of the animal, and this is about the sum total of the Indian's improvement on nature; the back of the pony is, however, so round that except for a support to the legs, or as a means of keeping steady in the seat, such a thing is not needed. When within fifteen to twenty miles of a village we can see Indians galloping in every direction, some in pursuit of game, such as the antelope and buffalo, while others seem to race around in mere wantonness, their blankets streaming in the wind at half-mast, like the flag of a ship in distress. The top-knot bushed to the utmost, and decorated with many floating strips of various colored cloth, gives to them an appearance of wildness and oddity in complete harmony with the surroundings. The wayfaring man is sure of a visit from his red brother, long ere he arrives at the village, and this visit has something remarkable about it, inasmuch, as it invariably happens about meal time. We do not mean to insinuate by this casual remark, that the red brother comes around as a beggar of eatables. By no means. We notice, however, that anything connected with eating or drinking, cooking or baking, possesses an interest for him bordering on the marvellous. The operation of bread-making is evidently a fruitful

source of wonder, and in a light degree attractive, as the "staff of life" is full as grateful to the palate of the nomad as it is to his more civilized and refined white brother. He is evidently puzzled. From whence did this almost impalpable powder come? finer than the finest dust, and white as the snows by which he calculates the age of himself and family. He can furnish no satisfactory answer to this query, for the two grand sources of Indian provender are evidently at fault here. None of the animal tribe with which he is acquainted can have contributed towards it in any way, nor among the many roots which gratify his taste and ample stomach to repletion, is there anything which is allied to this wonderful and desirable article of diet, which seems to give such vitality and energy to the white man. It is greatly coveted on this account. Our apparently apathetic red brother is not insensible to the many advantages enjoyed by the white man, and could he secure these without effort he would be by no means averse to their possession. He sees how it can be done, and in a way which is in a high degree agreeable to his uncultivated and sensuous mind. Provided he can only secure a sufficiency of the article, he can at once fill his stomach, and increase his worldly goods in the shape of the manifold, curious and useful implements which the white man has constructed to aid him in his labors. That these have taken years of patient labor and thought never enters his mind, or if it does so, is speedily driven off as something which is neither pleasant nor profitable. Accordingly, he never misses a chance of begging, buying, trading for, or stealing this coveted article either in the shape of flour or bread; in the former case, cooking it after a manner of his own, which none who desire to preserve the powers of body or mind intact may imitate. It has all the primitiveness of the first method of cooking meat—throwing it on the coals—without any of the sanitary considerations which justly entitle it to favor. The flour is mixed with water till it is thoroughly wet, then rolled between dirty hands into round balls, and finally, boiled in water for two hours. We can all imagine the state in which it would be when taken out, and this is eaten by the Indian with apparent relish, and with no visible ill effects, though probably the scant supply has something to do in regard to this latter. With many expressive grunts he enunciates his convictions firm and unalterable as the Laws of the Medes and Persians that "man eat plenty dis live forever," but

which we would interpret as follows, "If dis no kill you, you need not try Prussic Acid nor any other poison." We consider it well for him that he cannot procure a large supply. The emigrant or miner has little to spare, the article being too heavy to carry for trading purposes, which is carried on through the medium of powder, lead, knives and fancy articles of ornament and clothing, where little weight represents much money. We were offered a pony for a fifty pound sack, near the Rocky Mountains, and much as we desired the tractable little animal were compelled to refuse not having it to spare. During the hunting season, and when on the war path, is when the the poor, uncomplaining animal has the hardest time of it. In the latter case he is often ridden continuously for the space of a week, with hardly time to snatch a few mouthfuls, and it takes months of rest and good feed to restore his wasted health, strength and flesh. If the Indian has any regard for his pony we could not by the closest scrutiny discern any trace of it.

On a certain fine evening we camped on the Platte some four hundred miles from the Missouri. Shortly after, we were visited by some five or six young "bucks" from twenty to thirty years of age, and all were well mounted and evidently in high spirits. They came in at full gallop, whooping, yelling and laughing, evidently being out on a "big time." They ran two or three races of the length of a mile or thereabouts, and made excellent time. We are greatly interested in one little bay pony of great beauty, and evidently the swiftest of the lot. We were urged by signs eked out by a trifle of English which one of them had somehow picked up, to make up a purse for which to run. Fifty cents was raised in dimes when off they started, the bay pony being the victor as before. We patted the pony, and in a neat speech of some length complimented the owner on being the possessor of such an invaluable animal, an animal which we hinted would, if owned by us, be treasured as something whose worth could not be represented by money. The brave made us a long speech in return, stopping several times to shake our hand and wipe the sweat and dirt from his face. He evidently felt flattered at our preference, and forgetting that we did not understand a word he said, gave us the pony's pedigree for three hundred years (so we will suppose). He was descended from Mumchowsh (Lightning splitter) a famous horse who was sent from the happy hunting grounds many

hundred years ago, for the sole benefit of this tribe, by the Great Spirit. A better selection could not have been made. He was fleet; his progeny was fleet; this pony was his counterpart though he had only seen four snows. He had been on the war path four days, during which the pony had neither rest nor food—he could have gone six, yes eight days. He was wise as a serpent, gentle as a dove and harmless as a young antelope. He was dear to him as the apple of his eye. The harangue is finished and we not being able to dispute the matter coincide with him. He will now sell the pony, "fifty dollar—you take." We decline the bargain as if we wanted such we could get one for less than half the money. He now offers a fair square trade for a woman, the wife of a man belonging to our "crowd." Before going any further let us see who this man and his wife are, where they are going and how they happen to be here. The man belonged to the good town of St. John, N. B.; his surname we have forgotten, though he told it to us several times, but he was known in the train by the name of John the Baptist, and answered to it as if it belonged to him. John was tall—about six feet, and might have been much more if he could have got rid of a very considerable stoop, commonly known as "round shoulders." John was by no means prepossessing. He had evidently studied the history of Sampson closely, and having noted how the strong man lost his strength, was determined to preserve his locks in their integrity. His crop of hair was prodigious, and his bushy whiskers were of that peculiarly dirty, tawny color which it is as impossible to describe as it is to forget—something of the shade of flax which had just began to bleach. In his upper jaw are two ponderous teeth which make the closing of his mouth an impossibility, and yet there is an air of good nature about the man which softens and relieves much of the harshness of feature. John's clothing does not add much to his attractiveness. The material is rough and ill-made, and the hat, broad of brim, battered and broken from constant use as a night-cap, would be of itself sufficient evidence to destroy the reputation of the greatest saint in the Calendar. John's appearance was the worst of him, for after considerable acquaintance we found him to be a first rate fellow. Well, John had married in Massachusetts, if I remember right, and there settled. Getting restless he moved to Lawrence in Kansas, and got what property he had, destroyed at the time this place was sacked by the border ruffians. Moving

out a number of miles from the Missouri, he began farming and was moderately successful, when the news of rich mines at Pike's Peak set him moving once more. He put his household goods, and wife and child in the wagon, hitched thereto his yoke of working cattle, and had the balance of his stock driven after him by a neighbor's boy who wished to go to the mines. He said in any case he could only lose a summer, for if the place did not suit him he could come back to the farm bringing his stock with him. If the mines prove good, he calculated to make money selling milk from his eight cows at forty cents per gallon. Such was the story of John's life. Let us turn to the article for which the Indian wished to barter—his wife—and see what we can say about her. We believe from what we saw, that she would set any man roving over the world, but if it had been our case we would take good care it should not be in her company. It may be well in explanation of this assertion that we glance at the duties daily performed by the several parties. John got up at daylight—that is, when he did not have to stand guard over the stock, which occurred about every fourth night, and cooked breakfast and washed the dishes, then went after his cattle, yoked and drove them in the heat and dust till dinner time, while my dainty lady was taking her ease in the wagon, protected from the heat of the sun by a cotton cover stretched on hoops. The dinner and supper were cooked by him in the same manner, and at night, the baking for the next day. Such was the piece of goods for which the deluded Indian offered his trusty and well tried racing pony. John actually refused, even when money was offered along with him, which was something the Indian evidently could not understand. We confess we would have been glad to have seen the red brother get possession of her. As a cross is sometimes beneficial in a spiritual light, she might have been the means of salvation to both of them. We fancy we can see Lo's look of surprise and profound dissatisfaction when the "Mahala" refuse to get up promptly and perform the usual domestic duties. After a few curt remonstrances we can see physical force vigorously applied, till finally the stubbornness is dissolved in tears, and the "squaw" proceeds sullenly to work. That this would have been the finale, the determined air of our Indian friend does not leave us in any doubt. He left us a disappointed and dispirited man, little imagining what a snare he had escaped, and that of his own seeking. Before negotiations

connected with this trade were broken off, several squaws came along and tried to swap children with some of the women, for there were several belonging to the company. Their eloquence was wasted, their signs thrown on the winds, and they left completely disgusted at the utter disregard of the first principles of trade exhibited by their white sisters. Was not one child as good as another, and was it not vexatious that the white sister should have such unaccountable prejudice in regard to a slight difference of color. Who ever heard of such abominable meanness, such complete lack of the common, every-day courtesies and obligations of life. We could feel for the wounded pride of these children of the plains, and deeply sympathize with them, hurt as they were in the most tender part, by the slight thrown on their offspring. Was not her pappoose in every way as handsome as the white one, far better tempered and much more healthy looking. If the white one was lighter in color than hers, was not hers darker in color than the white one, so on this score they were even. Changes are delightsome, and for this, and this only, did she want to have anything to do with the puny, fretful and troublesome creature. If the white squaw was to change her mind and come over in the morning for purposes of trade, they would let her see that the boot was on the other foot. This we should judge to be about the tenor of their remarks, but this does not prevent any other person from supposing it was something else. We had many a good joke with the mother about this curious attempt at trading. With every allowance for all the savage nature and wild surroundings of the Indian, we must, in candor, say that he displays a singular want of affection for his offspring. We have never, under any circumstances, been able to detect him fondling young or old in the thousand and one ways in which fatherly love overflows. We are inclined to think he would consider it an act of culpable weakness, so feminine in its character as to be utterly unworthy of a high-born warrior and mighty and renowned hunter. From the mother we would naturally look for something different, and not finding it would be grievously disappointed. There is none of the brute creation that will not do battle for their young; the timid bird becomes bold as a lion, while the despised snake will run the risk of its life that its young may seek the safety of its body. That a human being should be found deficient in this amiable and almost universal character-

istic will not be accepted as very creditable to him. Now for the proof, if any is needed after what we have already stated, in regard to swapping children. We have seen them sell their children for a trifle to parties who were going back to the east, and on parting with them forever display no more emotion than a log. What can we say in defence of such unnatural conduct? They were not forced by starvation, or the prospects of such, to thus part their family, nor were the children of such an age as to be beyond the control of their parents and sold to avoid a worse fate. We have our own opinion in regard to the matter, and will give it. The red brother is lazy, the red sister is not a whit too fond of any extra exertion. We all know that the rearing of a family is not accomplished without much hardship and privation, even where one has only to go out on the prairie and slay the wild animals which Providence created for his benefit. If, up to the age of fifteen, the youngster's tailor bill is small, the average is fully sustained by the way in which he draws on the butcher. It may truly be said that he *lives that he may eat*, and eats that he may live, in a way that the poet never dreamed of. It is plain to be seen that the smaller the family the less exertion will be required from the heads of the house, and that they may take their ease, they will sell their own flesh and blood without the remotest idea of the uses to which it may be put, or the manner in which it may be used. We cannot find words sufficiently strong to express our detestation of such worse than brutish and unnatural conduct.

Articles which the Indian considers ornamental, and wears as such, are about as artistic in design as the cut of his breech-cloth. Anything which is supposed to be ornamental to the body is exceedingly dear to the savage brother. No young lady dressing for her first ball will bestow more care and pains on her toilet than will the untutored child of the plains. The smallest details possess an interest for him which we would consider as exclusively pertaining to the feminine gender, and a very frivolous "feminine" besides. The rather pleasing occupation of painting and greasing his face will occupy him for hours, and if the effect is not just what was anticipated, he will rub the whole thing off and patiently go over the operation again. This requires an amount of patience which the antecedents of the red brother would not lead us to expect. We know how trying to the temper is the loss of even a shirt

button or the tying of a refractory cravat, and can sympathize with him during this long and tedious embellishing process. His sacrificing of the flesh in favor of beauty deserves all praise. The diamond-shaped squares, and ridges of varying width, give to the human countenance a variety of expression and a concentration of diabolical ugliness which would astonish even Dame Nature herself. When to this greasy and furrowed mask is added a variety of fantastic and harmonizing colors, laid on about the eyebrows, nostrils and mouth, in a manner that makes the different features and raised parts stand out like the letters on a sign-board, we have some faint idea of the appearance of a Sioux or Cheyenne Indian. This is the Indian without what may be called extraneous ornament. He is much given to jewelry having for its object the ornamentation of the most prominent feature of the face; we mean nose jewelry. To ornament this feature successfully requires an amount of patient study and adaptation of material which we in vain look for from the Indian. The Poet says that "nature unadorned is still adorned the most," and although we cannot agree with him in everything, we are quite prepared to accept it in its entirety when applied to the nose. If this feature is of medium size and average comeliness it requires no ornament, and if of large or small proportions, such ornament only draws down on the ill-proportioned member an amount of notice that must be extremely painful to the possessor. Great diversity of opinion seems to prevail amongst the red brethren in regard to nose jewels. Some discard the idea altogether, not even perforating the unoffending member, but they belong to the few. As a matter of course, if a man determines to decorate the "handle of his face" he must perforate it in some place and manner. Besides being small it does not offer any great variety of surface from which to suspend anything, being in this respect singularly deficient, and among thoughtful people this would be taken as an indication that it never was intended as a portable show-case. The cartilage which separates the nostrils is perforce chosen as the place of suspension. The hole is, of course, at first small, but is gradually enlarged till it assumes enormous dimensions, say of the diameter of a sixpenny piece. This forces the cartilage far below the rest of the nose, giving the man a ghastly appearance. On enlarging the hole to the requisite dimensions the red brother must come to some conclusion in regard to what he will wear in it.

The choice of some falls on pieces of polished wood from eighteen inches to a yard in length, and this, as a matter of course, sticks out on each side of the face to a ridiculous length. Launched thus on the open prairie, we may not inaptly liken him to some composite craft navigating the boundless ocean; his pony is the hull, his flowing and ample blanket the sails, while his portentous nose-jewel will represent one of the yards, all surmounted by the well brushed top-knot which we will call the flag. A company of these gentlemen strung on sticks is one of the curious sights. When we first saw them the desire to laugh was irresistible. We indulged in a hearty guffaw, our looks indicating plainly what was the cause of our mirth. Our visitors maintained an air of well-bred indifference, showing in this instance much more politeness than their cultivated and would-be civilized white brother. The nose-jewel mania also breaks out in another shape. A huge oblong ring is set in place of the main-yard, and this is so fashioned that the wearer passes his food through it when eating. If the red brother were bothered with a redundancy of hair we could see the utility of the contrivance, but this not being the case we were forced to put the entire concern to the credit of ornament, that is, looked at from an Indian stand-point. Whether this was more of an aristocratic appendage than the "jib-boom" we could not tell, but were led to suppose that it was, from the fact of its not being so common, and also that the possessors had a certain indefinable air of substantiality about them and more amplitude of breech-cloth. Ear-rings are in common use, and of all dimensions, up to the largest which it is possible for the ears to sustain. The "Mahala" must also have her share of the ornamental, as may well be believed, and why not. It is about all the pleasure in life which the poor creature has, unalloyed by any bitterness. That much of this ornament, taken from our stand-point, is worse than thrown away will not be accepted as a reason why she should not wear it. The pleasure received through the wearing of any article of utility or ornament is by no means proportioned to its intrinsic value or the taste which may be displayed by the wearer. That which to the on-lookers may seem incongruous and utterly deficient in taste, may display nothing but lines of beauty and harmonizing colors to the wearer. We confess that we could not, by any stretch of imagination, see any reason or sense in the wearing of a necklace, anklets and bracelets by an almost nude squaw,

whose skin was disgustingly dirty and more yellow than saffron, and whose head was unkempt and filthy beyond description. Some one has said that cleanliness is next to godliness, and this trite observation our experience has gone far to confirm. Evidently the squaw had not seen this, or the translation had been made to read that "tinsel, bracelets and a string of glass beads are far above either cleanliness or godliness." Looking glasses were in great request, and the uglier the person the greater seemed to be the desire to possess one of these mysterious reflectors. If we had been in their place we would as soon thought of purchasing a dose of Prussic Acid and keeping it in a decanter similar to that in which we keep our Bra——, our Quaker Bitters, we mean. There was something about this passion for looking glasses which we could not fathom. The eyesight of the red man is far from defective, and in many things his perception is by no means dull. The fair landscape, with all its numbers of created things, lies before him, and on all its broad face there is nothing he can see which is as ugly as himself. Why then will he persist in gazing with such evident satisfaction on native ugliness, rendered more repulsive than nature ever intended by its surroundings of filth? He cannot have our eyes or he would soon turn away in disgust. We never before felt the full force of the memorable stanza of Burns:—

"Oh would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

From these remarks it will be readily inferred that the nose-jewel is not an ornament, whether in the shape of the "main-yard" or ring, in fact it only turns ugliness into hideousness. The bracelets of the squaw though clumsy might be tolerated, but the anklets, even when circling a neatly turned ancle, are simply abominable. We never were greatly in favor of ear-jewelry, even when of the most approved pattern and helping to adorn and heighten the charms of beauty, but when the size is monstrous, the material common, and the construction plain, it ceases to possess any attraction. The necklace worn here, tawdry and common, never was intended for an ornament, nor can it be turned into such by the addition of teaspoons and small bits of pewter and tin, which are about as much in place as a tin-kettle tied to a dog's tail.

The wild brother's ideas in regard to the fitness of clothing are, in a high degree, primitive. Around a fort or large encampment any quantity of cast-off clothing is to be picked up, and this was readily appropriated by the Indian. Strange sights were now to be seen on every hand. The "squaw" had donned a pair of pants so large that she had great difficulty in establishing her whereabouts, and these habiliments were surmounted by a woman's jacket and coal-scuttle bonnet. The "buck" walked complacently by her side, having gotten into a coat four sizes too large. His nether garments consisted of a pair of cavalry boots and a fancy underskirt, which had belonged to one of the officer's wives. We were grieved to think that we had left our "stove-pipe" hat behind, as it would be just the thing to complete this unique outfit. The red brother betrays a remarkable fondness for the last named article. It is to him the most desirable in the catalogue of dress. A person who is able to sport one of these can dispense with many, if not all, of the ordinary pieces of clothing in common use. We were once favored with a rare sight in this respect. Two of the most valued garments which go to make up the Indian wardrobe were possessed and worn at the same time by the one party. One was the hat already mentioned, and the other a white dress shirt. This latter, unfortunately for the dignity of the Indian, was torn off all around just at the bottom of the bosom. If the shortened garment was deficient in style, it amply compensated by giving an appearance of gigantic stature. The attractiveness of dress is sometimes increased by contrast, and if this is so, our semi-savage friend must have proved irresistible to the dusky maiden. The radical defect in the shirt—shortness—was partly overcome by artistic and elaborate striping of the lower or exposed parts. The pigments used were a bright carmine and a pure white, and these, judiciously used, produced a tartan, unique in design and fairly startling in effect. We never saw a pair of pants so perfect in regard to answering all the practical purposes of life; the fit was unexceptionable, the cost far below that of any fabric which Manchester has yet been able to produce, and for lightness and airiness, when we realize the intensity of heat in the dog-days, the bare thoughts of such a garb becoming fashionable fairly sets us wild with delight. We, however confess that we would not consider a "stove-pipe hat" as being exactly suited to

his style of pants, and considering the length of the shirt, we would be very apt to discard it also. This savage beau, this Brummel among Indians, was evidently on his way to a "spree," where strength, and especially agility and dexterity, were to be the order of the day. With the politeness of true plainsmen, we hooted and yelled after him, but all our noise and laughter failed to vary his line of vision from a point which he appeared to have fixed at twenty-three and half degrees above the horizon. His style of dress, so much above anything which the rest of the savage brethern could indulge in, had naturally elevated the man so that he seemed to consider it to be an act of condescension on his part to touch this earth at all. He, unlike Solomon, had not found all to be "vanity and vexation of spirit."

(To be continued.)

"HABET."

THE warden, on the turret's crown,
Looked over haggard heath and down,
Along the rugged moorland track,
Towards the distant drawbridged town:

An angry sky,—a piled-up pack,
The red sun gleaming at its back,—
Below, the blood-red heather matched
With the red hue of the storm-wrack.

The lady left her bower unlatched,
And long, long from a shot-slit watched,
Till low the light to westward fell
Athwart the landscape pied and patched.

But on the moor or up the dell
There was no moving speck to tell
From what the longing lady shrank,
Or for what sought the sentinel.

Till, smoking hot and dripping dank
A steed at speed sped up the bank,
His crupper cut with dropping wound
And saddle trailing at his flank.

With piteous whine and nose to ground
Came running in the brown boar-hound,
And crouched upon the flags, afeared,
Beside that lady, silken-gowned.

The goshawk, shrieking, swift aneared,
In's talons tufts of grizzled beard,
And from his nostrils shook red froth
Upon the gazon scarred and sered.

Four squires bore, sadly by my troth,
Between them, as deer hunter doth,
A something heavy, lank and tall,
And covered with a saddle-cloth.

The hawk to eyrie by the wall,
The hound to kennel, steed to stall,
The dead to dust. And that was all.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE ADVENTURES OF ABEN-HAMET;

OR,

THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.

[Translated from the French by W. F. Hatheway.]

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA.

THE next day Aben-Hamet returned to the palace in which breathed she whom he loved more than the light of day. Blanca found herself consumed by a deep and increasing passion. To love an infidel, a Moor, an unknown, appeared to her such an impossible thing, that she took no precaution against it, but as soon as she did perceive the sign of it, she accepted the evil like a true Spaniard.

She said to herself—"Let Aben-Hamet become a Christian, let him love me, and I am his to the end of the earth."

The Abencerrage on his part, felt all the power of an irresistible love, he lived only for Blanca. The projects which had led him

to Granada troubled him no more; all other interest than that of love had vanished from his eyes. He demanded nothing; wished nothing; he said to himself—"Let Blanca believe in the Koran, let her love me, and I will keep her until my last breath."

Thus, fixed in their resolve, Aben and Blanca only waited the time in which to make known their love. It was then the most beautiful season of the year.

"You have not yet seen the Alhambra," said the daughter of the duke of Santa Fè to the Abencerrage. "If I credit some words which you said, your family is originally from Granada. Perhaps you would like to visit the palace of your ancient kings? I will myself be your guide this evening."

Aben-Hamet swore by the prophet that never could a walk be more agreeable to him. The hour fixed for the visit to the Alhambra having arrived, the daughter of Don Rodriguez mounted a white pony, accustomed to climb the rocks like a chamois. Aben-Hamet accompanied the beautiful girl. During the rapid journey, his purple robe floated behind him, his curved sabre rang against the saddle, and the breeze shook the aigrette which surmounted his turban. The people, charmed with his gracefulness, said, whilst watching him pass, "It is an infidel prince that Donna Blanca is going to convert."

They followed at first a long street which yet bore the name of a Moorish family; afterwards they traversed a grove of elms, and soon came to the palace of Boabdil.

In a wall flanked with towers and surmounted with arches there was a small door called the Gate of Judgment. They cleared this entrance and advanced by a narrow way which wound between the high, half ruined walls; turning towards the north they were arrested at the foot of a wall in a deserted court.

Lightly leaping to the ground, Aben-Hamet offered his hand to Blanca to descend. The servants knocked at an abandoned door, over the sill of which the grass had grown; it opened and disclosed suddenly to view the secret places of the Alhambra. Groves of citron and of orange, fountains, galleries and solitary courts, greet on all sides the eyes of the last Abencerrage. The azure of the most beautiful heaven is seen amongst the columns which sustain the Gothic arches. After a few moments of surprise and silence, the lovers entered this sojourn of vanished power and past delights.

Aben-Hamet perceived the name of Boabdil engraven amongst some mosaics. "Our king," cried he, "what hast thou become? Where shall I find thee in this desert Alhambra?" and the tears of fidelity, loyalty and honor moistened the eyes of the young Moor.

"Your ancient masters," said Blanca, "or rather the kings of your fathers, were ingrates."

"What matter," replied the Abencerrage, "they have been unfortunate."

As he spoke, Blanca conducted him into a cabinet which seemed to be the very sanctuary of the temple of Love. A fountain jetted forth in the middle of the building, and its waters falling again in spray were collected in a shell of alabaster.

"Aben-Hamet," said the daughter of the duke of Santa Fe, "look well at this fountain; it received the disfigured heads of the Abencerrages. You can see yet upon the marble the blood-stains of the unfortunates whom Boabdil sacrificed to his suspicions."

Aben-Hamet heard no more; he knelt down and kissed with respect the traces of his ancestors' blood. He started up and cried out, "O, Blanca! I swear by the blood of these noble men to love thee with the constancy, the fidelity and the ardor of an Abencerrage."

"You love me then," replied Blanca, joining her hands and looking towards heaven, "but do you remember that you are an infidel, a Moor, an enemy, and that I am Christian and Spanish?"

"O holy prophet!" said Aben-Hamet, "be witness to my vows."

Blanca interrupted him, saying, "Do you know whether I love you? Who has given you the right to hold such language towards me?"

Aben-Hamet answered, "True it is; I am only thy slave; thou hast not chosen me for thy lord."

"Moor," said Blanca, "let us cast off these forms. Thou hast seen in my looks that I love thee; my passion for thee goes beyond all bounds; be thou Christian and nothing can prevent me from being thine."

Aben-Hamet, in a transport of joy, seized her hands, placed them upon his turban and afterwards on his heart. "Allah is powerful!" cried he, "let this Christian know thy laws and nothing can——"

"Thou blasphemest," said Blanca, "let us go forth, let us quit these places. The destiny of my life is forever settled. Retain

well these words: A Mussulman, I am thy lover without hope; a Christian, I am thy happy spouse."

Aben-Hamet replied: "A Christian, I am thy unhappy slave; a believer in the Koran, I am thy proud husband."

And these noble lovers went out of the palace.

CHAPTER IV.

A SOLEMN VOW.

THE passion of Blanca became stronger day by day, and Aben-Hamet's increased with the same violence. He was so enchanted with being loved for himself alone—with not owing to any foreign cause the sentiments which he inspired—that he did not reveal the secret of his birth to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fè: he kept for himself that delicate pleasure of telling her, on the very day when she would consent to give him her hand, that he bore an illustrious name. Suddenly he was recalled to Tunis; his mother, stricken with an incurable disease, wished to embrace and bless her son before quitting this life.

Aben-Hamet presented himself at Blanca's palace. "Sultana," said he, "my mother is dying; she sends for me to close her eyes. Wilt thou keep thy love for me?"

"Thou dost leave me," replied Blanca; "and shall I ever again see thee?"

"Come," said Aben-Hamet, "I wish to exact from thee an oath, and also to make one to thee, which death only will be able to break. Follow me!"

They go forth; they arrive soon at an old Moorish cemetery. Here and there were sombre pillars, around which the sculptor had chiselled a turban. Aben-Hamet conducted Blanca to the foot of one of these pillars.

"Blanca," said he, "my ancestors repose here. I swear by their ashes to love thee until the day when the Angel of Judgment shall call me to the tribunal of Allah. I promise thee never to engage my heart to any other woman, and to take thee for my wife as soon as thou knowest the sacred light of the prophet. Each year, at this period, will I return to Granada to see if thou hast kept thy vow and if thou wishest to renounce thy errors."

"And I," said Blanca, in tears; "I will await thee every year; I will guard for thee, until my last breath, the faith which I have pledged, and I will receive thee for my husband as soon as the

God of the Christians, more powerful than thy lover, will have awakened thy infidel heart."

Aben-Hamet departed; the winds bore him to the African shores; his mother had just expired. The months quickly passed; wandering amongst the ruins of Carthage, the exiled Abencerrage waits the day which is to lead him back to Granada. At last that day arrives; he embarks and turns the prow of his vessel towards Malaga. With what transport, with what joy, mingled with fear, did he perceive the promontories of Spain! Was Blanca waiting upon those banks?

The daughter of the Duke de Santa Fè was not unfaithful to her vows. She had prayed her father to conduct her to Malaga. From the top of the mountains, which bordered the coast, she followed with her eyes the distant vessels and the fugitive sails. One day, whilst wandering on the sands, she perceived a long barge, whose high prow, raking mast and lateen sail announced the elegant genius of the Moors. Soon the vessel, making the sea foam by the rapidity of its course, entered the harbor. A Moor, arrayed in superb clothing, was standing at the bow. Blanca recognized Aben-Hamet: she dares not draw upon her the eyes of the people; she retires and sends her maid to tell the Abencerrage that she awaits him in the palace of the Moors. The maid approaches and conducts the happy Abencerrage to the feet of Blanca.

What delight in finding themselves faithful! What new vows of eternal love! His two black slaves brought forward a gazelle. "Sultana," said Aben-Hamet, "this is a deer from my country, almost as light as thyself."

During the absence of the Abencerrage, the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fè had studied Arabic: she read with loving eyes her own name upon the collar of the gazelle.

The Abencerrage, the Duke de Santa Fè and his daughter departed together for Granada. The days of the happy couple glided along like those of the preceding year—the same promenades, the same love, or rather love always increasing, but also the same attachment to the religion of their fathers. "Be thou Christian," said Blanca. "Be thou a follower of Mahomet," said Aben-Hamet, and again they separated without having succumbed to their passion.

CHAPTER V.

DON CARLOS VANQUISHED BY ABEN-HAMET.

ABEN-HAMET reappeared the third year. He did not find Blanca at the shore; but a letter from her informed him of the Duke's departure for Madrid and the arrival of Don Carlos at Granada. Don Carlos was accompanied by a French prisoner, a friend of Blanca's brother. The Moor felt his heart beat when reading this letter. He set forth for Granada with sad presentiments.

Don Carlos had all the courage with all the fierceness of his nation; terrible as the conquerors of the New World, amongst whom he had achieved his first feat of arms; religious as the Spanish chevaliers, conquerors of the Moors; he nourished in his heart, against the infidels, the hatred that he had inherited from the blood of the Cid.

Thomas de Lautree, of the illustrious house of Foix, was a brother of the Countess de Foix, and of the brave and unhappy Odet de Foix, lord of Lautree. At the age of eighteen years, Thomas had been armed chevalier by Bayard. A short time after, he was wounded and made prisoner whilst defending his chevalier king.

When Aben-Hamet presented himself at the palace of Don Rodriguez, and was introduced into the room in which was Blanca, he felt sensations, until that time unknown. At her feet was seated a young man, who, with ravished looks, regarded her attentively. A silk cloak was cast upon his shoulders. His moustache, black as ebony, gave to his naturally mild countenance a warlike air.

At some distance another chevalier was standing, leaning upon the iron cross of his sword. His stern, as well as passionate look inspired both respect and fear.

An involuntary cry escaped from the lips of Blanca when she perceived Aben-Hamet.

"Chevaliers," said she, "here is the infidel of whom I have spoken to you; be fearful lest he gain the victory. The Abencerrage were formed like him, and nobody surpassed them in loyalty, courage or gallantry."

"Sir Moor," said Don Carlos, "my father and sister have told me your name. They believe you of a noble and brave race; you

are yourself distinguished for your courtesy. Charles V., my master, will soon carry the war to Tunis, and we shall see each other, I hope, upon the field of honor."

Aben-Hamet placed his hand upon his breast, and sat down without answering a word, and fixed his gaze upon Blanca and Lautree.

Blanca did not appear embarrassed; her whole soul was in her eyes; the sincere Spaniard did not endeavor to conceal the secret of her heart.

After a few moments of silence, Aben-Hamet rose and withdrew. Astonished by his manner and Blanca's looks, Lautree went out with a suspicion that soon became a certainty.

Don Carlos was alone with his sister. "Blanca," said he, "explain. Whence comes this trouble which the sight of this stranger has caused thee?"

"My brother," she replied, "I love Aben-Hamet, and if he turns Christain, my hand is his."

"What!" cried Don Carlos, "you, the daughter of the Bivars, love a Moor, an infidel!"

"Don Carlos," she answered, "nobleness, chivalry and honor are all his; until my last breath will I adore him."

"Unfortunate Blanca," said he, "whither will this love lead thee? I had hoped that Lautree, my friend, would become my brother."

"Thou hast deceived thyself," replied Blanca. "I cannot love that stranger. As to my feelings for Aben-Hamet, I am responsible to no one. Know only, in order to console thee, that never will Blanca be the wife of an unbeliever."

Don Carlos flew to the house of the Abencerrage. "Moor," said he, "renounce my sister or accept the combat."

"Art thou commissioned by thy sister," answered Aben-Hamet, "to demand from me the vows that she has made me?"

"No," replied Don Carlos, "she loves thee more than ever."

"Ah! worthy brother of Blanca!" cried Aben-Hamet, interrupting him, "I am not unwilling for the combat, but born of a race which, perhaps, has combatted thine, nevertheless, I am not 'chevalier.' I see no one here who can confer upon me the rank which will permit thee to measure swords with me, without descending from thy rank."

Don Carlos struck with the reflection of the Moor, regarded

him with a mixture of admiration and rage, then suddenly he cried out, "I will arm thee, chevalier; thou art worthy of it."

Aben-Hamet bent his knee before Don Carlos, who gave him accolade, striking him three times upon the shoulder with the flat of his sword; afterwards he bound upon him that same sword which, perhaps, the Abencerrage was to plunge into his breast; such was antique honor.

Both mount their steeds and fly to the fountain of the Pine. They soon take the field, and run one upon the other with savage fury. They had only their swords. Aben-Hamet was less skilful in the combat than Don Carlos, but the quality of his arms and the lightness of his Arab steed gave him the advantage. He lanced out his courser like the Moors, and with his large sharp edged stirrup, cut the left leg of Don Carlos' horse below the knee. The wounded horse fell down, and Don Carlos, dismounted by this happy blow, rushed upon Aben-Hamet with sword in air. Aben-Hamet leaped down, and with great bravery received Don Carlos; he parried the first blows of the Spaniard who broke his sword upon the Damascus steel.

Foiled twice by fortune, Don Carlos, overflowing with tears of anger, cried to his enemy:

"Strike, Moor, strike; Don Carlos, unarmed, defies thee: thee and all thy infidel race."

"Thou wouldst kill me," replied the Abencerrage; "but I never dreamed of doing thee harm."

At this instant a cloud of dust was seen. Lautree and Blanca were hastening towards them upon two horses lighter than the winds. They arrive and see the contest suspended.

"I am vanquished," said Don Carlos; "this chevalier has given me my life. Lautree, perhaps you will be more fortunate than I."

"My wounds," said Lautree, with a noble and pleasant voice, "permit me to refuse the combat." "I do not wish," he added, "to know the subject of your quarrel, or to penetrate a secret which might carry death to my breast. Soon my absence will restore peace amongst you, unless Blanca orders me to remain at her feet."

"Chevalier," said Blanca, "you will remain near my brother, and regard me as a sister."

Blanca wished to constrain the three chevaliers to give each other the hand; all three refused.

"I hate Aben-Hamet," cried Don Carlos.

"I envy him," said Lautree.

"And I," said the Abencerrage; "I esteem Don Carlos, I pity Lautree, but I could not love them."

Aben-Hamet became, from that moment, a thousand times more dear to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fè.

CHAPTER VI.

LE DERNIER ABENCERRAGE.

ONE evening, touched by the chant of that Christian prayer which announces the close of day, there came to Aben-Hamet the thought of entering a church to ask advice from the Author of Nature. He went forth and arrived at the door of an ancient mosque, now converted into a church for the faithful. With heart full of sadness he entered. The prayer had just finished—there was no one in the church. Aben-Hamet advanced slowly up the deserted aisles, which echoed with the noise of his steps. He saw at the foot of a column a figure, which at first he took for a statue; he approaches; he distinguishes a young man kneeling. It was Lautree.

"Ah!" thought Aben-Hamet, "this young Frenchman asks of Heaven some special favor. Let me pray also to the God of chevaliers and glory."

He was going to cast himself upon the marble, when he perceived, by the light of a lamp, a verse of the Koran upon the half-falling plaster. Remorse entered his heart, and he hastened from the church. In passing out he perceived a woman, closely veiled, ready to enter the church; he recognized Blanca.

"Comest thou to seek Lautree in this temple?" he asked.

"Leave off such vulgar jealousies," replied Blanca. "I come here to pray for thee: thou troublest all my family—my brother hates thee, my father is weighed down with grief because I refuse to choose a husband. Behold this asylum of the dead; I will repose there soon if thou dost not receive my troth at the foot of Christian altars."

She went into the church and left Aben-Hamet plunged in grief. The Abencerrage is conquered; he is going to renounce the religion of his fathers. With this thought he impatiently awaits the morrow, in order to make known his resolve to Blanca. He learns

that she has gone with her brother to a fête given by Lautree; he flies upon her traces.

Lautree changed color upon seeing him; as for Don Carlos, he received the Moor with a cold politeness.

The most delicious fruits of Africa and Spain had been served up in one of the largest rooms, called *La salle de Chevaliers.* All around this room were hung the portraits of the princes and chevaliers, conquerors of the Moors. The sword of the last king of Granada was placed below these portraits.

Aben-Hamet shut up within himself his grief, and whilst regarding these paintings, only said, like the lion, "We know not how to paint."

The generous Lautree said to him: "Sir Moor, if I had known that you would have done me the honor of coming to this fête, I would not have received you here. Every day swords are lost. I have seen the most valiant kings give up their swords to the more fortunate enemy."

"Ah!" cried the Moor, covering his face with his robe, "one might lose it like Francis I., but not like Boabdil!"

Night came on, lights were brought, and the conversation took a different course. Don Carlos spoke of Montezuma, the manner of the Mexicans, and the prodigies of Castilian valor. Aben-Hamet portrayed the Ottoman empire, newly seated upon the ruins of Constantinople. Lautree pictured the gallantry of the French court.

After these discourses, Lautree, who wished to move the divinity of the fête, took his guitar and sang a ballad upon the charms of his native land. Aben-Hamet next essayed, singing one of those dreamy Moorish ballads, describing the city of Granada, the beauty of the Alhambra, and also denouncing the Christians for destroying their happiness. Aben-Hamet then handed the guitar to Blanca's brother, who, with a strong and sonorous voice, chanted the exploits of the Cid, his illustrious ancestor.

"That, chevalier," said the Abencerrage, "bore amongst us the name of 'cruel.' If his generosity had equalled his valor ——"

"His generosity!" replied Don Carlos, quickly, "surpassed even his courage, and it is only the Moors who would calumniate the hero to whom my family owes the light."

"What dost thou say!" cried Aben-Hamet, starting up from the couch; "thou countest the Cid amongst thy ancestors?"

"His blood flows in my veins," replied Don Carlos.

"Thus," said Aben-Hamet, regarding Blanca, "you are of that house which gave death to my ancestors."

"Moor," cried Don Carlos, inflamed with anger, "if I possess to-day the spoils of the Abencerrage, my ancestors acquired it at the price of their blood."

"Yet a word," said Aben-Hamet, deeply moved; "we were not aware, in our exile, that the Bivars bore the title of Santa Fè; that is what has caused my error."

Aben-Hamet's head rested upon his breast; he remained standing in the midst of Don Carlos, Lautree and Blanca. Tears flowed from his eyes. "Pardon," said he, "men ought not to shed tears. Listen to me."

"Blanca, my love for thee equals the burning winds of Arabia. Yesterday, after seeing thee at the church, I decided to know thy God and to offer my faith to thee."

A movement of joy upon Blanca's face, an exclamation of surprise from Don Carlos, interrupted Aben-Hamet; Lautree concealed his face.

The Moor divined his thought, and shaking his head, with a sad smile said, "Chevalier, do not lose all hope, and thou Blanca, weep ever for *the last Abencerrage.*

Blanca, Lautree and Don Carlos raised their hands to heaven and cried out, "The last Abencerrage!"

Blanca, falling upon her knees, exclaimed: "God of kindness, thou dost justify my choice; I could only love the descendant of heroes."

"Sister," cried Don Carlos, "remember that you are here before Lautree."

"Don Carlos," said Aben-Hamet, "suspend thy anger;" then addressing Blanca:

"Houri of heaven, spirit of love and beauty; Aben-Hamet will be thy slave forever, but know all my wretchedness; when I first came to visit this sad country, I had, above all, a design to seek some son of Bivar, who could render me an account of the blood that his fathers had spilled."

"Ah, well!" said Blanca, "what is thy resolution?"

"The only one which is worthy of thee," answered Aben-Hamet; "to return thy vows, to satisfy by my eternal absence and by my death, what we both owe to the enmity of our gods, our countries

and our families. If time, which destroys all takes away the remembrance of the Abencerrage . . . this French Chevalier . . . Thou owest this sacrifice to thy brother." Lautree starts up and casts himself into the arms of the Moor.

"Abent-Hamet," cries he, "think not to vanquish me in generosity; I am a Frenchman; Bayard armed me Chevalier. If thou remainest amongst us, I supplicate Don Carlos to accord to thee his sister's hand; if thou leavest Granada, never will a word of my love trouble thy lover."

"Chevalier," said Don Carlos, "I did not expect less from your illustrious race. Aben-Hamet, by what mark can I know you for the last Abencerrage?"

Aben-Hamet drew from his bosom the hereditary ring of the Abencerrages.

At this sign, Don Carlos stretched his hand to the unhappy Abencerrage, "Sir Chevalier," said he, "you honor me by your projects upon my family, be thou Christian, and receive the hand of my sister."

The temptation was great, but it was not above the forces of Aben-Hamet. Transfixed with grief he cries out: "Ah! must I encounter here so many noble souls, so many generous characters, in order to know better what I am to lose! Let Blanca pronounce, let her say what I must do to be more worthy of her love!"

Blanca cried out, "Return to the desert."

La fin.

UNREST.

THE sun sinks to rest in the Sea,
The bird to her nest in the tree,
But rest in my breast may not be.

For the Castles I build are of glass,
They crumble, and crumble—the grass
Grows green on their ruins—alas!

Farewell to my lordly domain
In beautiful, beautiful Spain:—
The fruitage of pleasure is pain.

'Tis bitter, oh dreamer, to wake,
A life-long enchantment to break,
The land of one's love to forsake.

At the last, the violets sweet
May bloom by the stone at my feet,
And blood-tinted roses may start
From the dust that lies over my heart. S.

NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

(Concluded.)

WE left Rome by diligence early on the morning of the 19th of April for Civita Vecchia, to take the steamer thence for Leghorn, where we arrived, *au grand matin*, on the 20th.

Leghorn, or Livorno—its more softly sounding Italian name—is a city of little interest to travellers, though it has an air of active business and progress, uncommon in Italy. The first train found us *en route* for Florence, and we stopped at Pisa on the way, to see its celebrated Leaning Tower. That, with the Cathedral, the Campo Santo, and the Baptistery, are the chief objects of attraction in Pisa. From the summit of the Tower, the blue waters of the Mediterranean can be seen; and which, though now far away, were said, in the time of the Crusaders, to have washed the borders of the town—as Pisa was the port of their departure for the Holy Land, and the Campo Santo was filled in with earth brought from the Holy Land in the days of Saladin; but burials there now are rarely permitted.

In any other country the Cathedral would be considered grand; but in Italy it is so overshadowed by such vastly more imposing structures, that—perhaps unjustly—travellers seldom spend much time on its inspection—the Tower alone, from its singular construction, monopolizing the attention of pilgrims to Pisa; so following the beaten track, we ascended its gradual and easy steps to the top, and like the King of France, who went up the hill, then came down again.

The evening of the same day found us at Florence, in time to witness the gorgeous sunset bathing its beautiful hills with life-inspiring tints and shades of animated loveliness. Our first object in the morning was to obtain a view of this renowned city of art and its environs, by driving up the hill of Bello's Guardo, from whence a most magnificent view is to be obtained. Nor could any anticipation meet disappointment in the prospect, which, like a scene from some fairy land, opens its ravishing perspective of hill and dale, of fruit and flower, and cloud and sunshine, before, around, and above. Glittering villages and villas glisten amid the verdure of orange groves in the nestling valleys, or mark the bold outline of cloud-capped hills. Everywhere the Cornucopia of Ceres seems to have been lavishly emptied upon the landscape around, and bright nature, vocal with thanksgiving, to hymn her praises to the beneficent Creator, while the lovely Arno, winding its silvery course along, lisps more musical amen than could ever the Cathedral choir or rich-toned organ utter. In Florence, nature and art seem to strive for the mastery, and nowhere else does the rivalry seem so nearly balanced.

The gallery of the Pitti Palace—so called residence of the Grand Duke, situate within the far-famed Boboli Gardens—surpassed, in the magnificence of its collection, all the glowing accounts we had heard or read about it.

Raphæls, Salvator Rosas, Lorraines, Coraccis, Reubens, Angelos and Dolcis, here hang around the walls in clusters of such overpowering richness that it seems as if the rainbows of heaven had been interwoven by angelic fingers into the matchless scenes of beauty there presented.

More renowned perhaps, but scarcely more beautiful, are the great collections of the Uffizü; the chief of which in the Tribune —a room therein so called—are Angelo's Holy family; the Venus of Titian, and the celebrated figure of the Venus de Medici. The group of the Niobe occupy a separate apartment, but the long corridors of the Uffizü are filled with such a great number and variety of works of art, that save to the artist, their enumeration becomes tedious; the sensation of their inspection can be better expressed by the significance of the French, when they speak of anything as giving the idea of—*l' embaras du riches.*

The Cathedral with its Campanile, or Bell Tower, rising to the height of nearly three hundred feet, is grand and imposing, though,

after an occupation of a hundred and sixty years in construction, it remains yet unfinished.

The Baptistery is celebrated by its three bronzed doors, by Pisano and Ghiberti; of which Michael Angelo has said, that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

The church of Santa Croce has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Here rest the remains of Galileo, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, and a host of celebrities—let us hope their spirits inhabit a better world than we who remain here weary waiting.

The Annunziata, and Santa Maria Novella, are justly celebrated among the other sacred edifices of Florence.

No one who visits Florence should omit to ascend Fiesoli, a place of remote Etruscan antiquity, and from whence the most comprehensive view of the city and its surroundings can be obtained.

The Florentines pride themselves vastly upon the purity of their Italian; the Romans upon that of their pronunciation—hence the most perfect expositor of this beautiful tongue, is he who speaks the *lingua Tuscana*, with the *bocca Romana*. A language, which though corrupted from the grand old Latin, as are the people from the grand old Roman, must ever, while Dante lives in history, be the world's language for sublimest song. Madame de Staël has written, "La terre appartient aux Français, la mer aux Anglais, et l' air aux Allemands," but the empire of song must forever belong to the Italians.

Florence with its bright and temperate climate, where living is so cheap, beauty so profuse, art so luxuriant, and nature so lovely, is the favorite abode of a large foreign—especially English and American population. As an artistic Capitol its only successful rival in Italy, is Rome; but for other enjoyments of life, as the world regards them, Florence is far superior; and no one who has enjoyed its rare and enchanting beauties can leave them without regret. So it was with us as we turned our steps away, passing again through Livorno, *en route* for Genoa by steamer.

It was the early morning of the 25th April when we entered the splendid harbor of Genoa—*Genoa Superba* as they love to call her; and superb certainly she is, in her proud and lofty site, her glorious prospect, and her historic interest. In position and beautiful scenery many think her unsurpassed, even by Naples.

But they are different, though both lovely. Our stay was short, as we passed on quickly to Turin, the capitol of Sardinia, thence to the Lakes Maggiore and Como, back through Milan and on to Venice—not "Venice Preserved," as Beaumont and Fletcher have written of in their play, but Venice old, ancient and hoary with age, enfeebled in power, bleeding in the tyrant's grasp. She who once at least ruled the commercial world, when her fleets, her armies and her commerce sailed forth victorious into every quarter of the then known globe, now lies bankrupt and poverty-stricken, sad, sullen and desolate in decaying grandeur. Her grand palaces lapped by the waters, once the homes of merchant princes indeed, are now gladly let out for lodgings, hotels, and perhaps meaner uses; but like Rome, the spell of former ages still hangs around her, and the traveller, gliding through her liquid streets, feels the charm of by-gone years mingling with the novelty of the scene, as the waters cloven in his track mingle again behind him. The imagination must be dull which does not enkindle with the sight of Venice, hardly less immortalized by Shakspeare than their own Doges. Its history is full of romantic and dramatic interest, from the time when its first founders settled on its barren islands, and commenced their barterings in fish and salt, till the days when proud mistress of the Adriatic, her Doges celebrated in world-famed splendor the anniversaries of her marriage with that ocean bride—daughter of Neptune, upon whose bosom she reposes. Shylock, the Rialto, Othello and St. Marks, Saracens and Turks, all seem to haunt the memories of Venice.

The grand old Arsenal, which, in the days of her greatness and prosperity, gave employment to no less than sixteen thousand men in the manufacture of her arms and the equipment of her fleets, is now silent and still. Here her then enormous galleys, upwards of two hundred feet in length, and accommodating one thousand men, were wont to come and go in numbers that would seem prodigious. Her vast manufactories and world-spread commerce, where are they now? Silent as the waters in her canals. Unlike Rome, the monuments of her former greatness still remain almost entire—as in the Ducal Palace, St. Marks, her other palaces and churches. Titian, her greatest painter, has covered most of her walls with the productions of his art, which bring back fresh to memory scenes history could but dimly portray. He lies buried in the Church of Santa Maria dei Frai, near the mounment to

the unfortunate Doge Foscari, of whom Byron might say, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*" From the Doge's Palace, over a canal in the rear, leads the famous Bridge of Sighs, to cells where the frequent doomed were conveyed from the judgment of the august council;

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

The Moor and Shylock have departed, but the Rialto still spans the Grand Canal.

Tasso's voice is silent, but Tasso's fame, indeed, means "Venice Preserved."

The flying steeds, with gilded collars glittering in the sun, stand upon St. Marks; but the "spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord."

The gondola, like a shrouded beauty, glides over the silent waters, but the merry music of their fêtes and festivals is gone.

To leave Venice without mention of the Cathedral of St. Mark's, would be like leaving Rome without mention of St. Peter's. But it is a singular edifice and difficult to describe, blending as it does, the styles of the Christian Church, and the Turkish Mosque. Yet it is one of the most interesting buildings in the world; and the rich gildings, mosaics, and columns of the interior, of which last there are over five hundred of rare and costly marble, lend a gorgeousness to the aspect more Oriental than European. But after all, it is not so much by the erection of large and costly temples that God is glorified, as by the devotion, and holy lives of the followers of Christ. Add all the enormous cost of these huge Cathedrals together; add to that the value of all the works of art in Italy; and to both, the whole wealth and riches of the world, and the sum ten thousand times ten thousand, multiplied, or indefinitely extended, would not compare with the priceless value of a single immortal soul in the sight of God.

So lose not heart, humble followers of Him, who worship in more lowly Temples, and administer at altars of less costly structure. To be instrumental in leading one soul alone to Christ, is to be instrumental in adding more true wealth to God's holy kingdom, than to have built the Temple of Solomon itself.

How different would this world become were all men not only to believe, but to act upon this principle? What is wealth, what is glory, what is fame, where the value of the immortal soul within us is ignored?

Riches take wings and fly away, or we must leave them behind

to others; glory is a vain illusion, fame an empty bubble; the whole earth is passing away, and like ancient Rome, sooner or later, will be resolved into ruin. The soul is the only property appertaining to mankind which can live forever, and to secure that life of blessed immortality, how should we count all other things compared as worse than worthless, if they hinder us from attaining the Crown which fadeth not away. But that Crown is only attainable through the Cross: to wear the one, we must bear the other. It is true the majority of the civilized world recognize the great principles of Christianity. But alas! how few sincerely act upon their professed belief. The greed of gain overrules nearly every action of life; and the sacrifice of the immortal soul is too generally offered upon the altar before which men fall down and worship. But tried and true, though weary follower of Christ, take heart; keep on the straight and narrow path; it leadeth to a country brighter than the fairest climes of earth; it will bring you to a land where no ruin or decay can enter; to a city where no sin nor sorrow can ever come; and to a kingdom where you shall reign triumphant forever, when all the kingdoms of this world shall have vanished and faded, like ancient Rome, away.

Our Italian pilgrimage ended with Venice. From thence we crossed by steamer to Trieste, and up through the Tyrol to Vienna; finding our way back to London, through the cities of Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort and down the Rhine to Cologne and Brussels. With all its seductive allurements, life is but a weary pilgrimage: happy he who can look forward to its end in sure confidence and hope, that when he shall have laid aside his earthly staff and sandals, there awaits him a shrine whereat eternally to worship, without further weary wandering and want.

A FAREWELL TO SORROW.

THOU hast wrought for me more than bliss could do,
O my friend Sorrow. In thy coming, thou,
An undesiréd guest, wast welcomed not,
Nor thought I to regret our parting now.

Choosing the darkest chamber in my heart,
Thine own dark self hast made it strangely bright;
Dark chamber! scarce I think that entering joy
Shall drown its shadows in such restful light.

Thou hast wrought for me, Sorrow, all these years,
Sitting within thy sometime darkened room,
Often at night, when Love and Duty slept,
Thou sattest, working patient, at thy loom.

No task so mean but had thy tend'rest aid,
No effort that thy rare smile did not cheer;
Thy dark cup tasted, fired the soul like wine,
And in its dregs were neither doubt nor fear.

It was thine altar sanctified my gifts
Of ill-done work, faint prayer and poor, poor love;
Thy wisdom ruled the giving. In thy strength
I plead with Him who sent thee from above.

Thou hadst a place among His angels there,
Thou, with the low-tuned harp and dark, bright brow;
I thank Him that He sent thee down to earth,
And murmur not that He recalls thee now.

And yet, O Sorrow! *can* I part with thee?
Friend tried and trusted! It is not for long;
Only, when melting, I shall welcome thee,
Sorrow, He shall have changed thee into song. T.

St. John, N. B.

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.

LEVI came to my father's house, after his liberation, which was situated on his way to the seat of war. He was burning with a desire to show his zeal for the loyal cause after his unfortunate trial, and fortunate escape. Next morning we started in a cutter together, and met with two accidents by the way. At a turn of the road, near which is now situated the village of Welland, a new school-house had been erected, and a deep well-like hole had been dug to reach sand for the masons. The road being drifted full of snow, it was impossible ofttimes to find it, and

finally the cutter ran over the edge of this well, turned suddenly upside down, and precipitated me first into the cavity, with a promiscuous gathering of straw, buffalo robes, whip and cushion at my heels. My friend, like Gill, "came tumbling after." Not knowing of this trap before, I imagined that we were going on an exploring expedition, to its deep and aqueous recesses. I was glad to find, by experiment, that such was not the case; but wearing the seal-skin cap, it was driven down over my head, and on my shoulders, and what with snow becoming impacted, between it and my face, and my co-partner in misery floundering over me, with the cutter in close proximity to his back, there was a fair chance of my ending my days by suffocation and that in the not very respectable way of a stricture round my throat. I need scarcely say, that my kicks were of the most vigorous kind. The "peeled" nose, black eye, blue shins, and denuded knuckles of my comrade did thus testify, not to speak of the more pointed, than polite, verbal evidence forthcoming on the spot. When my hands got free from the lines there was a lively scratching about the neck, and a tearing of head-cover, seldom witnessed, on a winter night, with the thermometer ranging near zero. Two woe-begone creatures, with every hair an icicle, could be seen wending their way, on foot to a surgeon's office, about a mile distant, with a broken down cutter. Levi's right arm was almost immovable, and very painful. The fact, however, was, that it was dislocated. We thought the displacement only a bruise, but the surgeon, good man as he appeared to be, saw room for a surprise to the patient, by not informing him at first, of the nature of the injury. When we both began to make extension, with Levi on his back on the floor, the patient was far from being *patient*, and uttered expletives merging on violations of the third commandment.

"Hush," said the doctor, "you are almost profane."

"It's easy for you to preach to me; you ain't pulled as I am. 'Pon my conscience, I don't see the use of twisting and stretching at my arm like that. That will help my shoulder confounded little. Look here, I'll maul the flickering life out of your body, if you don't stop. By the ——"

The pent up torrent came, in spite of exhortation and admonition, and at last, with a report almost equal to a pistol shot, the head of the bone entered its socket. With a yell of rage, which could not be expected from his phlegmatic temperament, he

sprang to his feet, rushed at the doctor, who was beating a masterly retreat out at the backdoor, while I was executing sundry flank movements, which may have put into Gen. Grant's *encephalon* the only strategy he knows aught about, viz.: to keep going "over the left." As he charged, he shouted, with the invalid limb describing segments of circles in the air, "You have smashed it, darn you! I thought by your pulling and hauling you would *break something.*" I expostulated with him. It is just to say, the door was between us. In *crescendo* notes, he suggested for my contemplation eternal silence, and sent to the place where hope never enters, the man of saws, pulleys and tourniquets. In a short time he "felt like a new man"—calmed down—wondered what possessed him to act so—blushed like a schoolgirl at his rudeness—apologized to all and sundry—and felt so awkward and mortified after his fierce expletions, that when we got to the road, he wished to know "why I did not knock him in the head, rather than he should have made such a fool of himself among strangers."

"I begin to feel," said Levi, "that it is easy to be possessed of a devil."

"Yes," said I, "we all have him, in a cage, but open the door, and poke him up with a stick, as we often do, and the mischief will be to pay."

When we reached the camp, we were sorry objects, but, with recovered spirits, we were eager for the fray. On the 29th of December, after a council of war, it was decided to ask for volunteers, to man boats, and attempt to destroy the steamer *Caroline*, which was being used for the purpose of supplying the rebels with arms, provisions and clothing. About fifty were called for, but a much larger number was found ready to attempt the hazardous enterprize. Levi, with myself, was accepted, and was overjoyed at the confidence reposed in him. Nine boats formed the flotilla. The smallest boat was occupied by Levi, another volunteer, the steersman and myself. The volunteer pulled the bow oar, and I the one farthest astern. Levi, with an invalid shoulder, was standing in the bow on the look-out, to prevent our losing the other boats, whose dark outlines could be seen in the uncertain light of a new moon, and to avoid being carried down by the swift current of the foaming abyss, only a few miles below. I was intently rowing with my back to my two comrades, when I heard

a shot, a curse, a struggle, and a cry. The startling sounds had ceased before I could turn around, and my horror was great to see only one person in the bow. "The other man is overboard," said Levi, "oars and all. Can we save him? Was he mad? Who was he? He shot at me with his pistol. The powder has singed my hair, and while my back was turned he caught hold of me to throw me overboard. Almost instinctively I turned and seized him by the throat, and before I was aware, he wrenched himself from my grasp, and jumped or fell overboard." We were so intent on the recital, that we forgot our dangerous position, and whither we were drifting.

"Never mind particulars at present," said the steersman, who was well acquainted with the river, "he is past all help, and half a mile below by this time. Take the spare oar and row for your life, even with one hand, or in thirty short minutes Niagara will claim us." We already felt the influence of the ripple of the angry waters. To seek the other boats was now impossible. Our own safety was the primary consideration, when it was found of no avail to seek our comrades. Nothing was said, but bitter disappointment was experienced by us all.

"Pull boys," said our pilot, "we are not gaining one foot, and possibly may be losing. I know by yonder large tree which we have remained opposite to for some time. We must try to reach Buckhorn Island, and that is our only salvation." After determined efforts we landed on it, waiting the day and deliverance. Now, that we were free from immediate danger, we began to speculate on the results of the expedition. Navy Island and its watch fires were distinctly seen, but there was no evidence of commotion on it, and no firing heard, so it had been passed in safety. About half an hour afterwards we heard firing at Schlesser on the American side, and I insisted that there was cheering, also; while we looked and listened, the sky got dusky red in that direction. Tongues of flame shot up intermittently into the lurid sky. A mass of fire came floating down the river, over which hung smoke in dense masses of inky blackness, like a funereal pall, and were plainly seen,

"Her ribs,
Through which the *fire* did shine as through a grate."

The burning hull passed the island swiftly, with grand pyrotech-

nics, in the main channel, and disappeared in the womb of night, over the brink of the cataract.

Our disappointment was all the greater, now that the object of the expedition was accomplished, and to all intents and purposes the unhappy and distracting rebellion was at an end. When morning came we found wedged in between two rocks, on the upper end of the small island, through which the water rushed impetuously, the body of our comrade. These projecting rocks bellied towards one another, and retained the remains with the grasp of a vice. The moment Levi cast his eyes on the countenance, he started back with horror, for the drowned man was all which was left of his persecutor at the trial. How he escaped from custody is not known, nor could any one find out whether the meeting of the two were accidental, or intentional on the part of the convict. We were convinced, however, that he intended to murder Levi by suddenly pushing him overboard, and failing in that, to shoot him and show it was accidental. This was the tragic end of one whose career was marked by bitter hostility and undying hatred. His body was buried on the island, at the foot of a spruce tree, and a report made of the facts, when we reached the main land.

I have only to add, that I was present at the marriage of Molly and Levi, on the first day of October following. Uncle Joe said the union would be one of happiness, because three black squirrels and one chipmonk crossed his pathway to the barn on the bridal morn, and the "cricket on the hearth" sang its shrill matins three times, at the dawn, from the back of the sooty stick-chimney. Alec was one of the guests, and also prognosticated weal for the happy pair, for his "lugs was buzzin' a' the road, 'woo'd an' married an' a',' in tune wi' his singin' mou', and the mornin' cloods had a silver linin' tae them." He insisted that Levi was made a prisoner a second time, and appealed to Molly for a confirmation of it. He was now kept in durance by a greater power than an old flint-lock. Alec suggested, in an ironical vein, a coat of arms for the youthful pair, consisting of a Queen Bess musket, lying on a log, entwined with squaw-berry bushes and maple leaves. The motto to be "Deil tak' the hindmost."

The days of the pair have been many. Goodness and mercy have followed them all the days of their lives. Many a night have we recounted the events herein recorded, by the side of

roaring winter fires, to a rising generation. I am now near the goal of my pilgrimage, full of thankfulness and love to God and man; conscious that the inexorable Destroyer is not far from the door of this earthly tabernacle, and whose face I can look into, "without fear, and without reproach."

THE VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN.

BY CAPT. N. W. BECKWITH.

(Concluded.)

ON the twentieth of August, spring having set in, the fleet weighed and made sail, anchoring next at Santa Cruz, which had been discovered on the "Santiago's" exploratory cruise, where they remained two months, and succeeded in obtaining ample supplies of wood and water; supplies unattainable at their winter harbor, except in small quantities, and with much labor and difficulty.

Hence, standing southward again, and faithfully following the trend of the coast, they made on the eighteenth of October, a headland to which was given the name of "Cabo de las Virgines," subsequently discovered to form the northern chop of the entrance to the long desired "western passage to India."

Beating around this, they entered the "long and perilous defile," to which the name of the illustrious discoverer has been given spontaneously by later navigators and geographers, although he himself bestowed upon it the title of "Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins." This opening of the land was first seen from aloft, by a seaman named *De Lepe*.

The ships anchored after gaining the inside, where the passage commences to narrow, and in such a position as to command it. Here Admiral Magalhanes convened that celebrated council, whose advice he did *not* take, for the purpose of deciding upon their future movements. One of the chief pilots, Estevan Gomez, backed by a strong majority, exhausted his eloquence in the attempt to persuade the council to decide upon returning to Spain, and obtain larger vessels, wherewith to prosecute the discoveries, earlier in the next Antarctic spring. A few of the more resolute officers were in favor of proceeding as they were, and as neither party

evinced any disposition to yield, or compromise, their consultation came to a dead-lock.

Magalhanes, who had preserved silence throughout the debate, now helped them to a conclusion, by announcing his intention to proceed in spite of all possible objections, informing the recreants that their duty was to follow him, not to ask questions; to set a cheerful example of obedience to their crews, not to create a spirit of discontent and disaffection, by exhibiting before them a fault-finding and dissatisfied disposition; that he was determined to redeem his promise to the Emperor even if they should be reduced to subsist on the pump-leather; and wound up by making known to them a general order, wherein he forbade, under penalty of death, any one speaking of home, or short allowance. He then dismissed the council, and sent orders to the two lighter draught vessels to weigh and proceed forward at once, to determine whether the inlet where they lay had any western opening, or not, after which, to return and report accordingly.

Over two days were spent in this operation, during which time the exploring vessels encountered the severest weather; but the gale was favorable, and they drove on until they entered what is now known as "Famine Reach." Here the wind shifted to south-westerly, and shortly got up such a swell, that, considering the increasing width of the Sound, and its clear expanse southwardly, they concluded that they had seen the outlet, and returned to the Admiral, who had given them up for being wrecked in the storm.

The whole squadron then proceeded. Entering Famine Reach, they soon observed the inlet to the east, which opens into Useless Bay. The two smaller vessels were sent on, as before, while the flag-ship and her consort bore on, keeping close under the shore of what is now called "Brunswick Peninsula," and shortly entered where Famine Reach turns to the south-west. Now, the pilot Gomez, knowing that the intercepting Admiral ship was no longer between him and the sea, excited the crew once more to revolt, put the captain in irons, and at nightfall put back, and shaped his course for Spain.

This man, Gomez, was also a Portuguese, and it is alleged was secretly in the pay of the Portuguese monarch, commissioned to compass the destruction of the ships, or the failure of the expedition by some means. About this Pigafetta is silent, but records another cause for the dastardly conduct of the pilot, namely: that

a small expedition for another object was fitting out when Magalhanes arrived at Valladolid, of which Gomez had been promised the command; but on entertaining the present undertaking, the original project was dismissed, and the vessels turned over to serve the purposes of Magalhanes.

Following still the coast of the main land, the squadron arrived (according to the given description) at the extreme southern point of Brunswick Peninsula, where "Forward Reach" commences its north-westerly running outlet to the Pacific. Here, at the mouth of a river, he anchored to await the arrival of his consorts, meantime sending out a surveying party in boats, which, after spending three days, returned in great joy, announcing that they had for a certainty seen at last, the Great South Sea!

The Circumnavigator was a *bueno catolico* in the ancient completest sense. Satisfying himself of the reliability of the boat-expedition's report, he immediately set apart a day of public thanksgiving; after observing which, a search—fruitless of course—was instituted for the deserter, in which several days were wasted. Beacons were erected for his guidance, if by chance he should still be endeavoring to follow the squadron; from which it would appear that no idea of his fellow-countryman's treachery had entered the mind of the Admiral, and the voyage was once more resumed.

Weary, tedious and dangerous henceforward was the incessant fight with treacherous currents, uncertain tides and winds, steep-sided reefs and shoals. Many times the vessels took bottom—sometimes carried aground by swift currents, sometimes helplessly drifting on in calms, the obstacle in sight, but inevitable, owing to the great depth of the Strait, which does not permit anchoring except at a perilous proximity to the shores, which are lined with abruptly rising "risks" of all sorts.

Yet until within a few years, this was much the quickest passage ever accomplished through these tremendous straits, being of thirty-seven days. In December, which is midsummer in this region, in 1866, the United States steamer *Lackawanna* passed through after a passage of thirty days, having been compelled to remain at anchor no less than nineteen days, in all, from stress of weather. At one part, in the First Gut, which leads into Santiago Bay, while running along with a "brief interval of clear, calm, and warm weather," Capt. Reynolds says: "The wind came

suddenly out south-west, and blew so hard as soon to raise quite a sea, even in the Narrows, which grew higher as we cleared them, and compelled us to seek an anchorage under the Northern shore, as soon as we could clear the shoal off Barrancas. Indeed, between the violence of the wind, and the force of the short sea, the ship, with all the steam we could give her, would make no headway at times, and lost all steerage-way (being carried along with the tide), falling off towards Triton Bank in a way that was rather alarming. However, we managed to get her head in the right direction, and at one p. m. anchored off Valle Point in nine fathoms, with ninety fathoms chain, and remained there five days before the gale ended."*

On the western, or Pacific portion of the straits, Magalhanes bestowed the title of "Straits of the Patagonians," and on the conspicuous headland South of the Pacific entrance, the name of "*El Cabo Deseado*," or *the Desired Cape*, given at the time the boat expedition brought back their cheering account of it. Somebody, has since seen proper to re-christen it "Cape Pillar," a name by which it is at present designated on the English Charts. And to the land which lay south of them during this memorable passage, on the shores of which they continually saw fires through the nights, while no such indications were perceived on the northern land, they gave the distinguishing appellation of "*Tierra del Fuegos*, or *Land of Fires*.

"At length," says Herrera, "on the twenty-seventh of November, he sailed into the Great South Sea, giving infinite thanks to God that he had permitted him to find what was so much desired, and that he was the first who had found the passage so much sought after. Whereby the memory of this excellent captain shall be eternally celebrated."

Balboa had first seen the Pacific, but Magalhanes first navigated its broad waters.

From the Straits, he stood northwardly, in search of milder weather, having lost several men from cold and exposure. Very singularly, he shaped such courses as carried him through all the multitudinous groups of the Oceanic division, whithout seeing any land, save two insignificant islands, uninhabited, and useless in

* Report of Capt. Reynolds on Passage of U. S. S. *Lackawanna* through Magellan's Straits, pub. Bureau of Navigation, Washington, in "A List of Reported Dangers to Navigation in the Pacific Ocean," 1866.

affording supplies or refreshments, which, by way of denoting his disappointment, he called "*Las Desventuradas*," or "*The Unfortunates*," until a distance of more than three thousand miles had been run.*

Over all this long and lonely route their sufferings are unparalleled by anything in the whole dismal record of maritime research, except, perhaps, by the later voyage of Anson. The Admiral's alternative was actually reached, and the pump-leather eaten, even the raw hides, which in that day were used for chafing-gear on the yards, were stripped off and consumed; also sawdust, and Pigafetta states that mice were sold for a ducat a pair; their dwindled stock of water became putrid, and its use caused severe dysentery; while to crown all, scurvy, till then an unknown disease, broke out with great violence, carrying off a score in a week.

The old voyaging historian's description of the new malady will be readily recognized by all who have ever seen a well-marked case of scurvy:—"Our greatest misfortune was being attacked by a disease, in which the gums swelled so as to hide the teeth, as well in the upper as the lower jaw, whence those thus affected were incapable of chewing their food. Besides those who died, we had from twenty-five to thirty sailors ill, who suffered dreadful pains in their arms, legs and other parts of the body."

But they had reached the ever-smiling regions of the south-east trades, and day after day bore steadily and safely on. In a spirit of thankfulness the name of "Pacific" was bestowed upon these pleasant waters.

On the ninety-ninth day after leaving the Desired Cape (March 6th, A. D. 1521), three beautiful, fertile and inhabited islands were discovered, belonging to the group to which Magalhanes gave the name of Ladrones, on account of the irrepressible thievishness of the natives.

This chain, of which "Guam" is the principal, is now a colony of Spain, and nearly equals, in the aggregate, the whole chain of

* Well might his despairing sailors come to the conclusion that they had entered on a trackless waste of waters, endless before them, and hopeless in a return. "But though the church hath evermore from Holy Writ affirmed that the earth should be a wide spread plain bordered by the waters, yet he comforted himself when he considered that in the eclipses of the moon the shadow cast of the earth is round; and, as is the shadow, such, in like manner, is the substance."

"It was a stout heart—a heart of triple brass—which could thus, and against such authority, extract unyielding faith from—a shadow!"—*Draper.*

the Windward Islands of the West Indies, which it resembles in other important respects—extending in a sweep from north to south, in a corresponding latitude, from thirteen to twenty-one degrees north. Guam is like Trinidad, in being of nearly the same size, and in being southernmost and largest of the group to which it belongs; but *un*like the Windward Islands, the Ladrones are situated near no great main land.

Tinian, Rota, Saypan and others correspond in size and fertility to St. Vincent, Guadaloupe, Barbadoes, etc., of the West Indian Archipelago. They are now more commonly called the "Marian Islands," so named in honor of the Queen of Philip IV. of Spain.

Eagerly did the starved and scorbutic voyagers open a traffic with the willing inhabitants, who came off in their canoes immediately on the arrival of the ships, bringing tropic fruits, vegetables, fish and hogs. Cocoanuts, yams and rice were also abundant.

These people were friendly and inoffensive in deportment, and had it not been for their irrepressible thievishness, Spanish historians might have been able to record one instance of a squadron of their explorers having actually left a new discovery without once quarrelling with their new acquaintances—though in this instance they must be exonerated from blame. Trifling thefts being passed unnoticed, the thieves grew audacious; at length, finding no punishment inflicted upon them—as the Admiral winked at their petty depredations in the hope of preserving amity—they stole a boat from the stern of the flag-ship; and on being required to return her, laughed the messenger to scorn. Magalhanes, probably reflecting that unless they were taught a lesson at this juncture, they would doubtless next attempt to steal the ship herself, landed at the head of ninety men, and made reprisals, in the shape of a levy on their provisions, besides burning some two or three score huts. Unfortunately, the natives offered resistance, and in the skirmish that ensued some were killed or wounded. The Admiral has been blamed severely for this, by some writers, as punishing a trifling offence with undue severity.

Landsmen don't understand these matters with all humility be it said, be they never so learned, quite so well as seamen; and seamen know that the loss of a boat is not by any means a trifle, even under the best circumstances, but when the situation is such as the discoverer's was, at this time, it becomes positively serious, particularly when the difficulty—amounting sometimes to an impossibility—of replacing it is considered.

No other species of depredation has been such a prolific source of quarrel between explorers, and the savage tribes whom it is their lot to encounter, as this very trick of boat-stealing. The theft of the "Discovery's" six-oared cutter, led to the death of the lamented Cook, because, when he landed, although with the intention "to get possession of the sovereign, or some of the principal chiefs, and detain them until the stolen property was restored,"* according to his invariable practice on similar occasions, his forbearing demeanor impressed the island populace with the idea that their visitors feared them. Who has not heard of the savage who advanced toward Cook, threatening him with his "*pahooa*" and who, receiving upon his thick mat the "charge of *small shot* which our navigator at last considered necessary to fire at him," held it up to the admiring view of his comrades, while he shouted, for their encouragement, "*Mah-tee mah-noo! mah-tee mah-noo!*" *(A bird-killer, a bird-killer)* and how the fatal onset was immediately made by the natives? Yet the other barrel of the fowling-piece which that great commander bore on that lamentable day, was loaded with ball, with which he killed another assailant the instant after—but of what avail was it then? Had he discharged that barrel first, or at all events while the exulting boaster was deriding the feeble effect of his first fire, he, in all probability would not have found it necessary to discharge another piece, on that occasion, nor would his own life have been forfeited.

In dealing with these ignorant and ferocious beings, overmuch lenity has invariably been the precursor of overmuch violence and bloodshed.

And it cannot be supposed that, at the outset, Magalhanes sought the death of any of the theives. His object was to possess himself of so much of their property as should, under the circumstances, be at least an equivalent for the loss sustained through them, and to the natives more, that it might lead to the restoration, if possible, of the stolen boat; while the seizure was aimed at provisions and supplies, of which the squadron stood in need, lest, through the rupture of commercial relations, and failure of their renewal, apt to be the consequence of this difficulty, he should be unable to procure them in the way of peaceful barter. And it was the opposition of the native to the execution of this plan that brought about the fighting.

* Capt. King—Voyage to the Pacific, Vol. III. p. 35–52.

That they were not very severely punished, or even sufficiently awed, notwithstanding the alleged loss of life, is evident from the fact that, after the landing party had returned on board, they followed in a large fleet of canoes, and coming near, pelted the ships with stones, of which it does not appear that the Spaniards took any notice.

It has been in good faith asserted, gravely assailed, and equally as gravely defended, that this people were totally ignorant of fire! Having never seen it, until their invaders applied it to their houses! And that they supposed it an *animal*—which fed upon wood!! Truly, the credulity of some erudite Dominie Sampsons is one of the most incredible things whereof the world hath cognizance! These islands are volcanic, and contain *many yet active volcanoes*. The extreme northernmost of the chain now bears the name of "Great Volcano Island."

This group also produces immense quantities of bread fruit. Guam, where the circumnavigating squadron visited, is a considerable town at this day. Formerly the celebrated Acapulco galleons on their passage to Manila, used to touch here for refreshments.

Magalhanes sailed from the Ladrones on the tenth of March having staid only four days, and continued his voyage to the westward. He must have found the trades steadier and fresher than is common in this time, for within seven days he had crossed the intervening space to the Phillipine Islands. Which of the easterly outlying islets was first honored by his presence, is now uncertain, owing to the diverse nomenclatures that from time to time have been applied here. The Surigaos, lying around the north-eastern extreme of Mindanao, must have been the first encountered, and we are told that the name of one island, which the fleet is said to have left on the twenty-fifth of March, was "Humunu," and it is called the principal island of the chain.

It seems probable that this must be the "Jumonhol," or "Jomonhol," of modern charts, both from its position, lying as it does in the discoverer's probable track, and the similarity in sound of the name with that given by the early chroniclers; although, if so, there is an error in calling it the "principal member" of the Surigao Archipelago, as a later writer has stated, since it stands alone, and well northward of that which contains four much larger islands than Jumonhol.

The navigation amongst these islands is to be reckoned with

the most difficult to be found in any part of the universe, not even excepting the famous Straits which bear the discoverer's name. Overwhelming tides sweep through and around with frightful velocity; the whole system is one mass of reefs, shoals and foul bottom; anchors and cables are totally unreliable when opposed to these fierce currents; and the winds are ever unsettled, feeble and baffling. On the easternmost, called "Siargo," or "Oyarzal," a Spanish ship was thrown, during a calm, in the summer of 1858, and literally ground to pieces by the surf and currents. The most practicable passage, called the "Strait of Panoan," is also exceedingly perilous. The ship *Hydery*, of Calcutta, returning from Hobart Town, Australia, and endeavoring to pursue this passage in October 1852, was drifted on one of the outer rocky isles by the dreadful whirlpools* that form here on the flood-tide, which threw her on her beam-ends, then swept her from that isle, and laid her on another adjacent, where she became a total wreck.† No ship in these days ever attempts this route, except in case of the most pressing necessity. Yet these tremendous Straits must have been passed by the circumnavigator's ships, for we find him next at Limasava, which lies just clear of their western entrance, and twelve miles west of the Island of Panoan, whence they derive their name.

To these islands Admiral Magalhanes gave the name of "The Archipelago of St. Lazarus," once applied to the whole Phillipines, afterward restricted by Villalobos to these small groups, when he complimented Philip, then Prince-Royal of Spain, by giving his name to the main system, and now erased entirely from the charts of most nations. The inhabitants were very friendly towards the adventurers, and were found to be in possession of gold and silver, rich spices and aromatic oils. They were also skilful farmers and fishermen; in the latter occupation using, in addition to the hook —which is everywhere found among all maritime nations, from those of the rudest up to the most approved social condition—the more advanced net and harpoon. Their arms, too, were of diverse design and superior quality. Altogether, they had evidently made no inconsiderable progress toward a condition of civilization.

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* The whirlpools of the Loffoden group, including the famous and whilom much exaggerated Maëlstrom, are much less formidable than these.

† Horsburgh, Vol. II., p. 622.

Yet, notwithstanding these evidences of wealth and luxury, the stay of the squadron here was short, and the conduct of the crew, both at this time and subsequently, so markedly in contrast with their behaviour after the loss of their great leader, when we find them wasting weeks and months in the futile pursuit of treasure, invariably quarrelling, both among themselves and with the natives, at every place they reached, and following no dictates but those of the most unscrupulous avarice, as to suggest that Maghalhanes had different and nobler ends in view than his crew and the majority of his officers, and at all events proves him not ruled by that sordid passion in the management of his affairs.

Perhaps the missionary zeal, of the possession of which he shortly after gave such remarkable proofs, was already spurring him on to wider fields, and ampler scope than he had yet discovered for his labors. Perhaps he was anxious to fulfil and complete his contract with the king, by finding the Moluccas, which, unknown to himself he had already passed, and which he was destined never to see, although his successors were guided thither by Indian pilots, to the abundant wrath of the Portuguese, who had reached them already, as far back as 1511, via the Cape of Good Hope, and the Straits of Sunda, when they passed south of Borneo, and so missed its discovery, as well as that of the Phillipines. Borneo was first visited by the Portuguese under Lorenzo de Gomez in 1518, and subsequently by the surviving comrades of Magalhanes, after the fatal day of Mactan.

Perhaps he wished to return to Spain as rapidly as might be, and hurry to the completion of his circumnavigation in the literal sense. In the wider sense, he had already performed that, *then*, stupendous feat, as he had overlapped the track of easterly sailing explorers from Europe—although unaware of the fact. Perhaps all combined. And with them must have mingled the thought of repose and retirement for his future years with such a meed of unapproachable fame as few mortals ever dare aspire to. What, the man who had settled the question of ages, and realized that which Columbus spent his life in seeking, vainly—who had actually traversed over every foot of the earth's circumference, thereby demonstrating its form, and giving to science a new impulse, who had added large and wealthy countries to his sovereign's domains—should there not be fame and praise for him, together with the gratitude of his admiring prince, during the peaceful decline of

an honored life; and after death must not the pearly gates unfold for the sailor-warrior-missionary who had brought whole nations, not merely to know, but to acknowledge the "one true and Living God, and His Most Holy Catholic Church?"

Alas, alas, the story of disappointment like that of love, is as old as the being of man, but none the less is it repeated!

Never again saw he the sunny hills of Spain, never the plaudits of admiring multitudes rang around his path, never the thanks of grateful monarch fell upon his ear—but he died, like his great predecessor, all unconscious of the real magnitude of what he had achieved—ignorant that his promised work was more than accomplished—and while the wondrous tide of his success in his self-imposed missionary labors, was yet swelling to the full.

We next find the exploring squadron, with its people once more completely restored in health and spirits, after leaving the Surigao Archipelago, still continuing on its westerly course. Here, surrounded with islands, it could not proceed far in any direction without making fresh discoveries. Accordingly, about the end of the month, it arrived at a small island, called "Masagua."

There is little doubt about this island being identical with the "Limasava," or "Limasagna" of modern charts; though how Magalhanes could have discovered this, without at the same time finding the large island of "Leyte," beginning, as it does, scarcely four miles from the northernmost point of the latter, seems hardly accountable; but, probably, on approaching it from the south-east, as he must have done—since it is almost impossible that he could have sailed around the northern end of Panoan (which lies to seaward of Limasava), through the foul and narrow "Liloan Passage," which divides it from the south-eastern coast of Leyte—he mistook Limasava for the extreme southern portion of the great island, and the number of inhabitants he saw must have appeared to bear out his idea. Besides, had he attempted, and safely got through the Liloan Pass, he must, on clearing it, have been nearly due east of the Strait between Leyte and Limasava, and could scarcely have failed to perceive it, unless at that particular moment the weather happened to become foggy—too rare an occurrence here to be reckoned upon.

Here he first encountered a Malaysian tribe. A Sumatran slave named "Enriques"—probably a captive from one of his former voyages to Malacca, and who had accompanied him in the capacity

of valet—found the language sufficiently kindred to his own Sumatran dialect, to admit of his conversing with the natives with clearness and facility. Enriques was accordingly promoted to the dignity of interpreter, and through his offices, Magalhanes was enabled to open negotiations with the Limasaguan ruler—"Rajah Kolamboo," as he was called.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that this Malay slave should be the only one of whom we are enabled to say—"This is the man who first, actually and personally, travelled around the world!" Only this one, of all that squadron's company, had reached home by sailing continually in one direction. The great projector and commander himself never lived "to make his voyages meet," as "Jack's" phrase is; and we have no record of any others being on board who, like Magalhanes, had visited the East Indian Archipelago before, from the opposite point of the compass. Neither is it even probable—for as yet, only the Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope; the Spaniards had always sailed west; England was but beginning to show, by the voyages of the Cabots to North America, the germ of her late naval supremacy; and Holland had not yet begun to perform her glorious share in the work of maritime research and colonization. And even if we suppose that there may have been on board fellow-countrymen or shipmates of the Admiral, who, with him, had served under Albuquerque, or on subsequent voyages to Portuguese possessions in the east, such men were not yet circumnavigators in the same sense as the Malay sailor, who had reached his own land once more by constantly following the same course on which he had left it.

Mutual presents were made, and ceremonial visits exchanged with the island prince, and Magalhanes took counsel with himself how best to impress his barbaric entertainers with a becoming idea of the power, and superiority of Europeans over themselves, though at the same time studiously avoiding anything offensive.

Amongst other things, he caused four of his men to perform a sort of sword dance, in which one was equipped with defensive armor, while the other three cut, slashed, hacked and stabbed at him with axe, spear, sword and dagger; to all of which the man-at-arms remained supremely indifferent, and danced on as if entirely unconscious of the existence of his assailants—to the immense astonishment and gratification of the Rajah and his

court, who expressed their belief that a soldier thus protected from wounds would be a match for a hundred who had not similar advantages.

With this people the Spaniards formed a close intimacy, and the admiral, ever on the watch for opportunities of extending the the prestige and influence of his sovereign, availed himself of the existing *entente cordiale* to negotiate a commercial treaty, and an alliance on behalf of the Emperor Charles V., the consummation of which was duly celebrated by a grand banquet, given by the admiral at the Rajah's Palace.

As the quaint old chronicler of the voyage has naïvely recorded that on the following day the island prince, and the officers of his court, were too much indisposed to attend to the business of harvesting, which fell about this time, it may be safely inferred, that amongst other items of useful knowledge, the visitors had initiated their barbarian friends into the mysteries of the deep drinking practised by the enlightened Europeans. The Admiral, in a most neighborly spirit despatched the greater portion of his crew to assist the natives in the performance of this indispensible task. Indian corn, rice, and millet, were produced here in profusion, also ginger—with oranges, citrons, bananas, and other tropical fruit, for which the island is still celebrated.

It was here that Magalhanes first commenced the work of proselytism. Mass was celebrated, in which the Rajah and his officers zealously assisted, and before leaving, a cross was erected with much display and ceremony, which wound up with a military salute, while the natives were enjoined to adore the symbol well, as they hoped for plentiful harvests, wealth and happiness.

Here too, he first heard of the "great and wealthy island of Zebu," and its magnificent and warlike sovereign.

Gold was seen here in the shape of personal ornament, in some abundance, and was deemed plentiful because the natives in their commercial transactions, preferred knives, etc., to doubloons.

Pigafetta has recorded of the "Rajah Kolamboo" that he was a remarkably "well favored man," of an olive complexion, wearing long black hair, tall in person, symmetrically formed, and "elegantly tattooed." He has also noted a custom as being prevalent among people of rank, which is now generally supposed peculiar to the inhabitants of Timor, and one or two other of the smaller Sunda Isles, namely: that of ornamenting the teeth with small bits of

the precious metals; "on each of his teeth," says the old chronicler's description of the Rajah, "were three golden dots, so placed one would have thought they had been fastened with this metal."

Like other Malays, this people were addicted to the habit of chewing the betel-nut, mixed with "chenam,"* and the areca leaf. It is said that in their religious system they held to a belief in one (only) Supreme Being, whom they termed "Abba," and worshipped in a regular form.

On the fifth of April, the Admiral made sail for the reported El Dorado of Zebu, accompanied by his new friend and ally, the Limasaguan potentate and his suite, who appears to have become thoroughly devoted to his new friends. On the seventh, they entered the harbor of Zebu, with trumpets playing, colors flying, and salvos of artillery, to the inexpressible consternation of the inhabitants, thousands of whom, bearing arms, lined the shores, witnessing the marvellous spectacle.

After much display, calculated to impress the Zebuian monarch with a due sense of the greatness and importance of his visitors, the ships anchored in line opposite the town, and with much further ceremony, an ambassador, accompanied by their new ally and the interpreter, Enriques, was despatched to the King, bearing suitable messages, and a present, purporting to be from the King of Spain.

These were favorably received by the half-civilized potentate, and Magalhanes, according to his wont, immediately opened his negotiations. The business was pressed with a celerity exemplary to modern "diplomats;" and in three days after the arrival of the fleet, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded, which also contained provisions for the establishment of a commercial reciprocity, and a system of barter was inaugurated, in which the adventurers exchanged their goods for gold, precious stones, dye-stuffs, perfumes, and various fabrics resembling the finest muslin, perhaps the "pinas," "sinamays," etc., peculiar to Luzon at this day, on enormously profitable terms. The Zebuians were not found to differ essentially from the Masaguans in manners, customs and religion, although probably a much wealthier nation.

Having thus systematized his business duties, Magalhanes, doubtless inspired by his previous success in Limasava, and probably seeing here that wider field for which he had pined, now set

* "Chenam" is a very fine lime, made from burnt oyster-shells, principally.

about his self-appointed missionary work with astonishing zeal and prosperity. Day and night he labored, in season and out of season, with all the devotion and self-abandonment of a Xavier, and if it be true, what certain philosophers are continually drumming into our ears—that "success is the measure and proof of merit"—it is a reproach to all the popes since his contemporary, that he has not long ago been canonized. "*Saint Magalhanes*" would sound quite as well as many a name already inscribed on the beatific roll.

The imposing ceremonial of the Catholic Church, for which it seems he must have been amply provided with every requisite and essential to perform in orthodox style, was not without effect upon these simple-minded natives, and the chapel which had been hurriedly improvised on shore, was capable of containing but the merest tithe of the continual crowd of converts that besieged it, seeking to be baptized.

The royal family set the example of adopting the new faith, the king himself being the first to receive baptism, and was christened on the occasion, "*Carlos*," in honor of the Emperor Charles V.—a vassal of whom, in his new fervor, he was easily induced to declare himself—which neat stroke of *policy*, subsequent Spanish Governments have not failed to profit by.

This conversion and adherence made public, the new religion became the fashion, and was carried throughout the whole country at a rate entirely without parallel in the whole record of the Propaganda. Everywhere idols were cast down, and the cross set up in their stead—and in a fortnight after the arrival of the Circumnavigator, all the inhabitants of Zebu, and those of many of the contiguous islands had embraced Christianity!

All! save one contumacious village, which was duly cursed, burnt, and given over to the devil, for its infidelity!

The priests and chaplains of the squadron—of whom there was a most liberal staff, when we compare it with the scanty quantum deemed sufficient in these godless days—found their force utterly inadequate to perform the work of merely receiving into the bosom of Mother Church the zealous converts seeking admission, who presented themselves at the hurriedly erected chapels which were everywhere scattered over the island; and during the short period of this religious *furore*, most of these holy men had travelled over the whole country, penetrating every section, every city, town,

village and hamlet. Never before, perhaps, in all history, was any land so suddenly, completely and thoroughly opened up to foreign travel and investigation; or, on the part of any known people, such a rapid, simultaneous and utter putting "off with the old love and on with the new," in the matter of a choice of gods, as with these mercurial dwellers in the islands of the sea.

Their sincerity in their new-born faith was shrewdly tested too —their participation in the blessings appertaining to a regenerate condition, being made a pretext for the exaction of a pretty round tribute. It appears, however, in all cases, to have been cheerfully acceded to—whence we must conclude that either their conversion was real and genuine, or that the decrees of fashion were even more despotic and arbitrary with the Zebuians than with us.*

Only the Rajah of this petty little island of Mactan refused to yield this blind, unthinking submission to the stranger. Like others of the native chiefs and rulers, he sent a valuable present, and a polite message of welcome, to the visitors; but all in courteousness only, and on being required to adopt the new religion, pay tribute, and own fealty to the Spanish sovereign, he, with a spirit that ought to have commanded admiration and respect, particularly from a man whose antecedents had been marked by the independence that had heretofore characterized the actions of the great discoverer, unequivocally refused, alleging that, to the foreigners, as such, and as the representatives of a great nation, he considered himself bound to show all suitable courtesy; but that he owed no allegiance to strangers, and could conceive of no right or principle by which those whom he had never seen or heard of before, should claim it from him, and that, therefore, he would yield none.

Alas! blind fanaticism had seized upon the soul of the great Admiral,—

> "For wily priests their victim sought,
> And damned each free-born deed and thought"—

now elated beyond measure with his politico-religious triumphs, and this manly and dignified answer, instead of awakening the generous sympathy of his nobler nature, incensed and aroused those bigoted and superstitious sentiments, which are the fault, not of the man, but of the age in which he lived, to the last degree of active antagonism.

* The writer has personal knowledge of the seas and islands mentioned in this paper.

He haughtily replied, that no barbarian and infidel must be permitted to question the power and authority of Spain, and to deny the divinely appointed supremacy of the Holy Catholic Church, to whom all creatures, whether "Jew or Gentile, male or female, bond or free," owe an indefeasible and indissoluble allegiance, by the mere fact of their existence; and that unless the submission of the Mactanese Rajah was made within a given period, he should be driven, *vie et armis*, from the throne of his people. And, in an evil hour, refusing better counsel, and turning a deaf ear to the passionate remonstrances of a few faithful officers, particularly those of his flag-captain, Juan Serrano, who implored him on bended knees to reconsider his fatal determination, he prepared to punish the high-souled chieftain of Mactan.

It was on the twenty-seventh of April, A. D. 1521, that the Circumnavigator landed here, bound on that illaudable and unreasonable errand.

He led a force of fifty men, all clad in defensive armor, lacking the leg-pieces, carrying cross-bows, and muskets, and the usual weapons of the period. He was encountered, after landing without hindrance, by the Mactanese under the leadership of their spirited prince, to the number of fifteen hundred, according to Pigafetta, but by the traditional accounts of the natives, six thousand. Of this singular discrepancy, more anon. The King of Zebu accompanied his ally with an army sufficient to have coped unaided with the Mactanese, and was eager to assist in the battle, but Magalhanes, fervid in his fanatic faith, that to the soldiers of the church there must be vouchsafed a marvellous victory, the glories of which 'twere shame to dim by sharing, that should give them in the eyes of these barbarians an overwhelming and absolutely invulnerable prestige, actually refused the proffered aid, and the Zebuian warriors remained inactive in their bankahs.

Or did he suspect the good faith of his allies?

The fight began at the fort, which was full of men, and continued several hours, without any noteworthy advantage being gained by either side; the light and slender weapons of the Indians producing no effect upon the Toledo mail and plate; but, on the other hand the Spanish fire both from cross-bow and musket, was badly directed, and although "a goodly number of ye salvages were slayne," yet the loss inflicted was trifling compared to their force, and the courage of the sheltered Mactanese rose on

finding their grim-looking adversaries less formidable than they had supposed.

Perceiving the difficulty, if not impossiblity of effecting an entrance into the fort, Magalhanes sent a detachment of his small force to set fire to the town, hoping thereby to draw the Indians, or a portion of them at least, from their defences,—when he trusted that the heavy swords and axes of his men-at-arms would make short work with their naked squadrons, while the bullets and bolts of his muskets and arblasts could be directed with better effect, than while their objects were concealed behind stone walls.

But the Mactanese leader, according to the local tradition, had already a large reserve stationed in the town; these, rushing silently upon the handful of Spaniards while they were yet engaged in spreading the fire, surprised them and separated three from the others, who were instantly swallowed up amidst the dense crowd in the narrow streets. These unfortunates met a horrible fate, despite their struggles, and the carnage inflicted by their companions, who fought desperately to rescue the prisoners, being hamstrung and thrown amongst the flames of the burning houses —roasted alive in their armor. Profiting by the discovery that the legs of their antagonists were unprotected and vulnerable, they assailed the detachment with such fury and resolution, that it was compelled to seek safety in flight.

These men, rushing in mad confusion toward the boats, fiercely and hotly pursued by the victorious reserve with exulting yells, as they brandished firebrands, which they dashed against the vizors of their adversaries, communicated their panic to their friends who sustained the attack upon the fort, and they, too, gave way simultaneously and fled, forsaking their leader (who was already wounded in the leg with a poisoned arrow) and some half dozen in his immediate vicinity, who remained steady. Taking immediate possession of the boats, they rapidly pushed off from the shore for a small distance, where they remained.

On witnessing the breaking of their assailants' line, an immediate sally of the defenders of the fort took place, and following the example of their courageous countrymen, they attacked the disordered flight of the Spaniards with great determination; yet it is, perhaps, somewhat significant, that none of the fugitives were slain, though a considerable number were wounded.

Left alone upon the field, surrounded by exulting myriads of

yelling savages, who hurled their lances, firebrands and arrows upon them in clouds, the gallant little handful, who fought beside their commander, yet hewed their bloody way to the water's edge, and still might have been saved, but that the recreants—like those other cowards who sacrificed the gallant Cook—who had taken possession of the boats, kept out beyond reach. One by one the heroes fell, until the Circumnavigator alone was seen standing upon this memorable beach. Here, up to his knees in water, his valiant sword-arm disabled, his helmet lost, and bleeding from lance and arrow wounds in the head and legs, he was beaten down with stones, until he sank beneath it. Yet even then, like his great English antitype, he several times raised his head despite the weight of savages pressing him down, and turned his eyes upon the boats, where his crew of curs lay gazing—and on such a scene! Traitors or cowards! one or both? They made no movement toward a rescue; and soon one Indian, stronger or kinder than his fellows, dealt him a blow, under which he sank forever.

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So perished Hernando Magalhanes—"our light, our guide, and our support"—writes the old Vicentine chronicler, as his sad pen closes a somewhat confused account of this most miserable, most lamentable affair.

It is sad when such a life of usefulness is cut short in mid-career, at best; but doubly so while engaged in the commission of an act that cannot, in whatever light it may be regarded, but draw forth our sorrowful condemnation. Judging of it by its results, it was impolitic, too, as well as wrong; though, doubtless, had victory attended the Spanish arms, their prestige throughout the whole Archipelago would have been enhanced to a degree that would have won them many a bloodless triumph after. The great discoverer may have thought thus, and may also have allowed the thought undue prominence in his reflections. It seems moreover a fearfully rash undertaking, considering the enormous disparity of numbers; still the odds were less than those against which Cortez won battle after battle from the Mexicans, who were much better armed than the people of Mactan. And then his easy victory over the Ladrones islanders, the awe in which the Indians held his mail-clad men-at-arms, and the immense superiority of his weapons over the wooden lances and arrows of the

former, doubtless caused him to regard the adventure as no very arduous task. Modern military opinion values as lightly the arms of Magellan's period as he and his companions could ever have considered the rude weapons with which they were defeated; but it is frequently very far wrong. The "terrible arblast" of the middle ages was no despicable arm, under any circumstances, and for such operations as we have just described, was fully equal, nay, superior to the best non-repeating rifle of our times. Therefore, he might reasonably have expected success, had the array of the savages been no greater than the account of his fellow-voyager makes it, viz., fifteen hundred. But, from whatever cause, the adventurers fought not according to their wont.

The very small size of the island, too, warrants the opinion that even this force must have been an enormous one for the Mactanse to raise, and, in this connection, it is worthy of notice, that the traditional accounts of the Visayans place their numbers at six thousand, half in the town, and half in the fort—*en passant*, the fort certainly could *not* contain anything near *that* number, which fact seems rather to militate against that part of the native account, and imply, that their little army *was hugely augmented by recruits from the contiguous islands.* But they agree with the whites in their estimate of the Spanish force, quite as nearly as could be expected. "Fifty or sixty," "about sixty," etc., they say, in detailing their accounts of this, to them, prodigious battle, which, in their view, is what that of Marathon might have been to the Greeks, had the Persians afterwards prevailed, and destroyed or absorbed the Athenians by overrunning their state with settlers transplanted from Macedon, or Thrace.

Perhaps the mean of the two accounts, is nearest the truth, yet it is difficult to see how the Spaniards should underrate the force by which they were defeated. Probably Magalhanes, in estimating the number he should have to encounter, when planning his invasion, put them down at the first mentioned figure, which statement has since been adhered to, in European histories of the affair. On the other hand, the natives ought certainly to know their own forces best, and after having been the victors, are not likely to have exaggerated their own strength, but rather that of their adversaries.

The whole event is involved in inextricable confusion, the story of each side is mingled with improbabilities and guesses, and contains

many inconsistencies, but through it all, appears much warrant for the inference that the Rajah of Mactan had resources of which his enemies knew nothing whatever; perhaps secret aid from some of the neighboring tributaries of Zebu, the rulers of which may have been dissatisfied with their liege's easy assumption of the yoke of Spain, and like the Nova Scotians of to-day, while abundantly contented with the position of a province, have had the strongest objections to become only the "dependency of a dependency." Nothing is said in this connection of the far larger island of "Bujol," whose northern shore approaches within ten miles of the south side of Mactan, the inhabitants of which must have been aware of what was going on at the capital of Zebu, both from their political relations, and geographical proximity—their westernmost cape also lying within fifteen miles of the east coast of Zebu, where its southern prolongation beyond the position of Mactan has place. The first mention that Pigafetta makes of this island, is when describing the arrival of the fleet there, several weeks after the death of the Admiral, where they condemned and broke up one of their ships, the "San Antonio," which had become unseaworthy—and this appears to be the first knowledge that the expedition had acquired of it.

Another, and a darker thought, too, *will* present itself,—that the Circumnavigator was abandoned to that miserable death by his people, whose continual spirit of mutiny—always successfully repressed when openly exhibited, seized the opportunity of his having involved himself in an ill-advised undertaking to forsake him; an idea which strengthens with the contemplation of the similar fate, that but a few days later, overtook the only certain friend he had possessed besides those who fell with him, his faithful flag-captain Juan Serrano; whom the admiral had not permitted to leave his ship on the fatal day, and who, by virtue of rank, became his successor. He was murdered on the landing place of the city, by the treacherous and "wind-changing" Zebuians, together with some twenty of his men, the whole fleet under way, and ready for action at the time—able to have destroyed the town by bombardment in a few hours without being itself in any way imperilled,—within sight and hearing of the bloody transaction from beginning to end, and yet, with the cries of their countrymen appealing to them for rescue or ransom, the cowards or traitors sailed away, leaving them appealing to heaven to exact an account of their

souls, on the great day of judgment, from their heartless abandoners. And adding to this, the career of open piracy which the remainder of the squadron pursued under Carvallo, who succeeded the wantonly sacrificed Serrano; and his successor, Espinosa, who, in true buccaneering style, was *elected* by vote of the whole crew, vice Carvallo, deposed by the same self-constituted authority; a fact that, of itself, sufficiently indicates the lawless character that the expedition had assumed, since the rule of promotion according to rank, which existed under the authority of their Government, was disregarded,—the thought acquires tenfold significance.

For all the influence to the contrary, that honest old Pigafetta might have, simple, credulous, duped landsman, among these shrewd, bold, bad men on their familiar element,—Dominie Dobbs might as well have been in their midst, nor would he have received with more unquestioning faith, whatever specious tale they might frame to deceive him, touching the legality of any of their high-handed deeds.

"Though the rash warfare waged with the unoffending chief of Mactan," says a recent writer, "cannot be vindicated on any principle of justice, the premature and violent death, in the very middle of his career, of a navigator and discoverer second only to Columbus, will ever be a cause of regret."* Strange and lamentable indeed was the fate of the leading characters of this memorable expedition. Magalhanes and Serrano perished as we have seen; Ruy Falero, the astronomer, died sunk in hopeless madness; De Lepe, the sailor who first saw from aloft the entrance of the famous Straits, ended his life among the Turks, disgusted with his countrymen and native land, a renegade Mussulman; and of the gallant squadron of five, but one, the little *Vittoria*, reached home, and realized the theory of Magalhanes, under the command of Sebastian del Cano, the latest choice of the fickle-minded mutineers, carrying but eighteen men in all, including the old chronicler, out of the original complement of the fleet—having lost of her own number twenty-one, in a mutiny off the Cape of Good Hope. She arrived at Seville on the eighth of September, A. D. 1522, having been absent three years, lacking fourteen days, during which time, according to her reckoning, she had sailed forty-three thousand eight hundred miles, and crossed the equator six times.

* Hist. Acc. Circumnavigation of the Globe. Nelson, London and Edinburgh, 1849, p. 51.

Del Cano was munificently rewarded and ennobled, having granted unto him arms, with the globe for a crest, and the motto, "*Primus me circumdedisti!*"

What the *Argo* was to Greece, that the *Vittoria* became to Spain, the theme of romance, song, and fable, the poetic type of maritime love of adventure and research, of heroism, endurance and marvel, to a far greater extent than even the ship of "famous Draco," afterwards became to England. "This, our wonderful ship," says Pigafetta "taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southwards through the great ocean towards the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long, that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she marvellously regained her native country, Spain, and the port from which she departed, Seville."

* * * * * * *

No voyage ever produced such results as this of Hernando Magalhanes, save only that of Columbus, to which, his, is in one sense, supplementary, inasmuch as it completed what the great Genoese passed his life in seeking.

He found the long desired communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in the latter of which he opened the broadest of all fields of observation and discovery, which, it may be remarked, even at this distance of time, has not been exhausted —settled the southern extent of the American continent, and determined the size and configuration of the globe; while his territorial discoveries, though wealthy, fertile, and extensive, rank least in importance among all his numerous services to mankind.

No honors worth the name have ever been paid to his memory; on the contrary, the historians of that land which gave him birth have labored assiduously to heap upon it obloquy and shame; no emoluments were ever conferred upon his heirs, who sought in another land that refuge from penury and want, that was withheld by the nation whose wealth and sway he had so much enlarged; not even a public recognition of his merits was ever accorded by his ungrateful prince, who bestowed such distinctions upon another; and far away from the haunts of civilized men, his lonely dust reposes! Ah, well! What matter?

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

VIII.

(Concluded.)

FOR an hour at a time my arms would be held by these scar-faced negroes. Sometimes I thought they must be imps of the devil, sent to drag me to the burning lake. A white "lady" acted as my nurse, but she ordered others to perform the duties that devolved on her. She would sit day after day in an easy chair, dressed in a rich black silk, with a heavy gold chain dangling from her "snowy" neck. She was of middle age, quite fleshy, with shoulders always bare. One night a centipede crawled along the ceiling of the room, and dropped on her back, stinging her severely. It slipped down her shoulders beneath her dress, causing her to tumble awkwardly about the floor, capsizing chairs and raising quite a dust. Massa Captain boldly grasped his pocket knife, and quickly cut open her "silk robe," whereupon he slew the dangerous intruder. She declared that Massa Captain was her preserver, and shed tears of gratitude. I was delighted to see her lazy old bones jump around on this occasion. A centipede is an excellent cure for sluggards. A newspaper in Nassau, called the *Nassau Guardian*, published, while I lay ill, something as follows: "We are sorry to have to announce the death of young Johnny, son of Massa Captain. He died of yellow fever last night." It appears that a young fellow named Wilson had expired the night I was taken so low, and having been a resident of my street, the report circulated that it was I, and a New York paper copied the item. My recovery was slow and tedious. At last I was removed on board the steamship *Corsica*. I could barely walk. A large number of ghastly-looooking passengers occupied her decks. The captain refused to receive many other miserable invalids on board. The amount of medicines I had swallowed during my illness was enormous. I moved about with the help of two canes, and my weight was ninety pounds. My eyes were bloodshot and of a dark yellowish hue. My steps were rickety, and altogether I was but a living skeleton. I had cheated Potter's field. I was saved to tell of the thousands that

had found a freehold, in the shady burial places of this tropic Isle. My passage cost me $45 gold. We steamed pleasantly away from this region of death, and on the morning of the fifth day of our voyage, sighted the highlands of New York. We were soon at anchor off Staten Island, and here the ship was quarantined, but the passengers were allowed to land. I have visited a great many portions of this busy little globe, and I cannot call to mind more charming and picturesque scenery, than that in the vicinity of Staten Island, and the entrance to the beautiful Hudson. Many times when a boy, I have arrived from foreign lands, and anchored at the very spot, and curiously enough, it always happened to be in the spring time. How my youthful eyes feasted on the green hills of New Jersey, and delightful landscapes of Long Island. How joyously I gazed over the grand harbor. Fleets of great ships, yachts, screeching tugs, immense ferry steamers and countless small boats floated merrily around.

I shall now pass over a period of two months, which time I spent in resuscitation. At noon on a bright day in golden October, I walked down a pier at Jersey City, and again boarded the *Corsica*. My weight—that a little over two months before had been ninety pounds—was now one hundred and thirty. My eyes were no longer bloodshot. My step was no longer rickety, but firm and vigorous. I no longer required two canes. A half of one was all I carried. I was full of life again, and ready for business, fun, or anything. We steamed gaily out of the dock, while the crowd on shore gave us three hearty cheers. On the third day of our passage, we were boarded by the U. S. steamship *Vanderbilt*. Many of our passengers were Southerners, who had just been liberated from Yankee prisons. A lieutenant of the *Vanderbilt* examined our ship's papers, and returned to his barge, after having received a small shower of tobacco quids, tossed at him by the ungentlemanly rebels as he passed down the side ladder. We arrived at Nassau after a passage of five days.

"They are not here, the old familiar faces;
They are not here, the friends I loved of yore;
The world forgets them mostly, and the places
That knew them once, will know them nevermore."

Business had again assumed a lively appearance. At nearly every office and store were to be seen a staff of new clerks—strange faces. So many of my old friends and acquaintances had died

during my absence, that my heart was filled with sorrow. Strongfellow had weathered the storm, but his powerful frame had received a severe shock. He was gradually recovering when I arrived; that is, he could walk slowly about the streets. During his convalescence, a tall "two-fisted" South Carolina captain cast insulting slurs on the British flag. It was done in the presence of Strongfellow. Weak and emaciated as was my friend, he remembered the land of his birth and the flag that flew over it, whereupon he thrashed the fellow so soundly that the vanquished foe declared that some horse must have kicked him, for Strongfellow (when full of vigor) could deal a blow that would knock down a mule. On this occasion he had upset a jackass for braying too loudly.

Business, like the sunshine after a heavy shower, came forth in golden splendour. Naught but numerous graves remained to remind us of what had taken place but a few months previously. Everything around us, on land and water, was in a rushing hurry. The winter passed away as one sunny month. Running the blockade was becoming exceedingly precarious. The Yankees had succeeded at last in forming an efficient blockade from north to south of the Rebel States. Steamships were being captured and destroyed by dozens. The glories of Nassau were departing forever. A steamship moved into the harbor one day with colors flying at half mast. She brought the intelligence that Fort Fisher had fallen. The wharves were covered with people, sad, heart-broken people. They felt this hour that their beloved South was subdued. Their homes would be, they knew not where. This steamer was about the last one that arrived at Nassau from the South. Altogether there were engaged in running the blockade from Nassau, about one hundred steamers. They were mostly Clyde-built boats, and I shall give their names as it may not be amiss, viz.:

Antonica, Margaret and Jessie, Arabia, Ella and Annie, Charleston, Spunky, Hebe, Kate No. 1, *Kate No.* 2, *Spaulding, Ruby No.* 1, *Racoon, Gladiator, Jupiter, Nicholas, T. G. Watson, Alice, Fanny, Little Scotia, Annie, Druid, Mars, Rothesay Castle, Greyhound, Great Republic, General Whiting, General Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, Syria, Virginia, City of Richmond, Banshee No.* 1, *Banshee No.* 2, *Tristram Shandy, Will o' the Wisp, Secret, Dream, Susan Bernie, Ella, Caroline, Wild Rover,*

Badger, *Fox*, *Lucy*, *Chicora*, *Let Her Rip*, *Let Her B*, *Hope*, *Agnes E. Fry*, *Falcon*, *Flamingo*, *Tamagan*, *Ruby No. 2*, *General Clinch*, *Moultrie*, *Owl*, *Deer*, *Tallahassee*, *Mary*, *Alexandra*, *Florida*, *Emily*, *Kenilworth*, *Marmion*, *Edith*, *Duron*, *Eugenia*, *Kate Gregg*, *Old Dominion*, *Star*, *Vulture*, *Georgianna McCaw*, *Wild Dayrall*, *Dispatch*, *Eclipso*, *Ella Warla*, *Elizabeth No. 1*, *Elizabeth No. 2*, *Rose*, *Alliance*, *Colonel Lamb*, *Gem*, *Night Hawk*, *Bendigo*, *Danbigh*, *Hansa*, *Flora*, *Flore*, *Fanny and Jenny*, *Little Ada*, *Little Hattie*, *Carlo*, *Union*, *Pet*, *Mary and Ella*, *Florence*, *Rattlesnake*, *Vesper*, *Condor* and *Evelyn*. The latter steamship was commanded by Captain Barrow (assumed name). His proper appellation was Burgoyne. It was he who commanded Her Majesty's iron-clad *Captain* that unfortunate night when she suddenly disappeared beneath the ocean. In addition to the above-named steamers, there were almost countless sailing vessels, consisting of schooners and large sail-boats, that kept up a continual blockade-running into North and South Carolina, and more particularly into Florida and Texas. About the first of April, 1865, blockade-running became impracticable. Over forty-four steamships lay in Nassau harbor awaiting orders from their owners in England and elsewhere. Between fourteen and sixteen hundred sailors were thus thrown out of employment. Robberies became of daily occurrence. The Bank was threatened by the mob, and for nights Strongfellow and I slept in our office with revolvers tucked under our pillows. Finally, a riot took place, and the troops were called out, but comparative quiet was restored after some few thrusts of the bayonet had taken place. In due course of time one by one of these ships left for different parts of the world, many going to Halifax. Previous to their departure, each steamer gave a banquet. I attended nearly all of these jollifications, where good songs were sung over "Royal" wine. Sad young men and weeping maidens crowded the piers as some favorite ship would be unmooring, and as she slowly steamed away—dipping her colors—handkerchiefs might be seen fluttering in the breeze. "Good bye old chap" and "God bless you old fellow," were heard everywhere about the city for days, and many warm-hearted and true friends pressed each other's hands, doubtless for the last time on earth.

"With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming."

Massa Captain and Strongfellow dissolved partnership. Longfellow and Strongfellow purchased the lease of an Island on the coast of Cuba, and thither they removed for the purpose of carrying on a salt business, as the place contained a very superior salt-pond.

Massa Captain sold out his business to a Scotchman who had married and settled in Nassau. We then took passage in the Brig *Cabareta* bound for Jamaica. On board of this craft we put our large iron safe which was full of gold and silver. I parted with my numerous kind friends in Nassau, and under the protecting wing of my parental guardian bade farewell to New Providence, the Island of chalky streets and green groves.

The morning we left Nassau was breezy and decidedly pleasant. The *Cabareta* was a brigantine of Baltimore build, and had formerly been employed as a slaver. On rounding the lighthouse, we hauled all sheets flat aft, and beat "dead" to windward through Providence Channel by Elenthord Island, and after fourteen tedious days, arrived at Ineagua, the second largest salt Island in the Bahamas. On leaving Nassau we had on deck thirty fine mules, but our passage being long and stormy, they had all died from exhaustion and starvation.

Mathew Town is the "celestial city" of this prairie-like land. Ineagua is so extremely low that a ship may be within a short distance off its shores, and not know the fact, only for the soundings and color of the sea. High banks of coarse salt are stacked about the beach of Mathew Town, and remind the Northerner of the snow-covered hills of his native home in winter. Everything the eye rests upon here is white. The houses are built of white stone. The streets and back yards being covered with refuse salt, are white. The stone fences are white, and the broiling sun casting down his searching glances on this place, compels the foreigner to shade his weary eyes as best he can. After all, everything in Ineagua is not white. It is inhabited seven-eights, by negroes, and they are as black and ugly as any thing of the darkey race in the West Indies. I had much pleasure in spending an evening at the residence of the U. S. Consul. His daughter or some one else's daughter being present, performed very sweetly on the piano, and sung some simple but charming songs. She was white of course, and also young and pretty. Having my old violin along, we played together for an hour or two, and the house became surrounded with blacks of both sexes

from ninety years of age to one week. Most certainly this latter "nigger" was carried in the arms of its sable mother.

Ah well! this is a world of parting and sadness, so I was compelled to tear myself away from Ineagua and its pretty Island belle. At midnight we were bounding grandly over the blue ocean towards Turk's Island passage. We had taken on board a load of salt at Ineagua, and the first morning at sea we sprung a serious leak, and the vessel was only kept from sinking by the most fatiguing work of her crew and passengers. Massa Captain's safe was lashed on deck, forward of the mainmast. It contained about $60,000 in "hard cash." Had the *Cabareta* foundered, this most useful commodity would have been lost, and mayhap our lives, yet I think the ship's boats would have held us well enough. Three days after leaving Ineagua's coral shore we sighted the mountains of Saint Domingo, the tops of which appeared to kiss the skies, and were partly enveloped in mist. The following evening we perceived Morant light on the most eastern extremity of Jamacia. Here we were becalmed until nearly daylight, when we received the refreshing land breezes and gently glided towards Port Royal. On our right, far above the dark clouds, rose the Blue Mountains, at the base of which were plainly to be distinguished, here and there, the negro cabins, environed by Mangrove trees. The ruins of the once grand old plantation mansion would occasionally meet our view. After receiving on board a pilot—a half-clad negro—we stood close in towards the land, and anchored within a pistol-shot of Port Royal. As in all seaports, a Doctor of the quarantine staff boarded us. We were hale and hearty, though some of the sailors had blackened eyes and swollen noses, caused by the captain's fist, that often had "chafed" their physiognomies when they happened to be lounging over the pumps, for the vessel was leaking two thousand strokes to the hour. Sailors dislike pumping. I don't blame them for it.

A mail steamship from New York which arrived simultaneously with us, brought the intelligence of the murder of President Lincoln. We weighed anchor and sailed slowly up to the city of Kingston. I have often remarked that Saint John is the most dilapidated looking city I have ever seen excepting Halifax, but Kingston is worse, much worse than either. It is situated on the north side of a large harbor, on the verge of an alluvial plain, surrounded by great parched mountains. The houses generally are

two stories high with one or more verandahs. Very many of these houses are in an advanced state of decay, and the sidewalks once well paved with bricks, are uneven and in a state of ruin. Massa Captain and I took leave of the *Cabareta*, and were received on shore by a swarm of ragged negro beggars. In the streets we found the negro policemen killing all the dogs, and the Turkey Buzzards, the Jamacia scavengers, were devouring them. To our delicate gaze the sight was most sickening, but the crowd around seemed delighted. One of them told me "de dogs all mawd, hab the fobia and bite two mawns, and dey gone dead." At Kingston we put up at a large barn-like structure, named Clarendon Hall. The landlady was a mulatto, charges $2 50 per day—fare, cold roast beef, cold potatoes, fried fish, rice and vegetables, plenty of fruit of course, such as oranges, pine-apples, bananas, mangroves, sugar apples, guavas, etc. There are a great many merchant Jews in Kingston. Jamacia has numerous Scotch descendants, but the negro shines brightly in this magnificent world of vast mountains, shady glens, and roaring rivers. It is here the negro is truly at home in his life of happy laziness. The Jamacians, both white and black, are the most hospitable people I ever met. The sunken city of Port Royal, lies a few fathoms under water, a short distance down Kingston harbor. We found that no rain had fallen here for eighteen months. The mountain top, fields, trees and houses looked very thirsty.

During our two weeks stay the thermometer stood at about 110°, sometimes higher, but seldom lower. At this land of sublime scenery, I made the acquantance of a young planter named George W. De La Pahny, and his marked kindness to me on many pleasant occasions, will ever remain green in my memory. For a few days I visited the town of Black River, Jamacia. It lies ninety miles south of Kingston, and a rapid inky river flows past it. The town is inhabited entirely by blacks, though I believe there was one logwood and pimento merchant,—a white man, married to a black woolly-headed wench in the place. Massive stone steps form the public mole, where boats receive and land passengers. A negro told me that a little girl, not long since, had gone down these steps for a pitcher of water, then said he, "de alligator cotch her by de arm and carry her off, and we no see her after dat." Arriving at Kingston again, I found that Massa Captain was obliged to return to Nassau on some new business scheme of his, so with his big

iron chest, he left me. At Nassau he arrived in fifteen days, where he purchased the steamship *Rothesay Castle* and took her to Halifax. I would like to say a few words more about the charming Island of Jamacia, but space and time fail me, I will remark, however, that the blacks are very similar to those of the Bahamas, only not so well formed, and if possible, more sluggish in their habits. The wenches do about all the drudgery, while the males, old and young, sleep under the plantain trees, now and then working a day or two in the week, if they choose. Edward Jordan, Esquire, the Mayor of Kingston gave me a pass to enable me to land at New York, to which place I had purchased a ticket from the steamship *Montezuma*, then lying in the harbor making ready to proceed north to Yankee land. His worship was a light mulatto and an agreeable gentleman. The ticket cost me $60 gold.

My pass ran as follows, viz.:

I, Edward Jordan, Mayor of the City of Kingston, do hereby certify, that on this fifth day of May, A. D. 1865, J. Newton Wilson personally appeared before me, whose description of person, and signature, appear in the margin hereof, and declared that he is about to proceed to the port of New York, for the purpose of going to St. John, N. B., his home. I further certify, that the said J. Newton Wilson is a British subject, and as such entitled to all the aid and protection due and extended to subjects of H. B. Majesty. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the Corporation of the City of Kingston.

Description.—Age twenty-one years; stature five feet nine inches; forehead moderate; eyes dark; nose prominent; mouth small; chin round; hair dark brown; complexion dark; face round; weight one hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Signed.

Edward Jordan,
Mayor.

This document was stamped with two immense seals, one by the Mayor, and the other by the U. S. Consul,—it cost me $6. After this I sailed away in the *Montezuma*, commanded by Captain Joseph Hamshaw, a jolly Englishman, notorious for his good humor and melodious voice. There were on board numerous passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, many of the latter being English Army Officers. After a passage of nine days, we arrived at New York, and steamed into pier 3, North river. My wanderings now had covered a space of two years and nine months. On a fine, though chilly day in May, I landed at Reed's Point, Saint

John, where several old friends bid me a hearty welcome. Well Reader! if you should doubt what I have written in these Travels, *go and see* for yourself, than write your impressions frankly as I have done. I am out of pocket $2 87 for pens, ink and paper, yet the Editor of the MARITIME MONTHLY declines to "disburse."

THE END.

Scrapiana.

A VISIT TO CLEVEDON, WITH THOUGHTS ON S. T. COLERIDGE, A. H. HALLAM, AND TENNYSON.

BY REV. G. M. W. CAREY, A. M.

IT was a day of cloudless sunshine when I visited Clevedon. The visit was made under the happiest auspices, for I was accompanied by a friend well acquainted with the vicinity and having such information and taste as readily to appreciate the literary associations of the place as well as the beauty of the landscape. Clevedon is in Co. Somerset, about thirteen miles from Bristol, and contains some three thousand inhabitants. It takes its name from the cliff or cleve here ceasing, and a dun or valley intervening and declining to the Bristol Channel. The view is very fine from the top of the cliff, out upon the waters crossed by lines of sunshine like threads of silver, and full of ships from all parts of the world, over to the long range of Welsh hills on the opposite shore, thus forming a fine framework for a lovely picture. The manor is mentioned in Domesday Book as being held under William the Conqueror by Mathew de Moretania or Mortaine, having been previously held by John the Dane under Edward the Confessor. The lordship was a valuable one, and contained an extensive tract of arable and meadow, beside pasture and woodland of nearly two miles square. After the Norman Conquest the possessors of this manor took the name of Clevedon. It remained in this family until 1409, when it came by marriage to Edmund Hogshaw, and passed from him to his sister's husband, John Bluet, who conveyed all his right to Sir Thomas Lovel, whose heiress married Sir Thomas Wake, gentleman of the privy chamber to Edward IV.

Clevedon passed from the family of the Wakes about the reign of Charles I. to John Digby, Earl of Bristol, and from that family it was purchased by Sir Abraham Elton, created a baronet in 1717, from whom the present possessor is descended.

Persons tired of the noise and heat of the city can find coolness and quiet here, and variety in the many pleasant drives about the neighbourhood. The fields and gardens, beautiful houses and churches, the vast and verdant valley dotted with trees, divided by hedgerows, gemmed with villages and towers, and bounded in the distance by the long drawn heights of the Mendip Hills, form, indeed, a goodly landscape, pleasing to the eye, refreshing to the heart, and not easily forgotten. One need not wonder at the number of lodgings for the summer to be found here, for Clevedon is a most desirable place for families to spend the summer, or for any one to enjoy a holiday.

But the literary and poetical associations give the place an additional charm, and crown natural beauty with mental and spiritual grandeur, for the memory of genius gives a presence and a power even to a rude and uncultivated spot, and makes that which is beautiful a thousand times more attractive. "The banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" are invested with new beauty since Robert Burns immortalized them, and the shaded walk by the Cherwell at Oxford bears Addison's name, and has the music of his poetry and prose floating around it. In Clevedon may be seen "Myrtle Cottage," a poor dwelling, yet here lived S. T. Coleridge whose productions have had and still have a wonderful influence. Over the door is this inscription, "Coleridge's Cottage," while dangling from a tree in front is a rude signboard signifying that "eggs and butter are sold here." Singular blending of poetry and prose, of the spiritual and the sensuous. So it was with Coleridge, so it is with us all. In the year 1795 the celebrated man settled here after his marriage to Miss Fricker, sister to Mrs. Southey, wife of the Laureate. In Cottle's early recollections of S. T. Coleridge the following may be found.

"Two days after his marriage I received a letter from Mr. Coleridge, requesting the kindness of me to send him down, with all despatch the following little articles:—

"A riddle slice, a candle box, two ventilators, two glasses for the wash stand, one tin dust pan, one pair of candlesticks, one carpet brush, one flour dredge, three tin extinguishers, two mats,

a pair of slippers, a cheese toaster, two large tin spoons, a Bible, a keg of porter, coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger and mace."

Coleridge has made that rude poor cottage famous by his description of it in his "Sibylline Leaves."

"Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around.
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place.
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens!'

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple: the whole world
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference,
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! it was a luxury,—to be!"

Gazing at the cottage, we could not help exclaiming in the words of Charles Lamb, in his delightful essay in Christ's Hospital, London, where he and Coleridge went to school.

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus, (for even in those years thou waxed'st not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Gray Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

The cottage remains, but the man has gone, not only from Clevedon and the Lake District, in which he spent his later years, but from life—gone to Him who gave the wonderful power of thought and speech by which he drew eager listeners around him, and, Orpheus like, held them in a trance of delight. He is like his own "Ancient Mariner" detaining the Wedding-Guest.

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three year's child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner."

Here also is a quaint old church, built in the form of a cross with the tower in the centre and dedicated to St. Andrew, though as early as 1292 it was appropriated to the Abbey of St. Augustine, in Bristol. The building has undergone from time to time considerable repairs, still the strong and low clumsy oak seating in the body of the church evidences its own great antiquity. Parts of the pulpit, reading desk, and Sir Abraham Elton's family seat are of panelled oak richly carved. From east to west the building is one hundred and four feet, and including the porch fifty-six feet in breadth from north to south. It stands at the western extremity of the village on Clevedon Point, at a small distance from the edge of the steep and precipitous cliffs, whose height secures it from the waves, which sometimes beat with terrific violence below, when the wind sets in strong from the west. Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of Henry Hallam, historian, philosopher and critic, and subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is buried here.

This place was chosen by the father of the deceased for the sake of kindred, being the resting place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, also on account of the situation and the view, the hill and the outlook on the Bristol Channel. In the transept of this old church Henry Hallam, his wife, two sons and a daughter lie side by side in their last sleep, "lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided."

The "In Memoriam," sacred to "That friend of mine who lives in God" has given prominence and tender interest to the tomb of A. H. Hallam, on which is the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

Arthur Henry Hallam,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, B. A.,
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.,
AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE,
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON, BART.
OF CLEVEDON COURT,

WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH AT VIENNA ON
SEPT. 15, 1833, IN THE 23RD YEAR OF HIS AGE.

And now in this obscure and solitary church repose the mortal remains of one too early lost for public fame, but already conspicuous among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervor of his piety and the purity of his life.

Vale dulcissime vale dilectissime desideratissime Requiescas in pace.

Pater ac Mater hic post hac requiescamus tecum usque ad tubam.

The ship that bears the dear dead body to its narrow bed is thus addressed:

"Thou comest, much wept for; such a breeze
Compelled thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Through circles of the bounding sky;
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home."

The Burial place is beautifully and correctly described in these sad and musical verses:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

Coming out of the church and standing on the cliff looking down at the "gray stones," the "crags," and the sea with its "stately ships," one could readily recognize the scene of Tennyson's touching lines so closely allied to the "In Memoriam" as almost to form part of it:

"Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

In these lines the springs of tenderness and the sources of tears are reached. Here we have otto of roses, precious essence, distilled from the flowers of affection—heart's blood, the very soul as it were, going forth in the exclamation:

"O for the touch of a vanished hand!"

The In Memoriam is a wonderful production, demanding and richly repaying thought and study and frequent reading. One is not fit to say much about it until he has read it a score of times. In it elegy and eulogy, philosophy and poetry, faith and feeling, spirit and sense, sadness and sweetness are combined. "Our little systems are but broken lights"—"the Lord, Strong Son of God, Immortal Love" is more than they and the roots of faith can anchor in the rifted rock. The poet's "prime passion is in the grave" for "God's finger touched his friend in Vienna and he slept," but

"The circle round the blessed gate
Received and gave him welcome there."

And the dead shall rise again. Jesus raised Lazarus from the grave. Mary's heart was too full for utterance. Language was too weak. Heart-throbs and tears and looks of tenderest and purest love were more expressive than mere sounds. Mary's eyes became in very deed the windows of her soul and her spirit looked out to Him whose word was spirit and life, bringing her dead brother up from the grasp of the grave. And touching this the poet says

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

All subtle thought, all curious fears
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet,
With costly spikenard and with tears."

The darkness of death becomes beautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed compensation, the resurrection of the just, the restitution of all things. "Voiceless lips" shall open and speak. "Tender eyes in dark eclipse" shall beam with the light of eternal life and beauty, and "pulseless hearts" shall beat to the songs and gladness of Paradise.

But the space of a brief article will not admit of all that might be said on the "In Memoriam." It should be read in connection with Gray's Elegy and David's lament over Jonathan. Clevedon is the place to read the poem, the one illustrates the other. How vivid it became, and how new, as though written on the spot. Many passages came to my lips as I mused in the church, walked out on the cliff, looked on the "cold gray stones," out upon the waters, and across on the grand sweep of the hills on the opposite shore.

But the pleasant day soon passed, twilight was setting in, night, with its solemn stars, was approaching, as the shadows of life steal upon its sunshine. My friend and I hastened to the city, and talked by the way of Clevedon, Coleridge, Hallam and Tennyson.

A CELESTIAL LEGEND.

THE JUDGMENT OF KOON-FU-TSZE.*

I sing of Law that's rational; the bulwark of the Right;
The great Palladium national; to us our shining light
Of balanced scale and verdict meet, as nation ever saw;
Where Wisdom on the Judgment seat propounds the end of Law.

In Nanking's proud Imperial walls; (extol them, hosts above,
Spread thro' those blest Celestial halls the breath of Truth and Love;)
A General Postman, sure and brief, after a well-spent life,
Died; leaving drowned in pious grief, two children and a wife.

The final mournful Ritual o'er, they counted the estate,
And humbly prayed the good Che-hsien,† he would administrate.

The good Che-hsien had pondered much; the Lawyers had been heard;
The widow should receive *the half;* the elder son *a third;*—
A *ninth* the younger's portion was; and then, should aught remain,
That for his trouble, as a fee, should take the good Che-hsien.

All the effects were—Tartar steeds; in number, seventeen;
And how these to divide aright, puzzled the good Che-hsien.
The interested parties, too, grumbled, and made a row;
No steed, they swore, should be sold off—but—*to divide them*—HOW?

That way came The philosopher, the glorious KOON-FU-TSZE;
The Che-hsien said: "I drop the case; Master, do Thou decree!"

The Sage spread out his legal robe, shaking his learned wig,
Paused—shifting his judicial chair, with looks of Wisdom big;—
And said: "Soh, I administrate—but tell me not of fees,
I have my magisterial pay, and nought will take from these."

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* Confucius. † Magistrate of superior rank.

"Moreover,"—here the litigants raised an applausive shout—
(The Constable cried: "Silence there," and kicked a sailor out:)
"Moreover, to faciliate of legal claims the course,
To aid decision just and prompt, *I give another horse;*
And thus"—but here the legal men raised an *astonished* shout—
(The Constable, indignant, kicked *another* sailor out:)
"Behold now! *Eighteen* steeds there be! Here, Widow, take thy nine;
Elder, thy third, take six for thee; Youngster, two steeds are thine."

All going from the Court extolled the wise and righteous man,
Who had prevented farther strife by such a generous plan.

KOON-FU-TSZE cocks his learnéd wig, winking with solemn fun,
And quietly mounts the "gen'rous" gift, he has conferred on—none!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

O peoples alle, who rede ye tale! how blessed ye wolde be,
Were but ye Judges ovvere you as wise as KOON-FU-TSZE.

WALTER SPENCER, C. E.

Shanghai, China, March, 1866.

NOTE.—The half of 17, (the widow's share,) is $8\frac{1}{2}$; the third of 17, (elder son's share,) is $5\frac{2}{3}$; and the ninth, (younger's share,) is 1 8-9. But "no steed, they swore, should be sold off;" and, manifestly, it won't do to halve, and third, and ninth the horse-flesh itself. This is where the Che-hsien was; till Confucius happens along, and "sees" it. Giving his own animal to the legatees raises the number to 18, and the division is easy: one half being 9, one third 6, and one ninth 2. But, 9+6+2=17! And Confucius don't give his horse away after all! How is that?

Solutions may come in until next month; and if none hit it in that time, until—the Greek kalends. All Judges, of all grades; Chief Justices, Puisne Judges, Judges of (re)Probate(s), ditto Sessions, Circuits, etc., etc., etc., down to a country J. P.; *particularly* invited to emulate Confucius. Judges of horse-flesh not debarred from the competition; but must produce unexceptionable references. No Irish need apply, except such as are Judges also—of ———. NAUTES.

ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE.

THERE are few names in our colonial history more entitled to honorable mention than that of Garvie. Distinguished alike for brilliant talents and a cultured literary taste, the family, of whom the subject of this sketch was the last living representative in these Provinces, cannot soon be forgotten by those accustomed to listen to their eloquence or who have read their brilliant essays—some of these the finest contributions to our colonial literature. To brilliancy of intellect they added those rare social qualities, a warmth of manner and generosity of disposition, which endeared them to a wide and cultivated circle, both in this Province and Nova Scotia. Cut down in early manhood, each in the midst of an honorable career; it scarcely seems possible to realize that we shall

hear their voices no more,—that the lips, on whose utterances many delighted to dwell, are still in death.

There are some lives that we love to keep in remembrance, on whose words we love to muse, to recall the tones of voice, to treasure up the many beautiful and ennobling sentiments that welled from cultivated minds and warm hearts. There is an influence in such lives that goes with us for good, and sheds a brightness on our pathway through life. Such a life was Alexander Rae Garvie's. To know him was to feel that his was one of those beautiful natures which through all the varied phases of existence still preserves a simplicity and purity that time, nor sorrow, nor care can ever efface. His generous nature sympathized with distress wherever he found it; he was ever ready to comfort the needy and cheer the broken in spirit, though at times his own head was bowed down with affliction. Always seeing some blessing in disguise in the dispensations of Providence, he had a deep and abiding trust in his Maker. An ardent lover of nature, he was a constant admirer and profound student of the beauties of earth. From the resources of a well-stored mind he was always surprising you with the wealth of knowledge he possessed, clothing commonplace subjects with a beauty of language that delighted every listener. By those with whom he was brought in personal contact he will never be forgotten. The mournful cadences of his voice commanded involuntary attention and impressed the listener. To recall his words, to ponder them over and over; in imagination to recall the outlines of his countenance, lighted with an enthusiasm, is as if we went into some quiet nook of the library and taking down our most favored author, dwelt on passages marked and remarked, culling fresh thoughts and receiving new inspiration and guidance.

"My highest ambition," he often said to the writer, "is to utter some word, to pen some thought, that will live after me, and that may prove a blessing to some wayfarer in life." Those who have read Mr. Garvie's writings, have marked the deep earnest feeling that pervades them. Those he addressed from the pulpit, the platform, or in the private circle, in earnest and touching words, throwing force and pathos into his discourse, will easily see that this thought animated him at all times. In common with many others, I cherish the hope that ere long the writings of Mr. Garvie, many of which have not yet been published, may be given to the public. They evince a striking originality on the part

of their author, and the careful result of his numerous researches in the field of literature. And above all there is not a line in his writings but breathes the warm and generous impulses which were the characteristics of his nature,—a nature finely organized, and sensitive and alive to all the generous feelings which adorn our humanity. Loving to dwell on the beatitudes, his eloquent tongue spoke many a word of comfort to sorrowing hearts, and not an erring one but received impressions for good from his pleading lips now mute in death. To all who have heard his sermons so touchingly portraying Christ's ineffable love and mercy, his writings will recall the touching pathos and his almost magic tenderness of voice. His mournful tones like the sad refrain of melancholy music, will not soon be forgotton by those accustomed to listen to him from the pulpit and on the platform. The many afflictions he had suffered from seeing loved ones stricken down by the hand of death and the presentiment that he himself would fall an early victim to the blighting touch that had fallen so heavily on his family, seemed to haunt him, and tinged his writings with a deep melancholy. Four brothers to whom he was devotedly attached were stricken down in the prime of manhood. It was his delight to recall the pleasing associations that bound him to those, not merely joined in fraternal ties, but by love, sympathy and a similarity of tastes that is not often met with even among the members of a family. To all who knew the many generous qualities of his brothers, it was not to be wondered at that he referred to them in terms of mingled pride and sorrow.

He lost a dear child at Windsor, and to her and his brothers his thoughts often reverted, and their loss probably suggested that exquisite and tender "Revery" in Chatham Church-yard. In this he seems to have a prophetic knowledge of his untimely end which haunted him and caused a keen anxiety to his loving partner. In one of his earliest sermons in Windsor, he pictured a person suffering from heart disease, realizing no doubt that the beatings of his own might be stopped at any moment, without time to say good-bye to his loved ones. How sadly this prophecy has been fulfilled is known to all the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY. But in the same sermon he spoke of that person, who, though knowing the frail tenure he had of life, and with this knowledge ever present to him, yet as cheerfully and manfully fulfilled life's duties as one assured of length of days. Those who have seen Mr. Garvie in

the midst of his own family circle and have noticed his cheerful disposition and the happiness which he diffused around him, realize how faithfully he practised the precepts which he inculcated.

It was not my intention to write a biographical sketch of Mr. Garvie, even though I had the materials at hand. His life was an eventful one in many respects. Though visited with many afflictions, his hopeful, sanguine temperament was always looking on the bright side of life, and the delights he experienced in meditation and the study of nature with the surroundings of his quiet home, were unfailing sources of happiness.

Spending most of his boyish life in Scotland and among the most beautiful scenes of that romantic country, in a region bristling with historic reminiscences, it is not to be wondered at that even at an early age we find his imagination inspired with a lofty reverence for the grand and beautiful in nature, and his mind nourished with the rich historic lore of Scotia. At five years of age, he tells us that the grand problem of creation would arouse his curiosity, and lead him to reflect till his brain, wearied with the futile task, and burning with the unwonted strain, refused to pursue the investigation further, and he could only gain relief by rushing to the stream near at hand and cooling his aching brow in its grateful waters. His vivid imagination was directed aright by the care of his parents and by his elder brothers, and his quick and retentive memory made his mind a storehouse of valuable information gained by observation and reading. He delighted to travel, to visit scenes round which cluster reminiscences of other days. Of his trip to the Continent some years ago, with his mother and brother, he preserved minute recollections, and his impressions of those places visited were detailed in his writings and discourses with a brilliancy and vividness that few travellers acquire. His education begun in Scotland, had been finished at Dalhousie College, Halifax. While minister of the Presbyterian Church at Windsor and also at Chatham, he earned a high reputation as a pulpit orator. His sermons were always models of simple eloquence and unaffected piety, and as such were effective to all classes of hearers.

By all who have come in contact with him, Mr. Garvie will be remembered for his kindly and refined nature, his generous impulses and his warm and affectionate disposition, and I trust that ere long the essays and poems which from time to time came

from his pen, will be collected and published; when that is done the many friends that delighted to listen to his earnest tones while living will treasure up the words of the dead author, and his fondest wish will be gratified—that his words may have an influence after his death.

H.

ANTARCTIC REMINISCENCES.

I.

Oh don't you remember that glorious gale,
O'er the wide southern waters, out-bulging each sail—
And don't you remember the broad rolling sea,
That hurled us along in uproarious glee?

II.

Oh don't you remember while doubling the cape—
Vast vapors uprearing portentous of shape—
The torrents—the lightnings—the steep-climbing sea
Storm count'ring L'Agulhas,* forth flowing so free?

III.

The wide-wheeling water-spout trampling the main—
The white-gleaming icebergs' long undulous train,
With a crescented stealth in its north-ploughing tip—
Ha! but clear broke the moonlight, and fleet sprang the ship!

IV.

How it rent th' black cloud-pall, that burst o' the gale!
How the on-lifting rollers boomed over each rail!
How bow'd each tough top-mast! how deep and how loud
Sang each vibrating backstay and shrilly-key'd shroud!

V.

Ha! th' roar of roused Ocean—the shriek o' the' blast—
Long crashing of thunder—keen creak o' the mast—
Th' driven-rain-rattle—th' thud o' the sea—
Lion voice o' the deck-trump—rare music had we!

VI.

Staunch stood the good canvass, though fiercer the strain,
As she luff'd to th' helm borne leeward amain—
And loud cheered the sailors the danger to see
Bearing fast 'neath th' stern, that had ambushed our lee.
* * * * * * * * * *

VII.

How soft the young dawning came—rosy, not pale,
Though it peer'd o'er the nimbus piled high by the gale—
How danced th' sweet light o'er the marching array
Of old Ocean's battalions, white plum'd for the fray!

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* The vast L' Agulhas current is the Gulf-Stream of the South African coast. It pours out of the Indian Ocean into the Atlantic, at a rate of, sometimes, ninety miles daily.

VIII

How the Albatross, lord of both tempest and sea,
On far-shading pinions scaled up from a-lee;
His great eyes in wonderment gleam'd—saying plain
"Who are you that intrude on my Austral Domain?"

IX.

How the Cape-pigeon followed—preceding the sun,
Sweet herald! proclaiming the tempest was done;
As the dove of old Noah the olive-spray bore;
Showed the waters subsiding would vex us no more. NAUTES.

HUNTER DUVAR'S IDYL.

In this poem, a pair of young lovers go out to search for the "common objects" of the woods and fields,

"And read the book of Nature—never read,
Because without a finis."—

he with a painted tin box strapped on his shoulder, she carrying a slight basket wrought with dyed porcupine quills by some dusky Huron maid. Then follow a series of lovely little vignette pictures, full of delicate observation and playful fancy, and with those touches of local scenery and circumstance which make them distinctively Canadian. The squirrels making themselves merry with forbidden fruit, the busy woodpecker boring his holes in the beechen tree, the boozy hornets sucking up the wine from the flasks of the melilotus, the yellow lichen with red coral tops on the old pine stump, are all pictured in this charming Idyl, with many others of Nature's tiny wildings; all these common objects the lovers ought to have seen, but not one of them did they see. Through the long summer day they wandered hand in hand,

"Till daylight darkened in their deepening eyes,"

and as they passed along the leafy walks, the linnet mocking sang

"Oh, love, sweet love, that makes the bright eyes blind!"

Duvar is about to publish by subscription a poem entitled "John a' Var, Gentilhomme and Troubadour, his Lais." Specimen pages are given in the *Maritime Monthly*, giving a fasicnating view of its contents, and showing that it is to be got up in the daintiest of styles. We are sure all who love poetry will wish to possess it, and this they may do by sending the very moderate subscription price of one dollar to Mr. Spencer, the editor of the *Maritime Monthly*.—*London Advertiser.*

We trust our readers will not wait to be called upon personally for their subscriptions, but will send them in at once. One or two hundred names are now required to insure the publication of the volume early in December.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF FAVORITE SONG.

Rev. J. G. Holland has edited with most loving care and Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have published in exquisite form, The Illustrated Library of Poetry and Song, based upon Folk Songs, and comprising Songs of the Heart, Songs of Home, Songs of Life and Songs of Nature. While Mr. Holland has not aimed at reproducing the most finished specimens of verse, he has collected together those which have an universal application—which cling to one's memory and are the embodiment in language of the unworded thoughts of millions who never fancy that poetry has any place in their souls. In his selections Mr. Holland covers a wide area. Marlowe, Herrick, Waller, Herbert, Raleigh, Congreve, Lovelace and Leyden contribute their share—while almost every poet of later date who has made a mark on the world's heart, is represented. The volume contains many poems by comparatively obscure authors, which in themselves are worth the price of the book and which it would be difficult to possess in any other form. Among such we may mention Ralph Hoyt's exquisite verses, "By the wayside on a mossy stone," Florence McCarthy's "Oh, my heart is weary waiting," Brainard's "Epithalamium," R. H. Wilde's "My life is like the Summer Rose," and Geo. Arnold's "Jolly Old Pedagogue."

But it were vain to attempt to specify a tithe of the rare poetical beauties which are here enshrined. Mechanically, the book is a treasure. The paper, type, and illustrations (which are very numerous) are on a plane with its literary merits.

Mr. M. McLeod will receive subscriptions for the work, and we believe the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY will thank us for calling attention to it and pointing out the source from which it may be obtained.