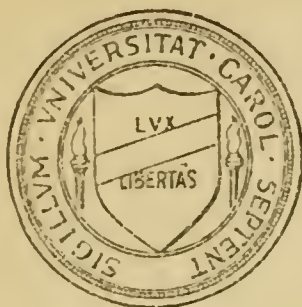


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DISCOVERERS

AND

PIONEERS OF AMERICA.

BY

H. F. PARKER.



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To my Mother,

WHOSE LOVE WAS AND IS

A SWEET, MORNING LIGHT OF LIFE,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HER

DAUGHTER

248
152948



PREFACE.



THE planet that heralds the sunrise, may be a volcanic waste, like the moon, or scathed with the fires of sin, like the earth; and so the morning stars of heroism, that guided and illumined the first advances of a noon-day civilization to this Western World, were not all as cultivated and pure as those followers of the one "bright and morning Star," who colonized the shores of PLYMOUTH and the banks of the Delaware. Whoever was illustrious, for any reason, in the early history of America, may be included in the number; and some of the most prominent of these, particularly they who may represent different portions of North America, have been selected as subjects of the following sketches. A number of characters, deserving an equal place with some of those now chosen, were omitted for want of room.

The author trusts that the bringing of them together in one volume, is a plan that offers the novel interest of a close comparison of each character with the others, and one that has been carried out with all the fidelity which an examina-

tion of Colonial chronicles in the libraries of New-York, can ensure. Some of the sketches, such as those of Lady Arabella Johnson and Miles Standish, claim to be more complete than any existing ones — at least, of like brevity.

To reproduce the scenes and present the scenery of distant times and places, so as to make them realities to the reader, recourse has been had to several elaborate works on geography, science and costume, and books of modern travel. A simple regard to truth, and not an indulgence in fancy and exaggeration for popular effect, has been the cherished rule in preparing this unpretending volume.

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Discoverers and Pioneers of America.



I.

COLUMBUS.

UPON the shores of the Mediterranean and at the base of the Appenines, rises the city of Genoa. It sweeps in a semi-circle over an extent of four leagues, is encompassed by a double range of fortifications, and throws its arms — two gigantic moles — far out upon the bay which it overlooks. A lighthouse of immense proportions towers up from a steep rock at the extremity of one of them.

The high, narrow streets, and the ingenious cultivation of gardens and groves upon the housetops, together with the simplicity of life and independence of opinion prevalent among the inhabitants, is all that now distinguishes it from the other palaced cities of Italy; though in power and activity of commerce it formerly rivaled Venice. This city of Genoa, in

the days of its commercial vigor, was the birth-place of Columbus.

Domenico Columbo, a poor Genoese wool-comber, and his wife, Susannah Fontanarossa, were the parents of the illustrious Columbo, who was born about the year 1435. He was the oldest of four children. Bartholomew and Giacomo, his two brothers, appear in history, but of his one sister, little or nothing is known.

Although restricted to narrow means, his parents succeeded in providing him at an early age with sources of knowledge that quickly developed his youthful genius. His father, perceiving the readiness with which he applied himself to his studies, and noting his fondness for geography and whatever pertained to a sea-faring life, determined, with good sense not to make a wool-comber of Columbus, notwithstanding his ancestors for several generations had adhered to the trade. To afford him an education suitable to a maritime life, he sent him to the University of Pavia; but Columbus remained there only long enough to acquire the rudiments of history and science.

Pavia, "the city of a hundred towers," is an inland town, distinguished for its Universities. Its distance from the sea-board, and its overflow of learned professors instead of mariners, may have repulsed Columbus. Accustomed to a home between the mountains and the sea, where he could look far off upon the waters that had an indefinable mystery and

attraction for him, and having roved freely among the crowded shipping in the harbor, learned to trim and shift the sails or climb the ropes, and daily hearing the exciting accounts of newly-discovered lands, or perilous adventures of the sailors, his ardent imagination received a check in abandoning all this and adopting a university life between stone walls, and a weary plodding among books that his boyish ardor and impatience to begin a nautical life, could not endure. Whether influenced by such reasons, or in consequence of his father's inability to support him, he remained but a short time at Pavia.

Thrown upon his own resources, Columbus began, at fourteen, the career which was to win for him immortal fame. Though poor and obscure, he was rich in energy, perseverance, and a lofty, noble spirit, and no doubt had already acquired a valuable store of knowledge in regard to his favorite pursuit, since from childhood his mind had been wholly absorbed in it. It is supposed that, soon after leaving the university, he accompanied a distant relative, named Columbo, upon his adventurous voyages. Columbo was an old and experienced captain, somewhat distinguished for his bravery, and much more for his warlike and wandering propensities, being "always ready to undertake the settlement of his neighbor's quarrels."

The first voyage of Columbus mentioned in the ancient chronicles, was made in 1459, with this veteran, weather-beaten captain, in an expedition under the

colors of Anjou, against Naples. The struggle continued four years, during which Columbus was at one time appointed to a separate command and sent on a hazardous enterprise to the port of Tunis. The hardihood and resolution he exhibited promised his future greatness. Some of the years succeeding this expedition were spent, so far as can be ascertained, in voyaging with a nephew of the old captain, so famous as a corsair that his very name was a terror. Piracy was then a profession. The Mediterranean was a vast battle-plain; not even a merchant ship expected to cross it without an engagement. The limited space to which navigation was confined, was a highway of desperadoes and brave adventurers, who sought distinction in war, discovery, crime, or pious expeditions.

The Portuguese, during these years, had outvied every other nation in the enterprise and spirit with which they prosecuted discoveries. Under the guidance of Prince Henry, the African coast was explored, and Cape Bajador doubled — events which did much towards divesting the mariners of the superstitions which prevented them from cruising out of sight of land-marks. Before this, it had been their firm belief that whoever passed Cape Bajador would never return. The fame of these daring enterprises rang through the world and gave rise to the most extravagant hopes. Rumors of beautiful islands far out at sea, the revived opinions and fancies of the ancients, and stories of a golden land, excited the imaginations

of voyagers, till, in every cloud that hovered in the horizon, they beheld an island or the shores of the famed Cipango. Mariners flocked to a country whose prince devoted himself to the maritime arts, and willingly manned the ships that floated in scores from the shores of Portugal, in search of new and strange regions. With the rest went Columbus, not driven there by shipwreck, as related by historians, but, according to the researches of Irving, attracted by the spirit of enterprise shown by a generous prince.

Columbus arrived in Portugal about the year 1470, and in the full vigor of manhood. He is described as being "tall, well-formed and muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline, his cheek bones were rather high, his eyes light grey and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light color, but care and trouble soon turned it grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white."

Thus we see Columbus treading the narrow, tortuous streets of Lisbon, engaging in courteous but grave converse with strangers, eloquently arguing with his fellow-mariners, as if inspired, or kneeling in the cathedral and worshiping God with a pious and solemn enthusiasm that entered into all the acts of his life. The chapel of the Convent of All Saints was

his chief resort ; there he met Doña Felipa, a lady of rank, but without fortune, who resided in the convent. Their frequent meetings in the chapel resulted in a mutual attachment and marriage, and the home of the bride's mother became theirs. Her deceased father had been governor of the island of Porto Santo, and was highly distinguished as a navigator. All his charts, maps, and journals, the result of his frequent voyages and long experience, were placed in the hands of Columbus — a valuable acquisition, as he thus became master of a complete account of all the Portuguese discoveries. His magnanimity of spirit and gentle courtesy won the confidence of his mother-in-law ; she appreciated his enthusiasm and progressive mind, and willingly conceded to him the wealth of her husband's manuscript stores, together with all she could relate of his voyages.

He frequently sailed in expeditions to the coast of Africa. While thus traversing the seas, he revolved and diligently studied the various theories of the learned of ancient, as well as of his own, times. His genius grasped the most enlightened views ; he became impatient at the close and timid explorations to which he was confined. He looked longingly at the vast and unknown expanse of the Atlantic, and would already have swept boldly over it and plunged fearlessly into its distant mysteries, could he have manned his pioneering vessel. The ocean was still regarded with fear and superstition ; the masses yet be-

lieved that only fire and demons, and overwhelming surges forever and frightfully boiling, existed beyond the visible horizon.

The impulse which the enlightened Prince Henry had given to discovery, gradually subsided after his death. During the reign of Alphonso, the wars with Spain absorbed the enthusiasm and enterprise of the nation. Columbus was alone in the vast dreams his giant mind revolved during the years that followed. He never lost sight of his one fixed purpose. He studied the lore of the past, he speculated and explored, and he finally ventured beyond the beaten track, sailed over the northern seas and touched upon the coast of Iceland. This served to strengthen and confirm his views, which each day unfolded more clearly. From the chaos of superstition, of rumor and imperfect science, he drew forth a theory that stamped him a crazed enthusiast in the eyes of his cotemporaries. He believed that the earth is a teraqueous globe, and that by sailing to the west he would reach the extremity of Asia, or some intervening land, which would prove to be the famed Cipango, or Mangi, the country of the fabled Khan and his magnificent empire.

Having arrived at this conviction, he was firm as a rock. Neither the laugh nor jeers of the crowd, nor the ridicule of men of science, could move him one jot from his strong position. His spirit was too lofty and too deeply imbued with religious fervor, his purpose too grand, to be cried down by taunts or unbe-

lief. He already descried the New World, and beheld in himself its honored herald; he found his intended discoveries darkly foretold by the inspired writers, and he pondered upon the supposed prophecies, till he regarded himself with a respect that imparted imposing dignity and loftiness to his demeanor. He did not desire a private expedition. He wished the preparations and rewarding dignities to be on an equal scale with his design—such as kings alone could undertake. Years passed, therefore, before propitious events opened the way.

Upon the accession of John II. to the throne of Portugal, a new impetus was given to discovery. Eager to prosecute Prince Henry's design of finding a new route to India, and sharing the advantages of eastern commerce, now monopolized by Italy, he assembled the most learned men in the kingdom, to devise some means by which navigation could have a wider scope. The application of the quadrant to navigation was the result. This promise of an ocean guide, which would lessen the fears of mariners venturing upon unknown waters, inspired Columbus with new hopes. He immediately sought an audience with the king.

John II. generously encouraged nautical enterprise, and was therefore a ready listener to the views and plans of a man already noted as a navigator, and famous for his singular enthusiasm. Struck with his bold ideas, his calm conviction, and the accordance with his own liberal views, he referred the matter to

a select council of scientific men. They quickly rejected it as absurd and visionary. Dissatisfied with this decision, the king conferred with an assemblage of men of the deepest research and learning in the kingdom. Influenced by the opposition of the narrow-minded Cazadilla, the Bishop of Cueva, and fearful of drawing upon themselves the ridicule of all the world, they, too, condemned the plans of Columbus as extravagant. Still there were those in the assembly who were unwilling to lose an opportunity that might redound to the fame of Portugal. They willingly acceded to a wily scheme of Bishop Cazadilla, and, upon a pretense of further deliberation, obtained from Columbus the charts upon which was traced the proposed route. A small vessel was secretly fitted out and sent upon the voyage, with the intention to forestall the great suggester, or, in case of failure, to escape the odium and ridicule they feared to brave in an open expedition, that would at once be pronounced chimerical by the world. After a few days' cruise to the westward, the caravel returned to Lisbon, its crew frightened at the wondrous expanse of ocean and the stormy waves that threatened to sink them. They covered their cowardice by ridiculing Columbus.

All this time Columbus was waiting in painful suspense for the final decision of the learned council. Noble, free, and high-minded himself, he had no suspicion of the deception being practiced upon him. When the vessel arrived, and a burst of derision

storming upon him from every quarter, gave him the first intimation of the duplicity of those in whom he had confided, he turned from them with a deep and bitter indignation that would brook no apology. The king still regarded his project with favor, but the more than kingly Columbus scornfully rejected another conference, and, taking with him his young son, Diego, turned his back upon Portugal.

His wife was no longer living, and her small inheritance had been gradually expended. He found himself almost beggared, a homeless wanderer, a despised adventurer. From the court of Lisbon to his native Genoa, from Genoa to the royalty of Venice, he painfully journeyed, everywhere meeting rebuffs and smiles of commiseration. The white-haired man, leading the little child, was pointed out with wonder at his strange theories, admiration of his lofty bearing, and pity for his wasted genius. He bore it all in silence, and still, with undaunted courage, traveled on. He defied the combined wisdom of the world, he fearlessly faced poverty, and his soul rose above those who harshly wounded him.

At length, he induced his brother, Bartholomew, to sail for England, and lay his plans before Henry VII., while he himself left for Spain, after visiting his father and assisting him with his scanty means. He arrived at Palos and set out on foot to visit his wife's sister, no doubt with the intention of leaving with her the young Diego, whom he still led on his slow and painful journeys. The first day of his humble trav-

els in Spain, he arrived, weary and disheartened, before the gate of a convent belonging to Franciscan friars, known then, and now, as the Convent of La Rabida. It stood upon a solitary height overlooking the sea coast, and was partially shaded by a grove of pines. Attracted by the cool and grateful shade, and hoping to obtain a crust of bread and some water for his hungry child, he knocked at the gate.

The guardian of the convent, Juan Peres, happening to perceive the stranger, was struck with his noble countenance, and immediately entered into conversation with him. He became deeply interested in Columbus, detained him as his guest, and listened with lively sympathy to his hopes and his long-frustrated plans. Father Peres was an enlightened, intelligent man, and somewhat skilled in nautical lore; he comprehended the vast project thus laid before him, and, full of lively interest in the newly-unfolded theory, he sent for the physician of Palos, a man versed in science, to converse with him. Gradually, one and another of the old mariners of Palos gathered to listen and wonder at the strange proposals. The friars in their dark cowls, the weather-beaten pilots, and veteran captains of Palos, were grouped about Columbus, within the convent walls, while he eloquently poured forth his convictions, every feature in his face glowing with high enthusiasm. They caught his fervor, asserted their belief in his theory, and related all in their own experience that would support his views. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a captain of intel-

ligence, energy, strong resolution, generous sentiments, and the possessor of wealth and influence, boldly approved the enterprise of Columbus, and pledged his purse and person to his service.

In the exhilaration and excitement that prevailed in the convent councils, plans were speedily formed and put into execution. The guardian undertook the charge and education of the youthful Diego, and the generous Pinzon furnished Columbus with means to repair to the court of Ferdinand, to obtain the countenance and assistance of the crown. Furnished with letters to Talavera, the queen's confessor, Columbus set out with a glad heart, encouraged and grateful to God, whose providence had led him to the solitary and hospitable La Rabida.

The court of Ferdinand and Isabella had lately assembled at Cordova, and thither Columbus directed his steps. Upon his arrival, he found the city a scene of active preparations for war. The streets were gay with magnificently equipped cavaliers and their long retinues; the court was crowded with valiant warriors and grandees of Spain, who had already won distinction in the Moorish wars. Preparations were being made on a grand scale for a new campaign against Grenada. All the dignitaries of Spain — the archbishop, the grand cardinal, even Talavera, the counselor and confessor of the queen, were equally absorbed in the one theme of the holy war. How was the poor obscure Columbus to be heard in the midst of busy politicians and the accumulated dig-

nity, pomposity and bigotry of learned churchmen, and where the din of approaching war devoured every other interest?

It was impossible to obtain an audience of the sovereigns, already overwhelmed with pressing demands. He could but quietly deliver his letter to Talavera and briefly state his plans, which were at once regarded as extravagant and impossible, by the haughty and bigoted man who, to the end, stood cold and impervious as a rock, between Columbus and the king, whose aid he sought. Before anything had been effected towards an interview, Ferdinand had departed with his splendid army for the Moorish dominions. Columbus remained unheeded in Cordova, unable to gain access to the queen, who, with the administration of two governments to conduct, had no leisure to receive one whose powers and whose projects were disparaged by her most reliable adviser.

Although disappointed and disheartened, Columbus schooled his impatience and prepared slower, but more effective, means, to accomplish his purpose. He earned a scanty support by making maps and charts, and seized upon every opportunity to communicate with the influential and powerful. Whoever listened to his eloquent discourse was struck with the force of his reasoning, the dignity of his demeanor, and the nobility of his countenance, though the supercilious and the ignorant derided his attempts to gain the coöperation of kings. "He would seek the royal presence," said they, noting his homely garb

and remembering his humble birth, as they pointed him out with scorn. Years afterwards, they would have gloried in a single glance from his calm, penetrating eye.

The summer and autumn of 1486 wore away painfully to one whose every hour was precious, and upon whose life depended the immediate loss or gain of a continent. With the wonderful perseverance and untiring assiduity for which he was so remarkable, he succeeded during those months in gaining the attention of a few men of intelligence, who became his warm advocates. Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller of the finances of Castile, and the brothers Geraldini, one of them the pope's nuncio, the other a preceptor to the children of the sovereigns, rendered him kind and important assistance.

After a successful and brilliant campaign, Ferdinand returned to his own dominions, and the court repaired to Salamanca for a winter residence. At the head of the dignitaries of Spain, and foremost among the king's counselors, was the grand cardinal Mendoza, a man of fine abilities, strong mind and quick perceptions. Next to the sovereigns, he was the most important personage in Spain. To him, Columbus was presented by his newly-found friends. The cardinal listened with surprise and profound attention to the clear exposition of his novel, yet simple, theory. His able and comprehensive mind appreciated the whole at a glance; he gave his decisive approval, promptly recommended the project to the no-

tice of Ferdinand and Isabella, and obtained their consent to an audience.

Again Columbus stood in the royal presence, not as a crouching suppliant of favor—nor with the bold front of an impudent adventurer; he, the poor Genoese, came to offer the gift of an explored ocean and a New World, and, with such a gift in his hand, he felt as kingly as the monarch before whom he proudly stood. The unassumed simplicity and grandeur of his mien were the outward manifestations of a lofty spirit, which the most envious courtier might in vain attempt to imitate. He felt himself “animated as if by a sacred fire from above,” as he afterwards asserted, yet he spoke with a calm self-possession that carried conviction with his words.

The cautious and subtle Ferdinand readily appreciated the character of Columbus, and perceived that his project was based upon scientific grounds; he was ambitious to rival the Portuguese in discoveries, and secure to his kingdom the glory and the wealth promised by such an acquisition, yet he was too wary and prudent of his fame to venture it in an uncertain enterprise. He decided to refer the matter to a scientific body. Talavera, who heartily despised the innovations which the unlearned son of a wool-comber would presume to make in the long-established theories of wise men, was obliged, nevertheless, to assemble the ablest astronomers and cosmographers in the kingdom, to deliberate upon the matter.

The council met at Salamanca, in the convent of

St. Stephen, where Columbus was sumptuously entertained. He now regarded the fulfillment of his hopes as beyond a doubt, since he was to appear before a body of enlightened men who could readily comprehend his theory. Professors of the university, grave functionaries of the church, and learned monks who had devoted their whole lives to erudition, were gathered in the convent hall to listen to the eloquent appeals, and judge the cause of a man, against whom almost every one was prejudiced. They stubbornly entrenched themselves behind arguments as pompous and dark as the stately and sombre robes in which they were enveloped. The unostentatious mariner and his clear, simple statements, were looked upon with disdain.

“Is there any one so foolish,” was quoted by one, from a sage, “as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down? That there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward?” Others solemnly asserted that to acknowledge the existence of land on the other side of the globe, would be to reject the Bible, since in that case there must have been another parent to the human race than Adam, as it was impossible for men to have crossed the ocean.

To these objections Columbus replied in a strain of impassioned vehemence and strong argument, that

won over several of the most intelligent and powerful in the assembly. His whole soul was engaged in the huge task of wielding that mass of bigotry and prejudice; the great object and aim of his whole life was involved in the exciting struggle. But, day after day was occupied in tantalizing debate, till the months wore away, and the interest and enthusiasm of all were drawn from Columbus and his startling schemes to the preparations for a new campaign against the Moors, in which all were eager to join from motives of piety, and for the opportunities it offered for romantic adventure or military prowess. Talavera, to whose direction the council had been consigned, taking no interest in the proceedings, left Cordova with the court; his departure ended the sittings of the learned body, and Columbus was again abandoned to his own great dreams.

During the four following years, he was attached to the royal suite in an humble capacity; his claims were occasionally noticed, but the assemblies convened for the purpose, invariably lost the time in advancing absurd objections, then dispersed at the signal for a new campaign, without deigning a reply to the impatient applicant. Tormented with this painful suspense, he mingled in silence with the crowd which pressed through the streets of the royal cities, sat brooding and unheeded in the antechambers of the palaces, or, following the court to Grenada, looked with melancholy disdain upon the long lines of brilliantly equipped troops, as they marched to battle, or

fled through the gates of conquered cities with triumphant banners. Goaded at last to desperation, by the continued trifling with his long-revolved project, he demanded an immediate reply from the conference, again upon the point of dispersing.

The entire enterprise was finally rejected as visionary and unbecoming to the dignity of a prince — a decision which Ferdinand softened by assuring Columbus it should be reconsidered at the close of the war. Indignant and grieved, he left Seville, and determined to seek the patronage of other courts. Worn, discouraged, and reduced to extreme poverty, he arrived at the convent of La Rabida, after nearly six years of intolerable anxiety, and the final rejection of the splendid gift he would have laid at the feet of his sovereigns. Yet he never, for a moment, thought of abandoning a project that was thus rudely buffeted and banded from one court to another. His wonderful perseverance was but tasked to greater effort.

Juan Peres, the guardian of the convent, was astonished and exasperated at the result of the application. He had formerly been confessor to the queen; with this advantage, he penned a letter of expostulation to the monarchs, and despatched it by a worthy friar, who discharged his commission so promptly that, in fourteen days, he returned with a royal letter and message demanding the presence of Juan Peres. Unwilling to lose a moment, he set out at midnight for the Spanish camp, at Santa Fé. Arrived at the

scene of war, he was conducted to the presence of Isabella, whom he addressed with a daring zeal that at once enlisted her interest and sympathy. He was rewarded by her summons for Columbus, and the gift of a purse to provide the habiliments necessary to his appearance in the presence of royalty.

Overjoyed at the prospect of success, Columbus hastened to obey the command. He arrived at the camp in time to witness the surrender of Grenada, and the mournful departure of the last of the Moorish kings. It was a propitious moment; the monarchs were elated with success, and prepared to listen encouragingly to new plans. Nobles and grandees, wreathed with fresh laurels, fair senoras of distinguished birth, honoring, in gala dress, the late crowning victory of the Spanish arms; stately archbishops, cardinals and priests, exulting over the downfall of the crescent, and, elevated above them all, the revered sovereigns, of more imposing presence than ever, and now thrice crowned — altogether composed an assemblage that, without overawing, inspired Columbus with rare and majestic eloquence. He felt that his destiny and the fate of an undiscovered world hung upon his words. His benignant face beamed with the intensity of his enthusiasm; his form dilated and towered with the vastness of his expanded soul, while he pictured the magnificent realms he should add to their conquest, and the converts that would be made among heathen hosts who peopled the unknown regions in barbaric splendor.

The last suggestion touched the tender heart of Isabella far more than the grandeur he depicted. Whispers of incredulity or derision went from lip to lip among those who, for the first time, beheld the famous navigator; while hope and anxiety were plainly visible upon the countenances of those who appreciated and approved the disputed claims. Ferdinand looked coldly upon the audacity of the innovator who demanded "for himself and heirs, the title and authority of Admiral and Viceroy over all lands discovered by him, with one tenth of the profits."

The haughty Talavera, now elevated to the archbishopric of Grenada, came again like a dark shadow between Columbus and the object almost within his grasp. He pompously assured the king that such terms "savored of the highest degree of arrogance, and would be unbecoming in their highnesses to grant to a needy, foreign adventurer." What bitter words to the proud claimant! Ferdinand endeavored to persuade him to relinquish his ambitious terms. His dignity would not yield this; the imperious Ferdinand and the princely-minded supplicant were equally firm. The interview ended, and Columbus quickly passed out, despising the throng who gloried over the acquisition of a petty kingdom and blindly rejected the vast domains he could give them. Indignant and angry, he disregarded the expostulations of the friends who gathered about him, mounted his mule and rode away from the scenes of martial triumph.

Pained at the rejection of his enterprise, those

friends sought the queen. Alonzo de Quintanilla and St. Angel, his warmest advocates, boldly reproached Isabella for hesitating to undertake a cause in which little could be lost, while the gain might be incalculable. Yielding to her own generous impulses, and acting with the decision and spirit which had never allowed the interests of the united kingdoms to clash, she exclaimed, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

A courier was hastily despatched for Columbus; he had crossed the rich Vega, in the midst of which stood the Moorish capital, and was passing over the bridge of Pinos, when he was overtaken. He refused to return, for he had no faith in Ferdinand. Assured the message was from the queen herself, he joyfully turned back, for he knew her word was a sacred pledge that had never been broken. Isabella received him graciously, promptly acceded to his terms, directed the immediate preparation of two ships, a third being provided by Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Juan Peres, of La Rabida. She then, with Ferdinand, signed the capitulations which were concluded the 17th of April, 1492.

The port of Palos in Andalusia was selected by the queen for the fitting out of the armament, because the inhabitants were under penalty, for some misdemeanor, to serve the crown for one year with two armed caravels. By a royal mandate, they were obliged to prepare and man them within ten days, for Columbus.

The decree set all Palos in commotion. The most of the inhabitants were horror-struck at the thought of venturing into regions long invested with supernatural terrors. Even the oldest mariners, with the exception of those who at first had gathered about Columbus, shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders at the fearful enterprise. They might approve the theory, but it was a very different matter to test it personally. After great difficulty, a crew of one hundred and twenty, from various ports of Spain, was pressed into the service, and the little fleet was ready for sea on the 3rd of August.

Dejected by the prospect of near approaching death, the motley crew went in procession to the church of Palos, confessed and received the blessing of the revered Father Peres, returned to the ships, unfurled the sails and floated away over the vast waste of waters from which few of them ever expected to return. The friends who watched the vanishing sails from the shore, wept in unconsolable grief for those they deemed lost, or about to undergo terrors, the more fearful because mysterious.

Three weeks elapsed before the three barks out-sailed the last point of land, owing to a delay at the Canary islands. When the sailors beheld the heights of Ferro gradually fade from their sight, and saw nothing but the wide rolling ocean wherever they turned, fear overcame them and they burst into tears and loud lamentations. Columbus had new and unforeseen difficulties to contend with, throughout the

voyage — the continued danger of insubordination among the undisciplined crews which had no sympathy in, or appreciation of, his great object; the startling variation of the needle for which he could not account satisfactorily to himself; and the extent of ocean which greatly exceeded the computation of the most able cosmographers. The last perplexity, he concealed from the officers and crew, lest their fears should defeat his continued progress.

The daily look-out for land caused intense and increasing excitement. Often startled with the hopeful cry of “land ho!” and as often sinking back into disappointment and fear, the men at last grew desperate and would hear no more of their commander’s oft-repeated assurances of a speedy possession of splendid countries and immense riches. They gathered in knots and planned his destruction, if he did not conduct them to *terra firma* within a certain number of days. Columbus maintained, in their presence, a self-possessed, commanding, fearless demeanor, and a clear, serene countenance that still held them in awe; but when alone in his long night-watches, he gazed intently and anxiously along the dusky horizon, to catch the faintest promise of land.

At length, one evening, he caught the glimmering of a flitting light, as if one went to and fro, or was rocked upon the waves. Believing it to be the indications of inhabited land, he remained on a keen watch through the night. At two in the morning, the thrilling signal of a gun from the Pinta an

nounced the joyful news of land. They cast anchor, and impatiently waited for the dawn to reveal what was before them. Doubtless, Columbus expected to behold the rich shore of the eagerly sought India, or the perfumed groves and gilded cities of the famed Cipango.

As the shadows of night were slowly lifted from the dark mass that had loomed up through long, tantalizing hours, they looked with wonder upon the shores of a beautiful island, covered with a luxuriant growth of trees and fresh verdure that extended to the beach. Human beings of neither giant growth nor dwarfish proportions, emerged from the woods in every quarter, and seemed lost in astonishment at the approach of white-winged monsters, which they believed had been wafted from heaven upon the clouds.

Columbus immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, and, richly attired in scarlet and gold lace, descended to the boat, bearing a banner emblazoned with a cross, two crowns and the initials of the Spanish monarchs. Upon reaching the shore, the admiral and his companions prostrated themselves and kissed the earth, uttering transports of joy and giving thanks to God in tears. Columbus then unfurled his standard, solemnly took possession of the island in the name of his sovereigns, and demanded the oath of obedience to himself as viceroy, from his followers. They crowded about him, knelt at his feet, kissed and embraced him with reverence and admiration, and

entreated favor of him as if they beheld in him a princely conqueror.

The natives timidly approached, touched their garments with curiosity, and noted the fair skins and the long beards of the new comers, with amazement. They recognized the superiority of Columbus in the devotion of his companions, and were won by the benignity with which he submitted to their scrutiny. The Spaniards, in their turn, beheld with wonder a race widely differing from any in the known world. Finely proportioned, naked, of copper-colored skin, with straight black hair flowing upon their shoulders, speaking an unknown tongue, simple and harmless in their manners — they were objects of intense interest and speculation to the discoverer. Thus the inhabitants of the Old and the New World met for the first time, after centuries of mysterious separation.

The island was named St. Salvador; and as it gave no proof of the rich, populous cities the admiral had expected to find, and as the natives pointed to the south as being a golden region, he spread sails again to seek the country of the Grand Khan, in the existence of which he confidently believed. All that the natives had told him by signs, he interpreted in accordance with his hopes.

For weeks they cruised among the islands that, on every hand, rose from the sea. Full of enthusiasm, they regarded everything in the most favorable light, and were enraptured with the soft climate, the luxurious vegetation of the islands and the hospitality of

the Indians. At Hispaniola, while at anchor in the Bay of Acril, the ship under the command of Columbus, was drifted to the shore through the carelessness of the helmsman ; the keel struck deep into the sands and the caravel was soon an irreparable wreck. Alarmed at the loss of his vessel and grieved by the late desertion of Pinzon and his crew, Columbus resolved to return immediately to Spain. A few of his men, attracted by the easy, indolent life of the natives, and pleased with the gracious and prince-like majesty of the ruling cacique, and his generosity towards them, decided to remain among this newly discovered race. The wrecked ship afforded them materials and arms for a fortress, which they speedily built. The rest, with Columbus, returned to the remaining caravel. . Longing to extend his discoveries, yet feeling that the success of the expedition now depended upon the safe voyage of one fragile bark, he turned from the enticing hope of greater discoveries and directed the single prow homeward.

A few days after leaving La Navidad and while still beating along the coast, a shout from the mast head announced the joyful news of a sail standing towards them. It proved to be the Pinta. Pinzon endeavored to palliate his desertion by various excuses, to which Columbus listened without reply. Four Indian men and two girls, to be sold in Spain, had been taken captive during his independent cruising, and a large quantity of gold had been secured. Columbus immediately restored the wronged natives to

their island, notwithstanding the angry opposition of Pinzon. Four young Indians, however, were received as guides to the Caribbean Islands — a proposed extension of the voyage that was afterwards abandoned.

Their sails were now gladly spread for Spain ; but, when far out upon the Atlantic, a terrific storm threatened the destruction of both the frail vessels, ill-fitted to outride a tempest. For days, they were obliged to scud under bare poles, while, every moment, the frightened sailors believed they should be buried beneath the overwhelming waves. The two vessels kept within sight, until, during a night of fearful danger, they were separated. Morning dawned upon a waste of broken, foaming waves ; the Pinta was no where visible. The sailors of the Niña were maddened with terror at the disappearance of their companions ; left alone upon the vast waters, which were lashed into fury by the gale, their old superstitions returned ; they trembled with the fear of being kept forever in the midst of the stormy waste, and cursed the hour in which they had embarked in the enterprise. These repinings added to the anxiety and distress that already depressed their commander. The whole success of his life-long pursuit depended upon the fate of the half-wrecked bark that remained to him. If it was lost, the knowledge and record of his triumph would be buried with it ; the New World might remain unknown for ages, and his own name, despoiled of its glory, be the distinction only of a chimerical adventurer.

Harassed with these fears, he prepared two concise accounts of his discoveries upon parchment, encased them in waxed cloth within cakes of wax, and enclosed them in casks; one, he threw into the sea; the other was placed upon the poop of the vessel, with the hope of its floating off in case of the destruction of the caravel. But at the close of the same day upon which these precautions were taken, the dark clouds broke into fleecy groups, the waves were but lightly crested, and a clear light gleamed in the west. The following morning, shouts of joy resounded through the ship, as the clear, sunny atmosphere revealed land; the shores of the Old World were greeted with almost as deep, heart-felt enthusiasm as had filled all eyes with tears on approaching land, after a long wandering in the unknown seas of the New World.

As if Columbus had not yet been sufficiently tried by a multiplicity of troubles and delays, a new detention still withheld from him the glory and the triumphant vindication of his theory, which he eagerly awaited. Upon arriving at the Azores, he sent part of his crew on shore at St. Mary's to fulfill a vow that had been made during the tempest, namely, to send a procession, bare-footed, to offer thanksgiving in some church dedicated to the Virgin. While praying in the island chapel, they were arrested by order of the king of Portugal,—an act instigated entirely by jealousy. Columbus not having been secured as was the intention, the innocent sailors were re-

leased after a detention of three days, and they again set sail for Spain. After being tossed about in a merciless tempest for days, they were obliged to take shelter in a Portuguese harbor.

Couriers were immediately despatched to the Spanish sovereigns, with the news of his arrival and success. Meanwhile, crowds from Lisbon daily visited the ship, with its marvellous freight of productions from the new countries. A message from the king invited Columbus to the court at Valparaiso, whither he repaired and was received with distinctions granted only to princes of the royal blood. King John was deeply grieved and mortified at having lost the vast acquisitions that had been rejected with disdain, in the person of the great navigator. Some of the courtiers, envious and piqued at the brilliant achievements of one who had defied their learning and wisdom, proposed the assassination of Columbus. Others suggested the secret fitting out of an armament that should proceed, at once, over the same route, and claim the forfeited possessions, under cover of a grant from the Pope, which ceded to them a portion of the imaginary India. The last proposition was accepted.

Upon the reception of letters from his royal patrons, Columbus promptly sailed for Spain, and arrived safely at Palos, on the 15th of March. At the startling news of the return of the *Niña*, and that it was actually at anchor in the harbor, the inhabitants of Palos could scarcely express their astonishment and joy. All business was suspended, the bells pealed

out a noisy welcome, and the streets were filled with a multitude, running to and fro with the excitement of the wonderful event. Shouts and exclamations rent the air, as Columbus and his crew landed and proceeded to the Church to give thanks, where, seven months before, they had stood dejected and trembling with terror at the plunge they were about to take into unknown regions.

Columbus, who had departed amid the execrations and jeers of the wise and the learned, came now overwhelmed with honors, unshared by any other person. Pinzon, who, by a singular coincidence, arrived at Palos on the evening of the same day with the admiral, was mortified and foiled in his hopes of first announcing the result of the voyage. He was surprised at sight of the *Niña*, anchored in the same port. He had believed her lost at sea, and hastened to receive honors he flattered himself were reserved for him alone. Upon hearing of the enthusiastic reception of his commander, he landed privately, and, after the departure of Columbus for court, repaired to his own home. The subsequent displeasure of the sovereigns at his conduct stung his sensitive soul; humbled and crushed under a keen sense of his dishonor, he died a few days after the announcement of his disgrace.

The arrival of Columbus at Barcelona was like the triumphant entry of a Roman conqueror. The return from a balloon voyage to the moon, at the present day, with specimens of its inhabitants and vegetation,

could not produce a greater commotion than did that event which crowded the streets, balconies, and even the roofs, of Barcelona with spectators. Six Indians, whom Columbus had induced to accompany him, and who were showily decorated with gold coronets, bracelets, and various ornaments, headed the singular procession ; it was with difficulty that it made its way through the applauding populace to the square, where Ferdinand and Isabella publicly awaited the approach of the illustrious voyager, beneath a canopy of gold brocade.

When Columbus approached, escorted on either hand by royal princes, the sovereigns rose to receive him as if he had been a monarch and a conqueror. He knelt before them, and would have kissed their hands in token of vassalage, had they permitted it ; but they raised him, and, with a graciousness that was unheard of in a court remarkable for its punctilious etiquette, seated him beside them. This was the proudest moment of his life. His age, his white locks, the beaming benignity of his countenance and the majesty of his carriage, were in keeping with the dignity and grandeur of the enterprise he had heroically accomplished.

This triumph was enhanced by the hard, life-long battle through which he had attained victory. He had combated the accumulated science of ages ; he had fought the bigotry and pedantry of churchmen, and the superstition of the masses ; defied the experience of veteran mariners, struggled with poverty,

journeyed with unconquerable perseverance from court to court, and, at last, in three little ships, that were but toys for the rude waves to toss about, he had battled the elements, subdued his rebellious crew, sternly and daringly ploughed through the unknown deep, and grasped the reality that, from his youth, had floated before his vision like a phantom.

Proud Castilian nobles, warriors famed for their knightly prowess in the victories of Grenada, archbishops and cardinals — the same who had haughtily brushed by the poor applicant a year before, now sank in insignificance before the immortalized man, upon whom all eyes turned with wonder, almost with adoration. After Columbus had communicated the most important events of his voyage to the monarchs, they fell upon their knees and gave thanks to God; an act which was imitated by the vast multitude. In the midst of the prevailing solemnities, the notes of the *Te Deum* arose softly, and swelled into grand rolling tones that quelled the murmurs of many voices into a hush of attention. The effect of the scene upon Columbus was such that he solemnly vowed to devote a large proportion of his anticipated wealth to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. This visionary project of a splendid crusade was his favorite theme, and an object for which he provided in his will—a fact that sufficiently indicates the pious enthusiasm of his character, and his freedom from mere mercenary views.

During the six months of preparation for a second

voyage, the glories of the New World, its golden rivers, its spicy groves, its exuberant verdure and delicious climate, were discussed with vivacious ardor, by all Spain. The Indies were seen through a golden veil that imparted a bewitching brilliancy and romance to its distant shores. The heroic and the ambitious, who longed for chivalric achievements, like those which had distinguished the Moorish war, eagerly rushed into the newly-opened channel of enterprise. The fleet of seventeen ships, destined for the voyage, were soon crowded with the noblest hidalgos of Spain, and a promiscuous throng in quest of fame and gold. Such was the infatuation of the Spaniards, that many who were refused participation in the already over-crowded expedition, went on board by stealth, and concealed themselves till the ships were out at sea. Thus, with wild hopes and buoyant spirits, they bade adieu to European lands, little dreaming of the stern toil and the bitter disappointments that awaited them on transatlantic shores.

A voyage of two months brought them to Hispaniola, where some of the companions of the former voyage had remained in the hastily-built fortress of La Navidad. The ships anchored in the bay at evening, and the crews impatiently awaited daybreak, to greet the men who had been left in the wilderness. Columbus felt serious apprehension lest some evil had befallen them, since no reply had been given to the signal-guns fired upon their arrival. No light, no sounds of life, were recognized in the profound still-

ness that ominously rested upon the neighboring shore, till, out of the darkness, two or three boats, filled with Indians, shot over the water and approached the ships. The Indians could not be persuaded to go on board until Columbus presented himself, with a light that enabled them to scan his features. They readily recognized the venerable form and countenance of the admiral, and no longer hesitated to trust themselves to the formidable Spaniards.

From them the fate of the little colony was ascertained. They related that Caonabo, a fierce cacique, known to the Spaniards as the lord of the Golden House, had come down from his dominions in the golden mountains of Cibao, attacked and burned the village of the peaceful Guacanagari, destroyed the fortress and massacred the Spaniards who had quarreled among themselves, and had neglected needful caution.

Pained at the mournful fate of the garrison, Columbus abandoned his design of establishing a colony there, and selected a more favorable site. A harbor, sheltered upon one side by rocks, and by a forest on the other, and having a finely watered plain in the vicinity, was decided upon. The projected city was named Isabella, and its erection immediately commenced. Stores, ammunition, arms, and live stock, had been abundantly provided, and were promptly disembarked. The work at first proceeded with zest, but the effects of unaccustomed labor and a new cli-

mate, were soon visible, especially among the young cavaliers, who were sorely chagrined at finding the necessity of severe bodily exertion, when they had anticipated nothing but delightful roamings in paradisiacal regions, and the easy acquisition of gold that was somehow to fall into their hands at every turn.

The prevailing gloom and despondency of mind aggravated diseases, which rapidly thinned out their numbers. Oppressed by these unhappy results, overcome with fatigue, and disappointed in not finding a store of gold at La Navidad, with which to freight the returning ships, Columbus himself became severely ill; but he shortly rallied and tasked his energetic mind to the utmost to provide freight for the waiting vessels, in keeping with the enticing accounts he had repeatedly given. Though his golden dreams daily eluded his grasp, he was always buoyed with the certainty of finding the rich country of the Grand Khan, which was, to the last, the object of his untiring search.

Eager to realize the expectations of his sovereigns, of rich returns, and to sustain the reputation of his discoveries, he proposed an expedition to the mountains of Cibao, in search of gold. Alonzo de Ojeda was selected for the leader. He was a young cavalier of dark and handsome countenance, fine proportions, and was remarkable for his strength and agility. Irving further describes him as "bold of heart, free of spirit, open of hand; fierce in fight, quick in brawl, but ready to forgive and prone to forget an

injury." He was well fitted for the adventurous expedition committed to him, and from which he returned with glowing descriptions of the golden riches of the powerful Caonabo's possessions.

Elated by these reports, Columbus immediately despatched twelve of the ships, with specimens of gold found in the mountains, unknown fruits and plants, and a number of Carib captives, to be educated for interpreters, and to aid in the conversion of their race. Being fully aware of the great discrepancy between the outlays and the returns of the expedition, he proposed a source of revenue to his sovereigns that leaves an ineffaceable blot upon his name. It was the enslavement of the Carib race — a suggestion which he justified by the hope of their civilization and eventual conversion to the true faith. Isabella's humanity and sense of justice at once rejected the scheme.

In order to divert the colonists from their discontent, and to search for the expected gold, a party of well-armed men prepared for battle, labor, or mining, and headed by the admiral, set out to explore the interior of Hispaniola. After crossing a plain and arriving at the summit of a mountain pass, they beheld a luxurious plain extended beneath them, occasionally intersected by magnificent forests of gigantic mahogany trees and spreading palms, brightened by countless streams, and dotted with Indian hamlets, from which the inhabitants poured forth in dismay at the sound of drums and trumpets, and the sight of

men clad in shining steel, and mounted upon animals that seemed to them one with their riders. In their simplicity, they regarded the Spaniards as children of Heaven, and eagerly laid at their feet all the gifts they had to bestow. Gold was brought in abundance.

The little army continued their march for several days, till they reached the mountain barriers on the opposite side of the plain. A fortress was erected in the most suitable place for mining, but the results were meagre, as the miners were continually enticed by the Indians to wander hither and thither in search of more promising regions, which were always upon the banks of some remote stream, in the depths of an intricate forest, or hidden among the unattainable mountain heights.

Upon returning to the settlement of Isabella, Columbus found the colonists in a deplorable state. The heat of the climate, and the humidity of the soil, had induced illness or extreme debility among the largest portion of the settlers; the growing scarcity of provisions, also promised a speedy famine. Seeking the general good, Columbus promptly put the whole colony on short allowance, constructed a mill to grind corn, and, by compulsory measures, obliged the Spanish cavaliers to perform the duties of the common laborers, who were the greatest sufferers by sickness. These measures, so necessary to the welfare of the whole colony, were regarded by the proud and intolerant cavaliers as the unjust impositions of an upstart foreigner. They formed the grounds of

persecution and anathema that henceforth pursued, and finally crushed, the man whose whole life seems one continuous struggle with the elements of nature and the prejudice of mankind.

When tranquillity was in a measure secured to the colony of Isabella, a voyage of discovery was attempted in the direction of Cuba. Columbus still believed Cuba to be part of the continent of Asia — “the beginning and end of India.” His intention was to have coasted the imagined continent, till he arrived at regions belonging to the known world, and thus circumnavigate the globe, or return to Spain by way of the Mediterranean. His vessels were disabled, however, by cruising in the intricate channels that abound along the western coast of Cuba; and the sailors were unwilling to advance farther, where they might incur still greater exposure and peril than they had already endured. He was obliged to turn back, though not until his crew had signed a deposition, declaring their belief that Cuba was part of the continent of Asia. Two days’ continuation of the voyage would have undeceived them, but in that, as in every enterprise which Columbus projected, he was baffled by the timidity or obstinacy of those with whom he had to deal.

Violent storms accompanied their return voyage, separating the vessels and threatening destruction. The admiral endured the most painful anxiety, day and night, for there was not one in whom he could trust, while traversing these unknown seas, where

they were continually entangled among wild islands. When at last the ocean became tranquil, and they emerged into more familiar regions, the reaction of extreme excitement and fatigue left Columbus in a state of insensibility that resembled the lethargy of death. The alarmed sailors spread the sails to a favorable breeze, and bore their unconscious commander into the harbor of Isabella.

There was one at Isabella who eagerly awaited his arrival. Bartholomew Columbus, his eldest brother, had parted from him when he had first sought the shores of Spain, and had been commissioned by him to seek the patronage of Henry VII. of England. In this, Bartholomew had been successful, after a captivity of some years with a roving corsair. He hastened to Spain to announce the result, but, at Paris, learned that the discovery had been accomplished, and that his brother was showered with honors at the Spanish court, and was preparing a second splendid expedition. He arrived in Spain just after the fleet had sailed, but, aided by the monarchs, fitted out a vessel and spread his sails in the wake of the brilliant fleet. The delay of these preparations, and struggles with adverse winds, caused a late arrival at Isabella; he entered the harbor just after the admiral had sailed for Cuba.

Columbus' first consciousness was the presence of this beloved brother. It inspired him with new hope and strength. He had been his early companion and the supporter of his splendid schemes, and he

was fully capable of relieving him now of the intolerable cares that oppressed him among strangers and unsympathizing foreigners. Bartholomew was a man of powerful, vigorous frame and commanding air; he was prompt, firm, fearless and persevering—qualities that well fitted him to govern a turbulent colony. He differed from Columbus in a certain sternness and abruptness of manner which repelled rather than won; the penetration and sagacity of his intellect prepared him to deal with men and things, with an adroitness entirely at variance with the admiral's simplicity of character.

Columbus gladly invested Bartholomew with the title and authority of Adelantado, which gave him the government of the island—an office that had principally devolved upon Don Diego, his younger brother, who was of too mild and inoffensive a nature to maintain an energetic and firm government. The affairs of the colony had become lamentably disordered during the absence of the admiral. Complaints and threats arose from every quarter. Every ship that arrived from Spain had been sent back with accounts of the tyranny and oppression of Columbus, and his deceitful representations of the newly discovered countries. These calumnies, continually poured into the ears of the Spanish monarchs, finally gained some credence, and one Juan Aguado was despatched to ascertain the truth of these representations.

He arrived at Hispaniola soon after the return of the admiral, and while the colonists were exasperated

at the appointment of another brother to high office. The haughty cavaliers were indignant at the rule of a family of foreigners, who had sprung from poverty and obscurity. They bewailed their own fate, and pointed to the graves of their companions, in whom wounded pride and sullen despair had worked more fatally than disease. Insults and accusations were heaped upon the admiral. Juan Aguado prepared to return to Spain, with an accumulation of grievances, that placed Columbus in the light of an unpardonable criminal. The serious aspect now given to these complaints, decided the admiral at once to present himself at court and vindicate the measures he had adopted.

The government of the island, during his absence, was committed to Bartholomew, the Adelantado. He set sail at the same time with Aguado, in a separate caravel, containing a large number of the factious and disappointed colonists. Thirty Indians were also on board, who, after a visit to Spain, were to be returned to their native land. Among them was the famous Caonabo, the monarch of the golden mountains of Cibao, who, in a battle, had been taken prisoner by the adventurous Ojeda. The wily stratagem by which the royal captive had been secured, so filled him with admiration and respect for the prowess of Ojeda, that, although diminutive in height and undistinguished in dress, Caonabo invariably arose in his presence, but obstinately remained seated when Columbus, to whom every one else did obeisance,

appeared. Several fellow-captives were offered their liberty; but one, a proud, heroic, Indian woman, the wife of a cacique, refused to go on shore, having been won by the misfortunes of the haughty and valorous chieftain whose fate she resolved to share. Caonabo died, however, on the passage.

On the 11th of June, 1496, two caravels from the New World anchored in the bay of Cadiz. Multitudes hastened to greet the adventurers whose destiny they had envied, and whose gay equipments and exultant looks had filled the hearts of those obliged to remain, with discontent at their exclusion from a chance in the golden lottery. Now they beheld, with pity and surprise, a train of pale, emaciated wretches, just able to drag themselves on shore, loaded with disease and disappointment instead of the precious ore they had expected to bear. Columbus himself, divested of the imposing habiliments he was accustomed to wear, appeared in the humble garb of a Franciscan monk, and with an unshaven beard, either from a self-imposed vow, or because he felt himself under the displeasure of his sovereigns.

His reception by Ferdinand and Isabella was unexpectedly gracious. No notice was taken by them of the complaints brought by Aguado; they were too conscious of his great merits and the difficulties with which he had to contend, to reprimand his errors. He was obliged, however, to linger in Spain nearly two years before preparations were matured by the crown for a third voyage of discovery. The contest

of political stratagem with France, and war with Italy, wholly absorbed the attention of Ferdinand, who, at best, looked coldly upon Columbus. Family alliances also drew largely upon the interest and thoughts of the sovereigns.

In the spring of 1498, a squadron of six vessels was at his service; but the reaction of the public mind in regard to the New World, made the difficulty of obtaining recruits for Hispaniola so great, that it became necessary to supply the deficiency with condemned criminals. This measure proved the destruction of the colony of Isabella, and was a fruitful source of trouble and vexation to the end of Columbus' life.

The result of this voyage was the discovery of the South American continent; but, when the aged admiral beheld its shores, he did not accept it as the world which had been the object of his life-long search. He had a vague idea of an infinite extension of islands before him, deceived as he was by the low, wide plain, intersected in every direction by the Orinoco. The rapid flow of fresh water into the gulf of Paria, he presumed to be from a mighty river that coursed through some continent yet far distant. Unable to prosecute his discovery, in consequence of the weather-beaten state of his vessels, and his own increasing infirmities, he steered for Hispaniola, after collecting various specimens from the new region, in which were included pearls of large size and great beauty, obtained from the natives. He arrived at Isabella, emaciated by illness, and almost blind from

the long night-watches he always kept when traversing unknown seas.

The Adelantado welcomed him gladly ; for, during the two and a half years of their separation, an Herculean task had fallen to his share. Under a daring and insolent leader, the colonists were in a state of rebellion ; not more than forty men remained loyal to the Adelantado, and even in those he could repose no confidence. The attempts of Columbus to restore order resulted in his own deep humiliation. He was obliged to accede to all the terms proposed by the rebels ; granted them Indian slaves, supplied them with ships to transport some of the principal actors to Spain, provided them with certificates of good conduct, and permitted the worthless rabble to embark for home in complete triumph, unpunished, and recommended to the sovereigns. The admiral, however, privately despatched letters to his royal patrons, assuring them of the true state of affairs, and that the capitulations had been compulsory.

Only a few days had elapsed after their departure, when they all returned, actuated in part by the severe weather they had experienced, and much more, probably, from fear to appear in Spain, after carrying out such high-handed measures. Columbus beheld them pouring in upon him again, with a heavy heart. He was stung with the insolent, impudent mien which they preserved ; he felt it the more keenly because of the light in which he regarded his own dignity of station, — expecting, as he did, the same veneration

from them, which he felt for those to whom he acknowledged vassalage. Yet, each day, new demands and new concessions were repeated. Large grants of land were allowed them; their leader was installed in high office; emboldened by their success, they committed lawless depredations among the natives, robbed them of their valuables, and carried off the most beautiful of the Indian maidens.

In the midst of these insubordinate movements, a letter arrived from Spain in reply to the complaints and demands of redress, made by Columbus. It was written by the Bishop Fonseca, superintendent of Indian affairs, an artful, malignant enemy of the admiral, and one who seized upon every opportunity to misrepresent him to Ferdinand and Isabella. He curtly replied that the alleged rebellion could not be investigated at present. This disregard of the complaints encouraged the rebels to freer depredations. Columbus would have immediately sailed for Spain, but it was impossible while the island continued in a state of revolt. He despatched two caravels with those of the disaffected who chose to go, requested Ferdinand to send him learned men to form a council for settling disputes, and requested that his eldest son, Diego, who, with his brother, had the office of page at court, should be sent out to assist him.

The ungovernable ruffians who had thus been shipped to Spain, hastened to Grenada, and, instigated by the invidious Fonseca, gathered in the court of the Alhambra and sent up cries and lamentations

against the cruelty of Columbus. They ran after the king whenever he rode out, and pursued him everywhere with their outcries. Ferdinand, already jealous of the power with which he had invested a subject, over countries whose vastness he was just beginning to appreciate, was exasperated at the accounts of the viceroy's harsh proceedings, verified in every particular by the false Fonseca.

The sight of the enslaved Indian girls, their deplorable ruin and lamentations for their wilderness homes, filled Isabella with indignation and resentment. Their possessors asserted that they had been freely bestowed by the admiral. She had been firmly opposed, from the first, to the enslavement of the Indians, had strictly prohibited it, and, on one occasion, shipped back a cargo of five hundred sent by Columbus, with assurances of her displeasure. With the heinous disregard of this command before her eyes, in an aggravated form, her humanity, her indignation and her firmness, equally actuated her to the course she instantly adopted.

The slaves were ordered to be returned to their country, together with every other Indian who was wrongfully retained in Spain. Don Francisco de Bobadilla, a man of violent passions and ambitious character, was appointed to go to Hispaniola, investigate the conduct of Columbus, and, if necessary, supersede him in command.

He arrived in the harbor of Isabella in the autumn of 1500. Without making inquiries, and prejudiced

against the man he came to judge, he took advantage of the admiral's absence in the interior, and controlled affairs according to his own hasty view of the matter. He seized Don Diego, and enchained and imprisoned him without assigning a cause; pardoned all the rebels, took possession and disposed of Columbus' residence and effects, as if confiscated to the crown; demanded the surrender of all the fortresses and sent peremptory orders for the admiral to appear before him.

When Columbus beheld the royal missive, he was confounded. Conscious of his own integrity and motives, he obeyed the mandate and presented himself before Bobadilla. He was immediately put in irons and confined in the fortress, amidst the shouts of the populace, though not one had dared to step forth and rivet the chains of him whose venerable presence and magnificent achievements could not but strike them with awe. He received the indignities heaped upon him, in silence — not the silence of moroseness or guilt, but the stillness of a noble soul wounded by the ingratitude and falsity of a friend. He had reposed the utmost confidence in his revered queen. Her justice, her generosity, her magnanimity, had been a supporting staff, upon which he leaned with trust and undoubting reliance, when bound under an intolerable burden of care and injustice. That she should have failed him — that the sovereigns, to whom he had given incalculable services, should thus reward him, was a bitterness that made him indiffer

ent and almost insensible to the insults of the assuming Bobadilla and the unprincipled rabble, upon whom he looked with mournful scorn.

When he appeared upon the shores of Spain in chains, a feeling of indignation sped like an electric shock throughout the kingdom. From the chivalric noble to the hot-blooded peasant, all felt a sense of shame that the honor of Spain was thus dimmed before all the world. He refused to have his irons removed, proudly assuring those who interposed, that they had been placed there by the command of his sovereigns, and by their authority only they should be taken off; then, he would preserve them as relics and memorials of the reward of his services.

Isabella was surprised and grieved at the severity with which Bobadilla had executed her commands; but when convinced of the unjust treatment of Columbus, she made all the reparation in her power, provided him with a rich equipment, wrote letters expressing grief, and invited him to court. The magnificent hall of the Alhambra was the scene of the interview. Columbus entered and presented himself before his sovereigns and the throng that surrounded them, still keenly feeling his injuries, and maintaining the dignity and silence under which his sensitive spirit had taken shelter. But when he beheld tears in the eyes of the queen, heard her gentle voice of sympathy and regret, and received her extended hand, the long pent-up emotions of his heart flooded forth in uncontrollable tears. He threw himself upon his

knees before her, but he could not speak a word for the violent sobs which choked his utterance.

The monarchs raised him and consoled him with most gracious promises. When sufficiently recovered, he vindicated himself in the most eloquent and touching terms. He received assurance of their sincere regret, and pledges of an immediate restoration to his dignities and government — promises which the deceitful and politic Ferdinand never intended to fulfill. Columbus, nothing doubting, expected to be speedily reinstated, but he was doomed to disappointment that embittered and clouded the remainder of his troubled life.

He remained nine months at Grenada, endeavoring to arrange his affairs and to obtain the action of the king upon the restoration of his dignities. His patience at last exhausted, he turned his attention to the prosecution of a fourth voyage in search of an imaginary strait that would open into the Indian sea, and afford a new route to oriental regions. He sailed in pursuit of this chimera, in the spring of 1502, with four caravels, accompanied by his brother, Don Bartholomew, and his youngest son, Fernando. The expedition was unsuccessful. After coasting the eastern shores of the southern continent for some distance, he was obliged to sail for Hispaniola in consequence of the shattered condition of his vessels. Storms and adverse winds had been contended with throughout the voyage. His shipwreck on the coast of Jamaica, and detention at Hispaniola,— where the

wretched and oppressive rule of Orvando, the governor appointed to supersede him, had produced a deplorable state of suffering and desolation, particularly among the Indians,—prevented his return to Spain till two years more of hardship and mental suffering were added to the weight already bearing him down to the grave.

After twenty years of toil and pain, we find Columbus at Seville, stripped of his honors, grown old and infirm in the service of his king, yet unrewarded, and painfully struggling with poverty. All the world resounded with his fame and envied his immortal name, while he lay writhing with pain in an obscure little inn, unattended, save by a few of his fellow-voyagers. Tormented by the remembrance of his unrestored honors, he despatched letter after letter to the ungrateful Ferdinand, full of entreaties for their restitution. He spurned the offer of titles and estates in Spain, though reduced to indigence. He did not seek pecuniary remuneration; he only demanded the restoration of his official dignities, which he assured the king concerned his honor, and which he regarded as the invaluable trophies of his achievements. These very dignities were a stumbling block to the jealous monarch, who was unwilling to perpetually invest a subject and his heirs with the government of countries of vast and growing importance. He preferred the alternative of dissimulation and the violation of his sealed promises.

The death of Isabella, whose own severe afflictions

had in a measure withdrawn her attention from affairs of state in her later days, was a severe stroke to the hopes of Columbus. He knew enough of the crafty policy of Ferdinand, to believe that, without the intercession of the beloved queen, his demands for the fulfillment of their sacred promise were futile. Yet he made one, last, despairing effort. The intensity and eagerness with which he followed up these demands of justice to himself and his descendants, imparted strength and energy to his enfeebled body and mind.

He who, a few years before, proceeded to court in triumph, attended by the nobility, renowned cavaliers, and an applauding populace, now entered the gates of Segovia, a poor, infirm old man, dejected and unnoticed. The royal palace was open to him, but he was received with cold, unmeaning smiles by the king, and listened, with a sinking heart, to his evasive promises. Again and again, he sought the royal audience, till the anxiety, irritation and distress of mind incident to his prolonged application, laid him once more upon a bed of illness from which he was never to rise. His energy and youthful ardor rekindled and flamed up brilliantly with his flickering life. As if the infirmities of seventy years had not bound him hand and foot, he assured Philip and Joanna, the successors of Isabella, with all the enthusiasm of youth, that he would "yet be able to render them services, the like of which had never been witnessed!"

He expired on the 20th of May, 1506, a few days after his brother Bartholomew had been despatched with the message to the new sovereigns. His son, Diego, and a few faithful followers surrounded his death-bed, which, if rendered gloomy by the severe disappointments of his earthly career, was illumined and cheered by his child-like faith in God, to whose guidance he had always committed his life, and to whose mercy he unhesitatingly confided his soul in death, with the words, "Into thy hand, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Columbus was peculiarly a man of intuitive genius. He was gifted with a brilliant and soaring imagination, that would have stamped him a visionary, but for a balancing penetration of mind and soundness of judgment. His inexhaustible energy and unequalled perseverance, enabled him to hold with unflinching grasp an imagined world, that must have eluded the clench of one less firm. His whole life, previous to the discovery, seems a stern preparation to that end.

But his lively imagination and the excitement of success, invested the New World with fabulous charms which stern experience rudely tore away. He strained every nerve to sustain his first, magnificent representations, and, in the effort to remunerate the monarchs of Spain for their repeated outlays, committed the error which leaves the only blot upon his memory. The enslavement of the Indians, in direct disobedience to the commands of the humane Isa-

bella, can scarcely be excused by the alleged hope of their conversion, and still less by its being a return of expenditures. Thus, with the first star that lighted the hidden world, came the curse that with every succeeding year takes a wider, surer sweep over a fair continent which claims for its emblem the Goddess of Liberty.

His character fitted him to become the pioneer of a New World, but not its arbitrator. His benignity and simplicity of heart were calculated to win favor, but not to govern or deal with the cunning and duplicity of men; the consciousness of his own integrity caused him to repose implicit confidence in others. Next to the supreme God he revered his sovereigns — a trait that cultivated a humility and meekness of spirit which, in all the proud triumph of his after life, never were exchanged for arrogance. The purity and nobleness of his aspirations, and the deep-toned and enthusiastic piety that was prominent in all his visions and projects, lent an imposing dignity to his presence.

Columbus was too immortal to be permitted to rest quietly in his grave. His dust was thrice disinterred, and received a fourth and splendid burial at Havanna, after successive removals from Valladolid, Seville and Hispaniola. From the latter place, he was borne, not as once, a living victim of jealousy and chains, but a dead conqueror in triumph; and his ashes were placed in their last resting place amid the pomp of cathedral service, the firing of canon and the splendor of military honors.

II.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

A MERE freak of fortune, if not a course of deception, exalted the name of a man, who, otherwise, could not have won for his own brow the laurels which should have crowned Columbus. He had neither the genius of him who turned the first prow towards the unknown world, nor its frequent substitute — a daring prowess, for which his fellow-voyager, Ojeda, was so remarkable. He certainly deserves the encomiums of his countrymen for his successful application of astronomical science to the earth's equation; but it would be no more unjust to claim for him, on that account, the honors of Ptolemy, whose discovery of the conjunction of the planets gave him that success, than to ascribe to him the glory of being the first discoverer of America.

His first voyage, of which no convincing proofs can be obtained, if prosecuted at all, was simultaneous with that of the Cabots. His second, shared with Ojeda, was but the following up of a route previously traversed by Columbus, whose charts had been obtained for a guide by unfair means. But, whether

true or false, his claims must remain a point of dispute, till better evidence comes to light from the dusty archives of the Old World ; if false, abundant reproach already rests upon his name ; and if true, Columbus must still retain the proud distinction of first ploughing the breadth of the Atlantic, first heralding the existence of a New World, and wedding its shores to the Old.

Americus Vespucius was born in Florence, on the 9th of March, 1451. He was the third son of Anastasio Vespucci and Elizabeth Mini, and descended from a long line of illustrious and noble ancestors. His father was a man of moderate wealth, but occupied what was then a fine edifice near the gate of Florence, known at the present day as the Porta del Prato. The house still stands in the street called Borgognisanti, is occupied by monks, and used as an hospital for the sick poor. Over the doorway, a marble tablet bears the name of Americus, with an inscription lauding him as the illustrious discoverer of America.

Like all the residences of the nobility of Florence, it stood near the gates of the city, to permit a ready escape for the family in times of sudden outbursts among the populace. Strongholds and elegant villas lined the vale of Arno, from Pisa to the Appenines, affording resorts of pleasure as well as security. The Arno receives its tribute of waters from the towering mountains at the head of the valley ; it winds through the green vale which was then all along enlivened by

picturesque houses and gardens, and warlike castles; it curves beneath four ponderous bridges at Florence, and rolls on through the beautiful valley, divides the far-famed city of Pisa, and, a league beyond, throws itself into the sea.

In this beautiful rural scene, as much of the boyhood of Americus passed, as in the palace-lined streets, the arched walks of the Boboli gardens, the statued squares, or the magnificent cathedral and royal chapels of Florence — the last of such elegance and exquisite workmanship, that Michael Angelo himself could but gaze and wonder:

Among the many convents of Florence was one where the sons of the principal nobles assembled for instruction. Georgio Antonio Vespucci, a man distinguished for his learning and piety, and uncle to Americus, had been early destined to the church, and was a monk of the order of St. Mark. His convent was the resort of the young Florentines, among whom Americus was included, with the intention of educating him for a merchant. It was a “long established custom among the nobility, to devote one of the younger sons to a mercantile life, as in those days it not only brought immense wealth, but high consideration. The bankers and capitalists of Florence had already exercised powerful influence in national affairs.”

Americus received a liberal and thorough education — one which fitted him for any position. In 1478, his studies were interrupted by the universal

panic that followed the appearance of the plague. His parents withdrew him from the convent, and hastened with him to a country seat far up the valley of the Arno. When the pestilence had subsided, and Florence was repopulated with those who had fled in dismay from the dreaded contamination, Vespucci again opened his school. Americus was among the first to resume his studies, but many of the young Florentines were enticed from their studious pursuits to the recreations by which the nobility sought to efface the remembrance of the terror, gloom and death, which had stalked through the deserted streets.

Lorenzo, the Magnificent, held his court in the same gilded palace, which, a short time before, had been infested with the breath of the plague, and had been left in lonely grandeur, a palace for the King of Terrors. But no sooner had the dreaded conqueror strode away, than the fugitives came rushing back with noisy mirth and revelling, as if in mockery of the sounds of woe and wailing that had not yet died away. Festival after festival, and various entertainments of dazzling splendor, busied the inhabitants, till, in the strife to excel in dissipation and extravagance, they seemed to have gone mad. Strangers were attracted by the unbounded gayety of the new court; their presence afforded an additional enticement to the young students, who hastily abandoned their books for amusements at the palace, or at the residences of the nobility.

Americus was too much of a stoic to yield to the

impulses of youth. His thoughtful and retiring character better adapted him to a studious application to book lore, in the solemn, silent hall of the convent, than to reckless dissipation among the frivolous and unlearned. When his studies were completed, he went forth from his uncle's masterly hand, a finished scholar, such as was rare out of the cloister. He was equally fitted for a financier, a navigator, and for philosophical research. The lessons of piety he had received from his revered relative, were firmly implanted, and afforded him that undoubting reliance upon the providence of God, which was his support in the vicissitudes of life, and a source of joy and thankfulness in prosperity.

Nothing is known of the occupations of Vespuccius during the ten years that followed the completion of his studies, except that he continued to pursue his researches in cosmography, to which science his earliest preferences directed him. He collected the most accurate maps and charts that could be found, and eagerly traced out the shores of newly discovered regions which every voyage added to the known world. Every active mind was occupied with speculations upon what remained to be revealed. Vespuccius had not the vivid imagination to behold a continent in the midst of the great space that was yet veiled in mystery, but his calm, deliberate reason was preparing him to follow closely in the wake of the pioneering vessel, and with his own signature stamp the unclaimed world.

Vespucius was driven to the mercantile life, for which his father destined him, by the misfortunes of a brother, whose losses involved the family estates. He decided to seek his fortune in Spain, where the splendid court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the brilliant military exploits of their nobles, attracted the young and ambitious of noble birth from all countries. The Italian merchants took advantage of these movements and the consequent demand of their stuffs among the assembled cavaliers of Europe. Americus was commissioned an agent for one of the houses of Medici, and it is supposed also he had some connection with Juan Berardi, a wealthy Florentine merchant then engaged in Spain.

In 1490, he left Florence for Spain, accompanied by several young nobles who were placed under his guardianship. Thus, after nearly forty years spent in study and seclusion, he entered upon the stirring scenes enacting in Spain, with little danger of being crazed with the enthusiasm that turned so many heads. There was nothing in Americus of the adventurous spirit which sent hosts into sudden enterprises without "counting the cost;" whatever he did was the result of deliberate conclusions. It is not surprising, therefore, that, with all his predilection for voyage and discovery, he did not enlist in any of the exciting enterprises of the day, till the failure of his commercial employments left him no other resource.

There was nothing sufficiently striking in his personal appearance to command attention in the Span-

ish cities, already teeming with grandees and knights who outshone lesser lights. Vespuccius was retiring and gentle in his deportment; he possessed none of the dignity of address that made the presence of Columbus so imposing; he was better calculated to cultivate friendship than to command the adulation of the public. He was of medium height, thick-set and brawny. His forehead was low and retreating, but of remarkable breadth. His eyes were large and dark, his nose aquiline, and his mouth expressive both of firmness and amiability. His complexion was dark, and his hair black, thickly sprinkled with grey; he always wore a bushy beard. Such is the description given of him at the time of his arrival in Spain, though a preserved portrait was taken at a much later period of life.

After some time spent in transacting the affairs with which he had been commissioned at Barcelona, he repaired to Seville, and, it is supposed, became a participator with Berardi, in contracts with the Spanish government, for fitting out armaments to be sent on voyages of discovery. These occupations gave new zest to his speculations. When Columbus returned from his first voyage, he sought interviews, which must have been full of intense interest and excitement to both, though their opinions essentially differed. Columbus believed he had arrived at the dominions of the Grand Khan, described by Marco Polo, and that he should soon discover Paradise, which the most learned divines believed still existed

upon the earth. Vespuccius argued that the rich countries he sought lay far beyond those already brought to light, and that, though the paradisiacal regions might be in the vicinity of the balmy islands of the Indies, yet a great body of water separated them from the anticipated continent. His calm reasons brought him to more just conclusions than resulted from the researches of the inspired and enthusiastic Columbus, who saw everything in the deceptive light of a vivid imagination.

The death of Berardi, in 1495, left to Vespuccius the settlement of his affairs, which seems to have occupied him nearly two years. His employment by the government brought him in contact with its officers, one of the principal of whom, Bishop Fonseca, manifested much interest in him. It was probably he who obtained his appointment to "assist" in discoveries and accompany an expedition (which is asserted to have occurred in 1497,) somewhat in the position of agent of the king. He was not the commander of the fleet, and seems to have acted a subordinate part in the enterprise. If the voyage was made, therefore, and if the discovery of Paria was the result, he was no more entitled to the consequent honors than the person or persons whom he accompanied to "assist;" else why was he not recognized and honored as the discoverer by Ferdinand and Fonseca, both of whom were ready to foil the claims of Columbus? A man of the malignant hatred and artful cunning of Fonseca, never would have permit

ted the deserved honors of a favorite to be bestowed upon one whom he bitterly hated. Neither would private considerations have been likely to despoil him of the coveted fame of discovering a continent, as is urged by one of his biographers.

On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that a man of the acknowledged integrity of Vespucci, should have attempted such a deception, or, if he had been a wolf in sheep's clothing, that he should have been so short-sighted as to advance claims that could easily be charged with falsity. Perhaps succeeding generations may smooth the knotted thread which the learned of several centuries have patiently sought to straighten, and have only succeeded in more thoroughly entangling.

The disputed letter was written to Piero Soderini, one who had been a fellow-student in the convent of Vespucci, and who, in his fifty-second year, had been elected president of the Florentine republic, under the title of Perpetual Gonfaloniere, in place of the banished Medici family. Vespucci states to him that an account of his voyages "was formerly written in barbarous style, destitute of the polish of literature, and directed to Don Ferdinand, king of Castile."

He relates of his first voyage that he sailed from the port of Cadiz, the tenth of May, 1497, as an assistant in the expected discoveries, and "with four ships in company." Favorable winds bore them to the shores of the New World, in twenty-seven days. As soon as they beheld land, preparations were made

to go on shore, for, although there was no convenient or safe harbor, curiosity and wonder prevailed. The ship was anchored a league and a half from the shore, the boats were lowered, and quickly manned by those who were eager to behold the famed wonders of a New World and a new race. Distant glimpses of human beings fleeing along the shore and hiding themselves in the woods, assured them that the coast was inhabited; but, by the time they touched the shore, not a living creature was to be seen, and nothing remained to gratify their curiosity but the gigantic vegetation, and the innumerable birds of gorgeous plumage that flitted among the towering trees. The look of deserted luxuriance, and the profound silence that prevailed, sent them back to the ships, half inclined to believe they had been enticed by creatures of the imagination.

The four caravels set sail in search of a safe harbor. During the two days of coasting that followed, they again beheld, all along the shore, hosts of savages assembled in groups, to consult upon the nature of the wonderful apparition, or running swiftly along the beach, to keep pace with the winged monsters that skimmed over the sea within sight.

The ships anchored in a place of safety, and again the boats were manned and sent ashore. As before, the natives fled in terror from the strange beings, of whose size and shape they could form no notion, by reason of the full Spanish robes, frills, slouched hats and plumes; nor, unused as they were to the

sight of clothing, could they quite determine if the brilliant costumes grew with the bodies or not. They fled to the neighboring hills, and could not be induced to approach till after a long parley by signs, at a safe distance. Little by little, and with a timidity that was startled at every movement, they ventured at last to behold the strangers nearer, and receive the trinkets which they regarded as of inestimable value. Night approaching, the Spaniards returned to their ships.

The next morning the shore was lined with crowds of natives, waiting to welcome their marvelous visitors, and evincing their good will by having brought with them burdens of magnificent plumes, necklaces of fish-bones, and nose and ear ornaments of green and white stones, beside abundant provisions. The utmost good feeling prevailed. The Spaniards were busied in noting the peculiar customs of the savages, of so voluptuous a nature that Americus decided them to be an Epicurean race. The natives, in their turn, were equally bewildered and amused with the Spaniards and their ships, and unwillingly beheld them depart from their shores.

After coasting for some distance, the caravels were again anchored in a harbor where the modern Venezuela stands. The voyagers beheld with astonishment a village built like the "City of Bridges," over the water. The houses were bell-shaped and communicated with each other by drawbridges, which, upon the appearance of the strangers, were instantly raised.

the inhabitants concealing themselves in their singular fortresses. At length, a little fleet of canoes darted out from a hidden cove, filled with Indians, who swiftly approached the ships. They reconnoitred the caravels a few moments, then returned to the shore as swiftly as they came, and fled to the hills. They were not long invisible, for, with multiplied numbers, they again flocked to the beach and threw themselves into their canoes, or into the sea, and glided speedily towards the ships.

The Spaniards were delighted with this proof of confidence and friendship, but, upon a certain signal, they were confounded to behold the naked hosts suddenly bristling with weapons which had been adroitly concealed in the water. A battle ensued, with little harm on either side, but which induced the unwelcome intruders to pursue their voyage, and seek more amicable shores. Several weeks were occupied in communicating with the savages, along the coast and a short distance in the interior. In a fierce battle that occurred in one of the ports, they took two hundred and fifty prisoners, to be sold in Spain for slaves, and with these they decided to sail homeward.

Their arrival at Cadiz created no sensation, and no mention whatever was made of the alleged discovery. But when, three months afterwards, ships arrived from Hispaniola with letters from Columbus, giving an account of his voyage to Paria, all Spain was fired with new enthusiasm, and the disasters of the colony of Isabella were forgotten in the reawakened ardor

for adventure and riches. If Americus had already explored the same coast, why did not Ferdinand, jealous as he was of the privileges he had granted to Columbus, make known the antecedent claims of Vespucius? And what private considerations could have deterred the inveterate hatred of Fonseca from seizing such an opportunity to lessen the fame of the distinguished Genoese?

Arrangements were immediately made for Vespucius to accompany an expedition over the same route. He was with difficulty prevailed upon to engage in it, as he had just formed ties that strongly attracted him to a more settled life. During his residence at Seville, he had formed an attachment to Donna Maria Cerezo, a resident of that city; the engagement that ensued was not consummated till after his return from his first voyage, owing probably to reverses of fortune. Soon after his marriage, he repaired to court, where he was graciously received by Ferdinand, and was the object of marked favor from Bishop Fonseca.

Alonzo de Ojeda, who had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, was then at court without employment. His love of wild adventure, and the straitened means to which he had been reduced by his recklessness, suggested the idea of following up the discoveries of Columbus, and enriching himself with the promised spoils. Fonseca had possession of the maps and charts indicating the route, and immediately delivered them to Ojeda, encouraging him

at the same time to take the command of an expedition which he would see provided, though in dishonorable violation of the royal interdiction of private adventure. The bishop knew enough of the secret perfidy of Ferdinand, not to hesitate in prosecuting plans that would interfere with the interests of Columbus.

He issued a commission on his own responsibility, giving Ojeda license to explore the coast of Paria and adjacent countries, with a few restrictions. Ojeda was in his own element while preparing this marauding enterprise, in which he fully believed he should acquire fame and fortune, and at the same time gratify his Quixotic spirit. Being an inexperienced navigator, however, he induced Americus Vespucius and Juan de la Cosa, both reputedly skilled in nautical affairs, to accompany his fleet. Four vessels were soon equipped in the Bay of Cadiz, at a little port called St. Mary. Forces were readily obtained to man the vessels, as the enthusiasm was sufficient to entice even the haggard, disappointed mariners who had just dragged themselves from the impoverished and distracted colony at Hispaniola.

By the eighteenth of May, 1499, the fleet set sail, wholly under the command of Ojeda. Americus seems to have held a position similar to that in his first voyage, and, through the self-conceit of Cosa, must have been overruled by him in matters of consultation. Americus was modest and retiring in his deportment, while the hardy veteran, Juan de la Cosa,

held himself equal to Columbus. He exercised a paternal influence over Ojeda, remonstrating at one moment with the headlong, reckless, hot-headed favorite, and, at the next, rushing with him into whatever dangers his rashness carried him, intent only upon watching over his safety. At once a parent, a counselor, and a partisan, he guarded him, expostulated with him, and fought for him. Instigated by a warm attachment, "this wary veteran," in the words of an eloquent historian, "forgetting his usual prudence and the lessons of his experience, embarked heart and hand, purse and person, in the wild enterprises of his favorite." To his last hour, he followed Ojeda, and sacrificed his life in defending him.

These were the companions with whom Americus again ventured to the New World, or beheld it for the first time. The similarity of occurrences during this voyage with the account of his previous one, induces some of his biographers to charge him with fabricating the first out of the second. However that may be, the voyage prosecuted with Ojeda is without dispute, and during this he worked out a problem which would have rescued his name from oblivion, had no credit been given him for the discovery of America.

In forty-four days after leaving Cadiz, they arrived at the South American continent, after touching at intervening islands. Americus gives an interesting account of interviews with the natives, and of their customs. Upon an island near the coast, he found

a people who wore two gourds fastened about the neck, one containing green herbs, the other a kind of meal, with which they alternately filled their mouths till they were scarcely able to speak. They constantly chewed the mixture, "as beasts chew the cud." He adds, "We were surprised at their conduct, and could not understand for what purpose they indulged in the nauseous practice." If Vespucius and his companions could revisit American shores in this century, they might add to their quaint manuscripts, descriptions of a people who not only continually "chew vile herbs," but protrude from their lips rolls of dried weed, perpetually burning and enveloping them in clouds of smoke, which they watch in ecstasies of delight as it rolls and curls before their dreamy vision, till, pervaded by a delicious langour, or soothed by its magnetic power, their feet gradually obey a law like that which governs the needle, and point towards some polar star. In more respects than one would not Americus' descriptions of his modern namesakes have appeared grotesque to themselves?

These islanders obtained fresh water only by gathering leaves filled with dew, from a plant which must have resembled the pitcher-plant. Having neither wigwams nor huts, they employed the simplest mechanism to obtain a domicil. They plucked an immense leaf from a tree, thrust its stem into the ground, and crept under the green tent, each one a sole possessor of his ample shelter; if the rain incommoded them, umbrellas hung plentifully from the

branches that gave them houses ; if the sun oppressed them while they gathered fish from the sea, the same green canopy curtained their canoes. Blissful in their ignorance, and with no care for to-morrow, life was to them but a voluptuous existence, and death a mystery they could not fathom.

The next island at which the Spaniards touched, is supposed to have been Curazao. From its loneliness and silence, they presumed it to be uninhabited, but, upon landing, beheld a large footprint in the sand, about which they gathered with wonder and conjectures, that increased at every attempt to fit its huge proportions to their own size. After wandering nearly a league's distance along the shore, and through the forest, they discovered "cottages" in a deep valley, occupied by Amazon-like females, of giant forms. A party of warriors, of towering height, bearing immense weapons, soon gathered in from the woods. The pale-faced, gayly-dressed Spaniards caused them as much curiosity and fear as the diminutive Leprechauns inspire in the Green Isle ; and the voyagers breathed freely, only when they had escaped the settlement, and placed a safe distance between them and the giants, who followed them to the shore. As they pushed off for the ship, a shower of heavy arrows whizzed towards them, but fell harmlessly in the track of their swiftly receding boat. A returning discharge of guns sent the terrified Indians on a speedy race for the forests and hills, leaving the voyagers to proceed unmolested. Succeeding discov.

ers assert that the inhabitants of that island were of the ordinary size; Vespuccius, therefore, must have drawn largely upon his imagination.

Many of the events of the voyage were entirely similar to those narrated of the first. Irving unhesitatingly combines the two, thus divesting Americus of all claims to the discovery of the continent, and permits him to coast Paria for the first time with Ojeda.

After exploring the Gulf of Venezuela and sailing along the coast as far as Cape de la Vela, Ojeda decided to direct his little fleet to Hispaniola, though in violation of his commission. Thinking to excuse his infringement of the articles by the necessity of repairing his ships and obtaining provisions, he entered the harbor of Yaquimo. As he made no announcement of his arrival to Columbus, then at San Domingo, and as report assured the admiral of Ojeda's intention to cut dye-woods and seize the natives for slaves, a party was immediately dispatched from San Domingo, to demand an explanation of the clandestine visit.

Roldan, the crafty, intrepid and impudent leader of faction in the new colonies, after gaining all he required from Columbus, adopted the policy of atoning for his rebellion by some act of loyalty. He readily accepted the admiral's appointment as leader of the expedition — a selection made solely to divert his mischievous talent. He sailed with two caravels to the western end of the island, intercepted Ojeda

and his exploring party, and boldly demanded the reasons of his stolen visit. The two were well met, being equally daring, resolute and cunning. Several days passed in various manœuvres on both sides, but neither gained the advantage. Ojeda and his party finally had recourse to their ships, and put off to other islands, in quest of slaves with which to freight their vessels.

With a full cargo of Indian captives, they set sail for Spain, and, after a voyage of a month and a half, entered the bay of Cadiz — not without the mortification of beholding, anchored in the same port, an insignificant armament which had sailed after and returned before Ojeda, richly laden with pearls and gold, while his own success had been so meagre that only five hundred ducats remained to be distributed among his fifty-five followers.

Americus certainly did not better his fortunes in this enterprise. But his reputation as a learned and skillful navigator, secured a flattering reception at court by Ferdinand, and the patronage of the wily Bishop Fonseca. The merchants of Seville, to whom Vespuccius was well known, undismayed by the failure of the expedition he had accompanied, offered to fit out a fleet with which he should prosecute discoveries, and, at the same time, reap the fancied harvests that lay along the South American shores. But while the preparations were being made, some unexplainable circumstances decided Americus to abandon the

service of Spain. About the same time, a message was brought him from the king of Portugal, desiring him to accompany a newly projected enterprise.

The contention between Spain and Portugal, concerning the accidental discovery of Brazil, by Cabral, a year previous, had just been settled, and the accounts which Vespucius had written of his voyage with Ojeda, assured king Emmanuel that a greater and richer extent of country had fallen to his share, than Cabral had led him to believe. Desirous of inducing Vespucius to enter his service, and explore these newly acquired regions, he wrote an urgent letter offering him splendid rewards.

Americus was then residing at Seville, a city whose beautiful site was the boast of all Spain. Its horizon is bounded by mountains, and the plain in which it stands is covered with olive plantations, hamlets and convents. The Guadalquiver winds through the plain and washes the base of the walls of Seville. The commercial advantages of the city had first attracted Americus; the wealth and liberality of its merchants, their appreciation of his merits, and its having been the early home of his wife, induced him to make it his residence when in Spain.

Here the royal messenger found him and awaited his decision for several days. During his wanderings on the shores of the New World, he had contracted a disease which his hardy constitution had not yet mastered; it detracted from his energies and usual decision of character, and caused him to waver in re-

gard to the plans laid before him. Having exhausted the patience of the messenger, and still unwilling to desert Ferdinand, yet equally averse to losing the brilliant opportunity of fame and fortune before him, he sent the indefinite reply, that he would think more seriously of the project when his health was fully restored.

King Emmanuel, finding him irresolute, determined to win his consent, and immediately despatched Juliano Giocondo, an Italian resident of Lisbon, to urge his acceptance. He was so successful that he returned accompanied by Americus, who, in opposition to the advice of friends, and without saluting his sovereign, departed hastily and secretly for Portugal. Emmanuel was rejoiced at this distinguished addition to the corps of his navigators. He was intent upon retrieving the losses Portugal had experienced, by its refusal of Columbus. He welcomed Vespuccius gladly, and directly empowered him to fit out a fleet.

Three caravels were soon thoroughly equipped in the port of Lisbon. The flow of the Tagus into the bay formed a bar against the ocean, that rendered the near approach of ships to the city extremely dangerous. Lisbon rises like an amphitheatre on the right bank of the Tagus, close upon the bay, and is guarded by two forts, one upon an island at the mouth of the river, the other upon its banks. In this busy and magnificent port, Americus superintended the outfit of the expedition; he was not appointed to the

command, but, from his own account, had its nautical management.

On the thirteenth of May, 1501, the three caravels set sail from Lisbon, for "the land of pearls," with a gay crew, full of glowing expectations. After coasting the shores of Africa and touching at the Canaries, they put out into the broad ocean, where, for nearly three months, they were tossed hither and thither, by the winds and the waves. Terrific storms followed each other in close succession, and the sky was so completely overshadowed with black clouds, that they could see but little better during the day than in ordinary nights. To add to their distress and exhaustion, the provisions and water had failed; threatened thus with famine and shipwreck, and having lost their way in the unknown seas, no hope remained of again beholding *terra firma*, and they gave themselves up to lamentation and despair.

At this crisis, Americus acquired no little glory from his companions by the exercise of his superior knowledge. Employing his astralobe and quadrant, he ascertained their position, and, soon after obeying his directions, land was descried in the distance. Relieved from dreadful suspense and fear, they knelt, gave thanks to God, and, with returning vigor, sped towards the fair continent that gradually swelled upon their sight in unequalled luxuriance and fertility. Upon nearing the shores, they marveled at the gigantic vegetation, for which those lands are remarkable. The trees of immense magnitude, often covered

with gorgeous blossoms, the brilliantly-plumaged birds, whose gaudy wings were often confounded with the clustered blossoms, and the softness of the climate, the more welcome after rude buffetings with storms at sea, inclined them to believe they had at last arrived at the paradisiacal regions, so eagerly sought by every voyager from the Old World.

Communication with the Indians, who lined the shore, was not difficult, from the fact that their villages lay mostly along the beach. The dense forests, rendered almost impassable by a thick, tangled growth of underbrush, were left to wild beasts, with whom the natives rarely ventured to combat, being unprotected by shields, bucklers, or any kind of clothing.

Americus seems to have been inclined to believe that this race had discovered the secret of prolonging existence to an age equal to that of the patriarchs of old. Some could point out their descendants to the fourth generation, and informed Vespuccius of their great age, by bringing him stones to represent the number of moons which they had seen, one thus laying claim to one hundred and thirty-two years. Their faces were frightfully disfigured, the flesh being perforated and filled with colored stones, or white and green alabaster, while rings, fish bones, and stones hung from their lips, noses and ears. They valued nothing so highly as these ornaments and the gay plumes with which they decorated their persons; gold and pearls they readily yielded to the avaricious Spaniards, receiving

trifles in return, and wondering among themselves at the eagerness with which the precious objects were sought.

The apparent wealth of the country, its gigantic forests perfuming the breezes with spicy odors, the mighty rivers flooding into the ocean, the serene climate, the new and wonderfully brilliant stars and unknown constellations, the "celestial arch" occasionally perceived by them with admiration, though, to us, an ordinary phenomenon known as the halo of the moon — all impressed them with an idea of magnitude, riches, beauty and novelty that, with the help of imagination, led them to extol the splendors and treasures of the New World as unequalled and inexhaustible. The pen of Americus was never wearied in transcribing the wonders of the magnificent kingdoms, added to the possessions of the monarchs whom he served; he was indefatigable too, in his labor of applying astronomical science to navigation. Night after night he watched, with sleepless eyes, the glittering sky, gazed in transport upon the countless host of stars, numbered the most brilliant, watched "the vapors and burning flames flashing across the heavens," carefully noted the conjunction of the moon with the planets, and successfully applied it to the fixing of longitude at sea; proudly assuring and sustaining himself by the consciousness that this last crowning effort placed him foremost in the rank of science, and that by means of it his fame would live through ages.

The commander of the fleet resigned its direction to Americus, after having explored the coast satisfactorily; all engaged in the voyage wished to explore the ocean, and discover land still more luxuriant and more abundant in golden resources; and there was none on board the fleet better capable of safely guiding them to the distant regions they anticipated, than Americus. He accepted the command, prepared the ships for a long voyage, and turned their course southward. They swept swiftly over several hundred leagues, till they beheld, with astonishment, the polar star and the surrounding constellations sink below the horizon, and, instead, looked upon a broad expanse of sky, illumined with unknown groups of stars that bewildered all their preconceived ideas of the limited circle of the heavens and earth. Americus reveled and luxuriated in the magnificent spectacle that nightly greeted his gaze. The studded canopy seemed slowly to unfurl from the ocean's horizon, revealing hosts of brilliant "*Canopi*" of which he exultingly and carefully took note, firmly believing that this great and unexpected addition to astronomical science, would bequeath his name to immortality.

Attracted by the novelty, and, with a vague hope of exceeding all the discoveries of the age, he pressed forward over the ruffled sea, till the light caravels had outsailed the serene atmosphere of the tropics and emerged into a region of cloud and storm, that tossed and rocked them rudely about, and finally drifted the

frail fleet towards wild, barren shores, whose dreary aspect held out no promises of the riches they sought. The cold became severe ; sleet and mists blinded the shivering sailors, and the Italian-born Americus shrank from cold star-gazing, and despaired of arriving, in so uncongenial a climate, at countries which he had promised himself should rival the wealth of the Indies. He gladly yielded his temporary command to the "superior captain," who immediately gave the signal to turn about, and steer in the direction of Portugal. Days and nights of darkness and tempest ensued ; numberless vows of pilgrimage were made by the alarmed mariners, and every known charm and superstition employed to subdue the angry waves. At length they moved in a more tranquil sea, where mild, soft breezes filled the sails and wafted the voyagers cheerily onward to their coveted homes.

The safe arrival of the weather-beaten ships at Lisbon, occasioned unusual manifestations of joy. Loud acclamations greeted Americus when he landed, and the enthusiastic populace accompanied him through the streets to the place where King Emmanuel awaited him. Magnificent preparations were quickly made to honor him ; sumptuous entertainments followed each other in splendid rivalry, and when every ordinary mode of distinction was exhausted, the ship in which he had sailed, having become unseaworthy, was taken to pieces, and portions of it carried in solemn, pompous procession to a church, where, with

much ceremony, they were suspended as revered relics. Intelligence of his extensive discoveries was sent by royal command to Italy, where similar rejoicings occurred, to honor the success of a proudly acknowledged countryman. His family at Florence were invested with honorable dignities, in token of regard to him.

Americus reposed upon his laurels but a few months, at Seville. King Emmanuel was too ambitious to compete with Spain in the discovery of a passage to India, to permit his most distinguished and experienced navigator to remain idle. A new fleet was directly fitted out; the command of one ship was given to Americus, and the chief command of the six that composed the squadron, bestowed upon Gonzalo Coelho. The latter proved a stubborn, presumptuous man and inexperienced pilot. As soon as the fleet had sailed, he conceived the idea of diverging from the intended route and coasting Sierra Leone, though in opposition to the united wishes of the subordinate officers, and, as Vespuccius writes, "without there being any necessity for it, unless to exhibit himself as the captain of six vessels."

A severe storm, which kept them at bay for several days, decided Gonzalo to proceed on the voyage, without landing on the coast of Africa. They sailed three hundred leagues before discovering land. When at last an island of high, dark-grey rocks rose from the sea before them, they reconnoitred it with wonder. Obstinately determined upon a near ap

proach, Gonzalo bore down upon the fatal island. The ship, carried forward by a brisk breeze, struck with violence upon a rock, which split her from stem to stern, and she instantly sank to the bottom with everything most important to the fleet. The captain and crew barely had time to escape.

In consequence of this disaster, Americus was appointed to go in search of a safe harbor, but Gonzalo retained his boat, with more than half of his men, for the service of the fleet. He was successful in finding a good harbor, and patiently awaited the arrival of the remaining ships. Eight days passed without sight of a sail; the crew were filled with anxiety at the thought of being deserted, or the more fearful suggestion that their companions had perished; to be left alone on the wide ocean, hundreds of leagues from Lisbon, and in a vessel but half manned, was no trifling cause of fear. Americus could not console the terrified crew, and was at a loss whether to venture out at sea, or to remain longer at the uninhabited and dreary island. To the infinite joy and relief of all, a distant sail was at length discovered, and, fearing lest it should pass without perceiving them, Americus ordered the ship to be put to sea.

The vessel they went out to meet proved to be one of the fleet, but they were told that the captain had gone to the bottom, that his crew had been saved, and that the remaining caravels had continued the voyage. Americus was disheartened at these reverses of fortune, yet, with his insufficient crew, deter-

mined to accompany the one found ship, to the lands he had discovered on his previous voyage. Providentially, they had fair weather, which enabled them to reach the Bay of All Saints in safety. Americus then awaited the expected fleet two months, but nothing being seen of it, he ventured to explore the coast. The result of this cruise was of but little importance. The caravels were anchored in a favorable port, a fortress was built on shore, and provided with a garrison, composed of Gonzalo's rescued crew; the ships were then loaded with a valuable cargo of dyewood, and made ready for a return to the Old World. The sturdy mariners, who had been saved from an ocean grave only to share a worse fate among an untamed race, beheld the swelling sails bear away their companions, with mingled feelings of regret and exultation, half believing they should never be reunited to their countrymen, yet buoyed with the hope of returning to Portugal some day, loaded with Brazilian gems and gold. But their voices, that flung out a farewell to the departing crews, never sent up a ringing hail of welcome. The caravels bounded over the foaming ocean, and wave after wave rolled between them and the shore, concealing forever those who gazed after the disappearing sails. The next European vessel that coasted Brazil, heard only the shouts of cannibal savages, along the beach where the adventurers had chosen their home.

Vespucius arrived at Lisbon, after a long, tempestuous voyage. The inhabitants were filled with as

tonishment at beholding his ship anchored in the bay, for tidings had been received of the loss of the whole fleet. He was welcomed as one risen from the dead. Unbounded rejoicings attended his arrival, but he scarcely waited to receive the honors intended for him, in his impatience to return to Seville. He had been installed in his old home only a short time, when a command from Ferdinand summoned him to court. The death of the revered and almost worshiped queen, about the time of the arrival of Americus at Lisbon, had a far different effect upon his fortunes, than upon those of the noble, but persecuted Columbus. The latter was protected and encouraged by Isabella, who ever recognized genius, and venerated goodness. An upright, pure, exalted soul is attracted to its kind, with an unfailing instinct, and in the same proportion is repelled from a mean, crafty spirit. The sincere, lofty-minded Columbus had the sympathy of the good and just Isabella, in spite of the barriers which scowling confessors and bigoted advisers raised between them; while the enmity harbored toward him, by the soulless Ferdinand, and the intriguing Fonseca, was indisputable. That Americus was on no occasion countenanced by Isabella — that her death was the signal of his return to court, and of his immediate promotion, and that Ferdinand and Fonseca were his ready sympathisers and patrons, from the first — disturbs confidence in his integrity of character, upon which the strongest argument for the reality of his first voyage is based.

Columbus, however, who was also at Seville at this time, confined by a torturing illness of body and mind, entertained a friendship for him, and names him "an honorable man." He had sufficient confidence in him to entrust the pleading of his cause at court to his discretion and eloquence — a commission of which there is no account of his having executed; also, upon the departure of Americus from Seville, in obedience to Ferdinand's command, he gave him a letter to his son, Diego, wherein Columbus mentioned his rival in high terms of commendation.

Americus immediately set out for Segovia, where the Spanish court was held. Mounted upon his mule, he soon left behind the towering walls of Seville, crossed the luxurious plain that surrounds it, left the windings of the Guadalquiver, and was soon journeying over the cool Sierra Nevada, and across the rich valleys and vineyard slopes beyond. It was a long, but picturesque, and varied journey, from Seville to Segovia. Wild, rocky districts, and strips of forest, intervened with villages, hamlets, convents, and castles; streams winding down from the mountains, plains overrun with the olive or grape-vine, or trees laden with delicious fruit, successively greeted the eye of the traveler. But Americus hastened past them all, barely resting in the gloomy, walled towns which lay in his way, and speedily pursued his route, anxious and doubtful as to what awaited him.

His uncivil and abrupt departure from the service of Ferdinand, several years previous, might justly

have given offence to a king who demanded the most punctilious etiquette and scrupulous obedience. But the sight of the distant turrets of the Alcazar of Segovia, was not unwelcome. He traversed the plain of Azoquejo, and passed beneath the arches of the gigantic aqueduct of Trajan, thrown across it to the hill upon which Segovia is perched; then over the bridged Eresma, which flows at the base of the hill, and at length he entered the gates of the city.

The gayety of the court had given place to quietude and marks of mourning for the death of Isabella. Anxiety, speculation, and uncertainty, were depicted upon the countenances of those who had looked to her for the interests of Castile; but the creatures of Ferdinand, mingled a secret feeling of exultation at the removal of a felt restraint, with regret for the loss of a universally beloved queen. Americus presented himself at this sombre court, previously assured of the favorable intention of the monarch. Ferdinand received him graciously, forgiving the marked slight and disrespect of his past conduct, and, not only congratulated him upon his increasing fame, but in consideration of his former services to the crown, made him a grant of twelve thousand marvedis, and issued letters of naturalization in his behalf. He was thus qualified to serve as a commander in the service of Spain.

Ferdinand's chief object in thus rewarding him, was to secure to himself the services of one of the ablest navigators and cosmographers of that age,

whose name was already beginning to be applied to the Brazilian portion of the New World. Columbus had grown old and infirm, and had just gone down to the grave in poverty, obscurity, and grief, at his unrewarded and unacknowledged toil. His withheld honors were heaped upon Americus.

Having made sure of his services, Ferdinand immediately gave orders for preparations for a new expedition to Brazil. Vincente Yanez Pinzon, one of the three brothers who assisted Columbus in his first voyage, was appointed associate commander. The fleet was to consist of two large ships, and a caravel, to serve as tender to the others. Americus departed for Palos, to consult with Pinzon, upon arrangements for the enterprize; both, for several months, were wholly engaged in collecting provisions and equipment for the voyage; but, whichever way they turned, difficulties retarded all their preparations.

The arrival of Philip and Joanna in Spain, and their accession to the throne of Castile, occasioned an entire change in all the departments of government. The interests of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were united, but the disagreement of the respective sovereigns, Ferdinand and Philip, rendered the position of the governmental officers extremely embarrassing. The board of trade, entrusted with the affairs of the new expedition, could adopt no further measures for its completion, lest either monarch should be offended. Perplexed and annoyed at the delay, Americus went to Burgos, where the court was then

held, to lay documents, from the board, before Ferdinand, and to obtain peremptory measures for the completion of the armament. He had scarcely arrived, when the sudden death of King Philip was proclaimed in the streets of Burgos. This unexpected occurrence suspended all public undertakings. The incapacity of the insane Joanna to succeed him, and the unpopularity of Ferdinand in Castile, occasioned confusion throughout the kingdom. The remaining monarch had neither time nor inclination to attend to other than internal affairs; Americus was, therefore, unheard.

Soon after, complaints and suspicions, on the part of the King of Portugal, in regard to the destination of the fleet, decided Ferdinand to abandon the expedition entirely, as his dominions were not in a condition to get embroiled with a jealous neighbor. This decision was a severe disappointment to Americus. The useless outlay of a large capital, and the lost expenditure of labor and thought, on his own part, was sufficiently annoying, to say nothing of the sudden check to his ambition.

Several months afterwards, he, together with Juan de la Cosa, was ordered to attend court to consult with Ferdinand and his ministers, in regard to the marine affairs of the nation. He engaged in no new expeditions, but was employed by the government on several embassies, for which he received fair remuneration. The remaining years of his life were employed in equipping ships which were plying be-

tween the old and the new dominions, and in the burdensome duties that resulted from his appointment to the office of chief pilot. In this capacity, he received an annual salary of seventy-five thousand marvedis. His time was fully engaged in these occupations, for every year increased the tide of emigration, that was flowing towards the shores of America. At Seville, where Vespuccius resided, the effects of the enthusiasm for the "land of pearls," were plainly visible in the nearly deserted streets; it is said that few were to be seen there beside women and children.

Nothing is known of the last days of Americus, further than that he expired the 22d of February, 1512. The place of his decease and burial still remains a subject of dispute. Whether his unrecorded grave lies in the tombs of his native city, or whether he rests in humble obscurity at Seville, or is lost among the countless inmates of the sepulchres beneath the old chapels and massive cathedrals, is of little moment, so long as a shadow rests upon his name. When proofs of the honesty of his claims are found by some industrious historian, among the mouldering chronicles of ancient Spain, it will be time to seek for his grave, and gather his ashes to honorable repose.

It is as unaccountable as it is apparently undeserved, that his name should have been given to this continent. It is supposed by some, that in constructing charts, Americus applied his own name to that portion of the southern continent known as Brazil, without a surmise of the extensive signification it would

inally attain. He often expressed a wish in his letters, that his name should live after him. Such a desire might have induced him to assert his first discovery of Paria, and afterwards apply his name to that, and the adjoining countries he explored. The present use of it was not made till full half a century after his death.

Americus possessed none of the brilliant characteristics that made heroes of many of his compeers. There was nothing imposing in his personal appearance, nothing startling or attractive in his address, and no prominent, bold qualities upon which to swing the title of bravado. He was enterprising, persevering, and ambitious; philosophic, unimagina- tive, and without superstition; sensitive, but calm and reserved. His opinions, therefore, were based upon thorough investigation and deliberate thought, and his plans unobtrusively, but steadily, carried out. His religion was divested of the ceremonies peculiar to the age; he seemed to regard with pity, the ebullitions of devotion that every storm at sea occasioned among the mariners, and the consequent vows they incurred. His own religious emotions were evinced in direct acknowledgments to the Supreme Being, for daily mercies.

His name, in this age, rests with a family of five, three of whom live in an obscure street of Florence, oppressed by poverty, and almost unknown. One sister recently gained her own support in Paris, and another, the prodigal Ellena, is well known to have

dishonorably represented her family in America. Disappointment and misfortune have attended the descendants of Vespuccius, and they do not yet behold the recognition of his claims, by the nation which bears his name. The Providence that so often decrees justice to the dead, even after the lapse of centuries, has appointed to the neglected, robbed, and crushed Columbus, an honored tomb beneath cathedral arches, and a fame that brightens with time; while to Americus is given an unknown grave, and a renown inseparably connected with a continent, but unenviable, gathering, as it does, the reproaches and disputes of each succeeding generation.

III.

FEDINAND DE SOTO.

THE accession of Charles V. to the Spanish throne, gave fresh impetus to the spirit of discovery already rife on the continent. The honors and rewards which he lavishly showered, awakened the genius, courage and ambition of his subjects.

The love of Quixotic adventure, and the almost frantic search after sudden fame and fortune, that had been quickened by the knightly and romantic achievements under the banners of Ferdinand and Isabella, turned from the exhausted novelties of Europe, and readily obeyed the new impetus, spanned the "Great Ocean," and rooted itself in the vast plains of the New World. It sprang from the rank soil to a lordly height, cast its branches far and wide, and bore golden fruit that enticed thousands to pluck and taste; but death and desolation lay under its shadow, and sweet poison lurked in the tempting fruit.

Perfidious and cruel conquerors robbed the Mexican and Peruvian Incas of their glory, and, in their turn, became the victims of envious or avaricious followers. While they despoiled the southern cities,

other adventurers extended the desolating search after gold and glory, over the wilds of Florida. Ponce de Leon had opened the way to its blooming coasts, while seeking for the fabled fountain, whose waters might restore youth to his veteran face and whitened locks. But he reaped the seeds of death, rather than the bloom of immortality. Ayllon closely pursued his track, dealt treacherously with the natives, and received treachery in return. Narvaez next hunted over the same wilderness, for golden cities like those of the South. He struggled vainly through wild morasses, left more than half his companions dead upon the route, and, after a long, painful and bewildered wandering, succeeded in regaining the sea-shore, only to be swept away to an ocean grave. The few who finally returned to Spain, persisted in declaring, like all who had preceded them, that "Florida is the richest country in the world."

Enticed by these repeated accounts of its exhaustless wealth, the brilliant De Soto equipped an army, which exceeded the forces that had ravaged Peru, and, with it, penetrated the tangled forests that stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Like those who had gone before, the well-armed host dwindled away to a feeble, insignificant number, and their commander received a secret burial in the waters of the "Great River."

As the discoverer of the Mississippi, and as the associate conqueror of Peru, De Soto stands prominent among the pioneers of America. He possessed the

heroic qualities of Pizarro and Cortez, without their atrocious cruelty, and as much of true greatness as can be found among the illustrious of that age, a very few excepted.

There is nothing to record of the youth of De Soto. He was of respectable, but undistinguished parentage, and a native of Xerez, in the southern portion of the province of Estremadura — a province more remarkable for its rugged aspect than anything else. Born and reared where mountains bounded the horizon, where roads led among steep, jutting rocks, and where every ramble led him through wild passes or along the banks of swift rivers, it is not surprising that the national characteristic of indolence should, in him, have given way to an unusual degree of energy and boldness.

The tales, too, of the splendid exploits of his provincial countrymen among the mountains of Andalusia, must have had an influence upon the ambitious and spirited youth. The Estremadurans are a grave, taciturn people, inoffensive in peace, but indefatigable in war. They had formed the most reliable detachments in Ferdinand's army, and were deservedly renowned for their skillful horsemanship. The fame of their achievements was increased rather than diminished by repetition, and when De Soto listened, he longed to imitate his favorite heroes and attain a like celebrity.

Mingled with these fascinating tales of the past, were exciting rumors of discovery and adventure in

lands which gave more brilliant promise, than the regions portrayed in Oriental legends. The enthusiasm to embark in the novel enterprises, spread from palace to cottage, from valley hamlet to the most remote mountain village. Even the grave Estremadurans caught at the enticing hopes, and sallied forth from their isolated homes, to swell the irrepressible tide that was rolling towards the distant shores of the new continent.

In these hazardous expeditions, De Soto beheld the opportunity to distinguish himself, for which he had longed. He had no fortune, no blazoned title, no imposing equipments to secure him a prominent position among the forces that crowded every westward-bound caravel. Contented with only his sword and buckler, which he knew well how to wield, confident in his long-practiced martial exercises, courageous, persevering and prudent, he embarked for the Indies in search of long-coveted honor and wealth.

Peter Arias, a Castilian earl, was then Governor of the Indies. His notice was soon attracted to the valorous De Soto, and perceiving his excellent horsemanship, and capability to command, appointed him captain of a troop of horsemen, and sent him to join Pizarro, who was pressing his victorious march to the very heart of Peru. He was there received with equal readiness into the favor of the conqueror.

It was he who was selected to bear the perilous embassy from Pizarro to the Peruvian Inca, in the midst of his camp. With a few well-mounted follow

ers, he dashed over the plain, and would fearlessly have entered the Indian camp, that covered an immense area with its white tents, and teemed with athletic and cunning warriors, who might at any moment prove perfidious. Pizarro regretted the rashness, and sent his brother Hernando with a small detachment of cavalry, to join De Soto. They together approached the royal pavilion, where Atahualpa was surrounded by royal attendants, attired in the rude splendor of barbaric sovereignty.

The stoical monarch received the Spaniards without a change of feature, though he and his people beheld, for the first time, the strange and evidently superior comers from an unknown world. Without dismounting, Hernando saluted the Inca, informed him of the pacific intentions of the Spaniards, and invited him to sup with Pizarro the following day. The grave, dignified prince maintained a marble composure, scarcely deigned a glance at the showily costumed visitors, and sat in profound silence. "It is well," at last said an Indian noble who stood at his side. Hernando respectfully demanded a reply from the prince himself, which he presently received in a tone that assured him of the conscious power and supremacy of the laconic sovereign.

De Soto was near, mounted on a fiery war-horse, which impatiently pawed the ground and champed the bits. He easily governed its movements; while he watched the Inca with intense interest and admiration. He was unprepared for such an exhibition of

courtier-like indifference, and stately, proud composure, among a race which had elsewhere bowed before them in awe, and acknowledged weakness. A single glance from Atahualpa at his splendid charger, was enough to suggest to De Soto a display of his masterly skill. Giving free rein, he dashed furiously across the plain, wheeled about, exhibiting the graceful evolutions of his steed, and returned to the presence of the unmoved Inca in long leaps, that made the Indian soldiers shrink back as he dashed past them. Atahualpa still maintained his gravity and his silence, but thenceforward; he and De Soto held each other in mutual admiration.

A few days after, the haughty, but strangely unsuspecting monarch was a captive in his own city. He soon perceived the avaricious spirit of the Spaniards, and availed himself of it to attempt his ransom. He offered to cover the floor of his prison chamber with plates of gold. Pizarro, and those who stood with him, looked incredulous. The royal captive rose, his Indian stoicism overcome by the strong hope of liberty. His handsome countenance gleamed with eagerness, and his eyes looked out fiercely from the crimson and gold fringe of the imperial *borla*, that still encircled his temples. He slowly extended his arms from beneath his mantle of soft wool, and, drawing himself up to his greatest height, told them he would thus fill the room with gold. Nay, the adjoining apartment should be twice filled with silver, also. It was too much for the gold-seekers to withstand.

The danger they would incur in restoring his freedom, and permitting him to reorganize his armies, was nothing to the coveted prize. The treacherous Pizarro secretly promised himself to secure both the gold and the life of the Inca, and, accordingly, he drew a red mark across the wall, which indicated the limits of the golden pile, and was also a seal of the compact.

The two months allowed for its fulfillment passed, and, though the Peruvians had laid a magnificent ransom at the feet of the conquerors, Pizarro still refused the Inca's liberty. Atahualpa expostulated with his captors, and, from the first, attracted to De Soto, besought his interference. The injustice and perfidy of the detention was evident enough to the friendly cavalier, who immediately laid the demands of the captive monarch before his commander. He was unheeded.

A rumor was soon after afloat among the soldiery, that the natives meditated an attack, and that Atahualpa was the secret instigator of the movement. It was said that an immense army was already on the march. Atahualpa asserted his innocence, and the falsity of the rumor. Willing to catch at a plausible pretext for his death, Pizarro revolved a plan in his own mind which he immediately put into execution.

De Soto was selected to head a detachment to reconnoitre the country, and ascertain the truth of the exciting reports. His fearlessness in danger, and the courage and devotion which he never failed to inspire

in those who followed him, influenced his appointment. He was willing to find proof of the fallen monarch's innocence, and Pizarro was equally willing to rid himself of the presence of Atahualpa's warmest champion, till the meditated execution was over. De Soto had scarcely gone, when a trial was instituted against the Inca. The few voices raised in his defense availed him nothing. Though no proofs of his guilt could be found, though he and his people had offered the intruders nothing but kindness, though they had freely yielded up their treasures, it was decided by the valued opinion of Father Valverde, the principal priest, that, "at all events the Inca deserved death!"

The tears, the pleadings, and the reproaches of Atahualpa were disregarded. When, at last, he perceived that he had no power to deter his unprincipled and ungrateful conquerors from their design, he bowed himself in silence, and yielded to his ignominious fate with the sullen courage of an Indian chieftain.

De Soto returned with ample evidence of Atahualpa's truth, two or three days after the execution of that liberal and confiding prince. He came to announce, exultingly, the innocence of the man whose good faith he had guaranteed, but he was met with the tidings of his unhappy fate. Too indignant to regard the superior position of his commander, he hastened to his presence, and boldly denounced his dishonorable measures. Pizarro, with a mock solemnity that could not deceive the most credulous.

exhibited in his dress and deportment, all the signs of sorrow, wearing "a great felt hat, by way of mourning, slouched over his eyes."

"You have acted rashly," said De Soto, angrily and bluntly; "Atahualpa has been basely slandered. There was no enemy at Guamachucho; no rising among the natives. I have met with nothing on the road but demonstrations of good-will, and all is quiet. If it was necessary to bring the Inca to trial, he should have been taken to Castile and judged by the Emperor. I would have pledged myself to have seen him safe on board the vessel." The guilty Pizarro confessed his rashness, but it was too late to recall the deed, and there were few to lament it, since it secured the subjugation of Peru, and left her cities open to their ravages.

The imperial city of Cusco was rifled of its treasures. Sheets of gold were torn from the walls of the temples; idols, and ornaments of exquisite workmanship were appropriated in the name of their sovereign, together with golden vases embossed with figures and flowers, goblets wreathed with graceful vines and delicately wrought imitations of plants, among which was the Indian corn. Its golden ear was sheathed in long, silver leaves, and tassels of the same metal hung from their close enfoldings. The most elaborate specimens were selected for the Emperor's fifth, and the rest reduced to ingots of a uniform value, by the Indian goldsmiths, in order to make an equal division of the spoil. When Pizarro

bestowed upon each of his followers their share, he “invoked the assistance of Heaven to do the work before him conscientiously and justly ;” a manifestation of piety, of equal genuineness with that which prompted him to join Father Valverde, in muttering *credos* for the departing soul of Atahualpa.

When De Soto was ready to return to Spain, he was in possession of “a hundred and four score thousand ducats,” and the reputation of having surpassed “all other captains and principal persons” in Pizarro’s army. He withdrew from Peru, when his sagacity foresaw the result of the bickerings and jealousy daily increasing among the troops. The fame for which he had encountered danger, was his ; and the riches that had decoyed him from home, were now in his grasp. He stood upon a height from which he could look down upon the world, and could extend the hand of fellowship to those of noble birth, the hem of whose garment he could scarcely have touched, when he left Spain, a poor adventurer.

The wealth, prudently economized during his Peruvian campaign, he freely lavished when he retouched the shores of his native land. As if to revenge himself upon his early poverty, he provided for his use a retinue as imposing and expensive, as the most arrogant noble could boast ; attended court, received a flattering welcome from the Emperor, and occupied a position as prominent and commanding as the wildest dreams of his ambitious boyhood could have suggested.

Strong in his success, he boldly claimed the hand of Donna Isabella de Bobadilla, the daughter of the Earl whom he had served in the Indies. He was no longer an humble suitor, but proudly felt that he bestowed as much honor as he received, in accepting the bride, whose high birth he had striven to balance by the renown and gold he threw into the scale.

He reached the goal of his youthful imaginings—fame, wealth and love; but, so far from finding contentment and repose, his restless spirit chafed to wing its flight beyond the exalted heights reached by the heroes of his time. Nothing would satisfy him but to conquer a province, and reveal to the world cities in the heart of a wilderness, boasting as mysterious a civilization as those to which Cortez and Pizarro had cut their way. All Europe believed that wealthy nations peopled the northern continent, beyond the wilds of the Atlantic coast, and the brilliant, but strangely exaggerated accounts returned by every expedition, confirmed the surmise.

Inflamed by the reports concerning Florida, De Soto applied to the Emperor for its government, and pledged himself to conquer it at his own cost. Charles V. was not chary of his gifts, and, willing to reward De Soto generously, invested him with the titles of Governor of Cuba, and Marquis Adelantado, or President of Florida, which name was applied to an immense and undefined extent of territory.

The news that one of the famed conquerors of Peru was about to undertake an independent expedition,

produced an excitement that extended even to Portugal. Men of high titles and large possessions, engaged in the enterprise, and those who could not otherwise raise the necessary funds, sold their houses, vineyards, olive plantations, and towns of vassals, and repaired to Seville, in readiness to accompany the Adelantado. A company of Portuguese, from San Lucar, visited De Soto, to offer the services of some of their countrymen. They found him at Seville, where he received them in the spacious court of his residence, conducting them to the galleries above it, and entertained them at his sumptuous board, with "show of great contentment."

De Soto demanded an assemblage of all who desired to accompany him, to be made at San Lucar, a town near the mouth of the Guadalquiver, and just upon the confines of Portugal and the kingdom of Seville. A general muster was ordered, upon which "the Portuguese showed themselves armed in very bright armor, and the Castilians very gallant with silk upon silk, with many pinkings and cuts," as is related by the chronicler. The gay accoutrements, that might have made a European army dazzling, were little fitted for the rude campaigns of the uncivilized continent. The experienced captain assured them that "braveries in such an action did not like him," and dismissed them to prepare for hardy service.

At length, six hundred picked men were equipped in burnished mail, well armed, and finely mounted.

Scores were refused, although they had disposed of their estates, to defray expenses ; the number already exceeded the provisions made for the expedition. Donna Isabella accompanied De Soto, and several of the wives of noblemen on board, also consented to embark.

Early in 1538, the fleet set sail, with as gay and hopeful a crowd of adventurers as ever committed themselves to the winds. Banners floated, armor flashed, trumpets sounded, and heavy ordnance was discharged, to give vent to their exuberant spirits. After the usual experience of storms and calms, the fleet touched at the Canaries, where the voyagers were honorably received by an earl of one of the islands, "appareled all in white, cloak, jerkin, hose, shoes, and cap, so that he seemed a lord of the Gipsies." The ships were here freshly provisioned, and, after a week of rest, De Soto steered for his new provinces.

Their arrival at Cuba was the signal for a succession of festivals, and brilliant entertainments. De Soto immediately despatched two ships to seek a safe harbor on the Florida coast. Upon their return, with two Indian captives, who communicated by signs, that their country contained mines of the precious metal, the troops became impatient to set out for the new land. The infection spread to such a degree among the Cubans, that, with others, Vasco Porcallo, an old man, lavished all his wealth upon magnificent preparations to accompany De Soto. Grey haired

veterans were as readily infatuated as headlong youths.

De Soto bade adieu to his beautiful young wife, whom he was destined never again to behold, left her in command of the island, and sailed for Florida, the eighteenth of May, 1539, with a fleet of eighteen ships. A few days brought them to the Bay of Spiritu Santo, where they eagerly disembarked. They beheld, with some misgiving, the low, marshy shores, the occasional savannas of tall, strong grass, and the dreary pine barrens, with their thriving undergrowth of palmettos. The dismal aspect was relieved by the gorgeously colored flowers, that made the air heavy with rich perfume, and was enlivened by the songs and the flitting, to and fro, of the blue jay, the flaming oriole, the cheerful red-breast, and the melodious warblings of the mocking bird.

Anticipating a rich soil, and an inhabited interior, of unequalled magnificence, from the showy luxuriance of what they saw, and unwilling to note the unpromising hammucks that characterized the country, they formed a gay cavalcade, and commenced the toilsome wandering in a wilderness, from which they never could escape. The ships were returned to Havana, that none might be induced to turn back — a measure which so alarmed the aged Porcallo, that he refused to enter the suspicious wilds, and returned with the fleet to Cuba.

The exploring army was composed of a large body of cavalry and foot-soldiers, twelve priests, who scru-

pulously imposed every religious observance, and two or three Indian guides. Among the latter was an interpreter, named John Ortiz. He was a native of Spain, and had been taken captive by the Indians, while traversing Florida with Narvaez. Ucita, the warrior in whose hands he had fallen, condemned him to be burned, with all the lingering horrors inflicted by Indian cruelty; but the daughter of the chieftain — another Pocahontas — plead for his life, and for her sake he was unbound, and adopted in the tribe. A short time before the landing of De Soto, he had fallen under the displeasure of Ucita, and was again condemned to die. The brave Indian girl, who had before saved his life, secretly informed him of his danger, told him of a neighboring sachem who would protect him, conducted him half a league on his way at night, and hastily returned, lest her absence and her errand should be discovered. He found his way to the Spanish army just as they had commenced their march, and gladly mingled with his countrymen, after a captivity of twelve years. He was most serviceable to them as an interpreter.

It is no tribute to the humanity of De Soto, to record that his army was not only equipped with necessary weapons of offence and defence, but that it was provided with manacles and chains for captives, and the instruments of a forge, together with ferocious blood-hounds, as aid against the opposing natives. It was thus that civilized races wrenched from the feeble grasp of the Indians their rightful possessions ;

loaded them with chains in return for their unsuspecting hospitality; forced upon them a religion impossible to understand, when exemplified by outrageous cruelty; overlooked their manhood, and crushed them to the earth, wretched, helpless slaves. It is a truth worth remembrance, that those portions of America where civilization was ushered in by rapacity and oppression, are still overclouded by the same baneful influences, while those which were enlightened in a spirit of peace and good-will, are the most flourishing States on the continent.

De Soto's severity is only lessened in reproach, by comparison with all who preceded him, and the usages of the age, which, in war, spared neither old nor young, and, in the most refined cities of the Old World, licensed a general butchery, where there was not a gentle resignation to the Catholic yoke. The Spaniards assumed that the Indians were an unappeasable, ferocious race, to be tamed only by the harshest measures, and, accordingly, always approached them with a dictatory mien, and bristling with weapons—the surest mode of arousing their manly independence, and fierce opposition.

Such a spirit pervaded the followers of De Soto, as they struggled through the deceitful hammucks of the south, in search of uncertain cities, which their guides at one moment assured them lay towards the north, and, at the next, were equally certain they would find in the west. The horses, though well-trained, continually sank deep into the marshes con-

cealed beneath the luxuriant growth of vines, which were matted with close-set shrubs. The foot-soldiers, weighed down by their heavy armor, struggled with difficulty through the quagmires, beneath a burning sun; and if they sought shelter from the heat in the forests of gigantic oak, cotton-wood, and flowering magnolias, which intervened, they were soon lost in the dark, sombre mazes of these coverts of unfriendly Indians, or caught in the thorny bushes and clinging ivy that ensnared their steps.

De Soto, with thirty horsemen and fifty footmen, went in advance of the army, intent upon finding a province called Cale, where, a cacique had told him, the warriors wore head-pieces of gold when they went to battle. After several days of wandering, he arrived at Cale, but found only a deserted town and three Indian spies, whom he took prisoners. He here awaited the coming of those he had left behind. They made their way but slowly, being exhausted with hunger and fatigue. Provisions had given out, and they were obliged to depend upon the resources of the insignificant villages, through which they frequently passed. Joining De Soto at Cale, they swept all the fields of maize within reach, and were obliged to beat the grain in a mortar, and sift the flour through their coats of mail, in order to prepare it for bread.

The march was resumed. Every settlement in their progress was robbed of food, and such natives as could be seized were enslaved. Frequently, skirm-

ishes occurred, in which the Indians, when defeated, sought to save themselves by plunging into the wilderness, or hiding under the leaves of the water-lilies, on the borders of deep lakes, which abound in Florida.

The soldiers became wearied and impatient with their unfruitful toil, and saw no fulfillment of the promises of the youth, named Patofa, who had offered to guide them to a rich province. The young Indian, like an evil spirit, led them by a path that narrowed each day, and finally was lost. Yet they followed him through a "fat country, beautiful and very fruitful," waded rapid streams, again entered intricate forests, and finally, after fording a deep and wide river, and halting in a grove of pine trees in the midst of a dreary waste of low thicket, De Soto's patience was exhausted, and he threatened the youth with death if he longer led them astray. Patofa declared himself bewildered.

Their store of maize had given out; the men were staggering with weakness; the country through which they had passed could not afford subsistence on their return; before them stretched an almost impenetrable forest; and to remain where they were, exposed them to the revenge of the wronged Indians. A consultation was held, in which De Soto decided to send scouts in every direction, to seek some inhabited place. Several days of intense suspense and suffering ensued. One after another of the exploring parties returned on foot, driving their horses before them with

sticks, "for they were so weary that they could not lead them." Some had been left in the thickets and marshes, unable to proceed farther. De Soto was indignant that any should have been deserted in their extremity, and sent horsemen in search of them, who found and brought them to the camp.

At length, one of the parties returned, with the reviving news of a small town, a few leagues distant. Inspired with fresh vigor and hope, the rapidly diminishing army set out for the village, leaving a letter buried at the foot of a tree, with directions to find it, carved upon the trunk, for the benefit of those companions who had not returned. A supply of ground maize was found in the town, and distributed among the soldiers, many of whom still lingered on the road, unable to drag themselves any farther.

When strength and energy were partially restored to the army, they proceeded on their march to a province governed by a woman. She heard of their intended visit, and went to meet them in a barge, where she sat beneath a rude canopy, accompanied by her attendants. She greeted the Adelantado in a friendly and generous speech, and presented him with gifts of fine skins and mantles, composed of brilliant plumage, besides a cordon of pearls, which she cast upon his neck. She then conducted him and his followers into her own province.

Smooth, fertile meadows stretched along the riverside; fields of maize lay full and ripe, and groves of mulberry and hickory offered a refreshing shade.

The inhabitants were courteous, attractive, and, unlike most of their countrymen, were clothed in skins and mantles, both showy and graceful. Pearls seemed plentiful, though greatly injured by perforation and burning. The Spaniards were delighted with the aspect and promise of this province, and, with one voice, urged De Soto to take possession of, and colonize it, as it was but two days' travel to the sea-shore, and afforded abundant resources of wealth. To this, the proud, ambitious commander would not listen. He had fully determined to outvie Pizarro, in the discovery of a wealthy nation, and nothing could deter him. His resolution once formed, he was stern and inflexible; knowing this, his followers, yielding without dispute, left behind the tempting dominions of the Indian queen, and again plunged into the dark, miry depths of the forest.

The province of a powerful, sullen cacique, who governed a warlike people, and whose towns were enclosed by walls of wood and clay, came next in their way. De Soto had, from his entrance into Florida, insisted that each cacique should accompany him to the uttermost bounds of his province, both to prevent the forming of any evil designs against his army, and to enforce the services of their subjects in providing food and carrying burdens. He always dismissed his unwilling escort with courteous thanks. His compulsory demand did not suit the dignity of the warrior, before whose towns the Spaniards now encamped. The chief had accompanied them a short

distance, but refused to go farther, and, in the midst of his armed people, looked with disdain upon De Soto, and maintained a scornful silence to all his requirements. A misunderstanding ensued; both parties were suspicious, and the anger of both was vented in a sudden battle — the first that had occurred since their landing. The town was fired, the clothes and pearls, borne by the slaves, were destroyed; hundreds of the natives were slain, many of the Spaniards wounded, and eighteen of them killed. This loss was great to De Soto, as eighty-six of his men had already fallen by the way, either from sickness, hunger, or the effects of poisoned arrows.

The second winter of their wanderings in Florida was fast approaching, and, though nothing but fatigue and suffering had yet been experienced, De Soto pushed onward, undaunted by difficulties. A second encounter with the natives was an additional disaster. While slumbering in security, in an apparently deserted town, the houses were fired, and the bewildered soldiers rushed from the flames, unarmed, among the savages, who sprung up in every direction. Frightened at their own work, the natives fled, leaving eight Spaniards dead. Many of the horses were consumed, together with the soldiers' clothing. They were reduced to the necessity of weaving mats of ivy, for a covering from the severe cold of winter, and of manufacturing saddles of cane, and lances from ash wood, to replace their loss.

De Soto still refused to retrace his steps, though he

had received tidings of a ship that awaited him in port, but six miles distant. He concealed the fact from his men, and would return no account of himself, as his extravagant hopes were yet far from being realized, and the little store of wealth he had accumulated was destroyed. Too proud to acknowledge his misfortunes, he preserved silence, and still cut his way through the dismal hammucks, through the snow, and over the inundated lowlands, towards the Mississippi. He arrived upon the banks of that giant river, early in the spring of 1541. In beholding its richly-wooded banks, the trees along the shore draped with the vine which so gracefully festoons the southern forests — the soft, mossy “curtain of death,” — while gazing far down its stately moving waters, and above, where its immense volumes majestically curved from the concealment of rock and forest, and across its wide, deep channel to the opposite, dimly-lined shores, he believed, more firmly than ever, that the provinces it skirted were the splendid dominions he sought, and that those he had traversed, were but the outskirts of the fancied semi-barbarous nation.

Acting upon this belief, he encamped his diminished army near its banks. The soldiers were immediately busied in hewing timber, to construct barges, in which to cross the interposing river. The ringing sound of their labor echoed strangely along the shore, and the wondering natives shot out here and there, in their canoes, to behold the skill, and cunning de-

vices, by which the new comers so quickly constructed huge boats from the fallen trees. Their coming had been heralded beyond the Mississippi, long before they had reached its banks, by the stealthy, swift Indian runner, who, like the Scottish henchman sent with the fearful sign of the crosslet, to summon Vich-Alpine's clan, was bid to

“Bend 'gainst the steepy hill his breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound.”

The chieftains caught the quick words of the “herald of battle, fate and fear,” and with grave, unmoved features, made known to the gloomy warriors, the near approach of the scourge that had been prophesied by their forefathers.

De Soto had scarcely encamped upon the river banks, when his vigilant eye caught sight of a distant fleet of canoes, moving swiftly down the great stream. As they approached nearer, they seemed a “fair army of gallies.” The two hundred canoes were long, well made, and filled from head to stern with standing warriors, wearing white or richly colored plumes, armed with bows and arrows, and bearing shields to defend the rowers, whose noiseless, time-keeping oars conveyed them in long leaps over the downward flowing water. As they neared the Spanish encampment, the flags, plumes, shields, and canopies with

which the canoes were decorated, became more distinct. The principal cacique sat in the stern of the longest barge, beneath a canopy, whence he commanded and directed his people, with a dignity and stateliness that outdid the Estremaduran general, to whom he came to pay homage.

The canoes approached the shore, "to see if, with dissimulation, they might do some hurt," according to the Portuguese account, but, perceiving the Spaniards well armed, put off in great haste, after sending three canoes ashore, loaded with mantles and provisions. The Spaniards, interpreting hostility from their warlike array, shot after them, as their canoes receded in perfect order. Six of the rowers were killed, but, with a discipline that would have done credit to a civilized soldiery, their places were instantly filled. They returned up the river as noiselessly as they came. The camp remained unmolested during the succeeding thirty days, which were occupied in building boats.

The river was crossed without difficulty or opposition, and the explorers were greatly relieved to find themselves traversing a more open and a drier country than that which had hitherto impeded their progress. The sight of smooth fields, thin woods, groves of mulberry and wild plum; trees bearing grateful fruit, and frequent Indian towns containing a peaceful population, invigorated the wearied and despairing troops. The accounts of a powerful cacique, at no great distance, lured them on. When arrived at the prov-

ince of Casqui, that cacique met De Soto with gifts, and offered the town for the use of the soldiers. Many exchanges of courtesy, and bombastic words of friendship followed.

De Soto remained in adjoining groves with his followers. Casqui returned to the town, and soon appeared again, with many of his people, among whom were two blind men. The latter approached De Soto, prostrated themselves before him, and besought him, as the "Son of the Sun," to restore light to their sightless eyes. Touched by their confiding simplicity, and reminded, by the incident, of the mission of Christ, whose atonement he had failed to make known along the way, except in a warlike spirit, he assured the supplicants that God alone could restore them, and they "should ask whatsoever they stood in need of, of the Lord which was in heaven." He showed them the cross, told them of the Saviour, and finished by commanding a large cross to be made, and erected on the highest eminence in the town, "in commemoration of Christ's sufferings." The Adlantado, his troops, and the awed Indians, knelt before it and worshiped; as long as it remained, the benighted race prostrated themselves before it, and prayed to it as to an idol. Thus, though unwittingly, the Spaniards conducted them to a surer idolatry than that which they already possessed, by offering them symbolic, instead of purely spiritual religion.

The cacique of the adjoining province, being at enmity with Casqui, and hearing of his formidable al-

lies, retired with his warriors to an island, lying at the juncture of two streams. When De Soto arrived at the deserted towns, he found them walled; the principal one being flanked with rude towers, and nearly surrounded by a lake and ditch. An abundance of skins and mantles were appropriated by the destitute troops, and converted into cassocks, gowns, jerkins, hose and shoes. Thus appareled in the robes of the Indian hunters, without the apology of their being the spoils of war, they pursued the owners, and, with the assistance of Casqui, drove them from the wooded island, and took many of them prisoners.

Casqui, however, took possession of their goods, and, lest he should not be permitted to retain them, hurried off, without a word of adieu to De Soto. At this, De Soto united with the cacique of Pacaha, and began a march into Casqui's province, upon which the run-away warrior made the most humble apologies, and placed all his possessions at the Spaniards' disposal. Thus, having conquered both the caciques, who had long been sworn foes, he provided as sumptuous a dinner as he could afford, invited the chieftains, and made them friends. But the smoke of their pipe of peace had scarcely curled away, before the jealous caciques "fell at variance about the seats, which of them should sit on the right hand of the conqueror." Again De Soto interposed, and restored good feeling, by assuring them that he considered either seat equally honorable. The feast was partaken with the utmost good will, on all sides, and, thenceforth, the two

caciques vied with each other in gifts and kind services to De Soto.

The Spaniards continued their march to the north, after crossing the Mississippi, till the increasing cold, and the reports of a destitute country beyond, decided De Soto to turn to the south. His proud determination began to fail him, as dream after dream vanished before the stern realities with which his faithful followers fought at every step. No gold, no silver, no more pearls or precious stones rewarded their search. They were fortunate when they found food enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. De Soto looked with pain upon his few remaining followers. They who, in brilliant armor, with waving pennons and plumes, and prancing steeds, had boldly dashed into the tangled hammucks of Florida, were now traversing the swamps, and pools, and snow, clad in shaggy bear-skins, rough ox-hides, and mantles of softer fur and feathers, bearing ashen lances of their own make, a few steel weapons, and remnants of rusty coats of mail. They looked like a troop of wild Laplanders, thus wrapped in shaggy caps, mantles, and shoes, and often driving before them, with sticks, the jaded, moping horses, in whose sides every rib could be counted.

With but half of his original army left, De Soto knew that it was useless to contend with the savages. There was no more promise of discovering, here, a second Cusco, or another Atahualpa; and no enticing accounts of distant riches, to nerve his devoted

band to meet new dangers. Yet, unwilling to yield, at once, his splendid schemes, and clinging to them with the tenacity of a hopeful and energetic spirit, he consoled himself with the plan of returning to Cuba, for a fresh supply of troops, and then pursuing his search, farther west and south. He encouraged his men, and concealed his own misgivings and disappointment, by continually dwelling upon this new project, and, with that in view, turned to seek the sea shore.

First, they clambered over rough mountains, then descended to a smooth, champaign district, where they were detained for months, by the snow. The winter passed away, in these struggles to gain the sea-coast. Early in March, 1542, they again pressed forward, and, after an exhausting journey through a low country, rendered almost impassable by frequent bayous, lakes, cane-brakes, and forests, they succeeded in reaching the Mississippi. Encamped once more upon its banks, their courage revived, though each day, some one of their number became victims to starvation or hardship. Their unmarked graves lay all along the route, and many of those who again beheld the ocean-ward waters, were destined to receive a secret burial in some hidden nook of the forest bordering the river.

The first cacique who visited the camp, was eagerly questioned concerning the distance of the sea, and the nature of the intervening country. De Soto listened, with oppressive forebodings, to his account of

the uninhabited and dreary waste, that characterized the lower banks of the river. He would not believe the disheartening relation, and dispatched a small party to ascertain the truth of it. At the end of eight days, the men returned in despair; they had penetrated but a few leagues, owing to the numberless creeks, cane-groves, and thick woods that opposed their progress. Not a human being, or the sign of a habitation, had been seen by the way. How were they to force their way to the sea, over many hundred leagues of marshes, and swamps, without the means of sustenance? De Soto received the intelligence in silence. His men gathered about him, thoughtful and gloomy, and unable to cheer their commander. His unflagging energy, and obstinate perseverance, had imparted courage and strength to them till now. That his strong spirit should bend under their misfortunes, was utterly depressing; they looked in each other's famished faces with questioning glances, but no one could suggest a mode of escape from the fate that threatened them.

Roused by the sufferings of his faithful followers, De Soto made another effort to obtain relief. He had been told of a cacique across the river, who ruled the province of Quigalta, and was said to be the "greatest lord in that country." He immediately sent an Indian, to inform him of the arrival of the "Son of the Sun," whom all the caciques of his nation obeyed; solicited his friendship, and desired him to come to him with tokens of obedience and love. When the mes

senger had gone, De Soto threw himself upon his low hard bed, sick from disappointed hopes and perplexity. He knew not how to extricate himself from the snare into which ambition had led him, and if he did escape, his pride shrank from appearing before the world, a foiled adventurer. He had for a while sustained himself and his troops, with the empty project of fitting out a new expedition, but his means were not adequate, and if they were, what was there in the wilderness of Florida to tempt him? His titles, too, what were they? When he received them at the hand of an Emperor, and all the world believed they gifted him with power and riches, he gloried in them. But, what was it to be the marquis of marshes, and impenetrable thickets?—to be governor of a wild, untamed host, who would pay no tribute but coarse food, and shaggy robes? The name of Adelantado of Florida, sounded far differently in his ears, when he had traversed his possessions, than when he stood, an admired hero, in the presence of royalty. He had not courage to face the world, in his reverses, nor to return to his high-born wife, who awaited him at Cuba, in painful suspense. Could he have known, with what faithfulness and solicitude she had, repeatedly, sent ships to the coast of Florida, to gain tidings of him, and could he have known that the news of his death would bear her, heart-broken, to the grave, he might have rallied a sterner courage, and pressed to the sea-shore, with those who finally returned to their native land.

The depression of spirits, which at first prostrated De Soto, soon induced a malignant fever. While he lay thus helpless, the Indian messenger returned from the cacique of Quigalta, with a fierce, defiant reply to his demands. "You say you are the child of the sun. Dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with goodwill; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back," was the message of the undaunted chieftain. Poor comfort to the dying commander.

A few days after, De Soto called his followers about him, and told them of his approaching death. He appointed a successor, asked forgiveness for wrong that he might have done any one, thanked them for their loyalty, and prayed for God's mercy, and the acceptance of his departing soul. He died on the 21st of May. Few attentions, and fewer comforts, scathed his last hours, since a constant look-out for attacks from the natives, who had gathered along the opposite banks of the river, diverted and distracted the thoughts of those to whom he looked. It was necessary to conceal his death, for the Indians had been taught to believe the Christians were immortal, and they particularly regarded De Soto as a brave warrior, whom none could oppose. His death would be the signal for their onset.

His body was concealed for two or three days, but the Indians, who had occasionally visited the camp, missed him, and suspected the truth. Fearful lest his

remains should be discovered, he was buried in the dead of night, near one of the gates of the little town which they had converted into a camp. The following day, the watchful visitors spied the broken earth, and exchanged glances of suspicion, and again inquired for the valiant leader. De Soto was not suffered to remain in his unsafe grave. When the darkness of midnight came, a boat, bearing a few grave, gloomy Spaniards, put out stealthily from beneath the overhanging branches of the forest, that lined the banks. The dipping of the tell-tale oars was muffled in soft strokes, yet the soldiers moved breathlessly down the deep, swift stream, as if a thousand dark forms were bending along the shore to catch the sound. They rowed far out into the river, midway between the two banks, where the strange, fearful sounds of a vast wilderness, the rustling and moaning of the wind among the trees, and the shrill, musical notes of the mocking-bird, offered a distant dirge. With the few Catholic rites that haste could bestow, De Soto, wrapped in his Indian mantle, was lifted to the edge of the boat, and dropped into the waters, that opened and received him, and swept on to the gulf below.*

The succeeding day, the Indians observed the sad countenances of the Spaniards, and believing De Soto

* The burial of De Soto has been represented by an artist, as a bright, moonlight scene, with the accompaniment of flaming torches. This beautiful painting disagrees with history, which represents the act as performed under circumstances of the utmost concealment.

was dead, continued to question his mysterious disappearance. They were assured that he had gone to heaven, but would return in a few days. A cacique offered the sacrifice of two Indians, to accompany and serve him in the spiritual world ; but, he was told that De Soto's own soldiers had gone with him and would come again. The cacique, accustomed to dissimulation himself, would not believe the account. Dreading the result of these suspicions, the Spaniards, under their new commander, immediately prepared to seek the sea-side. They dismissed nearly all the slaves, who had accompanied them throughout the expedition, from want of food to support them. They then embarked in boats, or brigantines, rudely constructed, and yielded themselves to the swift course of the river. After frequent encounters with the Indians, they reached the ocean. There, they were many days at the mercy of a furious tempest. At last they landed in the same harbor, from whence, five years before, De Soto had led them to expected triumphs, and kingly fortunes. Additions had been made to the small colony, left there by De Soto. His return had long been unlooked for, and it was supposed, both in the Indies and Spain, that he and his followers had perished in the wilderness. The unexpected arrival was welcomed with joyful celebrations, and the forlorn adventurers were conducted thence to Mexico, and afterwards to Spain ; occasioning as much excitement and wonder, upon their route, as the conquerors themselves had roused.

Thus ended the splendid expedition, which had promised to outdo all that preceded it. De Soto risked his fortune and reputation in it, and a retributive Providence permitted the same cause to despoil, that had enriched him. Personal ambition, more than a desire to enlighten the world, actuated him. He was haughty, proud, and firm, but neither cruel nor unjust, when compared with the ferocious conquerors of his time, or when the bigoted and severe measures, universally employed by Catholic nations, are considered. He was honorable, frank and fearless — possessed unsurpassed energy, and an indomitable will. These qualities endeared him to his followers, and, at the same time, enabled him to wield the irresistible power, which an unwavering decision of character, and strong will, gives over weaker minds. His troops would have followed him to the uttermost bounds of the continent, without a murmur, had he chosen to lead them there.

De Soto, in all his wanderings, “found nothing so remarkable as his burial place,” as a historian justly remarks. His devoted companions fitly consigned him to the depths of the giant river, which is a perpetual record of his achievements. He needs no other inscription upon the tomb, that should be raised to him beside the “Father of Waters,” than that which so briefly immortalizes Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul’s Cathedral,— “*Circumspice.*”

IV.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE name of Raleigh is enrolled among the distinguished statesmen of England; it is upon the list of the coquettish and whimsical Elizabeth's favorites; is honorably numbered among the celebrated authors of her reign; is brilliantly recorded with the gallant captors of Cadiz, and is inscribed upon the pages of American history, both as the seeker of an El Dorado, in the yet half-explored regions of the Orinoco, and as the discoverer, and active patron of the State christened in honor of the Virgin Queen.

In this rare, and perhaps unequaled, combination of talent, he proved himself accomplished as a scholar, graceful and fascinating as a courtier, eloquent and forcible as a politician, an impetuous, skillful soldier, and a persevering, hardy navigator. His bold and vigorous intellect, and power of concentration, enabled him to engage in a variety of pursuits with ease; and an ardent, sanguine temperament, impelled him to a degree of success in each, which moderation could never have aspired to, or attained.

Shakspeare, the cotemporary of Raleigh, may, in

deed, have drawn from the latter his portrait of Prince Hamlet—

“The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s eye, tongue sword
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!”

His faults were as conspicuous as his virtues, and he took no pains to conceal them. Vain, ambitious, fond of display,—unprincipled, though not vicious, servile to those in power, and haughty towards his inferiors, he managed to obtain the mingled derision and envy of his competitors, and extreme unpopularity among the people. All England detested him before half his career was spent. Among the populace, his plainly visible faults were deemed the exuberance of wickedness, rather than recklessly exposed defects, which most men are adroit enough to conceal.

The troubled experience of half a century, and a long imprisonment, however, modified and softened the character of Raleigh. A belief in true Christianity, and an acceptance of the promises of the Redeemer, displaced his early atheistical principles, and prepared him to meet his sad and undeserved fate with calm, heroic endurance.

Sir Walter was the fourth son of Walter Raleigh, an untitled, English gentleman. His mother was the widow of Otho Gilbert. After her marriage with Raleigh, they resided upon a farm, called Hayes, in Devonshire, beautifully situated on the banks of the Otter, not far from the sea-coast. Walter was born

here, in 1552 — the same year that placed the bigoted Mary upon the throne of England. The seclusion of his home prevented any familiarity with the fearful scenes of her reign ; whether he listened to their recital, or what were the incidents and impressions of his childhood, is not known. Nothing earlier is cited of him than his collegiate course, at Oxford. Of his aptness and application while there, Lord Bacon gives evidence, and, at that time, foretold his future eminence.

At seventeen, Raleigh was a spirited, courageous, well-informed youth, ready to engage in any hazardous enterprise, in which success would obtain him honor. England, but lately freed from Catholic dominion, sympathized with the suffering Huguenots of France. Her young noblemen gallantly volunteered their assistance to the queen of Navarre, whom Elizabeth had already befriended. The ambitious young Raleigh was awake to the enthusiasm that pervaded the high-born aspirants for fame, and, with them, was prompted by a nobler motive to aid the cause of a people, persecuted for their religion. A select company of one hundred of the young nobility, under the command of Henry Champernon, sailed for France, and arrived in the Protestant camp in October, 1569. ‘*Finem det mihi virtus,*’ was the motto inscribed upon their banner, which they bore with a feeling of pride and ardor, yet unwithered by experience.

They were gratefully received by the queen and princess ; but here history leaves them. What feats

they performed, or what success attended their arms, is not recorded; though it is to be presumed, that young cavaliers, of high mettle and martial enthusiasm, zealously espousing the cause of their own Protestant faith, against the oppression of Popery, must have bravely represented their nation. The actions in which they engaged, were the first lessons of a course of five years of warfare, that disciplined Raleigh into an able commander. A pupil in the ranks of the brilliant, but ill-fated Coligny, and a witness of, and participator in the countless sieges, marches, massacres and stratagems, attendant upon a civil strife, he became an adept in the tactics of war. Under the wing of the British Ambassador, he, to some extent, became initiated in the secret workings of politics, and a witness of the skillful manœuvres of statesmen as well as warriors; and, an associate of the noble defenders of the Huguenot cause in intervals of relaxation, he acquired the polish, ease and gallantry peculiar to French society.

With his well-stored lessons, gleaned from the field of battle, from the cabinet, and from the gay saloons of Paris, Raleigh returned to England, and to a retired, studious life, seemingly with no plan for the future. He preferred the soldier's profession, but, in the halls of the Middle Temple, awaited events that would shape his course. It is asserted by some that he studied law while there; others presume, with more probability, that he was simply a resident there, and that his leisure was devoted to the muses, as his

poetry testifies. Rhyming was an indispensable accomplishment of the day, and Raleigh's ready talent was as apt for versifying, as for every other pursuit. Several of his compositions reflect credit upon his poetical taste. Some portion of those three years of repose, must, likewise, have been devoted to close reading; his finished scholarship could not have been so thoroughly attained, during his subsequent active life.

In 1578, the military career was again open to his choice. Don John, of Austria, was at war with the Netherlands, where his tyrannical government had been sturdily opposed. The sceptre of the States had been given him by his brother, the king of Spain, to divert him from more ambitious designs. His mischievous propensities, however, could not be rocked to sleep in a golden cradle. Flushed by a successful battle against the Turks, and boastful of the Pope's favor, he formed the project of rescuing and marrying the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and subsequently claiming the British throne. However absurd the plan, "Don John's haughty conceit of himself overcame the greatest difficulties, though his judgment was over-weak to manage the least," as Raleigh himself says. The haughty Elizabeth determined to punish his temerity. A body of troops was dispatched to the Netherlands, under the command of Sir John Norris. Raleigh joined this army, but there is no account of his having distinguished himself in the expedition. He was, doubtless, present at the famous

and decisive battle of Rimenant, when, by a cunning stratagem, Don John and his army were completely overthrown.

Raleigh returned to England, and, in the following year, engaged in a voyage of discovery with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He seized upon every opportunity to secure distinction and extend his knowledge. His early experience in nautical affairs, however, was of short duration. The desertion of one of the largest ships in the fleet, and an encounter with the Spaniards, so disabled the expedition, that it was soon obliged to put back into port.

Notwithstanding Raleigh's varied and broken life, he found time for intellectual labor. He allowed himself but five hours, out of the twenty-four, for sleep, and four were regularly appropriated to study. When unavoidably interrupted by his occupations, he shared the hardships and labor of the common soldiers and sailors; mingled with them, studied their various phases of character, and never failed to find sources of information in the most humble. Such energy and diligence could not fail to earn a coveted fame.

At this time, a rebellion in Ireland called forth active measures, on the part of the English. The oppressive laws which debarred the Catholics from governmental office, roused the independent spirit of the Irish leaders, and the emissaries of the Pope goaded their discontent to open insurrection. Philip of Spain took part with them, in revenge for Elizabeth's

aid to the Huguenots. But, before affairs were perfected in Ireland, Lord Grey was dispatched with a body of troops, to silence the murmurs, by swift and unsparing punishment.

Raleigh was appointed captain of a troop of horse. He occupied a prominent position in all the movements of the army, and frequently signalized himself in daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes. There was no general engagement; the undisciplined insurgents required a different mode of warfare. As is cursorily told by Belknap, Raleigh's duties "were difficult, often painful, and eminently perilous; to capture a rebellious and suspected chieftain, to hunt outlaws, to disperse the hourly gatherings of half-naked, but exasperated peasants, to burn, to pillage, to kill," were occupations little suited to Raleigh's taste. The cold-blooded butcheries he was obliged to superintend, excited his disgust. He would have gloried in a fair contest, on the battle-field, but seizing and executing rebels, was not the realization of his ideal warrior. He wrote to the Earl of Leicester, that "he disdained his place and charge, as much as to keep sheep," and hoped for a speedy return from that "commonwealth, or rather common-wo."

His valor and address were signally displayed, during his stay in Ireland, on various occasions; particularly in his capture of Lord Roche, an influential, insurgent nobleman, who occupied a castle three miles from Cork, where Raleigh was stationed. The road thither led through rocky defiles, and over

precipitous hills, which were occupied by bands of rebels, prepared to waylay scouting parties. The difficulties of the route, and the seizure of a chieftain in his stronghold, and in the very face of his retainers, were obstacles that excited Raleigh's adventurous spirit. With a party of picked men, he set out on a dark night, reached the castle in safety, and obtained admittance by a cunning stratagem. After coolly partaking of the nobleman's hospitality, he announced his intention of immediately conveying him and his family prisoners to Cork. Lord Roche endeavored to dissuade him, on account of the darkness and storm, which greatly increased the dangers of the road. Raleigh was not to be foiled, however. He hastily set out with his prize, and, under cover of the storm, reached Cork at daybreak, without molestation, but with sufficient evidence of the perils they had undergone, in the dead body of one of the soldiers, and in the bruises several had received from repeated falls on the wild route. The English governor was greatly astonished at the presentation of this noble prisoner. Raleigh's daring spirit was a theme of admiration in the camp.

When the Earl of Osmond returned to England, Raleigh succeeded him as Governor of Munster, in conjunction with two other officers. He was entrusted with the chief command of the city of Cork, then consisting of but one street, terminated by a bridge over the Lee.

His services in the Irish wars, though sufficient to

gain him reputation among military men, could not distinguish him in the brilliant court of Elizabeth. He was entirely overshadowed by the greatness of the guilty and deceptive Leicester, the talented and high-minded Sidney, and the blunt, but influential Sussex. His introduction at court has been attributed to those noblemen, but tradition plausibly relates a characteristic incident, as the immediate cause of his promotion.

Raleigh was excessively fond of display. He had expended nearly the whole of his limited income upon an expensive and gay attire, which vied with the "beruffled and embroidered gallants" of his time. One day, after a shower, Elizabeth enjoyed her usual walk, with a gay retinue of ladies and cavaliers, who buzzed as plentifully in her path, as golden bees on the drapery of modern French royalty. Upon coming to a muddy spot, she hesitated to soil her dainty foot, used as it was to treading the rush-strewn floors of the palace. Raleigh was near, observed her dilemma, and, instantly divesting his shoulders of an elegantly embroidered cloak, spread it upon the ground, with an air of chivalric gallantry that delighted and flattered Elizabeth. She "trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for so seasonable a tender of so fair a footcloth."

The strength, symmetry, and dignity of Raleigh's person, his striking, handsome features, and polite flourish of manner, too exaggerated to please a looker-on, but delightfully flattering to Elizabeth's unbound-

ed vanity, formed a *tout ensemble*, that did not escape the eye of such a connoisseur of manly beauty, as was the maiden monarch. She singled him out for further consideration; for, with all her weaknesses, Elizabeth would bestow her confidence or patronage only upon those, whose genius largely filled the measure of merit. Not long after this first incidental meeting, Raleigh stood in a window recess, and, at a moment when the queen perceived his movements, wrote with a diamond, upon one of the panes :

“Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.”

Willing to encourage her promising protégé, Elizabeth added the unmusical, but significant rhyme :

“If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.”

A dispute with Lord Grey, in presence of the council, during which Raleigh defended himself with an acuteness and eloquence that gained his cause, in spite of his formidable opponent, brought him prominently and favorably before the public, and threw him intimately in the circles of the nobility. The queen soon honored him with an appointment to attend Simier, the French ambassador, to France, and, afterwards, to accompany the retinue of noblemen who conducted the Duke of Anjou to Antwerp, after Elizabeth's refusal of his hand. Raleigh there met the Prince of Orange, who had not forgotten his youthful services in France, and who persuaded him to remain after

the others had departed, and made him the bearer of a special letter to the English monarch.

About this time, Raleigh received a license for the vending of wines — a monopoly which so speedily enriched him, that he was enabled to prosecute a plan he had long revolved. He had for years been interested in accounts of American discoveries, and had engaged in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's last expedition, so far as to superintend, and bear a portion of the expense of, one of the largest vessels in the fleet. The unhappy fate of Sir Humphrey did not dishearten Raleigh. On the contrary, he immediately applied for a renewal of that navigator's patent, with the intention of himself continuing explorations towards the north. The route of voyagers was, nearly without exception, to the West Indies, and thence to Florida, or to the south. The low shores that swept away to the north, had yet been untouched, except in the icy Arctic regions.

Elizabeth approved of his project, and granted him a patent of discovery, in the spring of 1584. With the assistance of two wealthy kinsmen, Raleigh immediately equipped two barks, and placed them under the command of Philip Armadas and Arthur Barlow, who sailed in April of the same year. They touched at the Canaries and the Indies, and arrived in July near the coast of Florida, where they noted, with delight, indications of the close vicinity of luxuriant shores, in the richly perfumed breezes that greeted them. Coasting northward, they arrived at

an island called Wococon, cast anchor and landed. The island was closely wooded with cedar, pine, and sassafras. Vines, laden with grapes, clambered over them in every direction, and trailed along the shore in rich exuberance, the broad leaves and the purple clusters being often bathed in the surging waves.

The inhabitants were found to be gentle, faithful, and hospitable. They fearlessly approached the voyagers, examined them with the utmost simplicity, offered abundant provisions, trafficked with them, and urged them to revisit their shores. Some suspicions, however, were entertained of the good faith of these savages. As soon as the Indians perceived their doubts, they broke their arrows in pieces, and made every possible demonstration of friendliness. The king wore a crown of copper, as a sign of his rank, and, upon receiving a tin plate in exchange for skins, immediately, and with great satisfaction, converted it into a breast-plate. The wife of one of the principal caciques, a shrinking, timid Indian beauty, wore a mantle of deer-skin, and a string of white coral about her head, to confine her long and loosely flowing hair. Bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings of large pearls, profusely decorated her person. She as unhesitatingly bestowed them upon her English admirers, as a modern belle would scatter rose-leaves among her devotees.

The captains prosecuted their discoveries no farther north than Wococon, but returned to England, with glowing accounts of the fruitful country they had

seen. Elizabeth was so well pleased with its promised advantages, that she christened it Virginia, and encouraged Raleigh to complete the discovery thus begun, by granting an additional license for the vending of wines, to defray expenses.

The same year, the order of knighthood was conferred upon Raleigh — a distinction which Elizabeth rarely bestowed. He was also elected knight of the shire for his native county of Devon. The following winter, he introduced a bill in the House of Commons, to confirm his patent for discovery. After some difficulty, it passed both houses, and received the queen's assent. The same year, Elizabeth put in execution her design of peopling Munster with an English colony. She bestowed upon Sir Walter and his heirs, twelve thousand acres, in the counties of Cork and Waterford, on condition of his planting and improving them, and in reward of his services during the rebellion.

Notwithstanding his accumulation of business, Raleigh prepared a second expedition to Virginia. As before, he was assisted by Sir Richard Grenville, who took command of the seven vessels forming the squadron, and sailed for Plymouth, on the ninth of April, 1585. After narrowly escaping shipwreck, they arrived, in three months, at Wococon. They were greeted with the same kindness and hospitality as before, and the natives piloted them in boats all along the shores of Albemarle Sound, and the adjacent islands. The happy understanding that had existed

between the natives and their guests, was broken by the rash and unworthy revenge, taken by Grenville, for the stealing of a silver cup, while at the island of Aquascogok. The offender was detected, and promised to return it, but, because the Indian delayed its restoration, Sir Richard ordered the town to be burned, and the fields of corn to be destroyed. The terrified natives fled to the woods, quickly learned the lesson of treachery, withdrew their confidence from the ungrateful and unjust comers, and silently, but surely, nursed a revenge which descended with fearful mystery upon a succeeding colony.

Sir Richard Grenville returned to England in September, leaving one hundred and eight persons to attempt a settlement, under the government of Ralph Lane. They fortified themselves upon the island of Roanoke, and extended their discoveries as far south as Pamlico Sound, and as far north as Chesapeake Bay. Albemarle Sound and Chowan River were also explored. But while absent upon these expeditions, Wingina, king of the tribe at Roanoke, formed a secret plot to destroy a people, who had displayed their power so signally on a neighboring island. It was ripe for execution, when the unexpected return of Lane, and its immediate betrayal to him, foiled their purpose. The English seized all the canoes moored at the island, to ensure their own safety ; but the movement both exasperated and alarmed the Indians. A skirmish ensued, in which several natives were killed ; the rest took refuge in the woods.

Distrust and hatred now existed on both sides. Wingina stealthily scoured the forests, conferred with his warriors, and led them, with cat-like tread, to the outskirts of the little settlement. But the English, whose senses were acutely alive to every sign of danger, discovered each attempt at a secret onset. The natives were finally outwitted. Wingina and eight of his tribe were entrapped, and the fate they had designed for the colony, was inflicted upon themselves. Their death, so far from intimidating the remainder of the tribe, strengthened their purpose of vengeance.

Thus, at open war with the natives, the English no longer enjoyed the security necessary to their prosperity. An artist and a historian had been sent by Raleigh, to obtain as complete a representation of Virginia as possible, but their employments, as well as those of the explorers, were greatly impeded by the awakened hostility of the natives. With one voice, the colonists petitioned Sir Francis Drake, then cruising in the Atlantic, and who touched at Roanoke, to convey them to England. They were readily admitted on board the fleet. Freed from their long-continued peril, they gladly beheld the shores of the New World veiled and lost in the haze of distance; but not more exultingly than the Indians watched their departure and disappearance, in the huge canoes they had once been simple enough to believe were borne along by swift clouds, at the bidding of the godlike pale-faces. The mantle of mightiness had

fallen from their shoulders, and revealed, to the Indians, mortals as little divine as themselves.

Had Lane detained the colonists a fortnight longer, Roanoke might have been a flourishing settlement, rather than the desert it became. Soon after their departure, Sir Richard Grenville arrived, with a strong reinforcement of men, and provision for two years. Unable to gain any tidings of Lane and his colony, Sir Richard left fifty men, and the cargo, upon the island, with the hope of relieving his countrymen, if they had wandered into the wilderness.

Lane, however, arrived at Plymouth, in July, 1586. He brought with him — probably by Raleigh's suggestion — the first tobacco introduced into England. Raleigh had met with it in France, and he now made use of it in England. It is amusingly related of his initiatory experience, that his servant entered his study one day, with a foaming tankard of ale and nutmeg toast, and perceiving, for the first time, clouds of smoke issuing from his master's lips, believed he was suffering an internal conflagration. The contents of the tankard were instantly flung in Raleigh's face, with the generous intent of extinguishing the combustion, and then the terrified servant ran through the house, shouting that "his master was on fire, and would be burned to ashes, before they could come to his aid."

Raleigh was, at this time, high in Elizabeth's favor. She had bestowed many gifts upon him, and highly estimated his worth and services. He was the oracle

of the court, and a leader of gayety and fashion. As the fashionable world delight in imitating the "most received star," and do not presume to omit even the faults of their model, of course Sir Walter had no sooner pressed the tobacco-pipe with his eloquent lips, than all London was puffing the fragrant smoke. Ladies did not disdain to indulge in an occasional whiff, and even the queen permitted it in her presence. Raleigh frequently boasted of its numberless virtues, and assured his partial sovereign that "no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities, that he could even tell her majesty the specific weight of the smoke of every pipe-full he consumed." Elizabeth, though accustomed to rely upon Raleigh's good faith, believed he was imposing upon her credulity, and laid a considerable wager with him, that he could not prove his assertion. He immediately weighed a certain amount of tobacco, smoked it deliberately and gracefully, and, while his royal spectator smiled at the curling clouds, moving away beyond the power of his boasted computation, he soberly weighed the ashes that remained, and convinced her majesty that the difference in weight gave the proposed result. Elizabeth admitted the logic of his experiment, and willingly paid the bet, telling him "that she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold."

Although disappointed in his first attempts to settle Virginia, Raleigh, the following year, sent

three ships, with a number of emigrants, and John White, as governor, to secure the settlement of the hostile province. The colonists were directed to found the "City of Raleigh," at the head of the Chesapeake Bay, but, by some disagreement with the naval officer, they were obliged to make Roanoke their destination. They arrived at that fated spot, after a wearisome and tempestuous voyage, expecting a glad welcome from the fifty who had peopled Lane's deserted fort. But not a sound, nor the sight of a human being gladdened them, as they landed upon the desolate island. The rude houses were hiding-places for wild beasts and crawling serpents; the fort lay in ruins; the gardens were overgrown with tall, rank weeds; and the only traces that remained of the unfortunate colony, were a few scattered, human bones. The long-cherished vengeance of the Indians had been vented upon them, and now, with a whetted taste for the white man's blood, lay in wait for the newly-arrived victims.

The busy industry of the sturdy English, soon restored a thriving aspect to the twice desolated settlement. One tribe of Indians proved amicable. Their cacique, Manteo, had accompanied Sir Richard Grenville on his return voyage to England, and from that time proved a faithful friend to the whites. By the direction of Sir Walter, he received Christian baptism, and was created a feudal baron, with the title of Lord of Roanoke — a solitary dignity, and one that seems mockingly bestowed upon the chieftain of a

race whose rights were usurped, and whose existence was soon to be but a tradition.

A birth, as well as a baptism, is recorded in the short history of this colony. Eleanor Dare, the wife of one of the assistants, and the daughter of Governor White, gave birth to the first English child on the soil of the United States. It was named Virginia, in honor of its birth-place. Soon after these events, and before the departure of the ships, it was found necessary to dispatch some one to England for assistance, as dependence had been placed upon the expected success of the previous colony. None was so competent to seek it as Governor White. He was unanimously chosen ; but a sense of honor caused him to demur. The colony had been entrusted to his guardianship, and he was unwilling to desert it. His scruples were finally overruled, and he departed for England, leaving his daughter and grand-child as pledges of his speedy return.

When Governor White arrived in England, he found it in a state of agitation and alarm, on account of the threatened invasion of Spain. Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the queen's council of war, and it was impossible to gain his attention to the danger of his distant colony, when home affairs so instantly demanded his time. The importunities of the governor, however, secured the outfit of two vessels, under Sir Richard Grenville ; these were ready for sailing, and only waited for a fair wind, when the increasing alarm throughout the kingdom, and the rapid ap-

proach of the Invincible Armada, caused every ship in port to be retained for defence.

Whatever were the feelings of White, in seeing the colony thus neglected, it was useless to plead any further. It was not till spring approached, that he could again be heard. Raleigh was still overwhelmed with business, and had made heavy disbursements in the cause that awakened so much patriotism. But he was deeply interested in the Virginian settlement, and his sympathies were enlisted in its apprehended fate. He ordered two ships to be prepared, which sailed in April, 1588, with fifteen "planters," and an abundant supply of provisions. These "planters," more bent upon the pursuit of riches than upon aiding the colony, went in chase of Spanish ships that fell in their way, and, with the audacity of conquerors, fresh from victory, battled with the superior ships, and were defeated. Rifled and disabled, they were obliged to return to England, to the mortification of Sir Walter, and his displeasure at this fatal delay.

Raleigh's resources had been enlarged by the queen, yet his expenditures had been so great that he could no longer support his undertakings in America. The failure of each expedition disheartened him; and as he saw no probability of a reimbursement of the forty thousand pounds of his own and his friends' fortunes, already expended, he made an assignment of his patent to several London merchants, with a donation of one hundred pounds for the propagation of the Christian religion in Virginia.

An expedition was not in readiness till the following year, 1590, in which Governor White embarked, with the faint hope of relieving his countrymen. Three years had passed since he left them. Despite his exertions, not a vessel had touched upon their shores during those years. The thought of his beloved and suffering daughter, and of his friends, left to perish in a wilderness, among hostile savages, harassed him continually. His suspense and anxiety were increased by the failure of each of his efforts, at the moment of expected success. He scarcely believed this last expedition would be effected. When the fleet finally sailed, his eagerness was severely tried by the obduracy and indifference of the officers. He wrote bitterly to Hakluyt, that "the governors, masters, and sailors regarded very smally the good of their countrymen in Virginia," as, with all his urgent entreaties, they made no haste, nor cared to maintain the shortest route. When they arrived at the island of Roanoke, it was a desert. The trees and grass were blackened and burnt, and the houses were demolished, and converted into palisades. The word *Croatan* was carved upon one of the trees. With the faint hope of finding the sufferers on the island of that name, the ships set sail again, but, owing to storms and threatened shipwreck, returned to England without further search. Whether the colonists lingered through the long horrors of a famine, or whether they amalgamated with the friendly Indians.

and were scattered over the continent, or if they were victims to the hatred of the same tribe that sacrificed the former settlers of Roanoke, is impossible to know. History leaves them there. Raleigh, however, repeatedly attempted to discover the mystery, perhaps at the instigation of White, who could not reconcile himself to the fearful fate of those endeared to him by precious ties. The island of Roanoke is to this day uninhabited, except, as a late historian says, by "the intrepid pilot and the hardy wrecker;" who, "in their natures, wild as the storms to which their skill bids defiance, unconscious of the associations by which they are surrounded, are the only tenants of the spot where the inquisitive stranger may yet discern the ruins of the fort, round which the cottages of the new settlement were erected."

Raleigh's ambition was now centered upon martial achievements. The military spirit of the oldest veterans, as well as of the youngest scions of nobility, was roused by the signal success of English arms, over the boasted Armada, and they eagerly engaged in a newly-proposed enterprise.

The jealousy and hatred still entertained towards the Spaniards, found opportunity to exhaust itself in the cause of the Portuguese monarch, who had been expelled from his throne by King Philip, of Spain. Don Antonio was in London, at the time of the defeat of the Armada, and, taking advantage of events, applied to Elizabeth for aid. She readily granted it.

for, proud of the gallant defence sustained against the invaders, she was willing to parade her power in the very face of the enemy.

Raleigh engaged in this expedition. Though brave, ardent, and skillful, he failed to excel the host of competitors, equally ambitious to be the heroes of battle. He shared with others, the honor of a golden chain, from the hands of the queen, in reward for his services; but this could not have satisfied his aspirations. He had a rival at court, in the person of the fascinating Earl of Essex; and, in order to retain his own position, left no means untried, to signalize himself. His young antagonist had a powerful supporter, in the Earl of Leicester, who had befriended Raleigh, till "he found him such an apprentice as well enough knew how to set up for himself," and then successfully interposed his accomplished son, to the infinite chagrin and uneasiness of the old favorite.

Raleigh began now to experience the fickleness of royal favor. For some slight offence he was banished to Ireland. He consoled his disgrace, however, by passing his exile with the poet Spenser, in his beautiful retreat, upon the banks of the Mulla. They had formed a mutual friendship during the Irish rebellion, when Spenser was secretary under Lord Grey. Queen Elizabeth had bestowed upon the poet a large grant of land, on condition that he should colonize it; with that in view, he resided at his Castle of Kilcolman, in Armulladale, which he happily pictures in "Colin Clout's come home againe." It was in this

unfrequented home, that Sir Walter, whom he names in his poem, the "Shepherd of the Ocean," found him one day —

"Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Keeping his sheepe among'st the cooly shade
Of the green a' lers, by the Mullae's shore."

With his finely cultivated mind, his poetical taste, and his ready appreciation of genius, Raleigh must have luxuriated in this exchange of the clamor, intrigue and wearing ambition of court life, for the soothing retirement of Kilcolman Castle, and the society of the imaginative and entertaining Spenser. They wandered together, along the banks of the river, lingered under the shade of the larch, myrtle, and rare arbutus, or looked from the high towers of the castle upon the reach of green hill and dale, the distant ridges of the Bogra mountains, and the intervening lakes.

Spenser amused his guest with the romances and wild traditions of Ireland, and Raleigh portrayed the passions and intrigues of the royal palace. The modest poet at length ventured to produce his half-finished manuscript of the "Faerie Queene," for his friend's approval. Raleigh was enthusiastic in his admiration, and urged him to give it to the world. He promised his introduction to Queen Elizabeth, and the influence a favorite can exert, on the condition of his accompanying him to England. Spenser consented. The result was, the gift of a pension, and an

honorable notice, but not the hoped-for appointment of poet laureate.

Raleigh was cordially welcomed back by the queen. Always fearless and open in his address, he presented the petitions of the many who applied to him, as freely and boldly as if he had never been a moment under her displeasure. The nature of the applications, though often perplexing, heightened the mediator in her esteem, and she seldom gave an unfavorable reply. His generous interference in the case of a clergyman, unjustly imprisoned, and in that of a poor officer, deprived of his dues, are among the many instances of his noble use of power. "He was above the narrow apprehension of repulse, or of laying himself under obligations." His intercessions were so frequent, at this time, that, on one occasion, Elizabeth impatiently asked,— "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" He promptly and gracefully replied,— "When, madam, you cease to be a benefactress."

In 1591, Raleigh was busily engaged in preparing for an expedition to Panama, with the intention of capturing, on the way, the Spanish fleet, which was expected to return from America, laden with newly gathered riches. The proposition so well recommended itself to the public, that thirteen ships were equipped by private adventurers, and two others were added by the queen, in approbation of the scheme. Sir Walter was appointed general of the fleet. With high expectations, the squadron sailed May 6th, 1592.

Unfavorable winds detained them upon the coast, till the season for executing their purpose, passed. Orders were received from the queen to abandon the enterprise, but Raleigh was unwilling to give way before the first obstacle, and persisted in his design. He afterwards received intelligence, that the king of Spain had anticipated his measures, by detaining all his vessels in port, and ordering that no treasures be shipped from the Indies. Thus foiled, Sir Walter was obliged to return to England, after a short cruise, with but one captured vessel.

Soon after his return, he was arrested for a dishonorable intrigue with one of the queen's maids of honor, Elizabeth Throckmorton. She was the daughter of a statesman and ambassador, and celebrated for her beauty. That her envied loveliness should have won Sir Walter, and that he should have dared to admire any beside herself, was as unpardonable an offence, in the eyes of the vain queen, as the delinquency of principle and virtue. She was disappointed, too, to find that Raleigh's flattery was as insincere as that of Essex, whose deeds always belied his words. She revenged herself, and punished the lovers, by committing both to the Tower. Raleigh resorted to an efficacious, but servile method to obtain his liberty. He pretended to be overpowered with grief at his separation from her majesty. One day, while the royal barge was passing up the Thames, he affected to become frantic at the sight, and attempted to rush down a stone stair-case that led from his win-

dow. The keeper interposed, and a struggle ensued, in which Raleigh tore off the jailer's new periwig, and threatened to strike him with his dagger. He was finally carried back to the prison chamber, sufficiently satisfied that his ferocious attempt to see her majesty, would be duly reported to her, and have the desired effect.

He also wrote a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, intended for the eye of the credulous queen, who delighted in nothing so much as to be praised for beauty she did not possess. "How," wrote he, "can I live alone in prison, when she is afar off — I, who was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus — the gentle wind blowing her fair hair (both false and red) about her pure cheeks, like a nymph. Sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus."

Two months after Raleigh penned this absurd and unmanly epistle, he was free. He immediately married the lady, who, with him, had incurred disgrace; but this reparation, so far from appeasing the wrath of the queen, magnified the offence, for, as Agnes Strickland pleasantly says, "She certainly imagined that it was part of her prerogative, as a maiden queen, to keep every handsome gentleman of her court in single blessedness, to render exclusive homage to her perennial charms." Yet, the same year, she granted him the manor of Sherbourne, in Dorsetshire, which he embellished with the utmost care and taste. Groves and artificial lakes ornamented the grounds,

and rare shrubs and trees, from every clime, were gathered here to convert his new home into an Eden. He made this his residence during his retirement, for Elizabeth had forbidden his appearance at court.

Despite the queen's displeasure, Sir Walter was elected a member of the Parliament which met in the spring of 1593. He was distinguished for his eloquence, having a fine command of language, and an inexhaustible fund of information, from which he made the most skillful selections. His arguments were rendered forcible by well-timed facts, and his imaginative qualities gave beauty and finish to his gracefully delivered speeches.

While actively engaged in Parliament, he found time to perfect a scheme which had suggested itself to his restless mind, during his imprisonment. He had long sought to engage in some memorable exploit, that should distinguish him above all the notables of Elizabeth's reign, and irresistibly recommend him to her favor. The one he now purposed, was to conquer and explore the storied and beautiful empire of Guiana. Though the bravest of Spanish cavaliers had fallen in the attempt, and, though for a hundred years, fleet after fleet, and army after army, had been sacrificed in the blind search after the fabled El Dorado, still Raleigh was not daunted. The very dangers it promised, attracted him. Unlike those who had gone before, he studied the causes of so many failures, informed himself, thoroughly, of the routes that had been pursued, consulted every possible

source of information concerning those who had engaged in previous expeditions, and, from all he could gather, formed a plan which, being divested of the errors of his predecessors, he felt confident would succeed.

He first dispatched an experienced captain to reconnoitre the coast, and learn from the natives the truth of narrations which, though extravagant and absurd, were credited by many of the most intelligent of his time.

The captain returned with satisfactory accounts of the empire's grandeur, and of the treachery of the Spaniards already settled there; they having massacred some of the English sailors, after decoying them to their town, on pretense of furnishing supplies. This revived Raleigh's early hostility towards the Spaniards, and gave zest to his preparations.

His fleet, consisting of five ships, sailed for Guiana February sixth, 1595, and arrived at Trinidad in March. He coasted a portion of that island, whose longest measurement is between sixty and seventy miles; and traveled for miles on foot, along the shore under the shade of banyan groves, some of whose thousand branches "planted themselves in the sea, and bore oysters." The banyan had its place among the fables of Guiana, as the "Tree of Knowledge."

At Puerto de los Españoles, the voyagers found a company of Spaniards, who gave them valuable information of the topography and resources of the country. The city of St. Joseph was but a short distance

from that settlement. Raleigh was determined to revenge himself upon it, for the massacre of his men, the previous year ; he was unwilling, too, to leave so formidable and wily an enemy in his rear, and hoped also, to gain the friendship of the natives, by delivering some of their principal caciques, who were famishing in chains, under the cruel power of Berreo, the Spanish governor. For these reasons, he surprised and burned the city, and took the governor prisoner. He instantly released the suffering captives who, years afterwards, with Indian tenacity of memory, gratefully reminded him of his timely aid. This act, applauded as " noble " by some of Raleigh's biographers, would be a most generous one, were not selfish motives too apparent, to name it anything higher than the skillful manœuvring of a conqueror.

Raleigh prepared to leave his ships at Trinidad, and to proceed, with one hundred men, to ferret out the wonders of Guiana. A small galley, a barge, two wherries, and a ship's boat, were the insignificant accompaniments of the expedition. Berreo warned Raleigh of the difficulties he would meet, and attempted to dissuade him from his purpose ; but, blinded by the same false imaginings, the same visionary dreams, that had enticed others, he pushed on with a vigor and resolution, that increased, rather than diminished, at the dismal prospect his prisoner painted.

The strong current between the continent and the island of Trinidad, occasioned by the outward flow of the Orinoco, renders the approach of vessels to the

main land extremely dangerous. Dark rocks raise their isolated heads in the midst of the solitary gulf; the green-colored, and rapid waters of the Orinoco dash over them in milk-white foam, struggling furiously with the dark blue waves of the sea. Into this fearful play of waters, Raleigh fearlessly plunged, and marvelously escaped the peril Berreo had promised at the outset. But when arrived among the numberless outlets of the great river, intricately braided, and apparently flowing in every direction, he was completely bewildered. At length, with the assistance of an old Indian guide, the river of the "Red Cross" was selected and pursued.

As had been foretold, the explorers soon began to suffer from the drenching rains, the burning heat, and the destruction of their provisions by exposure to the weather. But, they continued their course with unflinching courage, till, striking into the Amana, one of the largest tributaries of the Orinoco, they were obliged to row against a strong current, between banks set with prickles and thorns, and lined with overhanging trees. The branches were interlaced above them, shutting out every stirring breeze, and enclosing a humid, hot atmosphere, laden with mosquitoes and swarms of minute insects. The interminable windings of this labyrinthian stream,—the impossibility of landing, and the effects of unaccustomed heat and constant labor, made them "ready to give up the ghost." They would have turned back, had not Raleigh, who shared their toil and pri-

vation, urged them on, by recounting the reward they would find in the golden city of Manoa.

When at the last extremity of suffering, "in despair and discomfort, the current every day stronger, themselves growing weaker, their bread at the last, and no drinke at all," they were suddenly relieved by emerging into an open and beautiful country, intersected by narrow streams, and occasional groves. An Indian village greeted their eyes, in this oasis of the wilderness they had traversed. Here they gladly refreshed themselves with the rude fare and kind hospitality of the natives. Fifteen days of their resumed voyage brought them to the Orinoco, and in sight of the long looked for mountains of Guiana, where were hidden the coveted mines, or among whose fastnesses El Dorado was concealed. They sailed up the magnificent river, that, ocean-like, had its shoals, its foaming billows, its islands and rocks, and coasted along its banks, that rolled back in rich, undulating plains, or were bordered with cocoas and towering palms. They anchored, at length, in the port of Morequito, three hundred miles from the sea.

Exploring parties were now sent out in every direction, to ascertain the nearest route to the mountains, or to seek the best gold-yielding soil. Sir Walter, with a small company, went in search of the Falls of Caroli, to whose roaring they listened while twenty miles distant. The scene that met Raleigh's eye inspired him with a poet's enthusiasm. Doubtless, the belief in the close vicinity of the phantom city, and

the sure prospect of success after all their hardships, threw a brilliant coloring over the varied and striking landscape which Raleigh saw from the heights of Caroli. Twelve falls, "every one as high over the other as a church tower," thundered and foamed down a channel, between tree-lined rocks, into the plain below, and rolled along, with a swift current, that poured into the Orinoco. The windings of the Amanna were visible in the glimpses of a distant plain; the intervening hills were crowned with the magnificent luxuriance, which foliage attains only in the warmest climes; and, far beyond, hazy mountains were outlined against the sky. Deer, tame as if accustomed to a keeper's call, bounded through valleys enameled with gorgeous flowers, and "cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, dipped their long necks at the river's side."

Invigorated by the contrast between this picturesque region, and the desolate one lately traversed, Raleigh and his companions wandered for miles, to acquaint themselves more minutely with the resources of the country. They journeyed with little fatigue over the "faire, greene grasse," listening to the "birdes that, towards the evening, sang on every tree with a thousand severall tunes." They searched among the rocks for gold, and precious stones, digging out marcasite, and mother-of-gold, and sapphires, with the point of the dagger. So infatuated were these adventurers, that, as Raleigh himself says, "every stone that we stouped to take up, promised

either gold or silver by his complexion." With equal credulity, they stored up the tales of the Indians concerning a tribe of men "whose heads appeared not above their shoulders."

With little else than these Oriental fables and mock metals, the explorers reunited at the port of Morequito. Unable to penetrate farther into the country, and, fearful of being detained by the swelling rivers, they decided to return without delay to the sea-coast. Long days and nights of suffering, were the accompaniments of their sea-ward voyage. The swift and dangerous currents, and the surging and boiling of the Orinoco, occasioned by the influx of flooded streams, rendered the safe passage of boats nearly impossible. The foaming rapids, often a mile in extent; the thick vapor which continually hung above those cataracts, and concealed the shore, except where tall palms shot up their leafy tops; the massive, iron-black rocks that towered up from the torrent, often crowned with trees, and oftener with gorgeous, diamond-sprayed flowers in clusters, or hanging in disheveled mats over the dark ledges — altogether, formed a scene of beauty and grandeur, in which the bold pencil of a Turner might have reveled.

After skillfully piloting their frail boats down this leviathan river, and narrowly escaping shipwreck at its mouth, during a storm, the exhausted crews safely reached Trinidad. They beheld, with tears and thanksgiving, their ships still anchored in the bay. Preparations were immediately made to return to England.

The arrival of the fleet in England, occasioned much curiosity, as expectation was on tip-toe for wonderful revelations. Credulous as was the age, and prepared as the millions were, by Spanish adventures, for marvelous tales of the New World, no one would believe the assertions of Raleigh and his company. Possessed of unbounded credulity himself, Raleigh gravely repeated the Indian accounts, and pictured Guiana in glowing colors. He published an account of his voyage, and entreated the queen to possess herself of an empire that exceeded every other on the globe, in population and riches. But, contrary to Raleigh's expectation, her majesty took no note whatever of his services. His absence and occupation, so far from restoring him to her favor, had increased her coldness towards him. His numerous enemies, instead of forgetting him, as he had hoped, took advantage of his absence to influence Elizabeth strongly against him.

Disappointed in his reception, he turned to the people for sympathy and coöperation in his plans. An enterprise, which had yet produced nothing but fables, called forth the derision of the populace. Raleigh's reputation for veracity had never been honorable, and what he now asserted had no weight whatever. Some charged him with having lain hidden in England, during the whole voyage, and that his account was a gross fabrication. Even historians recorded it as an impudent imposture. Not the least credit was given him for his unequalled success in

penetrating a country peopled with hostile tribes, without sacrificing the life of a single Indian. Every other explorer of American forests, had drenched the soil with the blood of its rightful possessors.

Raleigh eloquently repelled the false charges showered from every quarter. He wrote that, though he had returned "beggared and withered," his remaining years were "bequeathed to Ralena," as he termed the region of the Orinoco. He was unwilling, however, to accompany another expedition, without the countenance of the crown, for, said he, "It had sorted ill with the offices of honor, which, by her majesty's grace, I hold this day in England, to run from cape to cape, and place to place, for the pillage of ordinary prizes." His purpose had been to colonize Guiana. Foiled in that, he determined at least to maintain intercourse with the natives, and, if possible, yet discover Mantoa. With the assistance of Sir Robert Cecil, and Howard, and by means from his private purse, he prepared and sent two ships, under Captain Keymis. The voyage occupied but a few months, and nothing essential was accomplished.

During the year 1596, Raleigh was engaged, by royal appointment, in the expedition of Cadiz. Essex and the lord-high-admiral held the chief command in the expedition, but a council of five was appointed, to keep them in harmony. Raleigh was one of the council. The fleet consisted of one hundred and fifty vessels. Favoring winds gave them a rapid run to the Spanish coast, and such had been the

celerity of the whole movement, and their success in intercepting every vessel which could have conveyed the news, that they anchored in St. Sebastian's Bay, near Cadiz, before the Spaniards had scented the approaching danger.

An action, in which Raleigh bore a conspicuous part, soon commenced with the powerful Mexican and Spanish fleets, stationed in the harbor. The contest was close and fierce. Ship after ship was sunk or blown up. Before night the Spaniards were signally defeated. Their soldiers "tumbled into the sea like coals out of a sack." "The spectacle," says Raleigh, "was very lamentable on their side; for many drowned themselves; many, half-burnt, leaped into the water; very many hanging by the ropes' ends, by the ships' sides, under the water to the very lips; many swinging with grievous wounds, stricken under water, and put out of pain; and withal, so huge a fire, and such tearing of the great ordnance, in the San Philip, and the rest, when the fire came to them, as, if any man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured."

Every Spanish ship in the harbor was destroyed, except two, captured by Raleigh. The army immediately landed, carried the city of Cadiz by a *coup de main*, and pillaged it. Though disabled by a wound during the day, Raleigh, after being carried ashore, mounted a horse, and entered the city with the rest, but extreme pain obliged him to return to his battered ship.

In fifteen days from their arrival, the army reëmbarked, sacked the town of Faro, in Portugal, on their homeward sail, and laden with the riches of Cadiz, and the literary treasures of the famous library of Osorius, arrived at Plymouth the tenth of August.

Essex hastened to report the victory to the queen. Notwithstanding his generous nature, he felt hurt at the glory his inferior in command, and early rival, had obtained. Yet it was impossible to withhold from Raleigh the credit of having secured victory, by his timely interference with an absurd design, proposed by the lord-high-admiral. He planned the action, and skillfully directed its execution. This display of his ability and gallantry, restored him to public esteem. His courteous conduct towards his enemy, Essex, who had been the means of his continued expulsion from court, also elicited the admiration of his associate officers, during the expedition. The frank and fearless Essex, however, too readily perceived the cunning motives of Raleigh, to be cajoled into friendship.

During their absence, Sir Robert Cecil had been appointed secretary of state. He was the malignant enemy of Essex, and the friend of Raleigh — a man, however, whose enmity was less dangerous than his friendship. Ambitious, intriguing, sarcastic, cold, and subtle, he never hesitated to sacrifice a friend to his own interest. He at length boldly crushed the noble Essex in his serpent coils; — for Raleigh, he reserved a fatal charm, like that which attracts the

unwary bird, in narrowing circles, till it falls a helpless victim before the cold, glistening eye of its enchanter.

To effect a reconciliation between these two powerful rivals, and thus secure his own restoration at court, was an apparently impossible scheme, yet one to which Raleigh devoted himself on his return from Spain. Contrary to the expectations of the gossiping public, and even the parties themselves, he succeeded. This skillful stroke did for him what his brilliant exploits at Cadiz had failed to accomplish. He was at once restored to Elizabeth's confidence; was reinstated captain of her guard, and went boldly to the privy-chamber, as of old.

His attention was now absorbed in a second expedition to Spain, to thwart Philip's design of invading both England and Ireland, in revenge for the Cadiz triumph. A secondary plan occupied his leisure. This was the execution of a third voyage to Guiana, intrusted to Captain Berrie. The voyage occupied little more than six months, and produced nothing remarkable.

The chief command of the Spanish expedition was conferred upon the Earl of Essex. Lord Thomas Howard was appointed vice-admiral, and Sir Walter Raleigh rear-admiral. The fleet, consisting of one hundred and twenty sail, left Plymouth the eighteenth of August. The Azore Islands was its destination, as intelligence had been received, that the Spanish Armada was stationed there, to protect the rich Indian

fleet, daily expected. Upon arriving at the island of Flores, however, they discovered the rumor to be false, and, mortified at having been duped, immediately decided upon taking possession of the islands. A division of attack was made — Fayal being reserved for Essex and Raleigh. Essex accordingly set sail, and left orders for the rear-admiral to follow him. Raleigh obeyed, but, not speedily coming in sight of his commander's squadron, steered with his own fleet for Fayal, by the shortest course. Upon arriving there the next morning, he could nowhere perceive Essex.

The enemy were busy fortifying the coast and town. Every hour gave them superior advantage. Raleigh awaited the arrival of the leader as long as his patience could brook the delay, and then decided upon an immediate attack. With two hundred and sixty men, he effected a landing, amidst a storm of bullets; clambered up the rocks, carried the fortifications, and put the Spaniards to flight. Two batteries, one commanding the road, the other the town, were to be reconnoitred. The foreign troops, in his service, were unwilling to pass thus before the cannon's mouth. Impatient at their hesitation, he called for his casque and cuirass, and himself, with an officer and a few soldiers, rode up to the town, and made the necessary observations. Stones and cannon-shot greeted them effectively, for the accompanying officer was wounded, two soldiers lost their heads, and the admiral's clothes were repeatedly torn with the shot.

Upon ordering up his forces, the fort was taken at the first onset. The Spaniards abandoned it without a shot in its defence. The town was also deserted, and immediately occupied by the English; thus, before night, Raleigh found himself in possession of the whole island.

The next morning, Essex anchored in the harbor, and, to his great surprise and anger, found his rival enjoying the honors he had in store for himself. With his usual impetuosity, he ordered the arrest of every officer engaged in the affair, and arraigned Raleigh for violating the instructions, that none should land the troops without the general's presence. The admiral vindicated himself, and, with dignity and calmness, assured the jealous earl that the restrictions applied only to captains and inferior officers, while he was a principal commander. Essex was pacified, but his dependents, who had studiously represented Raleigh's conduct as an insolent contempt of his superior command, were greatly chagrined at the failure of this occurrence, to create dissension between the newly-reconciled rivals.

The remainder of the expedition was a succession of failures. Essex, better qualified for a statesman and soldier than the commander-in-chief of a naval armament, lost his opportunity to capture the Spanish fleet, and, instead, occupied himself with various insignificant exploits. The anger of the queen was vented in severe reproaches upon Essex. Raleigh was highly commended, but no honors were bestowed

upon him, as upon Essex, soon after. He immediately retired to Sherbourne—a country-seat which he had embellished with the greatest care. He here spent the happiest hours of his life, in the society of his elegant and devoted wife, together with the distinguished *litterati* of that reign, who frequented his attractive country-seat. His retirement was varied by occasional attendance at court. His influence was greater, and he was more distinguished by royal favor, at this time, than at any previous period. He figured conspicuously in the masques, tournaments, pageants, and martial games, which formed a large part of the entertainments of Elizabeth's stately court. Sir Walter vied with Essex and other courtiers in the magnificence of his dress. Jewels blazed upon his shoes, sword, and belt; a fortune was expended in the dazzling display.

Notwithstanding a slight lameness and deformity, which he first suffered during his Guiana voyage, he outshone the accomplished Essex. His appearance in the tilt-yard, on one occasion of the queen's birthday, caused a renewal of their old hostility. Raleigh's superior skill in the use of weapons, and his splendid attire and retinue, threw his rival in the shade. He carried off the victory, in presence of the assembled court, augmented in brilliancy by the royal presence, and the accompanying train of fair attendants. Essex burned with jealousy and vexation. Like a spoiled child, he fretted himself into an undeserved severity of punishment, while the crafty

Cecil and the deceptive Raleigh provided the rods, which her majesty applied, before she discovered they were thickly set with thorns.

At their instigation, the government of Ireland was given to Essex — an appointment which he had demanded for a friend. The stern refusal of his request occasioned that extraordinary and undignified scene, in which Essex lost all command of his fiery temper, and received a box on the ear, in token of the queen's exhausted patience. To rid herself of his insolence, and to afford him an honorable exile from her presence, Elizabeth obliged him, at the suggestion of his enemies, to accept the appointment he had eagerly claimed for another. He concealed his chagrin at this undesired honor, and received with haughty pride, the mocking congratulations of Raleigh and Cecil. As they anticipated, his ruin quickly followed. Thus Raleigh paved the way for his own fall. He was enough of a political gamester, to perceive that the removal of the formidable favorite left a new rivalry between himself and Cecil, and that they could not long stand together, under a mask of friendship which circumstances had enforced. He relied upon his own ability to extricate himself, but, skilled as he was in duplicity, he was no match for his cunning rival, who, Jesuit-like, purred about his victim, till his deep-laid and far-reaching schemes were perfected.

Lulled into temporary security, by the helping hand Cecil lent to his promotion, Raleigh enjoyed

the royal favor with greater distinction than ever. The government of Jersey was bestowed upon him ; he was commissioned with secret embassies, and attended the queen upon her frequent and costly excursions, from one palace to another. He also sat in Parliament, where his eloquent speeches, his liberal views, and his generous acquiescence in the repeal of monopolies, though against his own interest, did more for his lasting fame, than any of his previous exertions, and imparted to his reputation an honor and dignity, which had too often been found wanting in his earlier career.

He, at this time, disposed of his estates in Ireland, which drew too heavily upon his purse. The improvement of those estates had not been rapid, owing to his absence. He founded a free school, however, in one of his townships. Ireland is also indebted to him for the introduction of the potato, from Virginia.* The first of that now most important product was planted at Youghal, a seaport at the mouth of the Blackwater, which is still embellished by the house and gardens of Raleigh. Evidence of his fondness for rural elegance, remains in the rare and perfumed shrubs that yet ornament the gardens. The flower-

* It is said that Sir Walter Raleigh was the first discoverer of the value of the potato as a food for man. One day he ordered a quantity of dry weeds to be collected and burnt. Among them were some dried potatoes. After the bon-fire, these potatoes were picked up, thoroughly roasted. Sir Walter tasted, and pronounced them delicious. By this accident was discovered a species of food, which has saved millions of the human race from starvation.

ing arbutus, and the fragrant myrtle are still conspicuous there, the latter elegant species having obtained the rare height of twenty feet.

The death of Queen Elizabeth was an event which suddenly deprived Raleigh of all the emoluments he had enjoyed. It was one for which he had made no provision. His enemies, on the contrary, had anticipated the stroke, and had taken care that it should fall heavily on him.

James, the successor of Elizabeth, was incapable of appreciating the genius of Raleigh. Vain, conceited, superficial, and pedantic in his learning; jealous and suspicious in temperament, and narrow, timid, and inactive in policy, he inspired a contempt in Raleigh, which that courtier made no attempt to conceal. Sir Walter's fondness for enterprise and discovery, and his love of national glory, were completely at variance with the notions of the monarch. Before his succession, James had been deeply prejudiced against Raleigh, as one of the actors in the Essex tragedy. Cecil, though far more censurable, contrived to establish a secret correspondence with King James, cunningly acquiesced in his sentiments, and insinuated himself so far in his good graces, and so completely gained over his favorites, that when that monarch occupied the English throne, he retained Cecil as secretary of state, to the utter surprise of political prophets. The secretary had been careful to inspire James with a dislike for Raleigh, and, accordingly, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his

rival deprived of his post as captain of the guard, his lucrative wine-patent withdrawn, and his movements regarded with coldness and distrust. Raleigh's eyes were suddenly opened to the treachery of his mock-friend, and from that moment they were in open hostility.

Three months of the new sovereignty had scarcely passed, when Raleigh was arrested for treason. Of the grounds of this procedure, he was entirely ignorant, till he found himself accused of traitorous negotiations with Spain, and of a design of subverting the government, and placing Arabella Stuart upon the throne. The first charge was too inconsistent with his well-known hatred for Spain, to have much weight. The third was so entirely unfounded, that even his enemies were too ashamed to prosecute it. The second, however, managed by the artful Cecil, assumed a more serious aspect.

Lord Cobham, the brother-in-law of Cecil, had become involved in a charge of treason, with his brother, Mr. Brooks, and several popish priests. Being a friend of Raleigh, and having often conversed with him, in discontented terms, respecting the government, suspicion fell upon Sir Walter as being an accomplice in the conspiracy. Lord Cobham's character is described as "a compound of fear, weakness, and falsehood." He was completely the tool of Cecil, and, as such, was instigated to accuse his friend of being an associate conspirator, in presence of the council. He had scarcely uttered the charge, when

he was overpowered with remorse, at his own villainous conduct towards his friend, and retracted the whole accusation. The council would not accept his retraction. Why he should have uttered the monstrous falsehood, and thus virtually plead guilty himself, when the real culprits declared, at their execution, that he was not privy to their plans, is most unaccountable, unless his conscious discontent, his weakness, and the carefully worded threats of the secretary, be considered.

Sir Walter's trial was a series of cruel and unjust absurdities, sustained by able and skillful enemies. Sir Edward Coke exhausted his ingenuity in inventing epithets sufficiently detestable to apply to him. He magnified and misrepresented the most trifling circumstances; he prejudiced the minds of the jury; and what was found wanting in evidence, he made up by abuse. "Viperous traitor," was an epithet that accompanied almost every interrogation. Coke, in fact, was so filled with the venom of anger and hatred, that, regardless of the fatal effects, he lost no opportunity to dart a viper's sting at the prisoner.

Raleigh endured his invectives with surprising calmness. He defended himself nobly and eloquently, and, says one who was present at the trial, "with that temper, wit, learning, courage, and judgment, that, save it went with the hazard of his life, it was the happiest day he ever spent."

The last piece of evidence adduced in Raleigh's favor, was a letter from Lord Cobham, written while con-

fined in the Tower, and which most solemnly protested Raleigh's innocence. It was allowed no weight, however, and Raleigh's only hope of acquittal in being confronted with Cobham, was peremptorily refused. "If his presence could have injured Raleigh, he would have been brought over from Constantinople," as the monarch owned.

Prince Henry, James' eldest son—of most promising talent, and whose noble and upright mind perceived the tyranny of his father, the smooth-tongued hypocrisy of Cecil, and the baseness of Coke—strongly censured the proceedings, and endeavored to soften the rigor of the sentence which was pronounced upon Raleigh. Yet it was not averted; the details of his execution were pronounced with the most tormenting minuteness.

The evident innocence of the condemned, his composed and forbearing demeanor, in striking contrast with his judges; the eloquence, wit, and ability with which he had defended himself, operated powerfully upon the spectators, who crowded the court with intense interest. Nearly all had come filled with hatred towards the proclaimed traitor, rejoicing to see his proud head bowed at last. They "would have gone a thousand miles to see him hanged," yet, when they beheld him, when they listened to him, when they detected the extent of injustice he suffered, their overflowing feelings were changed from "extremest hate to extremest pity," and they would now have 'gone a thousand miles to save his life.'

He was conducted back to prison, to await the execution of his sentence, which he looked for daily in a state of painful suspense, during a whole month. He made an appeal to the king for mercy, but it received no attention. He then wrote a touching farewell letter to his wife, in which is depicted a strong and tender affection, a heroic spirit, and an acknowledgment of the providences of God, and the rich comfort of reliance upon the Almighty, altogether unexpected in one whose life had hitherto evinced little practical piety. His beautiful message of love speaks for itself :

“ You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words, in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead ; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Bess, — let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself.

“ First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words can express for your many travails and care taken for me ; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. But pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after

my death ; but by your travail seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me,— I am but dust. .

. . If you can live free from want, care for no more ; the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him ; and therein you shall find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed and wearied your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son, also, to love and fear God while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him, and then God will be a husband to you and a father to him. . . . When I am gone, no doubt you will be sought by many, for the world thinks I was very rich. But take heed of the pretenses of men, and their affections. . . . I speak not this, God knows, to dissuade from marriage ; for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death has cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose and loved you in his happiest time. . . . The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell ! Bless my poor boy ; pray for me, and let my good God hold you

both in his arms. Written with the dying hand of some time thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown.

Yours that was, but now not my own,—

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

This manly and affecting letter was written while he momentarily expected a summons to the scaffold. Three weeks had passed in a torturing state of suspense, when he beheld, one morning, from the window of his prison, a most singular and fearful farce enacted. A tumultuous crowd was assembled about a newly erected scaffold. The executioner, the officers of the law, the priest, and the friends of the prisoners, whose trial and condemnation had followed that of Raleigh, occupied the stage. He watched the approach of the first sufferer, beheld his final devotions, and, with a sickened feeling, at the remembrance of a like fate for himself, saw him lay his head upon the block, and the ponderous axe ready to descend. Yet it did not fall. The prisoner arose and stood like a statue, while an officer addressed him. He was then led away amidst shouts and acclamations that rolled noisily to the distant cell of Raleigh, who, dumb with wonder, gazed upon the strange pantomime, till the three convicted noblemen, Cobham, Grey and Markham, were successively brought to the verge of eternity, were made to suffer the agony of an expected and dreaded death, and then thrust back to their gloomy, solitary cells.

Raleigh divined its meaning, felt a new and stirring

hope that his own innocence should yet be acknowledged, and he should again be united to those for whose sake he coveted life. But he soon learned that he was to be consigned to a living death. The mercy of the king granted life, but condemned him to imprisonment in the Tower, for such a term of years as should suit the royal pleasure.

Lady Raleigh had not looked on inactively during her husband's trial. She had put forth every possible exertion to save him, and only yielded herself to inconsolable grief when all hope was extinguished. At Sherbourne, the home that was crowded with associations of the early years of their marriage, and of later days, of perfect harmony and love, Lady Raleigh had awaited the tidings she believed inevitable. When, at last, a messenger arrived, full of the excitement that prevailed wherever the news had sped, her sharp and tearless agony yielded to grateful tears. The damp, gloomy cell, the unvaried and weary life to be passed within its narrow confines, the bolts, locks, bars, and impregnable walls, reminding one every moment of a hard fate, had scarcely a place in her thoughts. It was enough for her to know he lived. She had now but one wish, and that was to share, with her only son, the imprisonment of Sir Walter; to cheer, console, and lighten, the tediousness of his unoccupied life.

With no anxiety but the fear of a refusal, she hastened to court, and seeking the presence of the monarch, threw herself at his feet, and entreated him to

grant the only happiness that remained for her. James acquiesced, probably with no little wonder at the heroic devotion which his selfish nature found difficult to comprehend. Unlike most of the high-born ladies, who enjoyed the elevated position which had been hers, Lady Raleigh seldom mingled in the dissipated pleasures of court life. She had presided at Sherbourne with dignity and grace, and found her greatest happiness at her own fireside—a choice which accounts for the faithfulness, and strength of attachment that existed between Sir Walter and his devoted wife; for a harmonious and deep affection can no more outlive a constant participation in the heartless gayeties of fashionable life, than a rare and rich flower can long exist in the midst of an overgrowth of poisonous weeds.

It was no sacrifice for Lady Raleigh to leave the outer world, so long as it obtained for her the joy of alleviating her husband's trials. With a cheerful countenance, that still retained much of the beauty of her youth, she brought sunshine into the cold dungeon. Her woman's refinement and ingenuity devised small means of comfort, that brought a home-look even to the doleful cells of the Tower. Consoled by the presence of his wife and young son, Raleigh diverted his thoughts from his own misfortunes by pursuing the studies, which, from his youth, had occupied his leisure. His extensive travels and close observation, had stored up a large fund for his pres-

ent use, and he now reaped the benefit of the vigorous cultivation of his intellect. He accomplished a work which would have intimidated the most learned, in the midst of libraries and accessible manuscripts. With few materials, aside from his own valuable experience, and thorough reading, he wrote a History of the World,—a ponderous work, spoken of by Tytler as an “extraordinary monument of human labor and genius, which, in the vastness of its subject, its research and learning, the wisdom of its political reflections, and the beauties of its style, has not been equaled by any writer of this, or perhaps of any other country.”

Aside from this, Raleigh frequently wrote letters, essays and discourses, upon the arts, science or politics, in which, though a state prisoner, his judgment and wisdom was consulted. Prince Henry entertained a strong sympathy and admiration for the unfortunate nobleman. He often visited him, corresponded with him, and courted his instructions in the civil, military, and naval affairs that occupied his practical as well as accomplished mind. He is said to have made the observation, that “none but his father would have kept such a bird in a cage.”

Hariot, the distinguished mathematician and naturalist, whom Raleigh had once sent to ascertain the extent and productions of Virginia, was often admitted to his presence. He, together with Hughes and Warner, two accomplished scholars, had frequently

assisted him in making chemical experiments, and astronomical calculations. Their devotion to their captive patron, obtained for them the *soubriquet* of his Three Magi. They must have furnished the valuable laboratory which Raleigh established in the small garden of the Tower. He converted an old house to the purpose, and, as was said by Sir William Wade, the Lieutenant of the Tower, he there "spent all the day in distillations."

There were several prisoners of rank and genius confined in the Tower at this time, who were occasionally permitted each other's society. The Earl of Northumberland established a literary society in his apartments, and the companionship of Piercy, "a mathematician, a chemist, an astrologer, and a humorist," and that of Hoskins, the poet, served to give wings to the tedious hours of imprisonment. Raleigh himself, courted the muses. His quaint, but beautiful strains evince a depth of piety, which he probably never could have experienced had his prosperity continued. Austere judges may doubt his sincerity, but his uncomplaining forgiveness towards his most bitter enemies, his Christian calmness, so unlike his former impetuosity, and the fervor and submissiveness to God's will, expressed in his writings, seem utterly incompatible with what we should look for in a cold philosopher, or a hypocrite. Misanthropy, impatience, and bitterness of spirit, might, more naturally, result from the twelve years' imprisonment of a

formal moralist, than the heavenly aspirations breathed in such hymns as the following:—

“ Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
 And with divinest contemplation use
 Thy time, where time’s eternity is given,
 And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse ;
 But down in darkness let them lie ;
 So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

“ To thee, O Jesu ! I direct my eyes,
 To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees,
 To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
 To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees :
 To thee myself, myself and all I give,
 To thee I die, to thee I only live ! ”

Seven years of imprisonment had dragged out their weary length, when a new and unexpected blow struck deeply at the happiness which, the isolated family promised themselves, was yet in store for them. As if it was not enough to cage the eagle, unsatiated enemies began to pluck the choicest feathers from his wings to plume their own greatness. Sherbourne, the gift of Elizabeth, the home he prized above all the palaces of England, where he had enjoyed so many years of unalloyed domestic happiness, and which he had embellished with studied care and taste, was a prize that did not escape the covetous eye of James’ new favorite, the notorious and unprincipled Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. Raleigh had taken especial care to settle this favorite estate upon his eldest son. The scrutiny of malignant ene-

mies, however, discovered the omission of a few trivial words in the deed of conveyance, and, taking advantage of this legal flaw, solicited the estate from the king. Nothing was denied to Carr, and James had not yet forgiven Raleigh. The news of the probable forfeiture of Sherbourne, was conveyed to Sir Walter by some sympathizing friend. What to do, to avert the calamity, was a question of painful interest to the little family, to whom the addition of a second son rendered the preservation of the remaining portion of his spoiled fortune all the more necessary. Above all, to lose the dearest home they possessed, was a misfortune that weighed more heavily upon their depressed spirits, than any other his active enemies could have devised.

Prince Henry interceded for the family, in whom he had become most deeply interested. But the influence of the rapacious Carr, over the weak monarch, outweighed that of his own high-minded son. Grieved at her husband's dejection, when this hope failed, Lady Raleigh proposed to plead with the king, herself. This seemed a happy thought, for, aside from the justness of her petition, who could resist the eloquent appeal of her wan, sorrowful face, paled to marble whiteness, by her long, voluntary imprisonment? Encouraged by Prince Henry, and accompanied by her two youthful sons, she repaired to the palace, and was admitted to the presence of her sovereign. Seven years had come and gone, since she last knelt at the feet of James. Her name, and her beau-

tiful devotion had long ago been forgotten by the gay courtiers who surrounded him. New favorites who had heard her history, as a romance of the past, were startled at her sudden apparition in their very midst. Curious eyes marked the traces of beauty, still evident in her face, though full of long-endured sorrow. The presence of her children was a touching appeal. White as statues, and bewildered at the strange scene of costly decorations, of imposing royalty and cheerful faces,—so widely different from the cold, dark walls, and the pale, solemn faces, they were used to behold,—they clung, frightened and trembling, to their pleading mother. The heart of any, but that of the selfish James, would have yielded to the eloquent entreaties, and the faithful efforts of this noble wife and mother, who asked a simple act of justice. But, instead of granting the tearful request, he coldly shook his head, and replied impatiently,—

“I maun have the land—I maun have it for Carr.”

Almost overcome with powerful emotions, and sick at heart, Lady Raleigh slowly turned away from the palace and court, gay with the revelry of Queen Anne's suite. The hunting parties, the masquerades and operatic plays, in which the queen did not disdain to act a part, seemed more heartless and trivial than ever, in contrast with her own dark life, her sombre home, and the beggarly pittance of sympathy those in power bestowed upon her injured husband. The ponderous gates and doors of the Tower closed

upon her. The slow weight of her step, as she returned to Sir Walter, and that eloquent silence which

“Whispers the o’er-fraught heart,”

told him, plainer than words, of disappointment. He had need of fortitude to endure his reverses, for three other valued estates soon followed Sherbourne. His hopes of an eventual release from the Tower, were also, soon after, cut off by the death of his only remaining, influential friend, Prince Henry. He deeply felt the loss.

In time, however, events assumed a shape more favorable to his release. Death and reverses had been busy with his enemies, as well as with his friends. Cobham had, long before, suffered poverty and obscurity, and finally died in a poor hovel, attended only by his former laundress. Cecil’s life of duplicity had been cut off by a painful disease. His successor in office, Sir Ralph Winwood, was a plain, honest, intelligent man, and from him Raleigh reasonably hoped much. Somerset, the villianous favorite, had stained his hands in blood, and, with his guilty countess, was disgraced. His place was filled by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who interested himself in the fate of the long imprisoned hero. Queen Anne was, also, favorably disposed towards Raleigh, probably from the remembered friendship of the deceased Prince, whose loss she did not cease to lament.

Raleigh addressed a petition to the queen, urging her interposition in his behalf, and proposed, in case

of liberation, to renew his attempts to colonize and explore Guiana — a scheme which he still enthusiastically cherished. Winwood, the secretary of state, recommended the proposition to the king. Success attended the efforts of these new and powerful friends, and, early in March, 1615, after twelve years of enforced solitude, he emerged with his wife and sons, from the doleful confines of the Tower, to the breathing, hurrying world.

Vigor, energy and activity, again animated him. Though in his sixty-fifth year, he began preparations for the proposed voyage, with as much enthusiasm and ambition as if he was but a youth, tossing, for the first time, his hook and line into the sea of life. To obtain funds for the undertaking, Lady Raleigh disposed of her estate of Micham. A sum of money was, also, given him by the king, as “a competent satisfaction” for the loss of Sherbourne, though it was but little more than the yearly income he had derived from that estate. Many merchants and private adventurers took a share in the expedition. The fleet sailed on the 28th of March, 1617. It is interesting to know that, first among the orders given to the several commanders of the fleet, were the following: “First, because no action or enterprize can prosper (be it by sea or land) without the favor and assistance of Almighty God, the Lord and strength of hosts and armies, you shall not fail to cause divine service to be read in your ship, morning and evening
. . . praising God every night, with singing of

a psalm at the setting of the watch. Secondly, you shall take especial care that God be not blasphemed in your ship, . . . for if it be threatened in the Scriptures, that 'the curse shall not depart from the house of the swearer,' much less from the ship of the swearer."

Raleigh was kindly and gladly welcomed by the Indians to the New World. His sanguine hopes of success were dampened, soon after his arrival, upon learning that the Spaniards had been apprised of his coming. Influenced by the jealousy with which Spain regarded the movement, they watched his progress with hatred and suspicion. Raleigh, being confined to his berth by illness, dispatched Captain Keymis, with five ships, to proceed up the Orinoco, to the gold mine, which he was confident existed there, and retained the other vessels for defence against a Spanish fleet, sent to reconnoitre his movements.

His arrangements betrayed an expectation of a collision with the Spaniards, notwithstanding the strict instructions given by his sovereign, to preserve the treaty which had been lately consummated between England and Spain.

The Spaniards, however, offered the first provocation, and struck the first blow. Keymis was attacked and repulsed at Santa Thome, in the vicinity of the mine. Young Walter Raleigh, the eldest son of the earl, fell in the contest. This bereavement, added to the violation of the treaty, and the failure of Keymis

to prove, by obtaining gold, that the enterprise was neither illusory nor hostile to the Spaniards, occasioned Raleigh the most poignant grief. In a letter to his afflicted wife, he said — “I never knew what sorrow meant till now.” Keymis was so troubled at the apparent culpability of his conduct, and the fatal consequences to Raleigh, that he retired to his cabin, and put an end to his existence.

Heart-broken and disappointed, Sir Walter sailed for England. He determined to cast himself upon the mercy and justice of the king, whom he hoped to convince of his own innocency, and accordingly resisted the urgent entreaties of his friends, to seek refuge on the continent. He remembered, too, his pledge of honor to return to England, demanded from him, because his full pardon for alleged treason had never been granted. He was immediately arrested on his arrival in England, at the instigation of the Spanish ambassador — a proud, cruel, Castilian count, of a dark and powerful character. When an exaggerated report of the action in Guiana, reached the malicious count, he demanded an interview with the king, and, upon being admitted, frantically cried out, with Jesuitical effect, “Pirates! pirates! pirates!” and without another word, strode angrily from the apartment.

James dreaded nothing more than a rupture with Spain. His fears thus worked upon, and actuated by his dislike to Raleigh, he disregarded the intercession of the queen and others, who plead for him; and

promised King Philip that this formidable foe to Spain should die. Sir Lewis Stuckely, a kinsman of Sir Walter's, was commissioned with the arrest, and, by the promise of a large reward, was instigated to deceive and induce his unsuspecting prisoner to escape, and then basely betray him. For a week, Raleigh was allowed the society of his deeply afflicted wife. During that time, he feigned sickness, to prevent his immediate committal to the Tower, and to gain time to write an appeal and vindication to the king.

Lady Raleigh was not permitted to accompany him in his last imprisonment. He was deprived of the society and comforts formerly granted him; was placed in a "high and safe apartment, and confined to the keeping and espionage of Sir Thomas Wilson. His own servant was dismissed, and the place supplied by a man of Wilson's selection, who assisted the keeper in his mean surveillance. Either one or the other of these persons constantly remained in Raleigh's presence. Wilson cunningly questioned him, and sought every means to elicit some confessions that would prove him guilty. Their conversations were carefully noted down, and transmitted to the monarch, who was anxious to find some plausible pretext for getting rid of his troublesome subject. Lady Raleigh was encouraged to correspond with her husband; but every letter, and every reply, was intercepted by the keeper's servant, and conveyed to

the king, for perusal, before being delivered to its proper recipient.

These means failed to convict Raleigh of wrong. The arrival of instructions from Spain, to have him executed without delay, placed James in an uneasy dilemma. Raleigh's death had been promised to Philip, yet it could not be accomplished without some evidence of guilt. He consulted his council, and finally appointed commissioners to interrogate Raleigh, and to report upon the best mode of proceeding against him. They decided that he could not be called to account for crimes committed after his sentence for treason ; it was necessary, therefore, to have recourse to the death-warrant issued fifteen years before, although it had been virtually annulled by his subsequent appointment as general-in-chief of the Guiana fleet. This course had scarcely been decided upon, after a tedious discussion by the perplexed council, when a new difficulty arose. "They declared that neither a writ of privy-seal, nor even a warrant under the great seal, to the judges of the king's bench, could entitle them, after so long an interval, to pronounce sentence of execution against any prisoner, without giving him an opportunity of pleading in person against it.

James was not willing to lose his victim by such an opportunity of acquittal, for he had once acknowledged the injustice of Raleigh's trial, by saying he would not risk his head with a Winchester jury, such

as had found Sir Walter guilty. To avoid these difficulties, it was at last decided to arraign him by a writ of *habeas corpus*. The king acquiesced and signed a warrant for execution.

Four days afterwards, the condemned man, sick, weak, and with the chill of an ague fit upon him, was brought before the assembled court, to answer the demand "why execution should not pass against him." He would not plead for a life which he fully understood was to be sacrificed, whether by "foul or fair" means. He simply attempted a vindication of his conduct; but in this, he was cut short by the chief-justice.

Raleigh heard his final sentence pronounced with calmness and resignation. He had looked for it daily; old age and disease had overtaken and bound him hand and foot; calumny and malice had followed him through life; his ambition had been foiled; he had painfully experienced the hollowness of life without God, even in his palmiest days. When he heard his hours numbered, therefore, he felt no regret, except for the sake of his cherished wife and son. His only request was, that he might "not be cut off suddenly," as he desired to settle his worldly affairs, to write a clear statement of the charges against him, and their refutation, and to make his final preparation for a near approaching eternity. He was then conducted to the Tower, and, after reaching his prison chamber, was told that his execution was appointed for the following day.

Pained by this brutal haste, he caused Lady Raleigh to be immediately summoned. Though both were prepared for the final decision of his fate, by years of trial and dread anticipation, yet their last parting was rendered far more agonizing by those same burdened years, than if life had gone gleefully with them. Sorrow and misfortune were the shuttles which sped with the silver threads of sympathy and love, from heart to heart, and wove them into one. Like the talisman of the Genii, too, they enabled their possessors to discover true friends from false. Few enough remained to Raleigh. This was the more painful, because he was about to leave his wife and son with but the wreck of his fallen fortunes. He would not trust himself to speak of, or to see the young Carew, whose birth-place had been a prison. His strength and his composure were too far exhausted already, and he had but few hours remaining. Lady Raleigh remained till midnight, when Sir Walter affectionately entreated her to leave him. She complied; but, at parting, burst into tears, as she informed him she had obtained the privilege of claiming his body. "It is well, Bess," said he, cheerfully, "that thou mayst dispose of that dead thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive." A last, mournful embrace, and Lady Raleigh had gone, to await, in agony and tears, the tragedy of the approaching day.

At nine o'clock, on a cold, October morning, Raleigh was led to the Old Palace yard, where the scaf-

fold was erected. He was richly attired in a black satin doublet and waistcoat, and over them was thrown a black, wrought-velvet robe — a style of dress which rendered his striking and noble appearance still more conspicuous, as he passed through the pressing crowd, gathered with eager curiosity to behold the long heard-of hero, and not without sympathy for his unjust fate. Supported on either hand by the sheriffs and the Dean of Westminster, he ascended the scaffold, and, after the hum of the multitude was hushed, addressed them in a voice, weak at first, but to which excitement gradually gave strength. Though reduced by sickness, he spoke eloquently, and with grace and animation; refuting the charges against him, but uttering no word of animadversion, in regard to those who had plotted his downfall, and giving vent only to a spirit of touching forgiveness, towards those who, Judas-like, had kissed him and then betrayed him. He had no fear of death; it was not the courage of hardened wickedness, for he himself said to those who wondered at his tranquillity, that “no man who knew God and feared him, could die with cheerfulness and courage, unless he was assured of his love and favor.” He acknowledged himself to be “a man full of all vanity, and one who had lived a sinful life;” for, said he, “I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier — all of them courses of vice; but I trust God will not only cast away my sins from me, but will receive me into everlasting life.”

His address finished, he cheerfully and calmly bade his friends farewell, and prepared to lay his head upon the block. A moment sufficed to convert the the brilliant, gifted Raleigh, into a lifeless, bleeding corpse. His severed head was wrapped in his velvet robe, and sent, in a mourning coach, to Lady Raleigh; a dreadful gift, and the only one the unrelenting monarch ever condescended to bestow upon this hopeless widow. She caused it to be embalmed, and preserved it in a case during her life. She survived Sir Walter twenty-nine years—faithful to her early and devotional love to the last.

Carew Raleigh, their only remaining son, kept his father's head, with religious care, as long as he lived, and it was finally buried with him, at his seat of West Horsely, in Surrey. The contemplation of this relic, must have recalled, with fearful distinctness, the shadow upon his early life, the sad face of his mother, the voice, the words, and the occupations of his imprisoned father. Thus continually reminded of his own misfortunes, and his father's clouded name, a deep bitterness and melancholy must have been fostered in his soul, which was in no way lightened of its burden by his unhappy reception at court. "He looks like his father's ghost," said James, turning away, with fear and remorse, when young Raleigh was presented. He was obliged to leave England till after that monarch's death. The most unkind act of all, however,—and that which most deeply wounded him—was the refusal of the successor of James, to

grant his restoration in blood, except on condition of renouncing all title to his father's property. All hope of recovering Sherbourne was therefore lost, and he was constrained to see this priceless estate, with its treasured associations, pass into the hands of strangers. The title of Sir Walter Raleigh was restored in Carew's son — a title which gathers more honor, as the prejudices of the historians of that period are corrected by the researches of unbiassed seekers after truth and justice.

V.

HENRY HUDSON.

DURING the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the attention of commercial Europe was often directed towards the Arctic seas, as affording a shorter route than the one by which traffic with the East was then carried on. In 1499, Vasco de Gama, a distinguished Portuguese navigator, succeeded in doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and opened a new path to the Indies. But it was still a tedious and perilous one, and, being nearly monopolized by Portugal, offered little advantage to the English or Dutch. They wished to obtain a more important and independent footing in the rich Asiatic islands, and, accordingly, when a western route failed, they directed the prows of their most celebrated navigators to the ice-locked regions of the North, confident that a passage could be forced across the North Pole, and easy access gained to the desired countries. Many fleets were successively dispatched, with this object in view, but they returned disappointed, if they ever returned at all.

The first efficient proposers of the project, were several spirited, enterprising English merchants, who formed a "London Company," in 1607, to support

the design. The dangers attending such an enterprise, required a commander of skill and fortitude. That they should have selected Henry Hudson, is a sufficient guarantee of his experience as a navigator, though that experience had never been recorded. Nothing whatever is known of his parentage, or of the incidents of his boyhood. He nowhere appears as a fledgeling; history throws him out, a man of full stature, engaged in a bold and hazardous enterprise. In manhood, he was an intimate associate of Captain John Smith, of Virginian notoriety — a circumstance which enlightens us somewhat, as to the early bent of his character.

Unlike the splendid fleets that, for two hundred years, had spread sail from the ports of Europe, the one which Henry Hudson commanded, consisted of but one strongly built vessel, with a crew of eleven men. Among them was his own young son, from which it is inferred that he was married, though his wife was probably not living, or he would scarcely have exposed such a youth to the severities of the intended voyage.

On the ninth of April, Hudson, with his crew, repaired to the church of Saint Ethelburge, in Bishops-gate-street, to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, preparatory to the voyage. This long discontinued custom of mariners commending themselves to God, before venturing upon the deep, was a very beautiful one, when reverentially observed; but it was, doubtless, too often desecrated by reckless and

profane men, such as composed Hudson's crew, who neither felt the solemnity of the occasion, nor the obligations incurred.

They sailed the first of May, 1607, and in twenty-six days arrived off the Shetland Isles. During the following week, several whales were observed near the vessel—a discovery which opened to England the profitable whale-fishery of the North. By the 13th of June, the adventurers found themselves near the coast of Greenland, benumbed with the extreme cold, and their ships coated with ice. A heavy fog, which almost continually veils those dismal regions, tantalized their sight, affording but a faint glimpse of the ice-bound coast. After two days of difficult cruising, they saw the thick mist roll back from the sea, and leave to their view the snow-capped hills and mountains of Greenland, stretching away nine leagues in the distance. Instead of the white crystals they expected to see sparkling from every sun-lit point, they were surprised to behold, here and there, hills enveloped in a mantle of dull red, and portions of the shore crimsoned, instead of tinted with the blue and grey of shaded snow or ice. It is said that even the Alps sometimes wear this "red snow"—an appearance attributed by some to the spreading luxuriance of a plant known as the *Protococcus Nivalis*; by others it is described as a net-work of fungi, or crimson dust. As a late explorer says of the "crimson cliffs of Beverly," one might imagine it "the work of a Titan, with his dredging-box of cayenne or'

brick-dust." It has occasionally been found to extend to a depth of ten or twelve feet.

The innumerable gulfs, the fissured rocks along the coast, "Icy Peak," with its immense vault and lofty crystal spires, reflecting a brilliancy perceived at a distance of ten leagues, and the long chain of inland mountains, beyond which even the hardy native has never yet passed, offered no temptation to the already half-frozen explorers, who beheld in this country of rocks—this "image of chaos and winter"—only the portal of the vast region they had undertaken to penetrate.

Hudson hoped that Greenland would prove to be an island, and, expecting soon to reach its extremity, sailed northeasterly. The head-land, first discovered, he called "Young's Cape," and a high mountain, "like a round castle," seen in the distance, he called, in true primitive style, "Mount of God's Mercy." He soon lost sight of land, owing to the thick fogs, occasioned by melting ice. The Greenlander, on the main land, is often blessed with a clear, pure air, during summer; but the surrounding sea is covered with so dense a fog, that it is difficult to see from one end of a ship to the other—a circumstance which renders navigation extremely dangerous. Beside this difficulty, Hudson had to contend with sudden squalls, contrary winds, driving rains and sleet, and floating icebergs. Finding it impossible to continue a northeasterly course to advantage, he steered east, in quest of Spitzbergen, and descried land between those

islands and the coast of Greenland, which he named the land of "Hold with Hope."

Soon after, he came in sight of the mountains of Spitzbergen, which, crowned with perpetual snow, and flanked with glaciers, reflect, to a great distance, a light equal to that of the full moon. The blocks of red granite of which they are supposed to be composed, shine like brilliant fires in the midst of flashing diamonds and sapphires of ice, as if the exiled Scandinavian gods had taken refuge there, and kindled beacon-fires upon the craggy cliffs. These mountains are described by Malte-Brun, as of enormous elevation, "shooting abruptly from the bosom of the sea, to such a height, that the bays, vessels, whales, everything, in short, appears, in their vicinity, extremely minute." Flowers are also said to spring up and blossom upon these desolate islands, during the short, nightless summer. A chaplet of poppy flowers was once gathered there, but, veined as they were with delicate frost-work, and nurtured, as they had been, from their birth, by the north wind, they must have melted away and vanished in the sheltering hand of the gatherer, as suddenly as a snow-wreath in the sun or as Hawthorne's snow-child, when housed by its pitying play-fellows.

Hudson, like all who had preceded, or who followed him, was struck with the solemn and mysterious aspect of those gloomy regions, often veiled, as they were, in deceptive mists. He lingered along the coast of Spitzbergen for nearly a fortnight, some-

times landing, in quest of morses and seals, or to attack the formidable polar bear, which so singularly and fearlessly enthrones itself upon the floating islets, or bravely resists the hunter, among the ragged rocks on the main-land. At last, catching a favorable wind, Hudson again directed his prow to the north, pressing his way, amidst frequent dangers, towards the dreary waste which stretched beyond Spitzbergen. The sea was, at times, green, blue, or black; at one moment it exhibited an open surface, the next, was covered with immense blocks of ice, which appeared as unexpectedly as if created by the power of a mischievous Thor.

On one occasion, when the ship stood idly waiting a breeze, upon the smooth, open sea, a sudden, rushing sound alarmed the sailors, and, while conjecturing its nature, they beheld an army of icebergs advancing from the distance, over a rolling sea. Expecting to be crushed between the immense blocks riding fiercely and swiftly towards them, they attempted to lower the boat as the only means of escape from the still becalmed ship, but the waves grew rapidly boisterous, and they were left with the alternative of being swamped in the open boat, or of braving an unwelcome death in the ship. Their stout hearts quaked with fear; but, while hopelessly watching the closer approach of the dreaded icebergs, an unexpected gale sprang up from the north-west, filled the sails, and bore the ship beyond the reach of the sweeping array, so quickly summoned from the re-

cesses of northern bays. "God give us thankful hearts for so great deliverance," is Hudson's expression, in his journal of the occurrence. This event, together with serious detention by fogs, inadequate provisions for a longer voyage, and the close of the short Arctic summer, decided Hudson to attempt no farther progress. Accordingly, he steered for England, and arrived in the Thames after an absence of four months and a half.

The object for which he had been sent was yet far from being accomplished; but his voyage had not been fruitless. It had opened to England the new and profitable commerce of the whale fisheries, and had carried discovery farther north than any mariner had hitherto dared to go; Hudson had also acquired by it an experience which would greatly aid him in prosecuting a second voyage more vigorously. These considerations induced the London company to employ him the following year.

More complete preparations to meet the rigors of a polar climate, were made early in the spring of 1608. The ship, with a crew of fifteen men, including Hudson's son again, was in readiness more promptly than in the preceding season. Intending to find a passage in the north-east instead of the north-west, Hudson sailed from London the 22d of April. Heavy fogs prevented his rapid progress, so that he did not reach the coast of Norway till the 24th of May. After this, a few days of clear, cold weather enabled him to press at good speed to the north-east.

By the 29th, they had reached so high a latitude that "the sun was on meridian above the horizon five degrees," enabling Hudson to make observations at midnight. Continuing his desired course as nearly as possible, despite the storms that now assailed them, the ship was soon ploughing its way through the icy sea, avoiding the larger masses of ice, and loosening the smaller fragments, till five leagues of the frozen field had been measured. The thickness and firmness of the ice through which a path was now to be forced, alarmed Hudson, lest he had ventured too far, and would be held in an interminable winter, to suffer and to perish, beyond the hailing voice of the most daring navigators who might follow him. He retraced, as hastily as possible, the course by which he had entered these forbidding regions, having experienced no damage except, as he says, "a few rubs of the ship against the ice."

He now continued his voyage directly east, sometimes attempting to turn his prow to a higher latitude, but always driven back by the ice. Finding himself in the vicinity of Nova Zembla, he resolved to abandon his hitherto fruitless efforts, and seek a passage by the straits of "the Vaygatz, and decided to pass by the mouth of the River Ob, and to double, in that way, the North Cape of Tartaria." These straits are between the southern extremity of Nova Zembla and the northern coast of Russia. While seeking the island, two of the sailors asserted that they distinctly saw a mermaid floating about the ship, one morning,

and described her as very fair, with long black hair flowing from her perfectly formed head. A sea suddenly overturned her while they were watching her, and they beheld her glide away into the waves, and down to the "purple twilight" of a lower sea. The imagined sight was enough to bring out the "sailor's reel" during the remainder of the voyage.

When within two miles of Nova Zembla, Hudson sent several of the crew ashore to survey the island, or rather the two islands which form it. "Each of them is divided from north to south by a prolongation of the Uralian mountains, but they consist chiefly of a marshy, moss-clad plain." The mariners found several streams rolling towards the sea, but they were mostly occasioned by melting snow. Without attempting to venture far upon the marshes, they contented themselves with gathering flowers and mosses, and obtaining a piece from a cross they found erected near the shore, and then returned to the ship.

Afterwards, while pursuing a herd of morses, swimming near the ship, Hudson found himself at the mouth of a broad river or sound, and, thinking he might pass through it to the eastern side of Nova Zembla, he abandoned his intention of going by the Vaygatz Straits. Several of his men, who were sent to explore it for some distance, returned with the favorable report that the river was two or three leagues broad, with a strong outward current. Encouraged by this, Hudson immediately steered up the river,—proceeding nine leagues with his ship. The boat was

then rigged with a sail, and manned by several of the crew, to explore the river, till it was found to bend to the eastward. They returned the next day, with the unwelcome news that they had sounded the river at seven leagues, and found but four feet of water.

Hudson was severely disappointed at this result, for the lateness of the season now prevented his passage by the Vaygatz, and he disliked to return from so unprofitable a voyage. Hoping, at least, to defray the expenses incurred, by obtaining morses, he diverged from a direct homeward route; but in this, also, he was unsuccessful, and, unwilling to "lay more charge upon the action than necessity should compel," he honorably abandoned further search and returned to England, after an absence of little more than four months.

The company by whom he was employed, were disappointed at his failure, and refused to bear the expense of a third voyage, at present. Hudson had become too deeply interested in the project to abandon it thus, and, unwilling to wait the pleasure of the London Company, he went immediately to Holland, to offer his services to the Dutch East India Company. Notwithstanding the discouraging voice of one of their number, who had himself ventured largely in Arctic voyages, they readily accepted Hudson's proposal, for his fame had often reached them; indeed, he was well known in Holland as "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and the famous navigator." A small ship or yacht, named the Half Moon,

was soon equipped and provided with a crew of sixteen or twenty English and Dutchmen, among whom was Robert Juet, who had accompanied him in his former voyage, and who was ultimately to bear so despicable a part in the closing tragedy of Hudson's life.

By the 25th of March, the *Half Moon* sailed from Amsterdam, and, by the 27th, had lost sight of the towers, cupolas and spires of Amsterdam, with the vast, flat meadow that surrounds it, and had safely navigated the perilous *Zuyderzee*, and passed the *Texel*. In another month, Hudson had sailed beyond Norway, doubled the North Cape, and was once more struggling with head winds, ice, and fogs, in vain attempts to reach India by the *Vaygatz*. Determined not to lose the season in fruitless plans, he immediately determined to abandon the north-eastern route, and resume his former efforts in the west. Of several plans, he proposed two to the choice of his crew — either to find a north-western passage by *Davis' Straits*, or to sail south, in quest of a strait which was laid down upon a map, given him by his old friend, Captain John Smith, as being near Virginia, and by which he might reach the Pacific. Most of the sailors had been accustomed to voyaging in warm climates, and, dreading the horrors of frozen regions, chose the southern route.

After touching at the *Faroe Islands*, Hudson steered for *Newfoundland*. A severe gale, and a prolonged storm of three weeks, seriously disabled the ship for

a time, and discouraged the voyagers; but the return of fair weather permitted them to make repairs, and restored their failing spirits. When arrived off the coast of Newfoundland, they discovered a large fleet of Frenchmen, engaged in fishing, and, finding themselves becalmed, took the boat and joined in the occupation. They were successful enough to secure one hundred and thirty codfish, to be added to their ship-stores. After resuming the voyage, they passed Nova Scotia, and in a few days anchored in Penobscot Bay. The natives flocked to the ship in great numbers, eager to exchange furs for knives, hatchets and various trinkets. They were friendly, unsuspecting, and gave no reason for the treatment they afterwards experienced from the crew. A strict watch was kept upon them at night, and, although not a sign of treachery was discovered, the night before the ship set sail, the "scute" was manned with six well-armed men, and sent to seize one of the shallops in which the Indians had visited them. They brought it on board, and then again went to the shore, drove the savages from their wigwams, and took possession of all their simple effects — a proceeding as base as it was unchristian. The poor, uncivilized savages themselves were nobler, and purer than this unprincipled crew, whose whole route was marked by riot and drunkenness. Hudson must either have been an irresolute commander, or an accustomed participator in such scenes.

The morning after this outrage, Hudson set sail,

steering southward along the coast of the continent. At Cape Cod, his men went ashore and found an abundance of "goodly grapes," which they bore to the ship like the trophies of Eshcol, to show "the fruit of the land."

Hudson next passed Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and from these, continued a southern course till he reached the Carolinas, and then turned again to the north, having satisfied himself that no passage to the Pacific Ocean existed there. Upon his return, he discovered the bay, since called Delaware Bay, but made no attempt to land. He then coasted northward, "passing along a low, marshy coast skirted with broken islands," and in a few days the highlands of Neversink greeted his sight. On the morning of the 4th of September, he anchored within Sandy Hook Bay, willing to recruit after a long voyage, before exploring the wooded islands and miniature capes and promotories that thrust themselves out all along the main land, as if to compete for the first footsteps of the strangers. "It is a very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see," Hudson summarily recorded in his journal.

While at anchor here, Hudson sent several of his men with nets to fish, and it is supposed they landed on Coney Island. They returned to the ship with the spoil, and gave a glowing account of plum-trees, laden with ripe, purple fruit, and draped and embowered in a rich growth of grape-vines, which everywhere hung out their tempting clusters. In the

meantime, the natives, who had noticed the arrival of the ship with wonder and curiosity, crowded to the shore ; finally, a few summoned sufficient courage to venture in canoes, to get a nearer view of the formidable Dutch craft. By the following morning, the Jersey shore was lined with men, women and children, who eagerly awaited the landing of the welcome visitors, and enticed them with lively gestures. The sight of the green slopes, the dark billows of foliage upon the distant hills, the bright blossoms of the dogwood and wild briar, the changing leaves of the gay sumach, and the drooping, trailing vines overhanging the water's edge with their ripe burdens, was too alluring to be withstood, when compared with the lately seen, bleak and barren regions of the north. As soon, therefore, as Hudson dispatched his men to sound the bay, they turned their boat to the shore.

Attracted by the beauty of the forest, and disarmed of fear by the extreme kindness of the natives, they rambled for miles back into the wilderness, followed all the way by troops of Indians, and met by others, of seeming superiority, who wore mantles of fur or feathers, and displayed an abundance of copper ornaments. That they forgot their own magnificence in amazement at the quaint, outlandish costume of the strangers, is not to be wondered at ; for, should a Dutch craft of two centuries ago, not very unlike the one Irving humorously describes as "one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern post to the

taffrel," sail now into the enlivened bay, and its crew land upon the same shores, equipped in doublets and jerkins, enormous breeches, cocked hats, and high-heeled shoes, a far greater curiosity would be manifested, even in these days of wonders, than was betrayed by the stately and grave politeness of the untutored warriors.

Many traditions of Hudson's first landing are preserved. One, well authenticated as having been related to a missionary by the Indians, is given in several historical collections, as follows: "A long time ago, when there was no such thing known to the Indians as people with a white skin, some Indians who had been out a fishing, and where the sea widens, espied at a great distance, something remarkably large, swimming or floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. They immediately, returning to the shore, told their countrymen of what they had seen, and pressed them to go out with them, and discern what it might be. . . . Accordingly, they sent runners to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that they might send off in every direction for the warriors to come in. These now came in numbers, and seeing the strange appearance, and that it was actually moving forward, concluded that it was a large canoe, or house, in which the Great Manitto himself was, and that he probably was coming to visit them. . . . They now prepared plenty of meat for a sacrifice; the women were required to prepare the best of victuals; their idols or images were

examined and put in order ; and a grand dance was supposed not only to be an agreeable entertainment for the Manitto, but might, with the addition of a sacrifice, contribute towards appeasing him, in case he was angry. . . . It now appeared certain that it was their Manitto coming, bringing, probably, some new kind of game. But other runners now came in, declaring that it was a house of various colors and filled with people, but that the people were of a different color from themselves ; that they were, also, dressed in a different manner from themselves, and that one, in particular, appeared altogether red. This they they thought must be the Manitto himself. They were now lost in admiration. . . . The house (or large canoe) stopped, and a smaller canoe now came on shore, bringing the red man, and some others in it. The chiefs and wise men formed a circle, into which the red-clothed man and two others approached. He saluted them with a friendly countenance, and they returned the salute after their manner. They were amazed at the color of their skin and dress, particularly at the red man, whose clothes glittered with something they could not account for. He must be the great Manitto, they thought, but then why should he have a white skin ? A large, elegant *hockhack* was brought forward by one of the Manitto's servants, and something poured from it into a small cup or glass, and handed to the Manitto. He drank it, had the cup refilled, and had it handed to the chief next to him, for him to drink. The chief took it

smelt it, and passed it to the next, who did the same. The cup passed in this way round the circle, untasted, and was about to be returned to the red clothed man, when one of their number, a spirited man, and a great warrior, jumped up, and harangued the multitude on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. He said it was handed to them by the Manitto to drink out of, as he had done; that to follow his example would please him, but to return what he had given them might provoke him, and cause him to destroy them. And that since he believed it to be for the good of the nation, that the contents offered them should be drunk, if no one else was willing to drink, he would try it, let the consequence be what it would, for it was better for one man to die, than that a whole nation should be destroyed. He then took the glass, smelt it, addressed them again, and bidding them all farewell, drank it. All eyes were now fixed upon him, to see what effect this would produce. He soon began to stagger, and the women cried, supposing he had fits. Presently he rolled on the ground, and they all began to bemoan him, supposing him to be dying. Then he fell asleep, and they now thought he was dead, but presently they saw that he was still breathing. In a little time he awoke, jumped up, and declared that he never felt himself so happy before, as when he had drunk the cup. He asked for more, which was given to him, and the whole assembly soon joined him, and all became intoxicated. While the intoxication lasted, the

white men kept themselves in their vessel, and when it was over, the man with the red clothes again returned to them, bringing them presents of beads, axes, hoes, and stockings."

A Dutch historian, who had himself visited America, and who wrote his history only forty-three years after Hudson made the voyage, relates a similar tradition. It is found, also, in a history written forty-one years after the occurrence, and, from its perfect accordance with the character of the crew, it may be esteemed a correct relation.

Hudson and his men, according to their own account, regarded the Indians with distrust, although they gave no occasion for it, till, one dark night, when an exploring party were returning in a boat to the ship, they suddenly encountered two skiffs containing twenty-six Indians, who immediately discharged their arrows at random, in the direction of the retreating boat. Whether the attack was meditated, or whether the unexpected meeting frightened them, can only be judged by their subsequent conduct. They made no display of hostility the following day, but, on the contrary, went unarmed, and with innocent faces, to the ship, trusting themselves to the power of the whites, in a manner which, at least, did not betray guilt. One of the crew was killed by an arrow during the sudden affray, and was buried at Sandy Hook, upon a spot named Colman's Point, in memory of his loss.

The next day, two long canoes, one filled with

armed warriors, the other with traders, approached the ship. Hudson would not permit them to come on board, with the exception of two men whom he dressed in red coats, and detained as hostages; and with these he sailed into the Narrows, and from thence into the Bay of New York. Here he remained for a day; his solitary ship tracking the waters of the beautiful bay which, in the future, was to bear upon its bosom the stately steamers and graceful fleets of many nations. On the one hand stretched the low shores of Long Island, and, on the other, knolls of "smiling green" rose, one above another. The trees waved a greeting from the hill-tops, and brilliant blossoms nodded a cheerful welcome from the sloping banks. Before him lay the island of Manhattan, in rich undulations of hill and dale, variegated with the dark, shining foliage of the oak, and the pale green of the sycamore. Quiet and loneliness rested upon the island, which nearly a million now call home; and scarcely a wave disturbed the waters where now a forest of masts girdles the city, as if the bristling legions of ancient armies, with their chariots, spears, and floating banners, had encircled it.

The great river which Hudson now beheld gliding into the bay from the north, suggested to him that here he might find the passage to India or China, which he had so long sought—an idea easily ridiculed, now that it is proved fallacious, but no more chimerical, at that time, than a thousand others entertained by his cotemporaries. Accordingly, the

Half Moon was soon slowly creeping up the wide river, occasionally anchoring in its lazy course. Indians came shooting out from the shores, here and there, in their canoes, laden with provisions, and cordially offering their simple hospitality. All were repulsed with a distrust which they were quick to perceive, and ready to return.

By the fourteenth of September, the ship "anchored in a region where the land was very high and mountainous." At last, then, the little vessel, with its quaint crew, had reached the Highlands. Used, as Hudson was, to the monotonous undulations of his own country, and to dreary stretches of eternal ice and snow, and accustomed, as the Dutch mariners were, to gaze upon the flat meadows of Holland, they must have found a novel charm in this wild overhanging of precipices, the lofty pyramids of foliage, and the wide, smooth river, enclosed among the mountains like a chain of lakelets, or as if a Loch Lomond, with its Scottish heights, had been transported to the midst of the rich region they traversed. They had passed the Palisades,

"— those pillared heights, in grandeur lone,
Oft visioned to our dumb and dreamy wonder,
One long Niagara, changed to silent stone."

All night, the ship was moored beneath the towering Highlands, within hearing of the roar of wild beasts, and the screeching of night-birds; perhaps, too, the beacon fires of the Indians gleamed from the

hills, as a warning of the invasion of a new and unfriendly people. At sunrise, a mist hung over the river, and whitened the mountains of forest, but a fresh breeze soon swept it away, and again the ship was gliding through the windings of the Highlands. Here the two natives who had been gaudily decked out, and retained as hostages, leaped into the water, swam to the shore, and vented either their delight at regained freedom, or anger at their captors, in loud cries, and "scornful looks." Hudson regretted their escape.

The ship, it is supposed, was next anchored near Catskill Landing; they had "passed by the high mountains" and arrived in sight of others "which lie from the river's side." Unlike the changed shores of the river, they are yet, as when Hudson beheld them, unscathed by the axe, the plow, and the sythe of the unsparing American. We still see them rounded in magical hues and shapes against the sky, in the pearly mists of morning, or softly lined by the shadows of evening.

"Nay, so dim the distant gleam
And faint the shadows, that, to musing eyes,
The snow and vapor ghostly forms enshroud—
A Hamlet's father, helmet-crowned and pale,
Or, turbaned in the summit-wreaths of cloud,
The Prophet of Khorassan, with his Silver Veil."

Here Hudson found "very loving people, and very old men," whose offers of hospitality were more kindly received than those of the war-like tribes below

He was entertained by an aged chief, and a happy understanding seemed to exist between them. The natives flocked to the ship with provisions, anxious to exchange them for the showy trinkets the Dutchmen offered. A day passed here in fishing and filling the water casks, and, on the following, Hudson continued his progress up the river, till he arrived in the vicinity of the present city of Hudson. He now found the river growing narrow and shallow — “a phenomenon not uncommon in the ascent of rivers,” says an author, with overflowing humor, “but which puzzled the honest Dutchmen prodigiously.” Doubting the possibility of a higher ascent, yet unwilling to dismiss, altogether, his cherished surmise that it would afford an opening to China, he ventured six leagues further, where the ship ran aground. He then dispatched several of his men in a boat, to explore the river, and take soundings. They reported the narrowness of the channel, but Hudson was still determined to move up the river.

On the morning of the twenty-first, it was his intention to proceed; but by this time crowds of Indians had pressed around the ship, and clambered upon the deck. They were regarded with coldness and reserve. Hudson determined to assure himself of their intentions by causing them to drink deeply, and thus “throw them off their guard.” Inducing a few of the chiefs to accompany him to the cabin, he entertained them with wine till they “were all merry.” The wife of one of the chiefs, and some of her compan-

ions, sat near, modestly and timidly watching the strange proceedings, and, probably, wondering at the unaccountable merriment, and boisterous movements of the usually grave chieftains. The cup passed round till one of the number fell into the lethargy of drunkenness. Unable to awaken him, the rest became alarmed, and, believing him poisoned, or under some mysterious spell, fled to the deck, plunged into their canoes, and, with all speed, made for the shore. They could not thus forsake one of their number; some of them returned with long strings of beads, hoping to buy back the drunken chief. By the following day, he recovered from the effects of the experiment which Hudson and his rollicking crew, devoid of all principle and honor, had imposed upon the innocent natives, introducing among them the vices of civilized nations, and withholding from them the light of Truth which God required at their hands.

After having explored and sounded the river as far as the site of Albany, Hudson was obliged to yield his opinion, and return by the way he entered. While retracing his course, some of his men occasionally landed, and strolled along the banks, admiring "the good store of goodly oaks and walnut trees, and chestnut trees, yew trees, and trees of sweet wood." Thus they rambled and glided down the river, and through the wilderness already brilliant with the gorgeous hues of October. The looming Catskills again attracted their admiring eyes, though Hudson little dreamed, as he gazed, that he should

ever figure there, in the eyes of posterity, as "a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance," wearing "a lace doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them," and he playing at nine-pins with his uncouth, phantom crew.

After passing the Highlands, the ship was once more anchored, and, as usual, crowds of natives hastened to dispose of their furs and tobacco. They had not sufficient to purchase all the articles their eyes coveted, and one Indian was prompted to steal what he could not otherwise obtain. Climbing from his canoe to the cabin window, he obtained a pillow and some clothing, and hastily rowed away with his spoil. He was seen, and, in another moment, was struck down by a well-aimed shot. The ship's boat was manned and sent for the stolen articles, which were obtained, but, on their return, an Indian, who determined to revenge the death of his comrade, seized and attempted to overturn the boat. One of the crew cut off his offending hand at a blow, and he sank, never to rise again. Thus were the fiercest passions of the savages called forth by uncalled-for severity, and by brutal sporting with their ignorance. As might be expected, by the time the *Half Moon* reached the mouth of the river, the Indians were prepared to take revenge for the indignities put upon them. Several canoes, filled with armed warriors, intercepted the ship's passage, near the island of Manhattan, and a vigorous fight ensued. Ten In-

dians were shot during the affray, and the rest fled in terror to the woods for shelter. None of the crew were harmed.

By the fourth of October, Hudson was again at sea. The length of the voyage had caused much dissatisfaction among the crew. Some wished to winter at Newfoundland, and accomplish the object for which they had been sent, by pursuing a northern course, the following spring. Others desired to hasten home. The mutinous spirit that existed among his men, decided Hudson to return immediately to Holland, satisfied in having discovered for his patrons a noble stream, navigable for more than one hundred miles, through a beautiful and fertile region. But, instead of returning to Holland, he landed at Dartmouth, in England, in consequence, it is supposed, of a mutiny; the Dutch attribute his detention there to jealousy of the English king. He promptly sent the journal and charts of his voyage to his employers, and depicted the advantages they might derive from their acquisition of one of the finest harbors yet discovered, and the picturesque and majestic river, which he named the "Great River of the Mountains," but which was, eventually, to bear his own name.

Allowing himself only the repose of a few months, Hudson was actively engaged in preparing for another voyage, early in the spring of 1610. The London Company furnished him with the ship *Discovery*, of fifty-five tons. It was thoroughly equipped for a cruise in the northern seas, and manned with twenty-

three men, one of whom was Hudson's son. They sailed from London, the seventeenth of April, and steered for the north-western inlets of the American continent, especially Davis' Straits, hoping to find, in some one of them, a channel to the "Great South Sea."

In less than a month, the *Discovery* was coasting Iceland — that dreary island which Malte-Brun describes as "a land of prodigies, where the subterraneous fires of the abyss burst through a frozen soil; where boiling springs shoot up their fountains, amidst eternal snows; and where the powerful genius of liberty, and the no less powerful genius of poetry, have given brilliant proofs of the energies of the human mind, at the farthest confines of animated nature." While the voyagers were struggling through the shoals of ice, and battling with the winds, which often bore along columns of little, icy particles, blinding and painful to the exposed mariners, they beheld, at a distance of scarcely two leagues, the shooting flames of Mount Hecla, and the red-hot lava overflowing its scarred declivities. Willing to recruit, after a fortnight's endurance of storms and head winds, Hudson took refuge in a harbor on the western side of the island, where he was kindly received by the natives. The sailors amused themselves with bathing in some of the hot springs, which throw up streaming jets from all the plains of Iceland. Although "hot enough to scald a fowl," as Hudson's journal remarks, and, although the inhabitants often make use of them, in

boiling vegetables, meat, or eggs, yet the sailors suffered no inconvenience in these singular baths. The desolateness of the snowy valleys, is relieved by these fantastic fountains, which rise in tall, smoking columns, hung with sparkling girandoles.

Not satisfied with the respite, which Hudson thus considerably afforded his men, they began here to exhibit the insubordinate temper, which was to terminate so fatally. The most quarrelsome of the crew were Juet, the mate, who had accompanied Hudson on his previous voyage, and Henry Green, a young Englishman, of respectable parentage, but whose profligacy had made him an outcast. Hudson had found him almost a beggar, in the streets of London, had clothed and fed him, and had interceded with his mother for a sum of money to fit him for a voyage; he then offered him fair wages to accompany him, and, in order to awaken his ambition, encouraged him to aspire to a place in the "Prince's Guards," upon his return. Hudson extended the utmost kindness and forbearance toward these two abandoned men, who, though bound to him by the ties of gratitude, and frequent fellowship in danger, filled up the measure of their degradation, by consigning a tried and forgiving friend to a lingering and fearful death.

Hudson succeeded in allaying the disturbance which these two men had created among the whole crew, and, when he left Iceland, supposed that kindness was restored. By the fourth of June, they beheld the coast of Greenland, but the shores were so

firmly ice-bound that no attempts were made to land. Doubling the southern point, he steered for the northwest portion of the American continent — though his progress was often seriously obstructed by floating “mountains of ice.” While sailing in Davis’ Straits, he was in the close vicinity of an overturning iceberg — a phenomenon occasioned by the melting of the ice upon one side, and its consequent loss of equilibrium. The thick fog, by which the melting masses are surrounded, and the sort of whirlpool attending their wild frolics, causes imminent danger to ships in their neighborhood. But Hudson had scarcely time to be grateful for his escape, before another and another came driving in his course, as if endowed with malignant intelligence, and a determination to bear down upon his frail vessel, and sink it forever. Like the jealous Japanese, they seemed resolved to keep off the unwelcome presence of intermeddling foreigners.

It required Hudson’s utmost skill to dodge these threatening rocks of ice, and he was glad to escape into a bay that offered shelter. He had no sooner reached it, than a severe storm overtook him, and the rapidly accumulating ice was driven so violently against the ship, that he could only preserve her from destruction by running her into the thickest of it, and permitting it to lock her into a frozen desert. Dismay was depicted upon the countenances of the mariners. Some “fell sick with grief,” but, as soon as the storm ceased, the most courageous went

lustily to work, hewing a path for the ship. They succeeded in hauling her from one clear sea to another, yet, as far as the eye could reach, the same field of ice stretched before them, and, at last, they gave up in despair.

Hudson afterwards confessed that he expected to have perished there. His men, however, perceived no misgiving or fear in his demeanor. He preserved a cheerful countenance, and endeavored to recall the vigor and animation of the crew, who had yielded themselves to helpless fear, irritable repinings, or hardened bravado. The trial of the moment, developed the characters with whom Hudson had to deal; and he must have been stung with the ingratitude and reckless villany, now clearly exhibited to him in the conduct of those whom he had befriended. He forebore all remonstrance or threats, and, with an air of self-confidence and of unbroken hope, he summoned the crew, spread his charts before them, and offered to their choice what course they should pursue; whether he should turn his prow homeward, or should still press to the north, assuring them with pride, that they had already outsailed all English navigators, and might yet secure the glory of discovering the passage so perseveringly sought for many years.

As he anticipated, no two could agree, and they were forced to see that they did not know themselves, what they desired. The majority finally declared it mattered little where they went, and that they

longed only to escape from the dismal prospect before them. Hudson kindly reasoned with the most turbulent, allayed the fears of the timid, and inspired the hopeless with courage and strength. He then united them in a resolute effort to extricate the ship. They succeeded, after much labor, in working her out of the broad field of ice which had so speedily and unexpectedly enclosed her. Had Hudson continued to exercise the cool courage, decision, and kind expostulation, which characterized him during this perilous experience, he might have escaped the sad fate that awaited him.

Their north-western course was resumed, and by the eighth of July, land was discovered; it was covered with snow, and Hudson named it "Desire Provoked." A succession of capes, bays, and islands, met his eyes, as he entered the straits, which now bear his name. Seeing the broad channel before him, he believed that, at last, he had found the coveted passage to the Indies. With elated spirits, he sailed through the straits, till he approached the last visible points of land on the north and south, one of which he called Cape Digges; the other, Cape Worsenholme. He sent several of his men to ascend the hills of Cape Digges, hoping they could discern the great ocean, he was sure lay beyond. They explored the grassy plains that intervened between the coast and the hills, but the farther they advanced, the more distant seemed the deceptive hills, until, wearied with dragging over the marshy expanse, and overtaken by

a storm, they returned towards the ship. A fog had veiled her from their sight, and, for some time, they wandered along the shore in vain search, but the firing of two guns on board, guided them safely back. They could give no account of the imagined sea ; but a discovery, more important to their present necessities, resulted from their explorations, namely, the abundance of game, found upon the cape. Hudson was too impatient to reach the Indies, to listen to the wishes of his men, to store the ship while opportunity offered, and immediately set sail for the broad, inland sea, that opened to the south.

It required but a short time to reach the extremity of Hudson's Bay. When Hudson beheld the unwelcome sight of land ahead, his heart sank within him ; yet, unwilling to believe himself embayed, he followed the deceitful windings of the shore, always believing that, beyond the next jutting point, he should find the wished-for outlet. After days of wandering in this "labyrinth without end," as he impatiently denominated it, he was obliged to acknowledge his disappointment, and the uselessness of further effort, as the season was now too far advanced for exploration. Irritated at his repeated failures, he no longer bore with his former patience, the complaints and continued quarrels of his wrangling crew. A court of inquiry was appointed to try the most turbulent, which resulted in the exposure of the mutinous plans of Robert Juet, the mate, and his associate, the boatswain, both of whom had induced the discontented sailors to

keep loaded arms by them. The two were removed from their duties, and replaced by others in whom Hudson reposed confidence.

The first of November had overtaken the voyagers while still exploring the bay. Successive tempests had driven them hither and thither; long, cold nights contributed to their suffering; disappointment and insubordination distracted their minds, and only the disheartening prospect of wintering in the bay was before them. With a perseverance amounting to obstinacy, Hudson determined to remain and be in readiness, in the following spring, to continue his pursuit. He ran the ship into a small bay, and sent two of the sailors in search of a suitable position for a winter's shelter; when found, the ship was hauled aground, and in another week, was firmly fastened in the ice.

“It is difficult,” says a review of “Life at Hudson’s Bay,” “for stay-at-home people, who, at the first ice-tree upon their windows, creep into the chimney corner and fleecy hosiery, to imagine such a temperature as that of Hudson’s Bay, where, from October to April, the thermometer seldom *rises* to the freezing point, and frequently falls from 30 deg. to 40 deg., 45 deg., and even 49 deg. below zero, of Fahrenheit” — a temperature, however, which a continued calm renders endurable. The slightest breath of wind penetrates a treble suit of fur, leather and blankets, as readily as if the wearer was enveloped in gauze. Without the luxury of fur or a superabundance of

blankets, with nothing beyond their ordinary supply of clothing, and with scarcely two months' provisions, the forlorn mariners of the *Discovery* were exposed to the rigors of such a winter. Whichever way they turned, nothing could be perceived but a savage desert, where precipitous rocks rose to the cold, gray clouds, or yawned into deep ravines and barren valleys which never felt the warmth of the sun, and never could tempt the searching footsteps of a human being, to their unfathomable depths of eternal snow.

There was no alternative but to remain in this dreary and unpeopled region for more than six months, and to shelter themselves as best they could. Hudson commenced at once to put the men on short allowance, and offered a reward for "beast, fish, or fowl," which they might obtain. During the first three months, they secured a fair supply of white partridges and other birds, but as the cold became extreme, game gradually disappeared, and the half-starved sailors went wandering over the bleak hills in search of anything that could sustain life; not a frog, nor a clump of moss was refused by them. In these almost daily excursions, some one returned with his feet, hands, or ears, severely frozen; for, though a clear and cloudless sky was above them, upon first venturing out, it was no surety against a tempest upon their return; and to meet the keen, piercing blast, driving clouds of snow before it, was an intensity of suffering of which they carried the marks for many a day.

Unable to find comfortable shelter on ship-board, for the whole crew, Hudson directed the carpenter to go ashore and erect a suitable house. The carpenter had, himself, proposed doing it earlier in the season, but he assured his captain that the frost and snow now rendered the work impossible, and added, in an insolent tone, that it was not his business, he being only the *ship* carpenter. This refusal roused Hudson's long-suppressed temper; with reckless volubility he heaped abusive epithets upon the offending sailor, drove him from the cabin, and threatened to hang him. Henry Green took part with the carpenter, which still further excited Hudson's anger. A few hours of reflection brought regret to the carpenter, and, with the promptness of an honorable, generous nature, he returned to obedience, although its requirements were at variance from his own judgment, and immediately began the erection of the house. He remained, to the end, Hudson's warmest friend. With Green, this quarrel was but the sure betrayal of his baseness; presuming upon it, he disregarded the orders of his superior, in taking a gunning excursion. During his absence, Hudson gave to another sailor a gown which he had promised to Green, seeking thus to show his displeasure towards the young man, who evinced his ingratitude for past kindness, and at a time, too, when he himself was harassed with cares and disappointment. Green resented the transfer of the expected gift, when Hudson imprudently and harshly reproached him, telling him that "all his friends would

not trust him with twenty shillings, and, therefore, why should he? As for wages, he had none, nor should have, if he did not please him well." These words were like a poisoned arrow in the heart of the half-reformed vagrant. All the fair resolutions he had ever entertained, vanished, and from that moment, he yielded to the guidance of his evil angel — the spirit who exultingly reënters the heart from which he has been partially expelled, "and taketh with him seven other spirits, more wicked than himself."

The winter passed away, giving no other employment to the men than an exhausting and continued search for food and fuel. Doubtless, the drift-wood that had floated from unknown regions, could sometimes be hewn from its frozen bed; for voyagers often speak of this available fuel, which is dashed and ground against icy rocks till it sometimes ignites and sends up smoke and flame in the midst of the dreary sea. The very extremities, too, to which the sailors were driven, in consuming fat substances, such as are deemed luxurious among the Esquimaux, yet are revolting to us, sustained them more effectually against the cold than if provided with their own accustomed food. Nothing else generates an equal degree of heat in the animal system; the provision of such nutriment in the whales, bears, and seals of rigorous climates, and the appetite with which even a temporary inhabitant craves oily food, are striking illustrations

of the exercise of a Divine plan, and the supervision of a wise and benevolent God.

The only human being seen by the Discovery's crew during their long imprisonment in the bay, was a savage, whom they gladly welcomed, and loaded with presents. He left them well pleased, and, in a few days, returned with a sledge laden with deer and beaver skins. Strangely enough, he gave back all the presents he had received; but Hudson insisted upon his retaining them, and purchased one of the deer-skins. He promised, upon his departure, to bring some of his people, when he came again; he was never seen afterwards, and the hope of obtaining provisions through him was reluctantly abandoned. As the ice began to break up, a small supply of fish was secured, and by scanty allowance, they managed to exist till spring.

By the middle of June, the ice was sufficiently broken to permit the egress of the ship. Before sailing, Hudson distributed to his crew the last of the provisions, about a pound of bread to each man, "and, knowing their wretched condition, and the uncertainty of what might befall them, he also gave to every man a bill of return, which might be showed at home, if it pleased God that they came home, and he wept when he gave it to them." Three days of sailing launched them into the midst of far-extending ice-shoals, and there they were forced to cast anchor. To add to Hudson's perplexity, some of the men had voraciously eaten all their bread, and were clamoring

for more. Some cheese was found and divided among them. Suspecting that certain of his men had concealed provisions, Hudson declared that all their chests should be searched, and ordered one sailor to bring all he had in store. He obeyed, bringing forward a bag containing thirty cakes. The occurrence greatly exasperated the most discontented of the crew, and they immediately perfected their murderous plots.

At midnight, they assembled, and determined upon the destruction of their commander, and all who were friendly to him. One Pricket, to whom they unfolded their plans, entreated them to desist from the dark crime they were about to commit; he reminded them of their wives and children at home, who would shrink from them as murderers, and of the ignominious end they would bring upon themselves. Green, who, of all others, should have shielded his benefactor, told the conscientious sailor "to hold his peace," and that he "would rather be hanged at home than starved abroad." Finding such entreaties useless, Pricket urged them to delay the execution of their design for three — for two days — for one, even; but the hardened wretches refused. Indignant at their brutality, he reproached them with blood-thirstiness, and with revenge, rather than a regard for the safety of the ship and of themselves, which was the alleged reason; for, the only offense they imputed to Hudson, was his irresolute conduct, and the errors which he had committed from the beginning of the voyage.

In reply to these reproaches, Green seized a Bible, and swore with a hypocrisy equal to his villainy, that "he would harm no man, and what he did was for the good of the voyage, and nothing else." The following oath was then taken by all, at Pricket's persuasion: "You shall swear truth to God, your Prince, and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God, and the good of the action in hand, and harm no man." His last effort to restrain them by this solemn oath, proved useless.

Meanwhile, Green went to Hudson, and pretended friendship and affection, and left with him an impression of reformed resolutions, and quieted any suspicions he might entertain of the meditated mutiny. But a few hours remained to perfect their plans. Daybreak was fixed upon as the time of execution, and it came quickly enough. At the first glimpse of morning, they began their work. As Hudson came up from his cabin, he was seized and bound. His son followed, together with a sailor who was Hudson's avowed friend. The ship's boat was now hauled alongside, and they were thrown into it, to be set adrift, and abandoned to a lingering and horrible death. Had the work of these murderers ceased here, it might be attributed to the untaught and unchecked impulses of a revengeful temper; but, with a cold-blooded cruelty that scarcely has its parallel among civilized beings, they now called up those of their companions who were sick or lame in their berths, and placed them, also, in the open boat.

Henry Green was foremost in the Satanic work, rolling oath after oath from his lips, as he thrust the pale and disabled sailors over the ship's side. Pricket once more interfered, entreating them upon his knees, "for the love of God, to remember themselves, and do as they would be done unto." But they only laughed him to scorn, and ordered him back to the cabin.

Eight men now occupied the little shallop, with nothing to shield them from the tempest, nothing to satisfy their hunger and thirst, and nothing by which to guide the frail boat to a place of security. The carpenter, who was permitted to remain on ship-board, could not endure the cruel sight, and, rather than see his master perish thus, he declared that he would cast his lot with him, and save him yet, if he could. The same noble spirit that could acknowledge and repair an error, was capable of the generous risk of life in saving that of his commander. The touching contrast with his own wickedness must have smote the heart of Green, if he had not already fully yielded himself to the power of the Evil One. Being free in his choice, the carpenter supplied himself with tools, a gun, some powder and shot, an iron pot, a small quantity of meal and other provisions, and bidding farewell to Pricket, with tears in his eyes, he leaped into the shallop which was yet dragging at the stern.

The ship was now loose from the ice. The anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted, and a fair wind floated

her towards the strait by which the mariners had entered. When she had reached a nearly clear sea, the rope holding the boat was cut, and Hudson, with his son, his brave friend and the six feeble sailors, were left to the mercies of an Arctic sea. The murderers turned, unrelenting, from a last glimpse of their victims, who were helplessly rocking upon the waves, and crouching together to elude the keen, sweeping blast, that bore death upon its wings. The ship, under full sail, stood for the capes, skimming as swiftly and safely along as if she bore the good and the just. But God left the offenders to fill up the measure of their iniquity. They were fast gliding around in the converging circles of an eternal maelstrom, and, intoxicated with their abandoned villainy, did not perceive the abyss into which they were soon to plunge.

Having a long voyage before them, and being almost destitute of provisions, it was necessary to land at the capes, and obtain whatever could be found. As soon as land was discovered, therefore, a boat, manned with five men, was sent ashore. Savages crowded to the beach, offering all the provision the sailors could desire, but in an unguarded moment, suddenly attacked them. The agility of the sailors in springing to the boat, alone saved them from immediate death. As it was, three were mortally wounded, and unable to assist in rowing the boat beyond the reach of a shower of arrows that darted after them. Green was struck, and instantly killed, while an awful oath was upon his lips. The rest

reached the ship with difficulty. Two others of the number, who were most clamorous for the desertion of their commander and comrades, expired the same day from the effects of poisoned arrows, cursing and raving till silenced by the fearful hand of Death. The three were committed to the same cold grave they had prepared for Hudson and their wronged shipmates; and a fourth, equally wretched in his end, followed them to their icy bed, two days after.

The remainder of the crew succeeded in gaining the Atlantic, and shaped their course for Ireland. For weeks, they were tempest-tossed, their ship disabled by storms, and themselves reduced to feeble skeletons by starvation. The skins of their last supply of fowl, were voraciously devoured, and even the bones, fried in tallow, were every one consumed. The candles were now divided among them—one pound to each man, and, with only this morsel to sustain them, they had yet to count long miles, with only a crazy ship to creep over the surging ocean. At this crisis, Juet, who had been a close companion in crime with Green, but who was the best pilot remaining, died in the agonies of remorse and starvation. His cries went up dolefully from the swaying ship. No one could give relief. Each man, too weak to stand, sat silently at his post, gazing at the others' pale, stony countenances. They cared not where the vessel went, and they would sit helplessly “and see the foresail or mainsail fly up to the tops,

the sheets being either flown or broken, and would not help it themselves, nor call to others for help."

While they thus silently waited the coming of death, the joyful cry of "A sail! a sail!" roused their remaining strength. They watched its nearer approach with intense and painful eagerness, till their rescue was sure. It proved to be a fishing bark off the coast of Ireland, whose crew had descried the tattered sails of the ship, and hastened to the relief of the forlorn mariners. They were taken into a harbor, kindly provided for by the commander of the fishing bark, and finally succeeded in reaching London.

Their arrival in England, and the history of the crimes and suffering of the voyage, produced a general feeling of commiseration and sorrow. The fate of one of England's most daring navigators, and the sudden closing of a career that had reflected honor upon his country, as a discoverer, excited so deep an interest that two ships were sent in search of him the following year. They returned, however, in a few months, unsuccessful.

Hudson was probably a self-made man, and as such, deserves the high encomiums which history has bestowed. He was a fearless navigator and a man of generous sympathies, but he possessed neither the self-reliance and firmness requisite to the commander of a difficult enterprise and a turbulent crew, nor the noble virtues which crown the memory of the truly great. His life-long, brave battle with Arctic hard-

ships and lonely perils, commands a lasting admiration; and his unknown, but certainly distressing, fate, awakens the liveliest sympathy. Whether his bones rest in the bay that bears his name, or his dust has been scattered by fierce winds over the cold, northern wilderness, his name will live as long as that vast inland sea remains, and as perpetually as the Hudson River rolls through its mountain gates, and washes a city destined soon to be the mart of the world.

VI.

JOHN SMITH.

THE hero of a French novel, the Aladdin of Arabian romance, or the adventures of a gipsey, could not exceed, in variety of incident, in strange escapes, or in eccentric feats, the remarkable life of this king of all John Smiths — the founder of Virginia.

There is little of moral greatness in his character. He was comparatively free from vicious habits; he was sagacious, energetic, and bold, but he was too erratic and fickle in his tastes, to harbor any fixed purpose. The same motive that impelled his wanderings from London to Constantinople, from Paris to Alexandria, sent him to uncivilized America — not like the early discoverers, to extend the known limits of the earth, and add to the stores of science, nor like the northern settlers, to establish an Indian mission, or to seek an asylum of liberty — but simply to gratify the love of a wild, roving life. Yet his name is a star in the constellation of his period — a star, brilliant to the chance-gazer, but flickering to the eye of one who seeks a pure and steady light of character.

Captain Smith was born in 1579, in Willoughby, England. While yet young, he was left an orphan, with a small property, in the care of guardians, who abused the trust. His propensity to wander was first exhibited at school, where he sold his books and satchel, and, with the proceeds, was about stealing away to sea, when he was deterred by the death of his father. His education was thenceforward neglected, and he was left to gain his knowledge of men and the world through his novel experience and acute observation. His guardian relatives accorded him a vagabond life, until he was old enough to enter upon an apprenticeship with a merchant of Lynn. The common-place duties, and the stability and diligence required of him, were at war with his inclinations, so that, without an adieu, he left his employer, and began a reckless search after romantic adventure.

Longing to visit foreign countries, he entered the service of the sons of Lord Willoughby, who were about to take the tour of the continent. Soon after their arrival in France, they dismissed him, giving him sufficient means to return to England. But the picturesque dresses of the peasants, their jesting and chattering, the charming groves and vineyards of France, and, above all, the gayety of Paris, were too strong attractions to the youthful wanderer, for him to return to staid old England, and to the begrudged bounty of his relatives. He made his way alone to Paris, and there met a Scottish gentleman, who immediately interested himself in the young traveler.

Smith was, at this time, fifteen years of age. That his countenance was extremely pleasing, his manner spirited and graceful, his wit ready and promising, may be inferred from the advice given him by his Highland friend, which was, to become a courtier in the court of King James — the would-be Solomon. Nothing seemed easier, or more desirable, to the partial Scotchman. With the whimsical ardor of an enthusiast, he replenished the purse of his new-found *protégé*, wrote letters of introduction to his friends in Scotland, and, with hearty wishes for the young adventurer's success, saw him safely out of Paris. But with the benefactor, disappeared all Smith's sincere intentions to find favor in the eyes of the Scottish monarch. Arrived at Rouen, new friends influenced him, and the sight of lively preparations for war induced him to try a soldier's life. He enlisted as a private, and, in a few days, was on his way to Havre de Grace.

Four years in the wars of the Netherlands, though affording his first military lessons, contributed nothing to his needed stability. He found himself as penniless and unknown as ever; but, never at a loss for an expedient, he bethought himself of the letters of his Scotch patron, and immediately set out for the court of James. The vessel in which he sailed was wrecked upon the Holy Isle of Northumberland, and he narrowly escaped drowning, only to encounter an equally dangerous illness. After several weeks of confinement, he succeeded in reaching Scotland

and presented the letters, which were expected to launch him at once upon a promising career. In this he was disappointed. He was hospitably and kindly received, but his good fortune extended no further. Too impatient to endure delay, and too independent for a sycophant, he abandoned the notion of becoming a courtier, bade adieu to his entertainers, and returned to England, and to his old home at Willoughby.

Handsome, graceful, soldierly in his carriage, lively and generous, abounding in foreign accomplishments, he was the Adonis of the village maidens, the wonder and dread of the awkward beaux, and the pride of the cousins who had turned him off, a vagabond boy. The first flush of pleasure at his flattering reception having passed, however, he became wearied of the profuse attentions of his friends, and quite disgusted with the "humdrum quiet of a country town." Professing himself tired of the world, he suddenly determined to turn hermit — perhaps with the hope of acquiring the notoriety he had thus far failed to secure beyond his immediate circle. He concealed himself, as he says, "in woodie pasture, environed with many hundred acres of other woods," and there, "by a faire brooke, he built himself a pavilion of boughs, where only in his clothes he lay." In this retreat, he amused himself like a knight-errant, with "a good horse, lance and ring." Two books, upon the art of war, were his only companions; his food was chiefly the prohibited game of the forest. Of course, wonder

ful stories were soon afloat among the peasantry, and it was not long before the attention of the neighboring nobility was directed to the eccentric hermit. An Italian gentleman, employed by the Earl of Lincoln, was deputed to visit the "pavilion," and entice the recluse knight from his solitude, in which attempt he succeeded, after some weeks of occasional companionship.

Smith, soon afterwards, went to London. He was there imposed upon by four French rogues, who, by fair promises, induced him to accompany them to France. They embarked in a small vessel, the captain of which was probably a smuggler. When arrived at St. Valery, in Picardy, the four thieves were clandestinely sent ashore at midnight, with the money and clothes of the deceived youth. Upon the discovery of the robbery, the passengers expressed their sympathy, and one of them took him under his own escort, provided him with means, and, when landed, introduced him to his friends, who received Smith with extraordinary kindness and hospitality. He finally found himself luxuriating at the princely seats of noblemen, but "such pleasant pleasures suited little with poore estate and restless spirit, that never could finde content to receive such noble favours as he could neither deserve nor requite;" he left his generous friends, and roamed hither and thither, reduced to extreme poverty. In his wanderings, he met, in a wood, one of the French gallants, who had deceived him. Each, at the recognition, bared his

weapon, without words. Smith was victorious ; and, in presence of people from a neighboring tower, obliged the vanquished man to confess his guilt.

His acquaintance with the Earl of Ployer, soon after, and the friendship and interest of that nobleman, gave a new direction to Smith's perverted energy and impulse. With the design of joining the armies of Rodolph, of Germany, then at war against the Turks and their leader, the third Mahomet, he left the earl, who supplied him with means to embark at Marseilles, for Italy. All on board the vessel were Catholics, with the exception of Smith. The storms and perils of the voyage alarmed and excited them. Finding their Ave Marias and vows availed nothing, they turned their jealous eyes upon the heretic, decided that he was the cause of their distress, and, like the chiefs of heathen Africa, or the simple Hindoo, determined to sacrifice him to appease the anger of their gods. He was, accordingly, thrown into the sea. Being an able swimmer, and with nothing of fear in his nature, he calmly made his way among the rolling billows, to the isle of St. Mary, not far distant, and off the coast of Savoy. Not a little exhausted by his battle with the waves, and dripping with his unwelcome bath, he obtained footing upon the lonely island, and found himself the penniless monarch of its barren limits, with the prospect of a Crusoe's life.

He was quite capable of realizing such a life, but he had scarcely tested its pleasure, when a ship sought shelter there from a storm. The captain proved to

be a friend of the Earl of Ployer, and learning that nobleman's kindness to Smith, treated the picked-up outcast with studied generosity. The vessel was bound to Alexandria, in Egypt, and thither Smith went, reckless as to what quarter of the globe he journeyed, so that his preëminent desire to see the world, would be gratified. Fortune played with him, like the whirlwind with a leaf, frisking it here and there, drifting it into fair fields, turning a pirouette with it in the sand, or tossing it upon the waves only to catch it up again. Smith yielded to circumstances; he was as contented on a piratical cruise, as in the family circles of noblemen — as happy in an active campaign, as in a hermit's cell. He paid little heed to conscience; as to moral principle, he had none; for when he found that Captain La Roche's intention was to capture a Venetian merchant-ship, in the Adriatic, for the spoil, he offered no objection, but engaged, with a good will, in the undertaking, fought obstinately, and shared the booty with the rest. Silks, velvets, gold tissue and jewels, were among the prizes. "Five hundred sequins and a box of jewels" were awarded to Smith; with these ill-gotten riches, he parted from Captain La Roche, and set out upon a tour of Italy.

From Leghorn, to the ruins and palaces of Rome, where it was "his chance to see Pope Clement, the Eighth, with many cardinals, creepe up the holy stairs," and from Rome to the bustling Neapolitans, Smith wandered—as much at home among the crowds

of lazaroni and mountebanks, beggars and bandits, at Naples, as in the companionship of young men of rank, in the papal city. When at Venice, the city of islands and of gondoliers, Smith found his sequins nearly exhausted. Satiated with the beauty and novelty of Italy, he remembered for what he had left France, and, with his usual comet-like movements, set out for Ragusa. The broken coast of Dalmatia and Albania, where olives, figs, and Corinthian grapes were ripening in the sun, was quickly passed. Ragusa was soon left behind, and "poor Slavonia" crossed by the indefatigable traveler. Now he wandered over green districts, which were every day replenished with fresh flowers, or where abundant harvests rose under the vivifying influence of warm rains and a soft, Italian climate — and again he toiled over rocky hills, exposed to the cold blasts of the *Bora*. At last he reached Gratz, in Styria, the residence of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. He was not long in search of friends. An Englishman and an Irish Jesuit, interested themselves in him, and brought him to the notice of several distinguished noblemen of the army. He became one of the staff of the Earl of Meldritch. The journeys of the Zincali could scarcely be more erratic than those of Smith, from the time he left France till he accomplished his object of joining the armies of Rodolph.

It is impossible, in the limits of these pages, to follow him in the various campaigns against the Turks. His ingenuity in devising signals and destructive fire-

works, not less than his valor, occasioned his promotion to the command of a company of horse. While the army of the Earl of Meldritch, and the forces of Prince Moyses, were before the city of Regall, preparing to besiege it, the Turks, fully prepared for the exigency, continually sent messages of derision, and finally, a challenge to single combat, from Lord Turbishaw. The Turkish ladies must have some amusement, before the Christians were routed, said the boastful Mohammedans. The challenge was accepted, and the enthusiasm was so great in the Christian army, to engage in the revival of ancient chivalry, that lots were cast for the honor. Captain Smith was the successful competitor.

Upon the appointed day, the walls of Regall were crowded with the beauties of the harem, and the officers of the Turkish legions. The army of the Christians was drawn up in battle array, on the plain, to witness the contest. Lord Turbishaw presented himself, in a gorgeous, jeweled dress, with silvered and gilded wings. Smith advanced, upon a spirited, well-trained steed, clad in armor, and, no doubt, richly plumed. A flourish of trumpets announced the onset; the combatants sprang towards each other, and, in an instant, Lord Turbishaw was stretched dead upon the earth. Smith leaped from his saddle, unloosed the helmet of the Turk, cut off his head, presented it, amidst applause, to Prince Moyses, and retired in triumph to his own ranks.

The Turks were incensed at the result, and a friend

of the vanquished, Grualgo, a powerful warrior, sent a second challenge. It was promptly accepted, and again Smith appeared in the field, in presence of the two armies, fought, conquered, and added the head of Grualgo to his trophies. The Turks decided that the ladies had enjoyed enough of this brutal amusement, and desisted; but a challenge came now from the Christian camp, and they felt bound, by the laws of chivalry, to accept it. Bonny Mulgro was the champion. His head against those of the two already slain, together with Smith's, was the stake. Bonny shared the fate of the others, and Smith returned a third time victorious. A splendid pageant, in his honor, a richly-furnished charger, a jewel-studded cimetar, a costly belt, and a patent of nobility, conferred by the Prince of Transylvania, were the rewards of his bold feats. His coat of arms consisted of three Turks' heads upon a shield, with the motto, "*Vincere est vivere*" — "to conquer is to live."

Not long after this, Smith was left among the slain, upon the field of battle. His rich armor readily attracted attention, and, as he gave signs of life, he was taken prisoner by his conquerors, and was sold in the slave market of Axiopolis, to Bashaw Bogall, who sent him in chains, as a present, to one of the beauties of his harem. Charatza Tragabigzanda quickly became interested in her handsome and gallant slave; as she was able to converse in Italian, she whiled away many an hour, in conversation with the accomplished Englishman. Her fondness of him was per

ceived by her mother. Fearing the consequences, Charatza sent him away, with a letter, imploring for him the kindness of her brother, Timour Bashaw, whose residence was in Tartary. Smith's new master proved fierce and tyrannical. A short duration of vilest slavery exhausted his patience. He killed his Tartar lord, seized his robes and his fine charger, fled across the desert, cleared the territories of the Musselmen, and safely reached a Russian garrison, upon the river Don.

Here the "Good Lady Callamanta" relieves his poverty, and the governor strikes off his irons, and gives him letters of introduction, and a convoy, for his protection, to Transylvania. In this district he meets with his old generals and companions, who welcome him, heap honors upon him, and bestow fifteen hundred ducats of gold, to repair his losses. With this sudden good fortune, he determines to return to England; but it is impossible for him to be satisfied with a direct route, and, accordingly, his way to London leads him through the cities of Germany, among the singing Tyrolese, over the Alps, through vine-clad France, to the wild passes of the Pyrenees, the bandit forests, and old inquisitorial cities of Spain. The novelty of these exhausted, he fancies he may find new adventures in distant Africa. Away he sails to the Barbary States, examines the monuments of Morocco, notes the characteristics of the country and people, and turns away indignant at their barbarism. The French captain of a man-of-

war here meets, and feels an extravagant admiration for Smith, takes him on board his vessel, and sets out upon one of the common piratical cruises of those times.

Smith did not return to England till the year 1604. He was yet but twenty-five, though his life, thus far, had equaled in eventfulness the ordinary experience of an hundred years. With his roving habits, it was impossible for him to remain unoccupied in England. The colonization of America was, at this time, a subject of general interest. Smith had seen enough of Europe, Asia, and Africa; the new continent was an attractive field, and offered the opportunity of more fearless adventure than he had already tested. He was easily enlisted in a project of renewing the unfortunate efforts of Raleigh. A patent was obtained from James I. by Gosnold, Wingfield, Hunt and others, for the settlement of Virginia, and with this company, Smith sailed for America, December 19th, 1606. The colonists numbered one hundred and five — forty-eight of them being gentlemen, the rest laborers and mechanics. Many were atheists; few were morally strong; none were possessed of the energy or decision of the soldierly Smith. Discontent, suspicion, and jealousy, prevailed throughout the voyage. Smith was seized, upon an absurd charge of treason, and kept in close confinement till they arrived in the Bay of Chesapeake. There, the opening of the strong box, in which the whimsical king had ordered the names of the council to be concealed, proclaimed

Smith a member, but he was excluded till after a trial. He submitted patiently to all the indignities offered him, fully conscious of his superiority over his persecutors, and the necessity of his able services to the colony.

The site of Jamestown was selected. Trees were felled, a fort commenced, rude cabins erected, gardens laid out, and all the hardy occupations of an early settlement fairly in progress. It was now necessary for some one to explore the river upon whose banks they had alighted, to acquaint themselves with the intentions of the neighboring Indians, and to obtain a supply of provisions. There were few among the colonists sufficiently courageous for the undertaking, and, as Smith expected, he was designated, with a few others, to accompany Captain Newport. His conduct throughout thirteen weeks of confinement, and the six subsequent weeks of his cheerful assistance to the colony, won the confidence and esteem of the greater part of his enemies. Upon his return from the expedition, a trial was granted him, in which he clearly proved himself innocent of the malicious charges of President Wingfield,—a weak, jealous-minded man, from whose inefficiency half the troubles of the colony proceeded.

Smith was finally placed at the head of affairs. All had confidence in his judgment and valor. Labor was briskly executed under his direction, discontent kept at bay while he shared the fatigue of the settlers, and famine was averted, by his prompt dispatches to the

Indians. Often, in his boatings up the river, or in his forest ramblings, in quest of the Indian granaries, he found himself surrounded by savage bands, a mark for their merciless arrows. His fearlessness, on all occasions, made him prominent among his companions, and the dusky chieftains soon learned to dread his name. Upon his return to the colony, he found it the scene of faction and conspiracy. His prompt measures never failed to quell the disturbance, and his fierce determination of countenance and manner, secured peace so long as he remained, with ruling eye and voice, in the midst of the malcontents. Thus the summer and the autumn of the first year passed.

The winter of 1607 was remarkably cold. But the severity of the weather did not deter Smith from an enterprise, to which the reproaches and complaints of his unruly colonists, seem to have urged him. They desired him to explore the Chickahominy to its sources, believing it would conduct them to the South Sea—the hoped-for achievement of the ambitious navigators of the day. Smith set out with a few men, and proceeded up the river as far as it was navigable for his barge. He then obtained an Indian canoe, with the services of two savages, and, selecting two of his bravest men, proceeded up the stream, unsuspecting, or regardless of danger, till the way was impeded by fallen trees and overhanging boughs. Wishing to see the nature of the country, and to discover the width of the stream at a higher point, he left the two Englishmen and one Indian in the canoe,

and, with his single guide, plunged into the forest. The dead leaves rustled under their tread, and the wind swept through the bare trees, with the sound of a gale in the rigging of a thousand ships, or as if the boughs were hung with the rattling bones of skeletons. Suddenly a loud war-whoop swelled above all other sounds. Smith knew its import too well, though not a human being was in sight, except his dusky guide. Sure that he was betrayed, he seized the Indian and bound him fast to his own arm. An arrow whizzed through the air, and struck the hero captain, and now he perceived two savages peering at him with aimed shafts. In an instant, his Indian, used as a buckler, was interposed, his pistol discharged, and himself retreating backwards in the direction of his canoe, always keeping his captive an unwilling shield between himself and the gathering enemy. The war-cry echoed again through the woods, and soon a hundred foes flitted between the gray trunks, afraid to encounter his weapon, and unwilling to transfix his effective shield with arrows. Smith refused to yield, and still retreated. The warriors followed him, sure of their brave victim. Busy in his defense, he did not perceive the snare behind him. Another backward step and he sank into a morass, from which he could not extricate himself. He surrendered, and Opechancanough and his warriors drew him forth and led him away a prisoner. Instant death was not to be awarded to the dexterous captive, in whom was

recognized the famed leader of Jamestown. His fate was to be decided by the emperor, Powhattan.

The palace of this Indian sovereign was limitless. Nature was the unrivaled architect. Tulip-trees formed its graceful arches; giant pines its columns, wound with living, rather than sculptured ivy; and the sky its faultless dome. The throne of Powhattan was a couch of mats; his crown, plumes from the eagle's wing; his robe of fur, was as ample as a Roman toga, and his jewels of state were "a rich chaine of great pearles." His presence had the true royal bearing. Smith describes it of "such majestie as he could not expresse, nor yet had often seene, either in Pagan or Christians." Two Indian beauties sat on either hand of the haughty emperor; and "grim courtiers," helmeted with scalp-locks and gaudy feathers, and armed with huge bows, and tufted arrows, surrounded the rude throne. Every one had assumed his choicest decorations, and his grandest demeanor, in expectation of the distinguished captive, whose approach had been heralded by runners.

Opechancanough and his scouting party presently appeared with the victim, who had been feasted during his progress to the imperial residence, in preparation for expected sacrifice. A simultaneous shout arose from the waiting assemblage and the newly-arrived, as Smith was presented to the king. Princely honors were accorded him. The beautiful queen of Apamattuck brought water to bathe his hands, and a young maiden offered a bunch of feathers to dry

them. Others served him up a feast upon great platters. While he was thus entertained, the chieftains were in close counsel with Powhattan, as to the disposal of this brave sachem of the whites. His death was decided upon. Two stones were immediately rolled into the area before the royal seat, and fierce-eyed executioners stood ready with their war-clubs. A dozen leaped forward with a savage yell, and dragged the prisoner towards the spot.

Among the group near Powhattan, was a child of ten years, the "king's dearest daughter," watching with keen interest the preparations, which even to her unused eye, betokened death. She saw the brave stranger dragged forth and bound, and none to defend him. Her sympathies were awakened; her pulse quickened, and a glow of ardor suffused her face; suspense, fear, pity, were in her attitude. The victim was ready, the blow about to descend. With the swift bound of the roe, the child sprang towards the prostrate form of Smith, threw her arms around him, and laid her head upon his. The noble impulse, the daring, the artless tenderness of the young girl, struck the savage assemblage with awe and admiration. Powhattan was overcome, and his decree that Smith should live, was acceded to without a murmur from those who, though their eyes were whetted for the bloody scene, forgot their passion in amazement at the rescue. They appreciated the bold temper, if not the beautiful spirit, that impelled Pocahontas to the humane deed.

Smith was detained for a few days, to gratify the curiosity of the Indians. He related his adventures, described the fleets upon the waters, the cities of the Old World, and the number and power of its inhabitants. The savages could scarcely have comprehended the strength of European population, for, some time afterwards, one was sent to England with orders to register, by a notch upon a stick, every person he met. Finding the census outreached his stick the first hour, he threw it away, and, on his return to his people, said, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves of the forest, and the sands of the sea shore — such is the number of the people of England."

Smith was allowed to return to Jamestown, on condition he would give Powhattan two cannon and a grind-stone — articles which had especially captivated the king's fancy. An escort of Indians accompanied him to the colony, and to these he offered the coveted guns and grind-stone. They endeavored in vain to shoulder the weighty gifts, and, when Smith applied a torch to one of the loaded cannon, the poor Indians, terrified at the report, were glad to fly from the bewitched pieces, and return empty handed. Smith was greeted by the colonists as one risen from the dead. As had often been the case, he found the settlement in a factious and starving condition. And as he had often done before, he straightened affairs and procured abundant supplies from the Indians, who now regarded him as a superior being. The arrival of Captain Newport, however, again produced

discord. His search for gold dust proved unfortunate to the colony, in various ways. His departure was not regretted.

The spring of the next year was occupied in rebuilding Jamestown, as it had been nearly destroyed by fire during the winter. Frequent excursions to Powhattan's dominions, or those of neighboring chieftains, occurred during the summer, and gifts and visits were often received from the young Pocahontas, who, not forgetting her favorite, came to express her affection for the fatherly captain, and sometimes to avert evil from him and his. Not only the fickle policy of Powhattan, but the hostility of other chieftains, frequently endangered the existence of the settlement — a catastrophe repeatedly averted either by the humanity of the faithful Pocahontas, or the vigilant activity of Smith. He negotiated with the Indians, in their own spirit of cunning, and never scrupled to employ untruths when it suited his purpose. As from time to time, they discovered his deceptions, his superiority was lessened in their eyes, and they battled with him as they would with a brave warrior of their own race. He never, by his own upright dealing, awakened a sense of honor or justice, in the mind of the savage — sentiments of which the humane Penn proved them capable. But Smith's courage and strength was such that he was generally feared. At one time, the natives were in the habit of entering the town, and possessing themselves of whatever articles struck their fancy. When the theft

was discovered, they endured a beating with as much nonchalance as a Chinese beggar. One of them happened to meddle with some of the captain's weapons. He pounced upon them like an enraged tiger, drove them from the town, and sent them flying over the hills in fright. If he ever had occasion to doubt the good faith of a party of Indians, he would dash into their midst with the same fierceness, seize their chieftain by his scalp-lock, drag him to his own men and parley with the astounded savages, while he had their sachem in his power. So great was their fear of him that Powhattan, in a speech full of reproach at the attempts of the English to obtain "by force, that which they might quickly have by love," confessed that even at the sound of a breaking twig, his people cried out, "There cometh Captain Smith!"

Upon the return of Captain Newport from England, the distrust of Powhattan increased. He had brought with him a crown, a cloak, and a royal couch, for the forest monarch, but the receiver, so far from showing pleasure at the gifts, feared to wrap his swarthy form in the scarlet cloak, and would not quietly submit to a coronation, which he believed betokened evil. Captain Newport only succeeded in dropping the kingly circle upon his brows, when four soldiers had forced the proud chieftain to bend the knee. The lavish bestowal of articles which, previously held at high value, had secured an abundant exchange of grain to the colonists, was a source of much trouble to them. Smith expostulated with the

new comers, and, as he expected, great difficulty was experienced in obtaining supplies for the returning voyage, as well as for the present need of the enlarged colony.

The infatuated Newport did not gain what he desired by his presents — the friendship and assistance of Powhattan. He was fully bent upon seeking gold, and, with one hundred and twenty of his men, searched the wilderness, while Smith, now President of Jamestown, proceeded, with ninety men, to load the vessel, that it might be in readiness at Newport's return. Many of the new comers were gentlemen — “younger sons” of the nobility, and, of course, unused to the labor of backwoodsmen. These, Smith conducted to the woods, placed implements in their hands, and taught them the art of felling trees, making clap-boards, and how to endure a hardy life. They began with a good will, since Smith wielded his axe with the rest; but a few strokes blistered the fair hands of the amateur wood-cutters, and “many times every third blow had a loud othe to drowne the echo.” To prevent the use of language which never sullied his own lips, Smith caused an effectual punishment. For every oath uttered during the day, a can of cold water was poured down the sleeve of the offender. A week sufficed to check the profanity. When Newport returned unsuccessful from his expedition, he found the vessel loaded and provided for his departure, through the untiring exertions, and skillful supervision of Captain Smith.

After this, several occurrences contributed to establish peace between Powhattan and the English. An Indian had apparently died from the ignorant use of charcoal. By simple methods, Smith restored him to life, to the surprise of the savages, who believed him gifted with a miraculous power. Other circumstances, trifling in themselves, served to inspire the natives with awe. Many stolen articles were returned, and Powhattan entreated peace. For a long time succeeding, the colony flourished to an unusual degree. Under Smith's vigorous direction, twenty new houses were built, the church repaired, two block-houses erected, and the live stock greatly increased and improved by care. Provisions were abundant, and the Indians punctually and cheerfully assisted them, instructing the English how to prepare and plant their fields. But this happy peace and prosperity was interrupted by the arrival of a large fleet from England, which brought nine hundred persons. Most of them were profligate and inefficient men, under the jurisdiction of several noblemen, who had engaged in the enterprise. Newport had misrepresented Smith to the authorities in England, and he found supporters of his ungenerous charges, in the factious persons whom the president had dismissed from the colony. Their arrival was the signal for discord and misfortune. Smith battled manfully with the difficulties that daily presented themselves. But his patience was exhausted, and he began to think of abandoning the colony or at least meditated a return to England,

for a time, to urge upon his countrymen the necessity of selecting hardy, persevering men, and adopting measures unbiased by jealousy or deceit, to secure the establishment of a flourishing republic. His purpose was quickened by an accident, which nearly proved fatal to his life. While passing in his boat down the river, towards Jamestown, a bag of gunpowder exploded, and frightfully mangled and lacerated the person of Smith. He threw himself into the water, in the delirium of pain, and was barely saved from drowning. No surgeon in Jamestown was skillful enough to heal his wounds; he found it necessary to embark for England. In the autumn of 1609, he sailed from Virginia, never to hail its shores again.

After his return to his native land, several years were pleasantly spent in retirement and literary labors. He published a map of Virginia, in 1612, together with a "description of the country, the commodities, people, government, and religion." Verse-making was also among his occupations. In 1614, he engaged in an enterprise, which had for its object, the seeking of gold and copper mines in New England, in addition to whale-fishery. He had two ships in the service, and was absent six months. The next year, he attempted a second expedition with but one vessel. Misfortune attended him from the outset. He was successively chased by three pirate ships, and finally by a French man-of-war, which overcame his insignificant bark. He was taken prisoner, and re-

mained such for six months, when, on a stormy night, he possessed himself of the ship's boat, and, without an oar to guide it, committed himself to the wide waste of stormy waters. He was providentially cast upon an island, where he was soon picked up. The ship he abandoned was wrecked, and the captain and half of the crew were lost. Smith succeeded in reaching France. The sympathy of some of his countrymen there, and the assistance of a French lady, Madame Chanois, enabled him to return to England.

In 1616, Captain Smith was preparing for a third voyage to New England. A lively interest in the New World was occasioned, at this time, by the arrival of the beautiful and famed Pocahontas. Her presentation at court, her novel style of beauty, her artless manner, and the noble heart that was known to exist beneath her gentle exterior, were themes for every lip. The tidings of her coming reached Captain Smith, and he immediately went to welcome her. The sight of him was a surprise to the young princess, for she had been made to believe that he was dead. But, with true Indian stoicism, she gave "a modest salutation," and, perhaps grieved at the reserved manner of him who owed his life to her, and who knew she revered him above all others of his race, she turned away, hid her face and remained in silence. She could not comprehend the injunction of the king, that every one, Smith included, should approach her with a distant deference to her Indian royalty. She was disappointed at the seemingly cold

greeting of the captain. The remembrances, too, that his face called up — the grand, wild forest, where she could wander at will; her doting father, her companions, her wigwam-home, and the young braves, who were swift to do her bidding — all floated before her memory; and perhaps it was these overpowering recollections, as well as the presence of one loved from childhood, that made her shroud her face from the gaze of strangers, and remain in mute grief for hours. She died among the pale-faces. The broad sunlight of civilization wilted the wild flower that had blossomed in the shade of Virginian forests.

The year succeeding this event, 1622, was remarkable, in New World annals, for the massacre at Jamestown. Captain Smith, excited and nerved for new efforts, endeavored to enlist others in an attempt to restore the settlement. He could not remain inactive, and behold the town, which had risen from the wilderness by his own unceasing diligence, abandoned to the pillage of savages, and the desolation of time. But all that he had done for Virginia, all that he had suffered in her service, all that he had written for the furtherance of that plantation, was of no avail. Changes came round with every year. The interests of the American colony passed into new hands. The services of Smith were forgotten. He could obtain no appointment, nor did he receive any reward, though in poverty; yet, for nine years he continued to write and publish works concerning the New

World, and interested himself in every movement for its colonization.

He died in 1631, in his fifty-second year, disappointed, but not subdued. His sagacity, his fierce will, his quick perceptions, his executive mind, should have crowned his declining years with success; but his several desperado qualities, and the lack of stability and of Christian spirit, made his old age and his memory as mournful as the broken, ivy-mantled tower, which is all that remains of the city which he founded — a bold and picturesque ruin.

VII.

MILES STANDISH.

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH was called the hero of New England, by one of the earlier colonial historians. His relation to Plymouth and the Pilgrims, has been compared with that of Captain John Smith to the land of the cavaliers—Virginia. And certainly, though he may not have left a name for greater moral heroism and loftier qualities of mind than many of his fellow-Pilgrims, yet his character and deeds more readily engage the imagination. While no one of the many noble settlers at Plymouth was very eminent above the rest, Standish was peculiar, in his position and his traits. At first glance, it is hard to explain his connection with them. Descended from a family in whose veins coursed noble and martial blood, trained to military service in England and Holland, distinguished somewhat for his brave conduct in the latter country, and with a fair prospect of promotion before him, he seems to have suddenly abandoned an alluring career, in order to attach himself to a poor and persecuted band of religionists. What were his real motives, and what his part, in

laying the foundation of our civil and religious freedom, must be gathered from the imperfect records of his life.

The earliest mention of his family, is during the reign of Henry VIII., when it was represented by Henry Standish, a bigoted Franciscan bishop, and a Cambridge Doctor of Divinity. In Queen Mary's time, the bishop's nephew violently opposed the translation of the Bible into the English language. After an interval of many years, and during the life of Captain Standish, Sir Richard is mentioned; also, the village of Standish, and Standish Hall, in Lancashire. In 1707, Sir Thomas lived at Duxbury, the name of the family seat in Lancashire, and as Captain Standish was one of the first settlers of Duxbury in Massachusetts, it is reasonable to presume the former to have been his English home, and that the new town was named in remembrance of his early associations.

The first exercise of his military talents, was in the Netherlands, in a war in behalf of the Dutch — the same in which Raleigh was engaged. Upon the settlement of a treaty, Captain Standish remained at Leyden, with the Pilgrims. Amsterdam had been their first resting place. A portion of the original church had preceded them, and, for a time, existed harmoniously under the rule of grave and godly elders, and the quaint superintendence of an aged deaconess, who, seated upon a bench of state, and swaying a birchen scepter, kept the unruly urchins of the congregation in awe; but this simplicity and harmo-

ny presently gave place to a quarrelsome, mad spirit. Among them were "some unreasonable, if not wicked men, given to oppositions of self-will and vain janglings about mint, anise, and cummin, how many ribbons a woman should wear upon her bonnet and other like things." The strife was carried so far against the pastor's wife, for wearing corked shoes, and whalebones in the bodice and sleeves of her dress, such as were then worn by citizens of rank with whom she had been accustomed to associate, that, although she was an exemplary and "godly matron," and submitted to their prejudices so far as to alter her garments as much as possible without altogether spoiling them, yet they would not accord peace to her, to themselves, nor any one concerned. Several excommunications resulted, which only served to heighten the disturbance.

It was in the midst of this war of words, that Robinson and his devoted band arrived, fresh from the persecutions of England, hoping to find rest, and yearning for kindness and brotherly love. But one year's stay convinced them of the unhappy influence of narrow-minded bickerings; and, although Amsterdam was best suited to their worldly prosperity, they decided to remove to Leyden, valuing peace and spiritual comfort above every thing else. The witnessing of those contentions, without being a party to them, left a lasting and salutary impression upon the minds of the Pilgrims. It was a lesson to which

they owed much of the forbearance afterwards exercised towards each other, and towards the world.

At Leyden, they soon felt the approach of poverty; for, having been farmers in England, they were ill-prepared to gain a livelihood among the mechanics of Leyden. "Brewster became a printer; Bradford learned the art of dyeing silk," and, in time, by "being careful to keep their word, and painful and diligent in their callings," this faithful band acquired "a comfortable condition, grew in the gifts and grace of the spirit of God, and lived together in peace and love and holiness." So entirely harmonious were they, that the magistrates of the city publicly noted the fact that, during the eleven years of their stay, not an accusation had been brought against them. All Holland loved and admired them.

It is not wonderful that one, coming from the violence, the debauchery, of war, and the infidelity and blasphemy common among soldiery, should be struck with the beauty and simplicity of the Pilgrims' creed, and the sincerity in which they held it. It was so with Standish. Integrity was one of his chief virtues, else he could hardly have been attracted to the upright brotherhood. And, once attracted to them, his generous nature could not withhold its sympathy for their sufferings and poverty nor could he witness their cheerful endurance without admiration and love, or behold their daily, unostentatious faith in Christ, without reverencing their religion, and their God. He did not unite with their church, but he was so

won by "their humble zeal and fervent love towards God and his ways, and their single-heartedness and sincere affection, one towards another," that, whatever had been the ambition of his youth, he abandoned it, and cast his lot with his exiled countrymen.

To the worldling, his choice of sojourn with the Pilgrims is unaccountable; to the Christian, it is a beautiful ordering of Providence, giving thus to the chosen people of God, a leader whose qualities eminently fitted him to become their champion in the dangers of the wilderness. Possessing remarkable energy and decision of character, and accustomed, as no other one among the Pilgrims was, to the usages of war, he was a "host within himself;" and, though full of martial spirit, his fine appreciation of their principles never arrayed him against themselves. He had reached the maturity and stability of manhood before he became one of the persecuted band. He was short, and thick-set, in person, but carried an air of promptness, activity, and of command, that enforced obedience. Although qualified to become the military leader of the future colony, he joined them with no such ambition, for they voyaged with more of the talismans of peace than the weapons of war. Standish was necessary, in the hands of God, to the preservation of the New England colony. Thus, unconsciously, he was under the guidance of the Almighty in his choice.

The emigration of the Pilgrims to America, was long a subject of discussion and prayer. They had

never become familiar with the language and manners of the Dutch. The general desecration of the Sabbath was painful to them, and they feared the effects of such example upon their children ; for the islanded city, with its wide streets, lively with promenaders, and its intersecting canals, bordered with trees, and spanned by innumerable and beautiful bridges, had a peculiar temptation, on a sunny Sabbath, to the pent-up, laboring children of the Pilgrims, who, "sharing their parents' burdens, bowed under the weight, and were becoming decrepit in early youth." They were longing, too, to live again under the government of their land. America was chosen ; but where, upon its broad expanse, to select an advantageous home, was long the subject of discussion and negotiation. The West Indies and Guiana were talked of. The Dutch offered their newly discovered possessions on the Hudson ; the London Company proposed South Virginia, and the merchant adventurers, North Virginia, which included the whole of New England. The last was accepted, the others having failed to obtain a charter from King James, for liberty of conscience. The Pilgrims determined to cast themselves upon Providence, and consented to depart without a patent, leaving agents to obtain it from the Company, whether freedom of worship was accorded by the King, or not.

Two ships, the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, and the *May Flower*, of one hundred and eighty tons, were prepared for the embarkation, but could not accom

moderate more than half of the congregation, which had greatly increased in numbers since their removal from England. Robinson remained with the majority of his flock, while Brewster, already numbering nearly sixty years, and who was "able as a teacher," was chosen to accompany the youngest and the hardest who were ready to undertake the hardships of the first settlement.

"When the ship was ready to go," says Winslow's journal, "the brethren that stayed at Leyden, having again sought the Lord with us, and for us, feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, it being large, where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and, indeed, it was the sweetest music that ever mine ears heard. After this, they accompanied us to Delft-Haven, where we went to embark, and then feasted us again; and after prayer, performed by our pastor, when a flood of tears was poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going aboard, gave them a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other, to the Lord our God, we departed."

In a fortnight, they reached Southampton, and then sailed for America. They were obliged to return to Dartmouth for repairs, which detained them another

week. Again they set sail, and again returned, the captain of the *Speedwell* declaring she was not fit for the voyage. Those who had embarked in her, were crowded into the *May Flower*, and they now bade a last adieu to England, beginning the perilous and lonely voyage on the sixth of September, 1620. The generous and zealous Carver, the unobtrusive, virtuous Winslow, Brewster with his strong fortitude and fervent prayers, Bradford with his moderation and wisdom, the discreet Allerton, and the bold, sagacious, whole-souled Standish, with the no less courageous numbers of young men, full of zeal and energy, and their pious matrons, and young wives, ready to endure untold sufferings, were together breasting the fierce storms of the Atlantic, in one little bark, "freighted with the destinies of a continent." Through all the voyage, they cheered and consoled each other, always looking to God with the same undoubting trust with which a tender child turns to its father, in danger.

The frosty, cold, November days had come, before the Pilgrims had the first glimpse of their western home. They espied land on the ninth of the month, and, as they neared it, were consoled to find it "wooded to the brinke of the sea." They judged rightly that they beheld Cape Cod, with its circling bay, "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood." The coast in the vicinity of Hudson River, was their intended landing-place, but their captain, probably by conni

vance, brought them upon the more bleak and uninviting shores of New England ; happily, as it proved, for the whole region, as if by a special preparation of Providence, had been lately swept of its savage population, by a fearful pestilence. There was no clustering of natives upon the shore, to greet or to repel them. Yet, they hesitated to land, for, as they rounded the bay, not an inviting spot presented itself for landing or for shelter. At length they anchored in Plymouth harbor. Dr. Cheever describes it, at high tide, as a “magnificent bay, studded with islands, and opening proudly into the ocean ; but, at low tide, an immense extent of muddy, salt-grassed, and seaweeded shallows, with a narrow stream winding its way among them to find the sea.” The Pilgrims looked with doubt upon the prospect before them, but the impatience of the captain to land them, and hasten back to England, gave them no choice.

Sixteen men, cased in coats of mail, and armed with musket and sword, were placed under the conduct of Captain Standish, with a council of three, to reconnoitre the coast. The shallop being out of repair, they were forced to wade through the icy shallows, for three quarters of a mile, before reaching land. And there it was desolate enough, with the sharp, cold wind sweeping and moaning among the tattered foliage, that still clung to the dry, rattling branches ; before them was the open wood, with here and there an Indian trail, but no human being in sight ; behind them the broad, cold bay, gloomy un-

der a leaden November sky, and rocking upon its bosom the single treasure that still linked them to "dear England."

With stout hearts and a good will, they formed in single file, and marched along the sea-coast, till, attracted by a glimpse of five or six Indians, flitting through the woods, they turned into the forest, hoping to overtake them. All day they traveled, but not a sign of habitation was yet discovered, nor had they sight of the natives. At night they slumbered around a camp-fire, guarded by three sentinels. As soon as they could again perceive the trail, they resumed their march, yet could neither find the Indians and their homes, nor the food or fresh water which they greatly needed. After struggling through "boughes and bushes, and under hills and valleys," says the journal of the Pilgrims, "which tore our very armour in peeces, . . . we came into a deepe valley, full of brush, wood-gaile, and long grasse, through which we found little paths, or tracks, and there we saw a deere, and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us downe and drunke our first *New-England* water, with as much delight as ever we drunke drinke in all our lives."

Wandering farther, they found mounds of buried corn in baskets, an iron kettle, the remains of a fort, and, near the shore, two canoes. When the mounds were opened, and the corn exposed to their glad eyes, they gathered around, full of curiosity, but hesitated to possess themselves of it. With pious honesty they

counseled with each other. Believing they wronged no one, they decided to take it, promising themselves to repay the owners, when they could be found. This intention they faithfully fulfilled afterwards. The integrity of the act, must have impressed the natives more forcibly than a thousand exhortations could have done. Bearing with them as much corn as the weight of their armor would permit, they turned seaward by a different route. In their wanderings, they came to a young sapling "bowed downe over a bow, and some acorns strewn underneath." Some perceived its use, but William Bradford came up from the rear, and, impelled by curiosity, walked around it, and finally quite near, when it gave a "sudden jerk up, and caught him by the leg," to the chagrin of the entrapped, and the merriment of the rest of the party. The same day they returned to the ship.

The snow, and sleet, and frost of December had come, before a harbor and a desirable site had been selected. Exploring parties, under the sturdy Captain Standish, had frequently gone ashore. They often searched for corn in the many mounds that swelled under the snow, but graves, graves, nothing but graves, with embalmed bodies, and their heathen decorations, rewarded their efforts, and these they carefully replaced, or left untouched, unwilling to disturb the repose of the dead, or the superstitious reverence of the living. No sight of the natives had been obtained until, one morning, at early dawn, while they sat around their camp-fire, regaling them-

selves with a simple meal, a shower of arrows fell around them, and a frightful yell sounded in their ears. Springing to arms, they aimed as well as they could at the lurking savages, whose glistening eyes here and there peered out, like the flaming eyes of wild beasts, from behind the sheltering trunks of the forest trees. The unprepared Pilgrims presented a fair mark, standing as they did in the broad fire-light, and without the protection of their armor. Yet not one was wounded in the skirmish, while several of the Indians were killed. It was a remarkable preservation—a protection which they had invoked from the Almighty scarcely an hour before, according to their invariable custom. Prayer was the first duty of the morning, no matter what the pressing labor. Whether in the crowded cabin of the *Mayflower*, or in the open forest; whether in the exposed shallop, or by the camp-fire; whether the morning broke mild and cheering, or the hail pelted, the rain chilled, or the snow blinded and benumbed them, they yet yielded their morning prayers, like daily incense, to God, never doubting the acceptance of the sacrifice.

The Sabbath was as faithfully kept. Though the advancing season, the severity of the climate, the importunity of the captain, and the discomfort of the narrow and unhealthy quarters on ship-board, demanded a speedy settlement, not a Sabbath was desecrated by labor. On the tenth of December, Captain Standish, with a number of hardy explorers, entered Plymouth harbor, after coasting several miles

in a rough sea, and through blinding sleet. As night approached, the storm increased, the boat was disabled, and they were in danger of being dashed against an island in the bay, "compassed about with many rocks." They at last effected a safe landing, but dripping with the rain and salt spray, shivering with cold, and not knowing but they might receive a greeting of arrows. All night they kept watch, and the next morning explored the island, and found themselves its sole possessors. They remained still another day, and that was the Sabbath — the first kept by the Pilgrims on the soil of the New World. Houseless and comfortless, with no sanctuary but the gray woods, hung with icicles, these men, strong in endurance, and firm in faith as the rocks they trod, "children in obedience" and gentleness, rested the seventh day and hallowed it.

"Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free."

On Monday, the eleventh of December, the pioneers landed on Plymouth rock. In a few days, the May Flower was anchored in the bay, a mile and a half from the shore, and those who were able to labor, went on shore to gather timber, and to build their store-house, barricades, plant their ordnance, and erect the little row of houses on each side of the newly laid-out street, named for the "pleasant and

goodly city " of Leyden. The work progressed slowly, for death was fast winnowing out their numbers. Obligated, as they had been, to wade from the ship to shore, and continually exposed to the wintry storms, rapid and mortal disease fastened upon them. Suffering from the hectic cough and wasting fever of consumption, they still labored on manfully, during the driving storm, as well as in the sunshine, welcome enough with its vivifying light, but scarcely less fatal than the piercing wind, when it left every tree a fountain of water-drops, and innumerable rivulets coursing every way over the paths of the laborers.

The two rows of houses, with their thatched roofs and windows of oil-soaked paper, were at length completed, insignificant in themselves, but palaces to the sick and unsheltered Pilgrims. They were safely nestled in the shadow of the " great hill," now called Burial Hill, upon which a fort was erected, which served, also, as the " meeting-house." Below them was the first terrace where their dead were laid in unmarked graves, for even the mounds were leveled, to hide the fact of their diminishing force, from the eyes of lurking Indians. They had reason to fear the savages. The exploit of Hunt, in carrying off twenty Indians into slavery, a year or two previous, had exasperated them against the English, and their concealed and suspicious movements indicated a spirit of revenge. Often their infuriated yell resounded in the forest, awakening fresh anxiety in the hearts of the feeble colony, and, as often, Captain Standish, with a

few of the boldest spirits, scoured the woods for miles around, to know the extent of the danger, but invariably returned without discovering the foe. Had the spirits of the dead hosts come back to their old hunting ground, they could not more successfully have flitted to and fro, and vanished with more unearthly screams, than did the tormentors of the Pilgrim settlers.

The peril, toil, and suffering of the colonists, were rendered more painful by the depressing loss of nearly half their number. Yet these bereavements were scarcely chronicled by the Pilgrims. Every other event was noticed in the journal. Governor Bradford's register alone contained the mournful list; and "it was like a book of sad engravings from a forest of tomb-stones." Eight deaths were recorded in January; the last reads thus:—"Jan. 29. *Dies Rose, the wife of Captain Standish.*" She is said to have been the first person who was debarked from the May Flower. The Journal says only, against the same date, "In the morning, cold frost and sleet, but after, reasonable fayre; both the long Boate and the Shallop brought our common goods on shore." Thus death went and came without disturbing the routine of labor, however heavy the weight of grief. To the frank, loving, and noble-hearted Standish, it must have been a poignant sorrow, the deeper because of the knowledge that the comforts of life were wanting, and that his companion was often deprived of his presence, when she longed for his soothing voice

in the midst of the din of the dark, crowded cabin. Neither, probably, had he the Christian's support which imparted unflinching fortitude to his fellow-sufferers. He must go and bury his dead, almost alone, and leave no mound to mark her resting-place — and no record to the world, but the simple sentence — “Dies Rose, the wife of Captain Standish.” “The only relic of the wife and mother” that remains to us, says a writer, “is that piece of needlework by the daughter, preserved among the curiosities of Pilgrim Hall.”

Early in February, a fresh alarm from the Indians decided the colonists to adopt some methodical action for greater security. They accordingly assembled on the seventeenth, to establish military orders. Standish was elected captain, with the authority to command in all affrays. While engaged in organizing this first militia company, their attention was attracted by two savages, standing conspicuously upon a hill-top, and making signs for the white men to meet them. Captain Standish, accompanied by Stephen Hopkins, went towards them, laying down their muskets in sign of peace; but they had scarcely reached the foot of the hill before the frightened natives fled. Nothing further was seen of them, although the sounds from behind the hill indicated the presence of many more.

The sixteenth of March, the colonists again assembled to complete their military organization. While thus engaged, a sudden alarm brought the whole of

the little population to their doors, and caused no little agitation among the half-formed militia. A tall, straight savage, of bold carriage, wearing only a leathern girdle, edged with broad, falling fringe, and armed with the great Indian bow and headed arrows, stalked up the narrow street, directly towards the "Rendezvous," without a motion of fear. He was the first native the Pilgrims had seen within speaking distance; and we can readily imagine the anxiety with which the staid matrons looked out from the door-ways of their thatched domicils, half shrinking with fear, yet held by curiosity; the little round faces, full of terror, eagerly thrust out from the crowd of gowns, to catch a glimpse of the "bug-a-boo" man of the woods; and the busy colonists, taken aback by the sudden apparition of the fearless intruder, finally following him up the street, and arresting his progress towards their store-house.

"Welcome!" was the manly salute of the savage, when the English intercepted and gathered round him. He freely communicated to them all he knew of the surrounding tribes, being able to speak broken English, from his frequent contact with fishermen, who for years had touched upon the coast. He returned to his tribe the next day. Soon after, and upon the Sabbath, he came again, with "five other tall, proper men," as the Journal says, who wore mantles of deer or wild-cat skin, their heads being dressed with feathers, worn fan-shape, or decorated with dangling fox-tails. They brought skins for traffic, but

the colonists refused to barter with them, it being the Sabbath. After they were kindly entertained, they returned to their tribe of Massasoits.

A happy understanding soon followed. While the men of the colony were assembled on public business, Samoset and Squanto came among them, and endeavored to signify the wish of Massasoit to parley with them. Massasoit himself finally appeared upon an overlooking hill, with his chieftain brother and all his warriors. A brook glided at the foot of the hill, and there Captain Standish, with half a dozen chosen musketeers, met the friendly overtures of the Indian king. Massasoit was conducted to a house nearly finished, and given a seat of honor beside the Governor, upon a green rug, and a few cushions. He was a tall, well-made man, grave and silent; and differed from his followers only in wearing a heavy, white bone necklace, with a pouch of tobacco hanging at the back of his neck. He was entertained with the best the poor colonists had to offer; but, in spite of his gracious reception, he trembled like a leaf, while in such close proximity to the governor. This interview resulted in a long-kept treaty, and was followed by frequent exchanges of friendly visits and services.

Soon after this league, one of Massasoit's sachems and a few disaffected ones, threatened to unite with the Narragansets, against the English. It was rumored that he had killed Tisquantum, who was called "the tongue of the English," as he was their principal interpreter. To rescue him, if he yet lived, and

to ascertain what had occurred to Massasoit, who, according to report, was in the power of his enemies, a company of ten men was selected by Captain Standish and marched to the neighborhood of the rebel sachem. They concealed themselves till midnight, and then surrounded the house of the chieftain. A few entered and demanded Coubitant, the rebel and supposed murderer, to be delivered to them, promising none other should be harmed, and endeavoring to calm the fears of the women and children. The Indians were dumb with fear, and attempted to escape. They were retained until the house was searched, but Coubitant was not to be found. Tisquantum was shown unharmed, and in the morning the colonists returned, after assuring the savages that if Coubitant and his men should continue their threats, or not permit Massasoit's safe restoration to his domains, "there was no place should secure him and his from revenge and overthrow." Coubitant was intimidated and soon signed a treaty of peace. He was equally impelled to seek peace with the English because of an assurance from Squanto, that they had the plague buried in the store-house, and could send it among the Indians whenever they chose. He had seen the gunpowder buried there.

While Standish engaged, from time to time, in bold exploits, which made his very name a terror among the Indians, he did not forget a gentler tenor of life, but wooed another wife to his cheerful fireside. It is amusingly related of him, that his affections were

gained by a daughter of William Mullins, named Priscilla, but that he was unwilling to make the necessary proposal, and deputed his friend, John Alden, to make the dreaded overtures. "The messenger, though a Pilgrim, was young and comely, and the lady, with perfect naïveté, expressed her preference by the question,

'Prithee, John, why do you not speak for *yourself*?'

The captain's hopes were blasted, and the frank proceeding soon ended in the marriage of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins." Whether Captain Standish forgave this usurpation or not, he consoled himself soon afterwards by marrying a lady whose name, other than Barbara, is not given, and who had lately arrived in the ship *Ann*. This marriage occurred within two years after the death of Rose, as in the assignment of lands in 1623, the name of Mrs. Standish is on the list.

In 1622, the fortifications of Plymouth were completed, and a militia company completely organized. The fort, which also served as a place of worship, was built upon a hill that overlooked the town and the harbor, with its wooded and rocky islands, and the range of dark pine forest ridging up from the sea on the south-east. The fort and its Sabbath uses, are well described in a letter (found in the archives of the Hague) by one who was at Plymouth in 1627. "The fort," says the letter, "is a large, square house, with a flat roof, made of thick, sawn planks, stayed with

oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four or five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays, and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant, without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor, in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the captain, with his side-arms, and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand — and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are on their guard, night and day.”

In the spring of 1623, Standish was engaged in a trading voyage near Barnstable. While in the harbor, a violent storm obliged him and his party to take shelter in the huts of the savages. The suspicious movements of the latter induced him to keep watch, permitting only part of his men to rest at once. In the morning, several things were ascertained to have been stolen from the shallop. With his usual resolution and promptness, Standish immediately surrounded sachem Ianough's house with his force of six men, and demanded restitution. The articles were restored, and the English continued their traffic without further molestation. By exercising this fearlessness and decision, in his intercourse with the Indians,

Standish secured their submission, and kept them in awe; but even such a course would have failed to save the colonists, had they not at the same time exhibited a strict integrity and Christian forbearance. The savages instinctively felt this superiority of the Pilgrims. Their intercourse, however, with the unprincipled and reckless colony at Weymouth, lately established there by Weston, served to create a deep hostility towards every pale-face on their shores.

Their plot of extirpating the English, by uniting all the tribes of Massachusetts Bay against them, was upon the point of execution when discovered to the Plymouth colony. The kindness and soothing attentions of the good and brave Edward Winslow, sent by the Pilgrim settlers to visit Massasoit in his sickness, won the gratitude, and warmed the heart of the rude savage, and turned him from his purpose of sanctioning the massacre. "Now I see the English are my friends, and love me," said he, when Winslow left him. "While I live, I will never forget this kindness they have shown me." Habbamock, the Indian guide and friend of the settlers, was with Winslow. Massasoit called him and revealed the plot, secretly bidding him to warn the Pilgrims. With what hasty steps the good Winslow, and the faithful guide, traversed the forest, and how gladly they beheld the little village, with its peaceful aspect! What commotion in the assembled court, when the two entered with the tidings! It was the yearly court-day, the twenty-third of March, 1623, and the colonists were ready

to discuss prompt measures. It was decided "that Captain Standish should take as many men as he thought sufficient to make his party good against all the Indians in the Massachusetts Bay; and because it was impossible to deal with them in open defiance, to take them in such traps as they lay for others." He was ordered, also, to bring back the head of Wittuwamat, a "bold and bloody villain," who was one of the chief conspirators.

Standish selected eight men, and went first to Weston's colony, to ascertain the certainty of the Indians' hostility. A few came to trade with him, and discovered "by his eyes that he was angry in his heart." Others came and whetted their knives before his face. Wittuwamat bragged of the excellence of his knife, saying, "*By-and-by it should see, by-and-by it should eat, but not speak.*" Another giant savage looked contemptuously upon Standish, telling him, "Though you are a great captain, yet you are but a little man; though I be no sachem, I am a man of great strength and courage." The hot-tempered captain bore it with patience then, but the next day half a dozen of the most hostile Indians, including Wittuwamat and the hostile giant, were accidentally shut in the room with Standish and his eight men. Standish "gave the word to his men," and instantly the parties were struggling, hand to hand, with their deadly knives. Standish, probably not without a feeling of revenge for the sneer of yesterday upon his stature, himself gave the powerful Indian his death-stroke. The rest

killed Wittuwamut and another man, and a third was hung. The party of Indians in the neighborhood were put to flight, after a short skirmish, and the colonists returned to Weston's people unharmed. Habbamock exulted over the victory, smiling, as he said to Captain Standish, "Yesterday Pecksnot bragged of his own strength and stature, . . . to-day you are big enough to lay him on the ground."

Corn was distributed among the famishing colonists of Weymouth, though it took from the seed-corn of the Pilgrims, and many of them were received into the shallop and conveyed to Plymouth. Thus good was returned for the evil they had rendered to their neighbors. The head of Wittuwamut was conveyed to Plymouth, and set up on the fort. The whole transaction, though often a matter of censure, was conducted with such decision, soldierly intrepidity, and exact obedience to orders, that it inspired the Indians with terror for the very name of Standish, and at once checked every hostile movement. However revolting or murderous seemed the act, it was far better to execute the ring-leaders, than to engage in a war which must have proved disastrous to the Pilgrims, and sacrificed a far greater number of the heathen savages. When the account reached Mr. Robinson, at Leyden, he wrote, that "it would have been happy if they had converted some before they had killed any." But the Pilgrims were too much occupied with their sufferings and their dangers, to think of carrying the tidings of a Saviour among their

enemies. Neither did they seem to think the savages capable of comprehending sacred truths. The work was left for Eliot and Williams.

In 1625, Standish went to England, as an agent for the colony, but arrived at a time when London was desolated by the plague. Business was suspended, and the members of the New England Council were scattered. He could do nothing but procure necessary goods for the colony, and return, bearing with him the sad tidings of Robinson's death. This event was the more deplored, by the colony, because they had yearly hoped for his arrival, and, with that expectation, had provided themselves with no pastor. Brewster officiated in that capacity, but they needed the guidance of the fervent Robinson. It is refreshing to note the vigor and faithfulness with which the Sabbath and all religious observances were kept, despite the prolonged separation from their pastor, when compared with the weakness, the falling away, that attends the same circumstances in this age of security and comfort.

In his latest letters, Mr. Robinson urged the colonists to "consider the disposition of the captain, who was of a warm temper. He hoped the Lord had sent him among them for good, if they used him right." In this they were rightly warned, for the vigorous captain had little patience with the slow measures of prudence. But he was so ready to risk himself in any hazardous enterprise, of whatever nature, so successfully inspired the drooping colonists with courage,

and observed the orders given him with such strict fidelity, on all occasions, that they could not but repose confidence in him, as a leader. Resolute, prompt, and exacting the same integrity and fidelity from others which he himself never failed to render, he secured the love and trust of his fellow-Pilgrims, and filled the Indians with fear and admiration of his intrepid gallantry. "If the arm of flesh were necessary," says Dr. Belknap, "to establish the rights, and defend the lives, and protect the property of colonists in a new country, surrounded with enemies and false friends, certainly such a man as Standish, with all his imperfections, will hold a high rank among the worthies of New-England."

The colonists signified their esteem and confidence, by appointing him one of the magistrates of Plymouth, as long as he lived. And, although advanced in years, he was, in 1645, appointed to command the Plymouth troops against the Narragansets, and, in 1653, when hostilities with the Dutch, in Manhattan, were anticipated, he was one of a council of war, and received the command of the troops intended for the service. Thus, in spite of the infirmities of old age, Standish continued active in the employment of the colony.

His winters were spent in Plymouth, but Duxbury was his summer home. He was one of the first settlers of the town, which now straggles along the shore for several miles. He lived at the foot of a summit, still known as Captain's Hill, which rises

some two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and commands a complete view of Plymouth Bay. Far out in the bay, opposite Duxbury, a strip of drifting sand sweeps from the north, interposing a barrier against the thundering surges of the Atlantic. Clumps of cedars, here and there, relieve its barrenness, and wild bushes fringe the low sand-hills that face the harbor. Between this interposing beach and the main-land, lies the green, rounded island, which first felt the pressure of the Pilgrims' steps, and which Standish could always look out upon, whether it rose in summer luxuriance from the lake-like harbor, or whether it wore an icicled robe, as when he first beheld it. He must have marked it gladly from his quiet home, so long as his dimming eyes could behold it, and, if he had learned anything of godly life, in his long sojourn with the Pilgrims, he must have praised God while he gazed upon it, and recounted the providences that had signally followed them from their earliest coming, and preserved them through famine, war, and disease, till the germ of civilization was rooted and nourished into a lithe young sapling. What holy joy would they feel, could they now behold it towering into the great tree of liberty; its branches, banyan-like, rooted to the very shores of the Pacific, and dropping its golden fruit in the laps of the many sister states of a continent! Would that the fruit which is fair without and bitterness within, were nowhere gathered from its branches!

Standish died in 1656, leaving three sons and a

daughter, whose descendants chiefly reside in the county of Plymouth. One of his grandsons preserved his coat of mail for some time, but it is now supposed to be lost. His sword, an iron pot, and a pewter dish, are the only articles of his that remain among the treasured relics of the Pilgrims. A memento of his daughter is with them—a faded sampler, upon which is traced, with skillful needlework, these characteristic and quaint lines

“Lorea Standish is my name.
Lord, guide my heart that I may do thy will:
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill,
As may conduce to virtue void of shame;
And I will give the glory to thy name.”

These relics are enough to bring to the eye the stout Miles Standish, with his honest, yet determined countenance, his gentle, pious daughter, and her puritanic companions, and the strong band of Pilgrims, as they suffer and rejoice together; as they fast with tears and prayers of faith; as they feast upon the homely fare on the yearly Thanksgiving; singing hymns of praise in the barricaded meeting-house, or sternly warning back their enemies; joying at the first bridals, or weeping over the many dead. We see the remaining fifty bravely struggling with accumulated sorrows; we watch them drop away one after another, when the work for which God had brought them there, is finished. We see the well-tried and upright Winslow, Bradford, with his crown

of honorable years, and the valorous Standish, go to the grave almost together. And, at last, we behold twelve lingering upon the borders of eternity, long enough to perceive the prophetic signs of a great and free nation, and then we note the fall of one and another, and another, till the last link between the olden time and the new is broken. There they all lie, now, upon the Plymouth hills, where their anthems of praise rang up, and echoed in the wilderness. Nor least among them is their brave leader, who, as is said by an old historian, "chose to suffer affliction with the people of God; who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." To the last, he was the firm, steadfast friend and protector of the Plymouth colonists, and, as such, his name descends with honor to posterity.

VIII.

LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON.

A SHINING and delicate shell, cast by the surges of ocean upon some bleak shore ; a tropical plant of rare beauty, flowering and fading amidst the snows of the wintry north ; a diamond, or a drop of gold, gleaming among the stern rocks of a lofty sierra — are emblems of the life of high-born Arabella, tossed, as it was, upon the tide of Time's commotion, and transferred from the luxurious scenes of her childhood to the companionship of heroical Pilgrims, and the chill hardships of a New England settlement. The records of her life are few and scattered ; but enough may be gathered to present a beautiful contrast of grace and loveliness, with the rugged simplicity of colonial adventure. Her name is a monument of the power of domestic affection and religious principle over all the attractions of refinement, of proud position, and the ties of blood, on the one hand, and, on the other, the triumph of these principles over all feminine dread of perils of the sea, and of a strange wilderness, made doubly fearful by the supposed ferocity of its savage inhabitants.

In Nottinghamshire, between the Trent and the Eyre, with the flats of Lincolnshire on the one side, and the Derbyshire hills on the other, is the region of the ancient, royal forest of Sherwood. But few of the old oaks that sheltered Robin Hood and his merry foresters, remain ; those few stretch their knotted limbs over the smoothly-shorn lawns of the wide parks, into which that storied and historical region is divided. The ancient road, where the green archers waylaid sordid friars and portly arch-bishops, still retains its old windings, with a new title — “the Duke ries” — so named, because it is bordered by the ample domains of seven of England’s proudest nobles. Clumber Park, one of these broad estates, is the family seat of the Lincolns, or Dukes of Newcastle. The first earldom of Lincoln was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth upon Lord Clinton, then High Admiral. The third inheritor of the title, was the father of Lady Arabella. The fifth died without heirs, and the estates and earldom passed to a cousin, Francis Clinton, whose grandson, Sir Henry, engaged as General in the American war of the Revolution, and distinguished himself, in the eyes of the British, by the capture of Charlestown, and more, in the eyes of Americans, by the evacuation of Philadelphia. The ninth Earl received the additional title of Duke of Newcastle, and was appointed keeper of Sherwood Forest.

It may be inferred that, in this region of romance,—within sight of the battle-fields of the rival Roses,

where many a clump of the famous forest yet crowned the unlevelled knolls, summoning to the wanderer's fancy the whole troop of green-coated archers, busy with their feasts or plots under the deep shade — in a region, fertile and beautiful, brodered with the curving Trent, the silvery Eyre, and the soft-named Dove and Idle, and picturesque in the many monastic ruins, dismantled castles, and far reaching views of old, walled towns, with their crumbling fortresses and towers — in a home, luxurious in its immediate scenes of gardens, groves, and smoothly aisled parks, and far more beautiful in its interior life of affection and piety — the Lady Arabella was tenderly reared.

The large household of the Earl of Lincoln was eminently a pious one. The parade of nobility and the frivolity of wealth, could have entered but little into the home-life of a family from which came two of New England's first magistrates, and another, in whose name the Pilgrims' first patent was taken out; a family from which two delicately bred daughters were permitted to go forth to endure the trials of the New World, as the wives of pious and untitled men, and who, with their fourteen or fifteen brothers and sisters, had been, from their birth, under the guidance and nurture of a conscientious mother. The Countess of Lincoln published a work, condemning the unnatural course of mothers of her rank; and, to exemplify her sentiments, nourished the infancy of her children. She guarded their development of character, with her prayers and tender admonitions. It is easy to believe,

even were there no proofs, that she reaped the precious fruits of her faithfulness, and that her large household was pervaded by the ruling spirit of Christian love.

Both the Earl and the Countess sympathized with the Pilgrims in their desire to emigrate to America. Mr. John Wincob, a gentleman of the family, was engaged in obtaining a patent for the Leyden exiles, and succeeded, in 1619, although the grant was not made use of, owing to their unexpected debarkation on the shore of Plymouth. America was then made an exhaustless theme at the fireside of the Lincolns. The recent discoveries there, the retreat it offered from religious persecution, its wild beauty, as pictured by Raleigh, its fertility and attractions, as represented by Hudson, and its strange, savage possessors, were all freely discussed by the guests of the castle, and with deep interest by the family, since one of their attachés was about to test the advantages and terrors of the New World.

The death of the Earl, in 1619, withdrew, for a time, the attention of the Countess to the family duties, which more signally devolved upon her in her widowhood, together with the hospitalities incumbent upon her, as the dowager of a noble house. The young Earl and his bride, the daughter of Lord Say, now bore the honors of the succession. But there was not one of the household so precious, or so consoling to the bereaved Countess, as the gentle, tender-hearted Arabella. Her remarkable loveliness of per-

son, as well as of character, her bright, glad temperament, that threw sunshine in the way of the surliest, and her unaffected piety, of the hopeful, active kind, had especially endeared her to her father. He had entertained ambitious hopes of seeing her united with one of rank and power, and filling a station suited to her unusual grace and beauty. But, taught by her mother to revere strength of soul and purity of character, more than mere position, it was natural that she should yield her hand to an untitled lover, who embodied her high ideal, rather than sacrifice her happiness to ambition.

The one who aspired to this honorable marriage was Isaac Johnson, a gentleman connected with families of high rank, but who had no title in possession or expectancy. He had fine estates on the sloping hills of Rutland, in the meadows of Northampton, and upon the wolds of Lincolnshire. Which of the estates was enlivened by the manor-house, the sometime home of Arabella, is not recorded.

Mr. Johnson has been described as a "contemplative character, serious in his deportment, with an expression of thought on his mild countenance, which the beholder, at first glance, would have termed sadness. Yet his heart was warm and frank; and, when in intercourse with his friends, he threw off the reserve, which proceeded more from depth of feeling than a want of sympathy with his fellow-creatures, few were so agreeable, or so beloved in society as this amiable man." The same attraction that made

Mr. Johnson the idol of the company with whom he emigrated, won his guileless bride. The doting father could offer no obstacle, and the good mother could desire nothing better for her best-loved daughter, than to see her the wife of a man of refinement, cheerful piety, generous sympathies, and devoted affection — an affection so entwined with the very existence of Arabella, that he could not live without her, but mourned himself to the grave in one short month, after she had found her resting-place upon the shores of New England.

The earl's consent to the marriage had been given, and, the year following his death, Arabella was united to Mr. Johnson. Several years of tranquil happiness passed in their new home. The interest which both, for a long time, had felt in the success of the Pilgrims, was heightened, from time to time, by accounts from America. These, though setting forth the hardships and the novelties of their new, free life, made little or no mention of the severer sufferings, and the mortality among them. Many of the persecuted Puritans still remained in England, longing to join the pioneer band at Plymouth, but were too poor to meet the necessary expenses. Now and then, a ship was chartered, and a few hastened over to relieve and to augment the colony. The self-denial and the sufferings of these brave settlers, awakened all of Mr. Johnson's sympathy and admiration, for he was a Puritan, though with less of staid strictness than prevailed among the Independents. His con-

nection with powerful families had shielded him from persecution, but he could not remain silent and inactive, while he noted the privations of the colonists, nor look with pleasure or peace upon his ample possessions, and know the poverty of those who suffered for religion's sake.

The experiment of Robert, son of Sir Ferdinando Georges, and who had lately married Lady Arabella's sister, Frances, made little difference with Mr. Johnson's purpose. Sir Robert went to Plymouth in 1623, with a commission of governor-general of New England. he returned in a few months, "finding the state of things did not answer his quality and condition." In 1628, a plan was proposed, which finally enlisted Mr. Johnson as one of the settlers of New England. The indefatigable exertions of Mr. White, a minister of Dorchester, engaged many of the noblest and worthiest people of England, in a project to "establish a plantation of 'the best' of their countrymen on the shores of New England, in a safe seclusion, where the corruptions of human superstition might never invade." A grant of territory was obtained from the council of Plymouth, which designated "a belt of land stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, extending three miles south of the River Charles and Massachusetts Bay, and three miles north of every part of the River Merrimac." Winthrop, Dudley, Endicot, Pellingham, Johnson, and Humfrey, were among the undertakers of the enterprise. Mr. Johnson possessed the largest means, and held the largest

share in the compact. John Humfrey was allied to him by marriage with Susan, a second sister of Lady Arabella.

That she was to be accompanied by a sister, did much to enliven the prospect of emigration, to Arabella. She was actuated by the same religious zeal which prompted Mr. Johnson; and her love for him would have carried her willingly to the end of the earth. She might have echoed the language of the Spanish lady, who, as described by Peter Martyr, "perceiving her husband now furnishing himself to depart to the unknown coasts of the New World, and those large tracts of land and sea, spake these words unto him: 'Whithersoever your fatal destiny shall lead you, either by the furious waves of the great ocean, or by the manifold and horrible dangers of the land, I will surely bear you company. There can no peril chance to me so terrible, nor any kind of death so cruel, that shall not be much easier to abide, than to live so far separate from you.'" With this same strong, beautiful devotion, the Lady Arabella clung to her husband; not deterring him with tears and lamentations, but, inspired by holy enthusiasm, urging him to fulfill his Christian purpose. With her hand pledged in his, she may well have exclaimed, with the daughter of Naomi: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Assured of the willingness of his young wife to

brave the dangers of the wilderness, Mr. Johnson sold his estates, and made preparations for a new home beyond the Atlantic. Mr. Endicot, with his wife and family, and those whom the company sent with him, first sailed for Massachusetts Bay, and commenced a settlement at Naumkeag, now Salem. By the returning ships, they sent such favorable accounts as hastened and encouraged the preparations of those about to follow. In the course of the summer of 1629, seventeen ships, with three hundred persons, were sent to reënforce the new colony. In the spring of 1630, another fleet of ships was in readiness in the port of Yarmouth.

The largest vessel, of three hundred tons, was named the *Arabella*, in honor of the noble lady whom it was to convey. Thomas Dudley and Mr. Bradstreet, both of whom had held the office of steward, in the Earl of Lincoln's family, for many years, were among the passengers. The former went as deputy-governor. Some occurrence detained Mr. Humfrey and his wife, to the severe disappointment of Lady *Arabella*. Governor Winthrop was of the number, but without his family, who were to join him the following year. The excitement of preparation had sustained the spirits of the party, but the near approach of embarkation, the separation from friends, and the abandonment of their native land, more as exiles than as emigrants, filled all with sadness. The evening before the departure, the governor gave a feast to the company, and their assembled friends, at Yarmouth.

While drinking to the health of those left behind, he could no longer contain himself, and burst into tears. That many a manly heart swelled with emotion, and that it was more a feast of sympathy, of tears, of love, of encouragement, than a relish of dainty viands, those know best who have felt a near, and perhaps eternal parting, from the best loved, while gathered at a final feast, where each strove to hide a sad and tearful countenance under a veil of smiles.

On the morning of the seventh or tenth of April, 1629, the ships sailed from Yarmouth, and arrived at Salem, June 12th. The two months' voyage was relieved of much of its tediousness to the companions of Lady Arabella, by her sweet vivacity, as characteristic as her piety, and in no way incompatible with it. To such a temperament as hers, the inconveniences and annoyances of voyaging, for weeks, in a close cabin, in common with many, only gave occasion for innocent mirth, that whiled away the discontent of others. Their arrival upon the shores of the New World had nothing chilling or repellent in it, for the sight of a vast wilderness, rich in the perfected foliage of June, inspired more wonder than dread; and the hardships of the new life were too vague to the uninitiated comers, to dishearten or alarm them.

The ship anchored near Baker's Island. Its arrival was immediately welcomed by the settlers, who, the year previous, had cleared the forest and broken the ground for their coming. Mr. Endicot, Mr. Shelton, and Captain Levit, came on board to offer a warm

greeting, and induced the governor, his assistants, and "other gentlemen and gentlewomen," to return with them and partake of their rude, but kind hospitality. Accordingly, they were conveyed to the shore, and conducted to the best log house Salem could afford, where "they supped," says Hubbard, "with a good venison pasty and good beer." The earl's daughter, hitherto accustomed to the refinements of a princely home, must, here, in the low-walled, ill-furnished cabin, have felt the reality of the pilgrim's life; and, whatever charm the daring and romance of the undertaking had, in the eyes of these noble men and women, when discussing it at their English firesides, it must have vanished as they viewed the mud and log hovels of Salem, the half-made gardens, and the small clearings, where young corn was springing among dreary groups of burnt stumps and upturned roots. That the trying prospect before them did not utterly dishearten these people, unused to privation and labor, can only be attributed to the firm Christian principles, through which they were strong, hopeful and undaunted.

Most of them returned to the ship, after the hastily prepared feast in their honor, "liking their supper better than the lodging which, at that time, could be prepared on a sudden," continues Hubbard, "or else that they might leave the same free to the gentlewomen that went ashore with them, who, like Noah's dove, finding sure footing on the firm land, returned no more to their ark, floating on the unstable waves."

While they had been feasting on shore, the remainder of the ship's company, dissatisfied to spend the afternoon of the day in idle gazing at the woods and the green banks and hills, landed on the side of the harbor opposite Salem and towards Cape Ann. There they wandered on the grassy turf, in the sunshine and in the shade, finding that, after all, earth was earth, and trees were trees, in this wonderful New World and that the elms and chestnuts neither grew with their tops downward, as the philosophers, who confronted Columbus, asserted must be the case, if the earth be rotund ; nor that every stone "promised gold or silver by his complexion," as had been declared of some portions of America. New England was vastly like the Old, in many respects, and, if in this the voyagers were disappointed, they consoled themselves by gathering wild strawberries upon the slopes, and made themselves "merry as the gentlefolks at their venison pasty and strong beer."

The morning after the arrival of the company, Masconomo, Sagamore of Cape Ann, with one of his chiefs, paid a visit of welcome to the governor, on ship-board, and afforded the emigrants a first and prepossessing sight of the much dreaded savages. Preparations were made the same day for removal to the shore, although the position of Salem was not liked by the movers of the enterprise. To their dismay, they learned that the colonists had scarcely two weeks' provision among them, and that dependence had been placed upon the new arrival for a supply. The pro-

visioned ship had not left England till some time after the *Arabella*. Yet the demands of the settlers were urgent; for many were weak and sick, and it was further ascertained that eighty of their number had died the previous winter. The sight of their distress was disheartening enough to the enthusiastic men, who had come with the expectation only of prosperity. Disease, famine, and death stared them in the face.

To share with them the provisions which each had furnished for himself, was the only resource. Mr. Johnson set the benevolent example, and his wife cheerfully parted with the cordials and delicacies, which her thoughtful mother had provided for her own wants. The servants, who had been transported by their employers, were set at liberty to seek the living their old masters could not afford them. So far from yielding to their present extremity, or bewailing the depressing prospect, a few of the emigrants formed an exploring party, to seek a better site for a settlement.

While these preparations for a home were being hastened, Mr. Johnson was detained at Salem by the illness of Lady *Arabella*. A severe cold, accompanied by slow fever, was the result of exposures which she had been too carefully nurtured to meet. The days wore on, and with them wore away her strength, though she endeavored, with her smiles and cheerfulness, to calm the evident anxiety of her husband, and of the many who offered kindness. She had become

endeared to the whole colony; there was not one who would not delight to yield from his own comfort whatever would contribute to hers. But, with all the watchfulness and care of those who loved her, there was no abatement of the disease. She saw, with calmness and patient resignation, that she must die. But one regret disturbed her peace, and that was leaving her husband, who, she well knew, would grieve for her with more than ordinary grief. He reproached himself, as he saw her fading away, stricken by the trials which she had been ready to share with him. But his love and tenderness could not countermand the summons to eternity. He could only watch, with agonized sadness, at her bedside, in the small, dimly lighted room of a log house, the best that could be provided; he could only cling to her chilled hand, and listen to her sweet, consoling voice, as she bade him look forward to a home where there would be no separation, no tears, and assured him of her joy in having made her last pilgrimage to a land where God might be worshiped in the spirit and truth. She had no regrets for the beautiful home she had left in the Old World, but rather gloried in finding her burial-place upon shores, where she believed a people of God had begun to take root. The same sweet piety and self-sacrificing spirit that characterized her life, supported her in death.

The last morning of August, 1630, found the "mortal paleness" upon her features, beautiful even in death. She is dead! she is dead! the beautiful Ara-

bella! echoed from one lip to another. The young girls wept, and the matrons sighed at her quick departure, and said the wilderness was no place for earl's daughters. The hardy men were silent at the news, but could point out the mounds where their own dead were laid, in evidence that they knew the agony of the stroke that had fallen upon the newly bereaved husband. He sat silent and tearless, his eyes clinging to and tracing the smooth, marble features, as if to keep their memory forever with him. The eyes in which he had always read ineffable love, the lips which had only spoken tenderness and encouragement, no longer welcomed his presence.

The burial of the good and the loved was too frequent an occurrence to obtain more than a passing notice from the afflicted colonists, almost every one of whom had stood at the graves of the near and dear. The lovely and the worshiped wife of Johnson was laid in one of the grassy glades of Salem, and immediately the pressing wants and occupations of the colony displaced the passing sadness. Homes and harvests were to be striven for, before the severities of winter should overtake them, and snatch still more from their diminished numbers.

All the hope that had animated Mr. Johnson hitherto, seemed buried in the grave of his wife. He engaged in the removal to Charlestown, and the planning of Trimountain, or Boston, with diligence and energy, for, says one of the journalists of the time, he "was the greatest furtherer of this plantation;" yet

all his employments could not divert him from his loss, and with all his fortitude and strength of character, he could not shake off the grief that preyed upon him. He selected a lot, and built a house upon it, but the want of the angelic presence of her who was to have made his household glad, only saddened him the more. His was a dumb grief—fatal in its silence. It wore upon him—it consumed his life—it bore him to the grave in a few short weeks after the death of his loved wife.

He was buried, at his own request, in the lot he had chosen for his dwelling. “At his departure,” says an early historian, “there were many weeping eyes, and some fainting hearts, fearing the failure of the undertaking,” for he had been “a prime mover of the enterprise, zealous in religion,” and a benefactor of the colony. He had left, too, the encouraging testimony which had so soothed his sorrow when uttered by his dying wife, that he “rejoiced that he had lived to see a church of Christ established in America, and professed that he thought his life better spent in that than any other way.” So much beloved was he, that the people desired to be buried near him when they died. His lot, therefore, was appropriated as a burial place, and still remains as such, in the midst of Boston, in the close vicinity of the Court House, which occupies the site of his dwelling.

Two years after the death of Mr. Johnson and Lady Arabella, Mr. Humfrey, who was to have emigrated with them, arrived at Boston with his family, with

the hope of furthering the good work, and undismayed by the sacrifice of a favorite sister, and her revered husband. After a residence of eight or nine years, however, and the endurance of losses by fire, and many reverses, he returned with his wife to their ancestral estates in England.

However few the records of the gentle Lady Arabella and her husband, the "Father of Boston," their memory will ever be preserved by New Englanders, and those who admire and venerate the magnanimity, the self-sacrificing spirit, the firmness and the high Christian purpose of the early Pilgrims, whom neither the fury of the sea, the blight of the north wind, the fear of famine, the knife and the war-whoop of the savage, nor even the image of Death always stationed at their thresholds, could, with combined terrors, deter from the work to which God had appointed them.

IX.

JOHN ELIOT.

THE spiritual hero is far more illustrious than the merely scientific, or military, or mercenary. He who rules his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city; and he that conquers hearts to the dominion of the Prince of Peace, is greater than he who adds new provinces to the realm of his earthly sovereign. Columbus was a sublime, moral hero, no less than physically such; he dared the scorn of men, as well as the foaming lips of the ocean; but here his praise must cease; a stern encounter of outward difficulties, and a brave endurance of ingratitude and chains, were the virtues called into exercise. Neither he, nor Hudson, nor De Soto, nor Raleigh, explored, like Eliot, the world of truth, and of the human heart, persevering in the rugged line of holy duty even to extreme age. None of those noted discoverers, like this well-entitled APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS, struggled for years through barbarous aboriginal dialects, more strange and obscure than the tangled southern forests, and not to be cut with any axe of steel; none of them can be ranked with him who contended with

Indian indifference, colder than polar ice, and Indian wiles, more deceptive than unknown rocks and shoals; none of them, like him, went alone among threatening savages, defying their opposition in the words, "I am about the work of the great God. . . . I will go on; do you touch me if you dare."

John Eliot was born, it is supposed, in 1604, at Nasing, a village situated a few miles north of London, near the famous Epping Forest, which is now a level region of rich pasturage and cultivated ground. His earliest years passed here under the guidance of pious, faithful parents. There was nothing remarkable in his docile childhood, yet its simple record affords another illustration of the great results which may flow from the use of humble means.

Whether Cambridge University is the one where young Eliot's education was completed, or which of its seventeen colleges and halls he entered, are questions which can only be settled by reference to their archives. Cambridge is so near his native place that the probability is in its favor. Here he may possibly have dwelt under the same roof with Milton, who was younger than he by four years, and graduated at the same institution. But, whatever is left in doubt, it is certain that he was a thorough scholar, especially in the ancient languages, grammar and theology.

After finishing his academical course, he became an usher in a school opened by Thomas Hooker, at Little Baddon, near the county-town of Essex. Mr. Hooker had been silenced as a preacher because of

non-conformity, and in the same year in which he established the school, was obliged to escape into Holland; thence he went to New England, was the first minister of Cambridge, Mass., and afterwards was one of the first settlers who, guided through the wilderness by a compass, founded the town of Hartford, Conn. Short as must have been Eliot's association with this distinguished man, it was ever remembered by him as fruitful in much spiritual good. He fulfilled, with quiet assiduity, the trying duties of a teacher, although that noble office, still despised in England, was then generally held in so much contempt that Cotton Mather labors to show that Eliot was not disgraced by the occupation. In the family of the devoted Hooker, he found those happy religious influences which not only refreshed him from the cares of his employment, but strengthened every holy purpose.

The persecutions that gave no rest to the English Puritans, discouraged him from any attempt to assume, in his native land, the office of the ministry, which he had now fixed upon as his proper calling; it is thought, indeed, that he was not even permitted to continue as an instructor, after Hooker's school was dispersed. The courage exhibited in his after life, shows that neither the fear of imprisonment nor of death, deterred him from duty; but his manly sense of freedom would not allow him to preach in secret, in the recesses of forests and desolate moors, liable to be surprised at any moment, by the onset of armed

cavaliers in search of the "rebel roundheads." Like all the Pilgrims, he longed for the liberty of a New World, notwithstanding the superstition of the time had invested the wilderness and the "salvages" with a supernatural terror, equal to the romantic attraction thrown over them by enthusiasm. At the age of twenty-seven, he determined to forsake England, leaving the lady to whom he was engaged, to follow him when he should have provided a fixed home.

In November, 1631, the ship *Lion*, Captain Pierce, anchored in Boston harbor, with sixty passengers, among whom were John Eliot and the family of Governor Winthrop. The arrival of so important persons, the accession of so many colonists, and the no less welcome cargo of provisions at a time when a famine was apprehended, were greeted by the first celebration of the infant town — a child's-play demonstration that, pictured to modern imagination, oddly contrasts with the recent reception of a foreign patriot, by an army of citizen soldiers and a countless crowd of spectators, on Beacon Hill, then a towering mount of wildwood, but now a half-leveled elevation crowned with a State House and princely dwellings, that overlook the long, leafy arcades of the Common. The site of the city, at that period, presented three abrupt eminences, with marshes between, which were so overflowed at high-tide as to give the peninsula the appearance of two islands.

The year before Eliot's arrival, Winthrop had reached New England with seventeen ships and fif

teen hundred passengers, more than half of them Puritans, and embracing many persons of wealth, learning and talent, who left all the refinements of an English home for the sake of civil and religious freedom. Many of these settled in the vicinity, but the hardships of the first winter, the rude experience of life in an uncivilized country, and the consequent depression of spirits and inroads of disease, seriously thinned out their numbers, till a comparatively feeble band was left to found the future metropolis. The little colony, however, was in full operation upon the coming of the new emigrants. Its election day was fixed, its fine imposed in a case of true Yankee quackery, its monthly militia trainings instituted, and other amusing and still perpetuated characteristics exhibited, which scarcely seem the record of two hundred years ago, but rather that of a settlement of enterprising Yankees in the "backwoods" to-day.

With true Puritan zeal, a church had been organized before a single tree had been felled or a house erected. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Wilson, being absent in England, Eliot was at once called upon to occupy his place, greatly to the relief of the governor and two other laymen, who had been appointed by the pastor to "prophesy" during his absence. With an audience comprising robust intellect, high education, and religious cultivation, it is no small testimony to Eliot's ability, that an earnest effort was made to retain him as a colleague of Mr. Wilson. But he had induced a large number of

friends to emigrate to America, with the understanding that he would be their minister. With them, came the lady of his choice, to whom he was united in October, 1632. He immediately removed to Roxbury, where he was made teacher of the new church, in fulfillment of his promise.

No events of importance are chronicled concerning him for the next fourteen years, except his incidental connection with certain political and religious agitations in the colony. His life was one of industrious activity. He followed the round of humble duty with the noiseless step of true usefulness, never taking a conspicuous part in passing events, except when the same sense of duty called for a variation from the quiet routine of his occupation.

In all things he seems to have been the plain model of a man, and of a minister of the Gospel. So far as can be gathered from the few writings of his that are preserved, and from descriptions by his cotemporaries, his discourses were thoroughly studied, simple, bold, and warmed with a true Christian love and zeal. The same simplicity characterized his daily manner, dress and diet; he was guileless as a child, in his conversation, and unostentatious in his bearing. So intent was he upon higher objects, that his personal appearance erred on the side of negligence; and so far was he from indulging the pleasures of appetite, that he practiced the most rigid self-denial, always confining himself to one article of food, and to a glass of water, though a feast were set before him,

and though the practice was universal to partake of wine. By these means, and by his active habits, he strengthened his constitution for a long life and arduous labors.

Luxury soon followed the Puritans to their new home in the forest. Many of them were wealthy, refined and enterprising, and, as the colony increased and prospered, these citizens gradually gathered about them some of the comforts of their old homes. Little by little, the Eves of the community ventured to add a bright ribbon to their sober garb, to alter the wearisome sameness of the cut of their garments, or to don a becoming vail which did no manner of harm except to excite the envy of some superannuated spinster. The young gallants, also, made various innovations on the prejudices of the times, till all were speedily checked by severe pulpit denunciation. It was considered not beneath the dignity of the General Court of Boston, to sit in judgment upon the "large vails and large sleeves" of the women, and to condemn the use of "gold and silver laces, girdles, hat-bands, and embroidered caps." But it is not surprising that the heroic and devoted men of that day did not discriminate between a culpable excess and a reasonable participation in those elegancies of life, which are the product of commendable art and industry, and are the natural flowers that spring from an instinctive love of the beautiful. Educated as they were, in a land where ceremonials of church and state were held in high consideration, and confound

ing the garb with the reality of tyranny and vanity, it is not wonderful that they carried their principles to a ludicrous extreme, and gave equal importance to insignificant fashions. Eliot was not exempt from the mistaken scruples of his period; he long inveighed with determined zeal against the wearing of long hair and frizzled wigs — matters that at best are questions only of individual taste and convenience.

His character was by no means severe and repelling, notwithstanding the grave, earnest nature of his pursuits, and of his times. He had no forced dignity and sobriety, peculiar to his class, but that unconscious dignity which arises spontaneously, from perfect sincerity and right purposes. He was always himself, and his conversation was full of lively humor, regulated wit, instructive suggestion, and moral influence. Gentleness and cheerfulness were the ordinary habit of his feelings, and the spirit of love predominated in his teachings; yet, whenever public or private abuses seemed to demand it, he uttered rebukes and denunciations in the appalling tones of the ancient prophets and old reformers. At that day, and on that free soil, the spiritual guide of the people was expected to utter the truth in all its social and civil applications, directly in the face of power and station. He was upheld in proportion to his fearless faithfulness, and not according to his subserviency to the few from whom he derived his well-earned income.

Amusing anecdotes are told of Eliot's charities

Next to his single-eyed zeal for the souls of men, was this trait of generous benevolence. His life-long attempts to civilize, as well as to evangelize the Indians, are the best illustrations of this. But he never overlooked the daily opportunities of ameliorating the condition of men, in his enthusiasm for great enterprises. The poor and sick were diligently sought out, if they did not send for him. The comfort of his own family was often forgotten, when an object of compassion appealed to his sympathy. On one occasion, the parish treasurer had made him a payment of salary, but, knowing his too liberal disposition, had securely tied up the money in a handkerchief. Eliot, on his way home, called on a poor, sick family, and told them the Lord had sent them relief. They wept for gratitude, while he endeavored to loosen the hard knots of the handkerchief. Unable to open it, he gave it and all the contents to the needy mother of the family, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

His companion, destined to walk life's pilgrimage with him for more than half a century, was every way congenial in disposition, and fitted to supply his deficiencies. She had some skill in medicine, and greatly assisted him in his efforts to relieve illness, disease and poverty. More than all, by her busy industry, and shrewd economy, she kept his affairs from falling into the perplexity to which his bountiful and artless nature would have suffered them to run. So little did he concern himself

with the goods of this world, it is related that she once asked him whose were the cattle which happened to be standing in front of his house ; he replied that he did not know, and was surprised to find that they were his own property.

Such was the man who well represented his age and state of society, and who has left a life replete with noble deeds. The picture, as thus presented, has, doubtless, the mellow coloring of his riper days. He was young when he entered upon his work, and lived to very advanced years. The inexperienced and trivial impulses of his youth, if any were yielded to, are lost in oblivion, and his mistakes, acknowledged by him as such, do not mar the fine pattern of character exhibited in his memoirs. In all things, he might well have stood for the original of Cowper's portrait of a spiritual teacher, drawn a century afterward.

Eliot had not long resided at Roxbury, when an event occurred which illustrates his independence and candor, while it may also be an instance of his immaturity of judgment, and of the position of his class, then, as the Roman-like tribunes of the people. The Pequot sachem, who was engaged in a war with the Naragansets and the Dutch, sent envoys to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Massachusetts colony. Strange as it may now seem, the matter was brought up at the weekly religious lecture, where members of the council happened to be when the ambassadors arrived, and where it was considered fortu-

nate that they could be consulted in connection with the clergy, who had no small share in public deliberations. A treaty was effected, by which the Indians, among other conditions, were to aid the formation of a Connecticut settlement, and to pay "four hundred fathoms of wampum, with forty beaver, and thirty other skins." Eliot denounced the transaction in a sermon, particularly because the people had not been consulted. The government directed three clergymen, one of whom was his old fellow-teacher, Mr. Hooker, to "deal with him;" and, the next Sabbath, he readily acknowledged that, inasmuch as the treaty was one of peace, not of war, he had condemned too hastily "the powers that be." His life affords too much proof of undaunted firmness of character, to admit of interpreting this magnanimous willingness to retract an error, as an act of weakness or cowardly inconsistency.

He next appears in the famous affair of Ann Hutchinson — a theological war that originated in what may be considered the first Womans' Rights movement in America. The men of the First Church, in Boston, were accustomed to meet, recapitulate the sermons of the preceding Sabbath, and comment on them; and from these meetings the women were excluded. Mrs. Hutchinson, a native of Lincolnshire, and wife of one of the Boston representatives at the General Court, established similar conclaves at her own house, freely discussed the doctrines of the pulpit, taking Mr. Cotton into her especial favor, and de-

nouncing all but two or three of the ministers as under covenant of works, instead of grace. Among other heresies, she advocated the possibility of enjoying immediate Divine inspiration.

The proceeding soon grew to be a general controversy; civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries were ranged on opposite sides of the question; all impugned the *motives* as well as human opinions of each other, and were, as they persuaded themselves, very humbly jealous for the pure truth. At length, to settle the weighty matter, the first synod in America was called at Newton, near Boston. Eliot was one of the witnesses against Ann Hutchinson; he, with others, had visited her and taken down her sentiments in writing, to the exactness of which they were obliged to testify under oath. In the course of the trial, Eliot denied that the Scripture encourages us to expect a "particular revelation of things that shall fall out." To this, Governor Vane, a partisan of the defendant, replied that "we must not limit the word of God." It also appeared that the venerable Hooker had professed to receive a revelation concerning the overthrow of England. This imputation was mistakenly contradicted by Eliot.

The convention gravely passed condemnation on no less than *eighty-two* erroneous opinions of poor Ann and her followers—a result at which we need not smile, when we recollect that many such petty questions, as whether a man may marry his wife's sister, or whether his daughter may move her feet to

music, are worthy of profound legislation in learned assemblies, gathered from all parts of the United States, in this enlightened day, while real and "peculiar" evils are snugly wrapped in the cloak of charity. The misguided Ann was afterwards banished by the General Court, and went to the then asylum of free speech — Rhode Island. Subsequently, she and her family were killed by the Indians, in the Dutch country — an event that was construed by her persecutors as a judgment of Heaven, and by no means as a consequence of their own officious intolerance, which would not let a woman's delusion die out, but fanned it into a fire that threatened to consume the colony.

But a few years after this extirpation of heresy, the triumphant faith of the colony had risen to such a pitch, that a new metrical version of the Psalms was demanded. Eliot was one of three appointed to this work, and the result was the first bound volume ever published in America, only a pamphlet and an almanac having preceded it. The book was printed at Cambridge, in 1640, and entitled, "The Psalms in Metre, faithfully translated for the use, edification, and comfort of the Saints, in publick and private, especially in New England." The version was soon adopted throughout the region named in the title by which it was generally known — the "New England Version," and was used by non-conformists in Britain. The piety of the work is so much better than the po-

etry, that the authors deserve the satirical advice given them at the time :

“You Roxb’ry poets, keep clear of the crime,
Of missing to give us very good rhyme.”

Eliot occasionally amused himself by writing verses — a most laudable exercise and recreation, if it be the putting of some beautiful thought into melodious language ; but, in that age, it was a mere rivalry in trivial and ingenious conceits, expressed in pedantic words. His “New England Version,” however, answered its purpose, great as its faults may have been. Its stanzas have winged many a devoted soul to heaven, in the hour of worship.

Elliot next appears in the great undertaking, to which the best energies of his life were given, and which has lent his name its chief distinction — the conversion of the Indians. This had been a prominent object with the patrons of American discovery, such as Isabella, of Spain, and with many of the first settlers. Glorious visions of the christianizing of the aborigines, floated before their eyes ; much wealth and life were consecrated to this noble end. It should be remembered that a world-wide benevolence, not confined to our own boastful age, was a powerful motive in that day, no less than lust of gold and love of freedom. In the Charter of the Massachusetts colony, granted by Charles I., the hope was expressed that the colonists “maie wynn and incite the natives

of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the onlie true God and Savior of mankinde, and the Christian Fayth, which in our Royall Intencion, and the Adventurers' free Profession, is the principall Ende of this Plantacion."

The success of Eliot, as well as that of Brainard, in the next century, and of the Cherokee mission in this, is proof, in the face of all failures, that the simple-hearted children of the forest might have been civilized, in the course of time, had not the corrupting influences that accompany civilization, and the superior tactics of Europeans, wasted the tribes too soon for the realization of the grand result. Had wars, foreign diseases, and spirituous poison, been unknown, the numerous tribes, whose "names are on our waters," would have been found to-day in refined communities, scattered over their ancient country, or collected in some well-tilled state or territory of their own.

The progress of the work among the natives, was reported from time to time, to the world, in pamphlets that bore such quaint and poetic titles as these: "The Day-Breaking, if not the Sun-Rising of the Gospel, with the Indians of New England, &c., London, 1647;"—"The Cleare Sun-Shine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians, &c., 1648;"—"The Light appearing more and more towards the perfect Day, &c., 1651." He who was the leader in a movement which his cotemporaries loved to speak of in these glowing images of day-break, may well be

numbered among the morning stars of the New World.

The General Court, in 1646, requested the elders of the churches to consider how Christianity might be diffused among the natives, and this recommendation appears to have increased the zeal of Eliot. He had already begun to acquire the Indian language, with the aid of a young Pequot, who had been a servant in an English family. In this task he was engaged two years, before he thought himself prepared to preach in the language, although he was sooner able to translate it into the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, with passages of Scripture, and exhortations. It was a long, patient, humble, though noble, undertaking to surmount the first difficulty. The sole motive was to do good; for no treasures of literature were to be unlocked, by the hard study — only a medium for communicating truth to the savage, was to be acquired. The Indian dialects were full of unpronounceable words, such as "Wutappessttukungsunnoohwehtunkquok" — "kneeling down to him;" with no grammar or dictionary, these words were so incomprehensible that Cotton Mather gravely declares that certain demons, whose skill in language he had tested, were confounded by the speech of the American barbarians, while the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, were quite intelligible to the same demons.

This period of Eliot's life was in interesting contrast with his earlier position, when, as a Cambridge student, he had pored over the classics, among the

grand old trees and buildings of an English University, and, in the words of a later son of the same academical mother, had

Heard in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes.”

Now the simple chanting of a few pilgrims and half-tamed Indians, in a mud-built, straw-thatched church, were the accompaniments of his labors. Or, seated in his rude manse, he became the pupil of a wild Pequot, rather than of the learned professors of his youth, and slowly and painfully possessed himself of the sense of the rough jargon uttered by his savage teacher.

Not that the uncontaminated Indian was a savage in the sense that the gross, treacherous, and ferocious South-sea cannibal is, but only such in the arts of life ; for the original lords of North American soil were as true-hearted and gentle as children, except when roused to warfare by wrongs, or by the politics of their jealous sachems and powaws, who, like their counterparts in every nation, were corrupted by power, and ever on the alert to preserve their selfish interests. When excited to violence in these ways, the sons of the wilderness were quite as false, subtle, and blood-thirsty as their refined conquerors. The lion and the lamb — the animal and the angel, dwelt together in their nature, as in that of all men, and

either could be so awakened as to prevail over the other element.

Eliot was forty-two years old when he entered on the work of unfolding the truths of Christianity to the natives. He had seen much of them in their intercourse with the colony, and had become friendly with several. They expressed a desire to live like the Europeans, with whom they believed their people would be wholly mingled in a hundred years. Of course, their wish to be taught respecting the true God, as has been always proved in their case, had too little spiritual development to include other than mere outward advantages, which they hoped the teaching would immediately bring; and then, as ever, when they found it brought small present profit, no meat and drink, there was danger of a reaction in their minds. But Eliot rightly improved their inquiring state of intellect, and made an appointment to meet them on the twenty-eighth of October, 1646, on the hills of Newtown, Massachusetts, which are now in the suburbs of Boston, and daily passed by crowded trains of the Western railway. Here the first civilized settlement of Indians was afterwards made, and known as Nonantum.

In company with three friends, Eliot, as a messenger of Heavenly Love, pushed through the oak woods, red with the flush of October, dark with fragrant pines, and bright with gaudy, autumnal flowers. The clear, cold air kindled the pulse of his high purpose, and when, from openings in the forest, he looked afar

over Boston, with its leafy hills and smoky villages, and, beyond, over the islanded bay, with its lone little vessel or two, and the distant sea, lost in purple haze, he thought, perhaps, not of a future metropolis that would cover the whole scene with roof and sail, but of the time when the whole land in sight would be a cultivated garden, where the red man and white man should live in neighborly and equally enlightened communities.

On their way they were met by Waban, who was called "chief minister of justice," among the Indians, and had, more than any other, exhibited an encouraging spirit, having, of his own accord, offered his eldest son to be educated by the Christians. In his wigwam the natives were assembled to hear the religious service. This was commenced by an English prayer, inasmuch as Eliot was not familiar enough with their language to use it with freedom in devotions. For the preaching he had made more preparation, and had the assistance of an interpreter. He took for his text the words of Ezekiel, beginning, "Prophesy unto the winds," &c., words which seemed providential, the name of the foremost Indian, Waban, signifying "wind;" the text having been selected with no reference to the coincidence, and the result being that Waban became a very constant and active believer. The ten commandments, the outline of scriptural history, and the first truths of the Gospel, were the subjects of the discourse, which, according to the custom of the time, was an hour and a quarter long, yet was

listened to by the heathen audience with attentive curiosity and varying emotions. It was a noble scene — this learned man and influential divine, in a wigwam of coarse mats, standing up in a little company of wild hunters and warriors, dark in feature and soul, explaining to them the sublimest truths in the simplest terms and illustrations. A narrative, written at the time, speaks of it as a breaking of the precious alabaster box, in the gloomy habitations of the unclean.

When Eliot had finished his message from God, the simple, child-like, yet often shrewd, audience plied him with questions, such as these: Whether God could understand prayers in the Indian language: whether He would be offended with the good child of a bad parent: how the earth had become so full of people since the flood. In reply to Eliot's questions, they seemed to have no great difficulty in understanding the invisible and omnipresent nature of God, and to be aware of the guilt of sin, and of the immortality of the soul. Upon parting, they expressed a strong desire to erect a permanent village, and to avail themselves of the teachings to which they had intently listened. Eliot left them cheered and hopeful, and gained the good will of the little troop that always enlivened an Indian encampment, by judiciously distributing gifts among them, reserving a present of tobacco for the old men.

Two weeks afterwards the same scene was repeated, though, now, the questions of the natives

were, whether an old man could repent: how the Heavenly Father came to be more known to the English: how he might be served, — points that were appropriately described by the relation of father and child. They also wished to know why the ocean is salt and does not overflow the land, if the world be a globe; likewise, if a thief, having made restitution, would be exposed to Divine penalty. During the closing prayer, in their own language, one of the Indians wept, being convinced by the truth. Conversation with him, and interest in those who clustered about him, eager to know the virtues of the “living water,” detained the devoted missionary till sunset.

The next Saturday night, a native brought his own son and three other young children to Mr. Eliot's house, to be retained and educated in the English faith; and soon afterwards the Indians offered all their children for this purpose. Skillful and frugal as his good wife was, it was impossible to take all the wild little savages of the tribe into his own abode, by no means spacious; yet he knew, with the Romanists, that children are the great hope in establishing any system of faith — a truth, like the air, or daylight, so familiar that few think of its amazing importance. The establishment of a school was immediately agreed upon.

The results of Eliot's first year of labor were highly satisfactory. The winter proved favorable to his excursions through the forest, for it is singularly recorded by him, that no snow fell, and no sharp

weather was experienced. Thus favored by Providence, he improved the time so assiduously, that, in the following spring, the Indians, under his direction, built the village of Nonantum — a name that signifies “rejoicing” — thus happily commemorating the success of the Gospel among them. They passed laws for themselves, to promote virtue and industry; and erected huts of bark, with separate rooms. Eliot supplied them with spades and other tools, and gave them a sixpence for every rod of ditch or wall which they finished with their own hands.

Among other changes instituted by their revered teacher, was the cutting of the scalp-lock, in which the Indian takes great pride. The ridicule and laughter of their unsubdued companions was the result, at which they much complained. That they bore it, however, was then esteemed a great proof of the power of the Gospel.

With his unfailing good judgment, Eliot saw that social order, with its habits of cleanliness, labor and a sufficiency of comforts, is indispensable to the success of a spiritual reformation. The experiment which a living and no less worthy apostle is now making in the dens of city iniquity, was then triumphantly made, in other ways, by Eliot. “By his direction, they fenced their ground with ditches and stone walls, some of which were remembered by persons in the latter part of the last century. Their women partook of the spirit of improvement, and became skillful spinners, their good teacher, himself, taking pains to obtain

wheels for them. They began to experience the stimulating advantages of traffic, and found something to carry to market in the neighboring towns. In the winter, they sold brooms, staves, eel-pots, baskets, and turkeys; in the summer, whortleberries, grapes, and fish; in the spring and autumn, strawberries, cranberries and venison. In the season of harvest, they sometimes worked on wages for their English neighbors, but were not found to be hardy or persevering laborers."

Hearing of this singular settlement, a sachem came from Concord to behold the wonder with his own eyes, and to hear the new faith which had been adopted by his brother warriors. He was deeply impressed by Eliot's teachings, and so pleased with the new village that, upon his return home, he organized a similar one, afterwards known as Washobah, and which was often visited by the never-tiring apostle. These, with other similar communities, soon became known as "praying Indians," family prayer being a universal custom with them, whether they had met with any marked religious experience or not, as, indeed, it should be in every household that acknowledges the true God.

The various well-ordered hamlets were noticed by the General Court, which established a quarterly tribunal at each village, authorizing the Indians to try certain cases of misdemeanor among themselves. The Synod of churches, also, became interested in the work, and invited the converted natives to join an as-

semblage of that body at Cambridge, in June, 1647. The reverend dignitaries of the church, even in those times of starched formality and stately procedure, already deemed the enterprise of such importance that they sat in company with the half-reclaimed and half-clothed roamers of the wilderness and their wild-eyed children, listening to a sermon from Eliot, in the heathenish language, and, like the grand old Doctors in the Jewish Temple, when the youthful Jesus questioned them, hearing the many inquiries proposed, as usual, by those bronzed warriors, who were yet infants in divine knowledge.

How to know the good from the bad ; why God did not give all men good hearts, and why he did not kill the devil ; why the good are afflicted ; what becomes of children after death ; whether the ignorant shall be punished ; if the soul could escape from a case of iron a foot thick,—were questions often proposed, and would perplex unintelligent minds at this day. Their shrewdness often excited a smile, and their quick perception of inconsistency required peculiar watchfulness and wisdom on the part of their teacher.

Many anecdotes are chronicled, which exhibit Eliot's ready tact and good sense in meeting the difficulties of his work. The son of a sachem, with whom a treaty, which, vastly unlike modern treaties, included the Ten Commandments, had been made by the colony, would not repeat the fifth—to "honor thy father," &c., because his father compelled him to drink a wine then called sack. The son was rebuked for

irreverence, and the sachem publicly lectured for his conduct towards his son. The result was, that both were brought to penitent tears, "the subduing spirit of love bursting forth in the bosom of the savages, like a beautiful wild-flower from the cleft of a rock," or like the first tenderness instilled into the heart of poor "Topsey" by the love of gentle "Eva." The sachem subsequently caused much trouble by his variable moods. It was to him that Eliot affirmed his resolution to do God's work, so fearlessly that the wild chief cowered into meek assent; and when, still later, his ambition and avarice, as a sachem, led him to new plots against the missionary work, he was again overwhelmed by a public lecture. All complaints and evils were carefully investigated by Eliot, so that the arrows of his kind rebuke usually hit the center of the mark.

The way in which he met the physical and moral wants of his uncivilized disciples, was at all times praiseworthy, and may convey lessons to later generations. When they were discouraged from devotional duty by their ungodly brethren, who told them that no better clothes and corn were gained by praying, but much pleasure lost, he held up his little finger and thumb, showing that there are little blessings, such as clothes, homes, food, and great blessings, such as heavenly wisdom and eternal life.

Having succeeded so well thus far, Eliot determined to extend his labors. Near the Merrimac River, lived Passaconaway, a chief of great power,

who was acknowledged as a superior by many sachems. He was already old, and is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years. He was considered a powaw of extraordinary skill, his subjects asserting that he could make a green leaf grow in winter, put the trees into a dance, and set water on fire. This chief, Eliot, with several English friends and converted Indians, visited, in 1647. Upon their approach to his domains, Passaconaway fled, leaving his people to receive the comers as best they might, and it was not until the following year that he could be persuaded to listen to Eliot's preaching.

That indefatigable laborer took advantage of an annual gathering of his tribe at a great fishing-place. While at the height of noisy carousal, Eliot appeared among them unarmed, and almost unattended, but with an undaunted presence, that effectually checked any hostile purpose. His situation called for rare courage and wisdom ; coming, as he did, to proclaim new doctrines, and to overturn their long-established and cherished customs. But with an air of fatherly authority, he hushed the multitude and gathered them about him. Seated in a half-circle, under the arching trees, they maintained a respectful silence ; even the obstinate chieftain was constrained to submit to the apostle's sudden and skillful *coup d'etat*, and, like certain other royal personages, heard a new and unpalatable code of laws expounded to his people. At first he listened with dogged sullenness, but ere long the heart-felt eloquence of the earnest teacher thawed the

icy case into which he had gathered himself, like a snail in its shell. A furtive glance, now and then, betrayed his awakening interest, and soon, forgetting his desire to conceal it, his eyes were fixed upon the speaker, and tears were chasing over his furrowed cheeks. When Eliot closed, he avowed his solemn purpose to practice prayer, and urged his sons to follow his example.

At parting, Eliot distributed various gifts among them, to conciliate their good will, which he had certainly gained already; for, as he was mounting his horse, a poor Indian timidly put in his hand a pennyworth of wampum. He gratefully received it, "seeing so much hearty affection in so small a thing."

Passaconaway, afterwards, strongly urged Eliot to come and live among his people, using this uncommonly refined argument in support of his entreaty: "You do," said he, "as if one should come and throw a fine thing among us, and we should catch at it earnestly, because it appears so beautiful, but cannot look at it to see what is within; but if you will stay with us, and open it to us, and show us all within, we shall believe it to be as good as you say it is." The good man acknowledged that the gospel needed to be heard oftener to be understood, but, considering his Nonantum disciples were best fitted to form a center of influence, he deferred the subject, though his attached *protégés*, willing to obey him in anything, offered to abandon their present site and go to the proposed region.

Eliot was never idle. He traveled from one of his Indian stations to another, fearless of the dangers of the wilderness, and boldly passing through regions he knew to be peopled by disaffected Indians, or to be the scenes of cold-blooded murders. On one occasion, notwithstanding the prudent advice of his Roxbury charge, he traversed a large and wild section of country, penetrating to the center of the present State of Massachusetts. It was enough for him to receive a message from an unseen chieftain, desiring him to bring tidings of his God. Nothing could prevent his prompt assent to such an invitation. Finding him resolute, several friends accompanied him on this long, weary journey, during which, as was often the case in his excursions, "from Tuesday to Saturday, he was never dry. At night he would pull off his boots, wring the water from his stockings, and put them on again." The rivers were swollen by the rains; and, as the men made their way through them on horseback, they were still more wet. Eliot's horse failed from exhaustion, and he was obliged to let him go without a rider, and take one belonging to another person. But he says, with his usual cheerful piety, "I considered that word of God: 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.'"

Another of his principal tours was to Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, where a council of churches was invited to harmonize certain difficulties. Eliot was too full of unflagging zeal to lose so good an opportunity to do his chosen work, and, accordingly, gathered the

natives who frequented the level, sandy meadows and pine woods of the cape. But he found their dialect so different as to prevent the ready communication of truth, and was further impeded by a fierce sachem, called by the English, Jehu, who sent his subjects off to fish, at the hour of religious service. Another sachem and his followers, however, consoled the devoted evangelist by their good attention.

Some old traditions were brought to light on this occasion. An old Indian said, in substance, that "the very things which Mr. Eliot had just taught concerning the creation, the nature of God and his commandments, had been said years ago by some old men among them, who were now dead, and since whose death, all knowledge of these doctrines had been lost, till then revived. Their forefathers once knew God, but fell into a heavy sleep (or forgetfulness), and when they awoke, they had forgotten him." One of the Indians related a wonderful dream, which he had before the landing of the English. He saw "a multitude of men coming to that region, dressed in such garments as he now found the English to wear. Among them was one man all in black, with something in his hand, which he now discovered to be a book. The man stood higher than the rest, and assured the Indians that God was angry with them, and would destroy them for their sins." A pestilence was raging at the time of the dream, to the destruction of many natives. The tradition and the vision can be explained by the fact that a French ship had been

wrecked on that coast thirty years before; the crew were saved, and with them a priest, but nearly all were massacred. One of the number lived long enough to instruct them, and threatened them with destruction from God, who would give their land to another nation. The fatal plague, after the stranger's death, seemed a partial fulfillment of the prediction, and impressed it upon their minds.

Meanwhile the small beginnings of civilization at Nonantum, went encouragingly on. Fruit-trees were sent from England for the plantation, and frequent sums of money bestowed both by the colonists and by the friends at home, for the purchasing of tools and implements of labor, and for obtaining teachers for the children's school, which "came on very prettily." Eliot obtained proper tools for the new workmen, with great difficulty; so much trouble did he experience in this respect, that he was obliged still to postpone his favorite plan of a model Indian settlement. The docile savages had, nevertheless, learned to saw boards and planks, and had accomplished much ditching and fencing.

Accounts of these efforts reaching England, much interest was excited among the pious and benevolent, which resulted in the formation of a society. An act for its incorporation was passed in Parliament, and read in all the pulpits of England and Wales, where collections were also taken up, though with little success. The Society was slandered, and at the restoration of Charles II., its very existence was endan-

gered; but it was preserved; a new charter was granted through the influence of Baxter, Robert Boyle and the Earl of Clarendon, and a large fund was finally raised to pay salaries, support schools, supply implements, found an Indian college, and print Eliot's translation of the Bible, together with other books.

While all this was being accomplished, Eliot suffered many discouragements. Conceited persons, who had taken no pains to visit the scenes of religious operation, and had taken their impressions of the red men from the thievish loiterers around the English towns, returned to England and disparaged the whole work, in the way that many now libel the missionary enterprises. The powaws and sachems created nearer trouble. They grew more desperate in their opposition to the new religion, as they saw their hitherto absolute power decreasing before the light of truth; for it is always the fact that "neither in the splendid palace, nor in the cabins of the forest, is man willing to resign arbitrary power, so long as he can hold it." Some of the sachems banished the "praying Indians" from their tribes, and, as was affirmed, in some cases put them to death. Eliot, however, withstood the sorcerers and sagamores to the face, knowing they feared both his calm courage and the power of the English, and trusting, at all events, in the protection of God. More than once, he declared to them that he was engaged in the work of God, that he did not

fear all the sachems in the country, and they might touch him if they dared.

Added to these discouragements, the expected supplies from England did not arrive. Believing it to be a judgment from Heaven, Eliot appointed a day of fasting and prayer. This long-wished assistance arrived while they were keeping the religious appointment, and was joyfully received as an answer to their prayers.

Eliot saw his hopes at last about to be realized. The means, so earnestly prayed for, were now his, to execute his chief design of gathering the scattered converts to a central spot in one flourishing settlement, at a distance from the English. With this in view he rode into the country, to inspect a proposed site for it; and, with that most reasonable reliance upon Providence in the least transaction, he stopped on his way, and, selecting a lonely spot, distant from the beaten path, he prayed for Divine direction. Soon after, he met a few Indians who recommended to him the place afterwards called Natick. This meeting and advice proved so fortunate, that he rightly considered it as truly an answer to his prayer as if he had been selecting a site for the capital of a powerful empire.

Natick signifies "a place of hills;" and is eighteen miles south-west of Boston, on Charles river. To this spot the Indians of Nonantum prepared to remove. Their first work towards it was throwing a foot-bridge across the stream, eighty feet in length, and nine feet

in height at the center. This accomplished, they commenced building the village, with much enthusiasm. "Their town was laid out in three streets, two on one side, and one on the other side of the river. Apple-trees were planted, and grain was sowed. A house-lot was assigned to each family, and it is said that some of the cellars upon them may be seen at the present day. They built a circular fort, palisaded with trees, and a large house in the English style, the lower part of which was to be used for public worship on the Sabbath, and for a school-room on other days, while the upper part was appropriated as a wardrobe, and as a depository for valuable commodities. Part of this room was partitioned off for Eliot's use, and there he had a bed." The house was built entirely by the Indians, with the exception of one day's work by an English carpenter. Wigwams outnumbered frame houses in the settlement, as the red men were not yet free from their inherited and long-indulged taste for a simple, rude life.

It was a ruling idea of Eliot, as of the Puritans generally, that all human laws should be copied directly from the Bible; and in order to find civil laws recourse was had to the book of Moses. The good man, therefore, rejoiced that, while other nations, in his own words, would be unwilling to lay down the imperfect star-light of their laws, for the perfect sunlight of the Scriptures, the Indians would yield to any direction from the Lord, being simple in heart and customs. "They shall be wholly governed by

the Scriptures in all things, both in Church and State," he said ; and he added, " Oh, the blessed day in England, when the Word of God shall be their Magna Charta, and chief law-book, and when all lawyers must be divines to study the Scriptures."

Agreeably to these views, the people of Natick, like the Israelites, were divided into hundreds, fifties and tens, each number with a ruler — those over the tens being called " tithing-men." A day of fasting and prayer was appointed, when the natives entered into a solemn covenant to observe the form of government. The day was spent in religious exercises conducted by them, as well as by Eliot. The new converts expounded the Bible so well that Governor Endicot and others, who visited Natick not long after this fast-day, were pleasantly surprised at the clearness and beauty with which they explained the parables of Christ. Lips that, until within a few months of that time, had been used to the war-whoop and the language of earth only, now uttered the gentle teachings of heaven ; woods that had resounded only to the wind, the thunder, the cry of the wild beast and of the hunter, now echoed the words of christian exultation and resounded with sacred hymns. Mr. Wilson described a psalm translated into the Indian language as sung " in one of our ordinary English tunes melodiously," and speaks of the Indian preaching as marked with " great devotion, gravity, decency, readiness and affection." The visitors were particularly struck with the excellence of the foot-bridge,

which, to the delight of the builders, had endured, while one constructed by the English in the vicinity, had been swept away by the floods. They also noticed the European drums, skillfully made by the natives, and used, as in the white settlements then, to call the people to all public meetings.

The wisdom of preparing and employing native teachers to spread the gospel among those of their own blood, was deeply felt by Eliot, and much effort was used to this end. One of these had learned to write correctly and became a schoolmaster at Natick. Some were sent to the Narragansets and other tribes, to proclaim the truth, and met with some encouragement. A company of Indians from Martha's Vineyard, who had accepted the white man's faith, visited Eliot's especial disciples and were then first astonished at the strange, new sympathies inspired by Christianity. "How is it," they said, "that when an Indian, whom we never saw before, comes among us, and we find that he prays to God, we love him exceedingly?" The ready apostle improved the opportunity to illustrate the principle of Christian love further, by mentioning the efforts made in their behalf by the friends of religion who lived thousands of miles off, across the great sea.

Industry and piety were now fairly planted at Natick, and were putting forth the flowers and fruits of moral beauty, amidst all the wild loveliness of nature, and the untrained simplicity of man. In the rich words of a late writer, "As we pass, in fancy,

out from the brick walls, narrow streets, and interrupted landscape of civilized life, with what imposing greatness bursts upon our thought the form of the unadulterated savage, with his eye like an eagle's, his ear like the startled fawn's, and his step like the panther of the wilderness. This is not sensualism, but the perfection of the sensuous nature ; it is the human form in harmony with untroubled streams and unbroken forests — belonging, in no mean relation, to the picture that is arched by the receding heavens. But, graceful as power, agility, freedom, are, we instinctively feel how low a phase of humanity it is, compared with the intellectual vigor of the sage, or the moral principledom of the saint." The mind and soul of the Indian had begun to unfold under the assiduous labor of Eliot, and his roving habits were slowly crystallizing into civilized forms. Even the young children, accustomed hitherto to bound with the wild antelopes, over their unlimited play-ground, and, in view of eternity, almost as soulless as their untamed pets, listened, like the child Samuel, and obeyed the calling voice of God. One infant angel of the wilderness, when offered its toys, while upon its death-bed, replied in sweet words, which seem almost an inspired song: "I will leave my basket behind me, for I am going to God; I will leave my spoon and tray behind me, for I am going to God." The little one was laid in the grave, without the beads, the shells, the wampum, and the food which the yearning affection of the Indian mother had al-

ways placed beside her dead, thinking to supply its wants when wandering without her in the spirit world. The missionary's message had given her courage and peace, in consigning her tender child to the arms of Christ. The superstitious burial customs which Eliot sought to set aside, need no comment, when the equally heathenish practice now so extensively exists in our beautifully designed cemeteries, of ornamenting the graves of children with the shoes, stockings, baby-bonnets, dolls, tea-sets, and rocking-horses, which occupied their busy lives.

The year 1661 is memorable in the annals of New England, for the publication of Eliot's Indian translation of the New Testament; this, and the Indian Bible prepared by him, and printed two years afterwards, were the first published in the New World—the printing of the English version being then a monopoly privilege in England. This most arduous work of translation had extended through fifteen years, before Eliot could offer to the Indians a copy of God's word, in their own tongue. The language was Mohegan, which, in its many dialects, was spoken by all the aborigines of New England. The first complete edition of the Bible, numbering fifteen hundred copies, cost over two thousand dollars. Out of his own limited means, Eliot saved some funds to this end, although the expense was chiefly borne by the society in England. A printing-press was sent from London for the purpose; and, for a long time, only an Englishman, a boy, and an Indian, named James Printer, were

employed on the work. Copies of the first edition, beautifully bound, were presented to King Charles, and to distinguished men in the old country, among them Richard Baxter, who said, "Such a work and fruit of a plantation was never before presented to a king." Copies are very rare, one or two being in the library of Harvard College, and containing, besides the Testament, a catechism, and the Psalms of David, in Indian verse. The great number of copies printed, shows the wonderful extent of the missionary work in this country at that time.

One of Eliot's works occasioned much disquietude in the colonies about this time. In the enthusiasm of Cromwell's revolution, he had written a book entitled "The Christian Commonwealth," which condemned the institution of kings, lords, and commons, as unchristian, and probably set forth his idea that the Bible is a complete political statute-book, no less than a spiritual revelation. On the restoration of Charles II., the New England colonies, already objects of jealousy to the royalists, were alarmed lest Eliot's book would prejudice their interests with the king. The council at Boston condemned it, and demanded of its author a recantation of its sentiments, which he yielded to. Eliot, like other men, had his faults and weaknesses, although his qualities were remarkably noble and symmetrical. His failings seem to have been the assertion of opinions, hasty or visionary, in civil matters, and his apparent inconsistency in a no less ready retraction of such opinions. It is

one of the brightest virtues to confess immediately an error; but if the fearless man, who trembled not at the threats of passionate sachems, was still convinced of the truth of his book, it appears a little strange that he so quickly cancelled it. Doubtless his abjuration was from the same motives of expediency that influenced the council, and with a more particular anxiety for his Indian missions, which were supported by the mother country, and dependant on a renewal by the king of the charter of the society for their promotion.

The uninformed are liable to think of Eliot as an obscure man, who wandered about with some vagabond tribe, during a few years, and not as the truly great leader of a great Christian movement, of which he was the main-spring, for some forty years. The difficulties of his work, from first to last, were incessant and extreme—especially in translating the Bible. Besides the work in his own parish of Roxbury, his journeys and preaching, his poverty, and a large family to care for and educate, he had to contend with a language poorly adapted to the expression of religious truth and civilized ideas, without a grammar and dictionary. An amusing instance of his embarrassment is related. The best word he could get from the Indians to express the term “lattice,” in a passage of Scripture, after trying to describe it to them, was one which he subsequently found to be a name for the wicker baskets, used in catching eels; through this, the mother of Sisera was made to look

for the coming of her son. The translation, generally, was, doubtless, very correct, and at last quite perfect; but it is sad to reflect that no person now living can read it. Yet, though both the language and those who spoke it, are long since dead, the Indian Bible was the bread of life to we know not how many souls now shining in Heaven. On earth it is an eloquent monument of a perseverance, industry, and pure zeal, never surpassed. In the words of Edward Everett, "Since the death of the Apostle Paul, a nobler, truer, warmer spirit, than John Eliot, never lived; and, taking the state of the country, the narrowness of the means, the rudeness of the age, into consideration, the history of the Christian church does not contain an example of resolute, untiring, successful labor, superior to that of translating the entire Scriptures into the language of the native tribes of Massachusetts."

Besides the Bible, he translated several works for the use of his Indian people, and published a grammar, to aid the study of those who might wish to carry out his benevolent designs; this work, together with the Mohegan Bible, has been found very valuable, of late, in the scientific investigation of language. One of his smaller works was an "Indian Logick Primer;" but it was not easy for the savages to become expert in logic and theology; they readily apprehended the simple truths of the gospel, as familiarly illustrated by Eliot, and their unsophisticated hearts were, perhaps, all the better fitted to receive

that divine illumination which is often blinded by scholastic words and systems. The Indian could not step directly out of loose ways of thought and life, into exact, methodical ones; yet he could pass from one belief of the heart to another. A converted chief said of this, "I have been used, all my life, to pass up and down in an old canoe; but I now give myself up to your advice, enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God, hereafter," — a striking figure to which one of the company present, added, that in the old canoe, the stream was quiet, but the end destruction, and, in the new one, storms might overtake him, but the end would be everlasting rest.

In 1673, and the following year, the noble and venerable apostle of the Indians journeyed through the wilderness from one station to another, there being fourteen in Massachusetts, beside those in Plymouth, Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard. This last journey of Eliot's was full of rich satisfaction to his ardent, enthusiastic soul. As, from time to time, he met the glad faces of the thirty-six hundred Christian natives, whom he had been instrumental in rousing from the thralldom of superstition and sin, he felt his courage and energy revive, and, forgetting the burden of laborious years that already enfeebled his steps, promised himself the joy of reaping a still greater harvest for his God. Hymns of gratitude went up from the forest sanctuaries, like sweet incense, and the eloquent voice of the aged and beloved teacher rang from the hills, with the tidings of love and mer-

cy which he could bring to them no more. The manna which he thus scattered among his eager listeners, served to strengthen them for the hard trial to which God was soon to subject their faith.

The settlement and church of Natick were especially endeared to Eliot, as being the first embodiment of his favorite idea. Five churches beside the one established there, were the result of his untiring zeal; and to provide for their future welfare, he had induced two of his savage *protégés* to be educated at Harvard University, thus leaving no means untried, of thoroughly enlightening and highly cultivating the Indian race. These two pupils, however, were not destined to fulfill his design. One of them was wrecked and murdered at Nantucket, and the other died of consumption, soon after graduating. The name of the latter is recorded, on the catalogue of the college, as Caleb Cheeshohteumuck. Notwithstanding these melancholy events, the effort to educate the natives was continued. A brick building was erected at Cambridge, with accommodations for twenty Indian students. But it proved of little avail. The young Mohegans lost their athletic, robust nature, when taken from their roving life in the woods, and subjected to the close garments and staid demeanor of civilization, or found the change too sudden from wild, free thought, to the drill of study. Thus they either pined and died like caged birds, or sickened in heart and fled back to the enticing delights of the forest hunting-grounds. It was not then ap-

preciated that barbarism and civilization are in the blood, and the one can only be shaken off, and the other assumed, by the slow operation of education and grace in several generations.

But the labor of years was destined to be suddenly arrested, and, in a great measure, defeated. King Philip's war — a general onslaught of the unevangelized Indians — burst forth, and threw every thing into confusion. The particulars need not here be recounted. The colonists, filled with a mad spirit of revenge and fear, and not appreciating either the faith or friendship of the Christian natives, broke up their half-civilized towns, and carried the innocent population to islands near Boston, where they were confined, lest they might take part with Philip. They suffered deeply from disappointment, insult, and privation ; some of them, at Wamesit, were shot by a party of the English, who unjustly charged them with burning a barn.

Thus debarred from the sympathy of the race for whose faith they had deserted their own people ; arrayed against those to whom they were connected by the strongest natural ties, yet rejected and abused by their adopted brothers, who should, rather, have protected and encouraged them, it remains to the world an indisputable evidence of the true effects of the gospel, that they, almost without exception, exhibited a rare spirit of Christian endurance and forgiveness during those times of severe trial for which Eliot had unconsciously prepared them, in his last, unmolested

tour through the wilderness. None, in whose piety he confided, renounced their faith ; none but a few of the less instructed natives at new stations, joined the enemy. Many of the friendly ones were of great service to the English in carrying on so unaccustomed a kind of warfare. But confidence between the white and the red men was never restored ; the ardor of an incipient work of civilization and conversion was thoroughly chilled ; but few praying villages were reëstablished, and the prosperity of the missions was at an end. A great hope for the Indian race was forever blasted, although many were then strengthened and purified in heart by the fire of affliction.

Eliot consoled his old age and disappointment by writing a life of Christ, and by endeavoring to rescue the captive Indians, who had been sold into West India slavery — an iniquity that aroused his whole indignation. He was encouraged by the hope of a successor, in the person of a young man who had devoted himself to the cause of the beloved natives. In a letter, written when he was eighty-four years old, after making the touching declaration — “ I am drawing home ” — he speaks hopefully of the great object to which his life had been a living sacrifice. He was gratified, also, in assisting to ordain an Indian teacher, who survived the death of Eliot twenty-six years, and whose grave-stone is now part of a stone wall near the church in South Natick, in the vicinity of which place, a wretched hut, occupied by several persons of mingled Indian and negro blood, is all

that is left of the once flourishing settlement of the devout children of the forest.

Eliot was in advance of the times, in reforms, for he had very few supporters of the pure principles he vigorously exemplified in his own life, as well as preached to others. It was the universal custom in the colonies, to partake of spirituous liquors in a moderate degree. Eliot was often urged to refresh his weariness with the sparkling contents of the wine-glass. He invariably refused, for, said he, "wine is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as I remember, water was made before it." He also waged a continual war against tobacco, and the use of great, white wigs, though he lived to see many orthodox ministers, in the words of Cotton Mather, "ruffle their heads in excesses of this kind."

Notwithstanding this opposition to the favorite prejudices of those with whom he mingled, he was generally beloved and respected, the more deeply for attaining to that simplicity and purity of life which they had not sufficient self-denial or strength of will to adopt.

As the greatly good man grew more infirm, he relinquished his pulpit duties, but was still cherished by his people, who assured him that his presence was worth more than gold. His strong frame tottered, and his kind eyes grew dim, but he was a sunshine in all the homes of the village. He was an old soldier of the cross, full of love, a peace-maker, and wise in

counsel. Still looking for some good work to do, he interested himself in the neglected negro servants, and persuaded many families in the vicinity to send them to him once a week, for instruction. He also took under his care a blind boy, and taught him to repeat chapters of the Bible. A beautiful and noble picture! — this silver-haired apostle of the Indians who had performed so great work, literary, missionary and parish tasks, who was one of New England's most influential, early divines, and had traversed a wide wilderness with unwearied perseverance for thirty years, now seated, in cheerful old age, teaching a poor, blind child, and a little company of despised Africans.

As death approached, through no disease but the natural failing of his powers, he said, "Alas, I have lost every thing; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; but, I thank God, my charity holds out still; I find it rather grows than fails." As often in pious old age and death, his clear views of truth grew clearer and brighter. It was a peaceful departure, with a long, sunny recollection of duty done, and the heaven of humble faith to await. The cause of the poor Indian lay heavy upon his heart, though he expressed a strong hope that the cloud which obscured his ardent work, would pass away, and leave the good seed to spring up with fresh vigor where it had been so ruthlessly trodden down.

How different was the cry of "welcome joy!" with which he beheld the angel of Death, from that of the

unscrupulous pioneers who had labored for fame in the forests of the New World, and who submitted to the eternal summons, either in sullen silence or with a wail of despair and fear. They gloried in diamonds and pearls, which were a glittering mockery in the death-hour — Eliot awaited his jeweled crown in another life, and, in imitation of his Saviour, made peace and good will to man his only strife in this.

He died in 1690, aged eighty-six years. But two of his six children lived to mourn his death, and his wife had preceded him to the grave, after a long and useful pilgrimage with him. The Indians, to whom Eliot had been a tender father, and a generous friend, wept for his departure, and the English so revered him that they had a tradition that the colony could not perish so long as the good man lived. He was equally esteemed in England. Baxter, upon his death-bed, said of him, "There was no man on earth whom I honored above him."

X.

WILLIAM PENN.

IN the times of Charles II., the country-seat of Admiral Penn was the resort of many distinguished men and noblemen. The charm lay not in the broad fields, the wooded dells, and velvety lawns, that made Pennwood rich in beauty; nor even the spacious old Hall of ancient and curious architecture, that told many a tale of olden times; neither did the luxurious style that prevailed at Pennwood form the chief attraction; for, in these respects, it could not compete with the princely homes of the neighboring noblemen. But in the magnetic charm of its home circle, it exceeded them all. There was a frank cordiality in the greetings of Admiral Penn, that convinced one of sincerity; and a cheerful, varied, intelligent tone in his conversation that made the hours pass quickly. He was firm, even to obstinacy, as was evinced in his career; but the noblest trait of character was an unyielding integrity—a rare quality in a public man, and one which, though often troublesome to his compeers, secured universal respect and confidence. With devoted affection, he revered his lovely wife; and, though he did not sympathize

with her deep piety, he appreciated and respected what he saw daily shine forth in her life with beautiful consistency. Her mild and affectionate temper, with the simple elegance of her manner, won her many warm friends among the worldly and fashionable, who might otherwise have avoided her, as too religiously strict.

To the care of such parents was given an only son, William Penn, who was born in 1644, in London. In his younger years he was left almost entirely to the guidance and instruction of his mother; the ocean-life of the admiral occasioning long seasons of absence. But when again reunited, heart-happiness dwelt in the family circle, as they gathered round the cheerful fire that crackled and blazed on the old, broad hearth, throwing a warm glow over the apartment.

The admiral would sit by the hour, in the flickering light, and answer the eager, thoughtful questions of his idol boy. He could not resist the coaxing, loving tones, and he gazed with pride upon the child's beautiful, rosy, dimpled face, as he sat at his feet, or upon his knee. Sometimes he told him of the ocean, and the great battles he had fought on the wide waters, and grew enthusiastic as he recounted his exploits, painting them in such life-like colors, that the child shuddered and paled as he heard of the wrecks and awful storms. Or, when the story dwelt upon an instance of injustice and cruelty, the blood rushed to his cheeks in a burning tide, and his eyes sparkled

with indignation. Then he listened to the tale of battles, when amidst fire and smoke, and the thundering of cannons, came the death-shrieks; or of a ship with its soldier-seamen, torn limb from limb, and hurled high in the air; and then, amidst frightful suffering, sinking forever in the blood-stained waves.

Tears of sympathy and grief rolled over the cheeks of little William at the recital, and amid his sobs he cried —

“When I’m a man, I’ll never kill people so.”

The admiral raised his brows at the unconscious rebuke, and he folded the little peace-boy in his arms, to still the storm he had awakened. With returning smiles brightening his face, the child flew to his mother, who, near by, had watched the emotion of the child, and regarded it a fruitful source of instruction. That gentle, pious mother! With what watchful care she moulded the young heart entrusted to her keeping! With what prayerful devotion she attuned to pleasant tones, the little harp God had given her; for with such gifts comes the power to awaken harsh discords, or beautiful harmony. But William’s education was not neglected by the admiral, when at home, for he also strove to instill high and honest principles into the mind of the child.

It is related that William was roaming the fields one day, when he found one of his father’s tenants, a poor man, named Thomas Pearce, hard at work with his cart, having been called to assist in some emergency. William was very fond of Tom, and he was

troubled when he saw great drops rolling down the laborer's cheeks ; so he ran with haste to the admiral, saying —

“ Father, ain't you going to pay poor Tom Pearce for working so hard for you ? ”

“ What makes you ask that, William ? ”

“ Because, father, I think you ought to pay him.”

“ Why so, my son ? ”

“ Because I don't see why he should work so hard for nothing.”

“ Well, I dare say, William, I shall pay him.”

“ But, father, if you don't pay him money, I'll tell you what you ought to do.”

“ What, my son ? ”

“ Why, father, if poor Tom comes to want any work done, you should send your wagon to help him.”

“ My cart you mean, William, for you see I have only his cart.”

“ Yes, father, but your wagon is not so much larger than his cart, as you are richer than poor Tom.”

“ God bless my son ! ” cried the admiral, embracing him ; “ I hope you'll be a brave, honest-hearted Englishman, as long as you live.”

The proud father had high hopes for his son, and his favorite castle-building was to fancy the rosy-cheeked boy transformed to a man of eminence and distinguished talent, filling with honor the most influential posts in the realm. Time traveled not so fast as the admiral's imagination, for William was yet in his ninth year. At this period he was sent to a gram

mar-school at Chigwell, near one of his father's estates, and selected by his mother, because it was conducted by a clergyman of eminent piety. The religious instructions of his mother were not forgotten during his absence, but were treasured with reverence, as the earnest injunctions of her he so well loved.

At the age of fifteen, William entered Oxford College, with bright prospects. He quickly became a general favorite, both on account of his brilliant talents, and his many noble qualities, and soon received the highest honors of the University. His chosen companions were of the same serious bent of mind with himself; among them was John Locke, who remained a faithful and tried friend throughout the vicissitudes of Penn's life. These young men, hearing of a Quaker meeting about to be held, determined to attend, partly from curiosity, as the name of the preacher, Thomas Loe, was given, without any pompous titles attached, which were so universal in those days that a departure therefrom caused surprise. The appointed time came, and found William in the place of worship. He looked with no little astonishment upon the plain apartment, and still plainer people that filled it, so different from the established church, to which he had always been accustomed. Nor was his surprise lessened when he beheld in Thomas Loe, "a plain, fleshy, round-faced man, in a broad-brimmed hat, a drab coat of the humblest cloth and cut, and a close, snug neck-cloth, all shining, clean and neat."

At first, Penn's attention was fixed by the simple quaintness of his language; but soon, the sincere, touching words that fell from his lips in eloquent appeals, went searchingly to his heart; and as he listened, he was sure the way was appointed to him of which he had long been dreaming — to lead a simple, pure life, in the service of his Maker, and for the good of his fellow-creatures. Again and again he sought the Quaker meeting-house, and listened to the affectionate and fatherly teachings of Thomas Loe. His conscience was fully awakened, but his course undecided; and in his perplexity, he went to one of the learned divines of the college. He laughed at his "fanaticism," and bade him "keep to the good, old church, hear sermons, and take the sacrament, and all would be well." William obeyed the directions, but his conscience could not be silenced; he was more dissatisfied than ever with the formal ceremonies of the church, and the worldly, fashionable throng who professed to worship God.

Again he returned to the Quaker meeting, and determined to adhere to their principles, despite the sneers and scorn of his fellow-students, and the world at large. He, and a few of his companions, held meetings by themselves, and adopted a plain mode of dress. Their absence from public service was noticed by the professors; upon learning the cause, they were immediately summoned before the faculty, and "for assembling themselves together to worship God contrary to law," were severely fined. More serious

consequences followed their newly-awakened ardor. One day, they met a few gay young men of the college, who were attired in a foppish, extravagant style, or, as some have it, in the long, black gowns, peculiar to the forms of England. Penn and his friends expostulated with them, and advised them to dispense with what was unbecoming and unchristian. In return, receiving only derision and contempt, they forgot their Quaker principles, furiously rushed upon them, and tore the dresses from their shoulders. They were speedily called to account, and, among others, William Penn was formally expelled from college.

Unwilling that the mortifying news should reach his parents from other lips than his own, he hastened to them with a heavy heart. He arrived at Penn-wood, and presented himself with a firm, but troubled air. How great was their astonishment to behold their son before them in a full suit of Quaker drab, and a broad beaver concealing his fine brow! His usually cheerful face was clouded, but he stood with meek aspect in their presence. With exclamations of surprise, they gazed upon him.

“What does this mean? What is the matter? Why are you here?” were the hasty inquiries. He replied with determined calmness,

“I am expelled from college!”

The admiral started from his chair, his face flushed with anger, and to his eager questions of the why and wherefore, William answered —

“Why, sir, it was because I tore their dresses from the shoulders of some of the students.”

“You tore the dresses from the shoulders of the students! Why, God’s mercy on my soul! what had you to do with their dresses?”

“Why, father,” answered William, “their dresses were so fantastical and unbecoming to the dignity of Englishmen and the society of Christians, that I felt it a duty to my country and conscience to bear my testimony against them; and, moreover, I was assisted in it by Robert Spencer, John Locke, and other discreet youths of the college.”

“Well, thank God! thank God it’s no worse,” exclaimed Mrs. Penn.

“You are thankful for small favors, madam,” was the admiral’s sharp rejoinder.

A long discussion ensued, which only excited the admiral, and in no way altered the opinions of young Penn. His father’s patience was exhausted, and, full of disappointment and anger, he exclaimed:

“Here’s a pretty ending of all the bright castles I’ve for years been building in the air for this boy! A lad of genius — getting a complete college education — the only child of a British admiral — great friends at court — the high-road to preferment all ahoy before him, and yet determined to turn his back on all, and live and die a poor, despised Quaker! Why, God’s mercy on my soul, boy! you, who might have been among the first in the realm! If to the army, a general; if to the navy, an admiral; if to

law, a chief justice ; if to medicine, a court physician ; to divinity, a bishop or lord primate ; and now, with all these grand prizes under your guns, you will haul down your colors, and, in a three-buttoned drab, and broad beaver, go sneaking about the world, or sit, twirling your thumbs, at a silent meeting, with Tom Loe, a superstitious blockhead, no more to be compared with one of our learned divines, than a Dutch cock-boat to a British line-of-battle-ship ! ”

William attempted to expostulate, but his father angrily interrupted him with —

“ Harkee, young man ! I know you have a clear head and a fluent tongue ; but in such a cause as this I don’t wish to hear them. All I have to say is, let me know to-morrow if you will go back to the University, and do as I desire, or not ; and, take notice, sirrah, if you do not, you are no longer a son of mine, and never again shall you darken my door.”

Mrs. Penn looked on with painful emotions ; and she now accompanied William, to use her influence with him. But she could not rebuke the pure Christian sentiments that seemed to breathe from his inmost heart, although clothed in a new aspect. She did not, therefore, attempt to persuade him to relinquish his adopted religion.

His determination was fixed. The next morning, when summoned to his father’s presence, to give his final decision, he replied to all entreaties with characteristic firmness, yet with the meekness of an honest Quaker, that “ he had turned his thoughts to the

light within ; and that while he felt, with exceeding affection, how much he owed to his earthly father, he owed still more to his heavenly, and, therefore, could not offend Him, by sinning against the light, and endangering his own soul."

"Well, then, you will not go back to the established church," replied the admiral.

"While my present convictions remain, I can never leave the Quakers."

"Then, sir," rejoined the admiral, in stormy wrath, "you must leave me ;" and ordered him to quit the house instantly.

He obeyed without words, and went immediately to his grandmother's, according to his mother's advice ; for she well knew the result. William remained but a short time at the elegant mansion of his excellent, pious relative ; for his father had not enjoyed a moment's peace since his harshness towards his idolized son. He had paced the floor for hours, and angered, and wept even, at the sudden downfall of his plan. With a faint hope of influencing his son, he recalled him, to the great joy of the whole household.

Hearing that a number of young men of rank were about making a trip to Paris, he proposed that William should accompany them, and remain long enough to acquire the French language ; but, with a secret hope that a sojourn with a gay and fascinating people, would wear off his exceeding gravity, as well as conquer his "fanaticism." William acquiesced, and

was soon generously fitted out with a wardrobe of the richest materials, though, as he insisted, of "plain fashion." Abundantly provided with money, and letters to distinguished men, he set out, with his pleasure-seeking companions, for Paris.

Being naturally of a warm-hearted disposition, and always exerting himself to give others happiness, he received with keen pleasure the kindness and little attentions, which the French know so well how to bestow. Their powers of pleasing, so skillfully exercised, delighted him, and he soon participated in the festivities of the capital, with as much zeal as his father could desire. "He learned their language with the facility of a mocking-bird; he caught their manners by instinct; his limbs forgot their proud, British stiffness, and his muscles their cold, unlovely rigidity; and whether he bowed or smiled—in standing, moving, bowing, or smiling, shone forth the elegant and all accomplished Frenchman."

A year passed in a round of fashionable dissipation, to the great delight of his father; for he now felt there would be no obstacles to his son's advancement. Joyful preparations were made for his return to Penn-wood. Distinguished and mirthful guests were invited to the Hall, to participate in the continued festivities, which were to follow his arrival. He came at last. Never, in the moments of his proudest victories, did the admiral feel such emotions of pleasure, as when he greeted his long-absent son, and beheld him transformed into an elegant, accomplished young

man. The noble and intellectual expression of his countenance was relieved from severity by a smile of tenderness and benevolence, which, added to a brilliant mind and graceful manner, finished by a Quaker sweetness, made him a welcome guest in the circles of fashion, as well as of the cultivated.

Mrs. Penn's ambition for the worldly success of her son was more than gratified, and she had long felt a deep anxiety lest the promising piety of his youth had fled with his boyhood. The admiral saw it, but took good care to keep William constantly occupied; and, at the earliest moment, hastened to introduce him at court, and to his most illustrious friends.

Not long after his return from France, he was admitted as a law-student at Lincoln's Inn, where he remained till his twenty-second year. During this time, his society was courted, and most flattering attentions were paid him, but in no wise detracted from the simplicity of his character, nor caused him to swerve from the pure principles which had grown with his growth. But the admiral was continually fearful lest he should fall into his "old gloomy ways" again; and, therefore, upon inheriting a large estate, near Dublin, immediately determined to commit its management to William. This step, to his great chagrin, proved the occasion of his finally adhering to the cause of the Quakers.

He soon set out for Dublin. To insure him a variety of dissipation, the admiral provided him with letters from court friends, introducing him in most flat-

tering terms to the Lord-Lieutenant of Dublin, and others of rank. Accordingly, he received uncommon attentions from distinguished families, both on account of his talents and his rank. He paid strict attention to the improvement of the estate consigned to his care, and spent his leisure with the lord-lieutenant and his friends, till one evening, while perusing a Dublin paper, his attention was caught by a notice that "one of the people called Quakers was to preach in the market-house the next day." He determined to attend the meeting; for his partiality to the sect had never decreased, though he had for some time conformed to the established church.

What was his surprise to behold in the speaker, the kind and placid countenance of his old friend, Thomas Loe, and the good Quaker was no less pleased to see his familiar face, though alarmed to see him attired in fashionable dress. Every word spoken by the preacher went to his heart and conscience, and his old desire for a simple, pure religion, like the one urged to his acceptance, returned with new strength. At the closing of the meeting, an interview took place, the result of which was his continued attendance upon the meetings; he conformed to the doctrines with a firmness of purpose never again shaken. He relinquished all intercourse with the Irish nobility, and completely altered his life.

The Quakers were, at this time, strongly persecuted. On one occasion, Penn, with a number of others, was arrested at a meeting in Cork, and car-

ried before the mayor, who committed them all to prison. By the influence of his Irish friends, Penn was soon released.

News of his return to the Quakers, and his imprisonment, quickly reached his father. He was instantly remanded home by the enraged admiral. He promptly obeyed the summons, but with a heavy heart; he well knew the storm of opposition that awaited him. As he journeyed homeward, he communed with the "inward light," and gained strength to endure the trials before him. He knew, in following the promptings of his conscience, he would be banished from his father's house, and must go forth to the world, poor, neglected, scorned, persecuted. But he remembered for what he gave up all; and a holy zeal burned in his heart, and beamed in his countenance with serene happiness. It was thus he reached the beautiful home of his boyhood. A mournful sadness clouded his joy, as he gazed upon the wild, rich scenery that surrounded him, and looked with dimmed eyes upon the familiar old Hall, so vividly recalling the days of his youth — feeling that he would soon be a wanderer from that loved home. And his mother! oh, his beloved mother! How he dreaded the pain such a separation would cause them both! He paced back and forth beneath the spreading elms, and strove to subdue the struggle which had roused the whole soul of his deep affections.

"Oh, God, not my will, but thine, be done," was his prayer; and, after silent meditation, those pain-

ful emotions were calmed, and once more, with a radiant countenance and light step, he sought his parents.

There he stood: William Penn, in his quaint Quaker garb, amidst the luxury which might have been his own. His mother uttered an exclamation of joy, embracing him with the deepest affection. The admiral did not move; he stood with folded arms, and flushed face, eyeing his offending son, from his wide beaver to the plain shoe, with contemptuous looks.

“And so Tom Loe has taken you in tow, and made a fool of you again, eh?” was his greeting, at last.

A discussion followed, full of anger on the admiral’s part, but eliciting only calm replies. Mrs. Penn listened with anxious solicitude. Tears of joy filled her eyes, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to God, that strength was given him to endure even persecution, in obeying the dictates of his conscience.

“My son,” said she, “I weep not for any crime that you have committed, but rather for joy of your innocence, and honest adherence to what you think your duty.”

What consolation those few words gave him!

Days and weeks passed, and still the admiral strove, by every inducement, to conquer the firmness of William’s convictions, but in vain. He could not bear to drive him away, and would have conceded to his plain speech, dress, and deportment, if he would but consent to uncover his head in the presence of the king, the Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) and himself;

but finding William unyielding, even in this, he no longer restrained himself, and, in a storm of passion, ordered him to leave the house forever. He obeyed, and with sadness in the parting, said —

“Father, if I had been turned out of doors because of any crime I had done, I should be wretched, indeed. But thanks to God! I go away with a conscience unstained by any act which should cause you or my dear mother to blush for me.”

He bade his noble mother a tearful farewell, and as he departed from them, they listened to his footsteps till they died away in the distance, feeling an oppressive loneliness which tears could not relieve. From that hour, the admiral lost his jocose spirits, and became restless, fretful, and gloomy. His ambition for his only son had been bitterly disappointed, and he knew not how to find peace, for even the sad countenance of his wife reproached him. Hoping for relief in the excitement of public action, he sought the honors of victorious battle, and ventured upon the sea in search of a happiness he no longer enjoyed in the once cheertul home at Pennwood.

Meanwhile, young Penn repaired to London, and became a member of the Society of Friends. He employed himself for some time in defending their doctrines by writing; but soon an offensive article appeared from his pen, which caused his immediate arrest, and imprisonment in the Tower. His cheerfulness did not forsake him there. With pious resignation, he endured all the sufferings inflicted upon

him. Even his harsh jailor was won from his prejudices, when, in return for his rudeness, he always received a kind remonstrance. His hardness of heart was penetrated, and long before the seven months of Penn's imprisonment expired, he learned to respect the stern integrity of his prisoner, and to look with awe and admiration upon his serene and youthful countenance, ever beaming with purity and benign love. There was music in his simple language, and the gentle "thee" and "thou" fell with such soothing tones upon the ear of the rough guard, that, in spite of his hatred to the sect, he often sat and listened to the mild teachings of the persecuted Quaker.

The admiral was still absent; but Mrs. Penn, upon hearing of her son's imprisonment, ordered her carriage, and hastily proceeded to London. When she arrived before the dark walls of the prison, her soul sickened with the thought of seeing there, among a host of criminals, her innocent and only child. She followed the shuffling steps of her guide through the gloomy corridors, and up the winding staircase, with a heart beating with sorrow and indignation. She shuddered as she passed by the cells of the poor, hardened wretches, who had almost forgotten there is a God; and when her way led through apartments crowded with men, women, and children, placed there because of their peculiar religion, she could not restrain her tears of grief and sympathy. Almost overcome by conflicting emotions, she reached the sought-for place. The key rattled in the rusty lock,

and the iron door swung heavily back. There young Penn sat, near the high, grated window, occupied as diligently with his pen and studies, as if free; but, upon beholding his mother, he sprang forward, and received her with an affectionate embrace. When her calmness was restored, anxious inquiries followed, to which he replied with so much cheerfulness, that she was comforted by the interview, and left him with a strong hope of soon obtaining his release.

But weary months elapsed ere he gained his liberty. He was finally released by the king, at the instigation of the Duke of York, who entertained a friendship for the admiral. Penn was now restored to his father's good will. He very soon made a short visit to Ireland, to attend to the business of his estates. His leisure time was occupied in visiting and preaching to the imprisoned Quakers of Dublin and Cork, whose liberty he soon obtained through the influence of his various friends at court. He well knew how to sympathize with the many sufferers, for his own imprisonment was so frequent, that it is said, on one occasion, when a file of soldiers was ordered to guard him to the Tower, Penn sarcastically said to the judge, "Thee need not send thy soldiers, send thy boy; I know the way."

Not long after his return to England, he again felt the bitterness of persecution and injustice. The Conventicle Act had just been passed by Parliament, which prohibited Dissenters from worshipping in their own way. William Penn was one of the first victims;

for no law or threats could deter him from what he deemed his duty. He continued to preach, as usual, and, on going with his friends, to their meeting-house in Grace-church street, to perform divine worship, he found it guarded by a band of soldiers. A large number of the society being gathered, and not obtaining admittance, Penn began to address them where they were. He had not proceeded far in his discourse when he was arrested, and, together with William Mead, a Friend, was sent to Newgate to await a trial.

When the appointed day arrived, the court was crowded with an assembly, waiting eagerly the appearance of the prisoners. They entered without removing their hats, whereat one of the officers snatched them off. The lord mayor became furious at the act, and ordered them to be replaced, and then fined the prisoners forty marks each, for contempt of court. Being brought to the bar, the indictment was read, which, among other legal falsehoods, stated that the prisoners had preached to a "riotous assembly, and they had met together with force and arms, and this to the great terror and disturbance of many of his majesty's liege subjects." The prisoners plead "not guilty" to the charge. The witnesses, upon being examined, could prove nothing but that William Penn was seen speaking to an assemblage on a certain day, but could not tell what he said, on account of the noise. It was also proved that Mead said something, but nobody could tell what. This was the substance of the evidence against them.

Penn defended himself so clearly and ably, that he baffled the wily recorder, who opposed him, in every point. Notwithstanding, the incensed court hurried away the prisoners to a loathsome dungeon, and proceeded to charge the jury. Penn, hearing part of the false charge, stopped, and loudly appealed to the jury and crowded assembly, to judge of the injustice and violation of law, in charging the jury in the absence of the prisoners. A murmur of approval ran through the close crowd, but his daring incensed his persecutors the more. He was ordered away with the rest, to strict confinement.

The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," but were received with threats and abuse by the judges. Seven times they were sent out, and seven times they returned the same verdict. Not one of the twelve would yield his convictions, despite the brutal threats of the bench. Two days and two nights, they were kept without any kind of refreshment; but these upright men were neither to be starved nor frightened into the support of injustice. The greatest excitement prevailed. Some abused, some applauded them. The rage of the judges was beyond control, yet the jurymen remained firm. Once more, a separate answer was required from each, which being still unchanged, the recorder addressed them :

"Gentlemen of the jury: I am sorry you have followed your own judgments, rather than the good advice which was given you. God keep my life out

of your hands! But, for this, the court fines you forty marks a man, and imprisonment till paid."

William Penn then exclaimed: "I demand my liberty, being freed by the jury."

"No, you are in for your fines," replied the mayor.

"Fines for what?"

"For contempt of court," was the short reply.

Once more Penn defended himself with ability and strength. The spectators could scarcely restrain their admiration of his eloquence and talent, and those who were prejudiced against him, forgot their dislike in looking upon his benign and noble countenance, and in listening to his skillful defense, and exposure of the dishonorable proceedings. A thrill of sympathy responded to his appeal to honest-hearted Englishmen, and many beheld, with provoked ire, Penn and the unyielding jurymen led away to Newgate. How long the latter were suffered to remain, or what became of these men, whose names should have glowed in history, is not known.

The admiral returned from sea with a broken constitution, and suffering from a disease that was rapidly bearing him to the grave. He heard of his son's imprisonment with surprise. This, more than all else, served to blight his ambition; for, after a life, and nearly his fortune, spent in the service of his king and country, that his only son should be thrust into prison like a common felon, when guilty of no crime but obeying his conscience, stung him to the quick, and he felt that the religion which could persecute with such

severity and injustice, could not be as pure and holy as the one which suffered and endured with cheerful firmness and meek forgiveness. His affections yearned for the presence of his loved son, and he longed to repair the harshness and wrong he had done him. Penn's release was soon obtained, and, for the last time, the family were reunited at Pennwood. The spirit of the proud father was bowed to the dust, and, now that worldly ambition no longer blinded him, he regarded his son's conduct in a far different light. What once seemed to him willful obstinacy, now proved to be a stern integrity, and a truthful heart which would in no way belie itself. He no longer refused to give his blessing; and though he could not adopt the peculiar belief of his son, he regarded it with generous and enlightened views; for a new, Christian fervor burned in his own soul, and as death drew near, he wondered at the entire devotion of his life and talents to his king, rather than to his God. As his eyes grew dim and his voice faint, he thus addressed his son, whom he now loved with redoubled affection and new hope:

“Son William, I am weary of the world! I would not live my days over again, if I could command them with a wish; for the snares of life are greater than the fears of death. Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. I charge you, do nothing against your conscience. So will you keep your peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble.”

He sent, as a dying request, an earnest message to the Duke of York, to protect his son, and to ask the King to do the same, in case of future persecution, which was readily promised.

The admiral died in his forty-ninth year, 1670, leaving to William Penn a handsome estate of fifteen thousand dollars per annum, besides a large debt due from the Crown. So far from appropriating it to luxurious habits, he continued his extremely plain style of living, devoting much of his fortune to the benefit of the Quakers; often releasing numbers of them by paying the heavy fines imposed upon them. Once more he suffered an imprisonment of six months in the Tower; and, after his release, traveled several months through Germany and Holland, with the intention of disseminating more widely the doctrines of the Society of Friends.

William Penn was now in his twenty-sixth year. Celebrated, not only as an author and preacher, but as a young man of rank, wealth, fine personal appearance, brilliant talents, and rare virtues — who had suffered imprisonment and sacrificed much for his religion — no wonder that his name rang far and near. The fashionable regretted the loss of such a star from their circle, and pitied his “fanaticism.” His own sect revered him for his stern virtues, soul-stirring eloquence, and liberal sympathies with their sufferings; while the opposers of their religion most thoroughly hated and persecuted him.

He was, at this time, well known by reputation to

Gulielma Springett, whom he married not long after his return from a European tour. She was the daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Sussex, who had fallen at the siege of Bamber, during the civil wars, in the service of Parliament. After his death, her mother married Sir Isaac Penington, an eminent minister and writer among the Quakers. She was, therefore, educated in their doctrines, and her character ever retained a sweet impress of them. Her face was very fair; but, though beautiful in form and feature, she was still more lovely in disposition. Dignity and simplicity were blended in her manner, and her cheerful, affectionate temper made her the attraction of her circle.

Her home did not escape the sorrows of persecution. In her girlhood, she saw her revered step-father dragged away to prison, where he suffered close confinement for months, and was treated with extreme severity; and she saw him waste away and die with a disease occasioned by the cruelty of his oppressors. But the lessons he gave were not unregarded, and those scenes served to strengthen and nerve her for greater trials, and taught her how to bring under control every passion of her nature. Such was the gentle bride of William Penn; and two minds and hearts never sympathized more perfectly. Their affection was unbroken and unchilled, till Death laid his icy fingers upon her heart, and stilled its beatings. Many years were lighted by the sunshine of her love, and the early days of their marriage, free from sor

row and persecution, were spent happily in their new home at Rickmansworth. However, Penn was not idle, here. He might now have been a gentleman at leisure, with an ample fortune; but his conscience ever called him to action. His time was spent in writing and preaching, till converts to his doctrine became so numerous in his neighborhood, as to alarm Richard Baxter, who considered them a lost people, and entered into a public controversy with Penn.

The following year, Gulielma Maria accompanied her husband to Bristol, where they unexpectedly met the celebrated George Fox, just returned from Maryland, America. Persecution still raged fiercely against the Quakers; but Penn continued to preach as usual. He here parted from his friend, George Fox, who proceeded on his way home to his mother, then on her death-bed, but, having occasion to preach at Worcester, was arrested and committed to prison, where he was kept for several months, till, through the intercession of Penn, he obtained his release.

In 1676, Penn accidentally became a manager of colonial concerns in New Jersey, which situation produced important results, as his mind was thus directed towards America as an asylum for the persecuted Quakers, though he did not immediately act upon the thought. Part of the next year was also occupied in managing the affairs of New Jersey. After this, he, in company with George Fox and Robert Barclay, set out on a ministerial visit to Holland and Germany. He had received letters from eminent persons there.

urging his visit ; and, after some delay, bade adieu to his beloved wife and child, and also paid a farewell visit to his mother, who had remained at Pennwood since the death of the admiral.

Penn and his friends finally set sail in a packet, where they were pleasantly accommodated, the Captain having served under Admiral Penn. After arriving at their destination, and landing, they proceeded to Rotterdam, and from thence to the chief cities in Holland and Germany, preaching and distributing books. At Horwerden, Elizabeth, Princess of the Rhine, held her Court. She had offered an asylum in her kingdom to the persecuted, and, being inclined to favor the Quakers, had invited Penn to visit her and explain the principles of their belief. The Countess of Hornes, who lived with her as a companion, was also of a serious mind, and earnestly desired an interview. Penn and his two companions repaired to the palace one morning at seven, and were received by the princess with such marks of kindness as deeply affected them. The habits of the princess were extremely simple. Early rising, with breakfast at seven, dinner at one, and supper at seven, were customs widely different from those of the aristocratic in modern days. Without ostentation or proud reserve, she appeared in her robes of state, which became her dignity without detracting from the good nature and overflowing goodness of heart, at all times manifested for the good of her subjects. She received her strange, but deeply-reverenced guests with frank cor

diality, which at once secured their confidence and ease. The morning hours were spent in religious conversation; after which, though invited to dine, they excused themselves and withdrew.

In the afternoon they again returned to the palace, where a number were assembled to listen to them. Quaker worship was held with much interest till seven in the evening, when they retired, but were invited to repeat their visit the next day.

They were not received till nine the following morning, it being the day on which the princess received addresses and petitions. A meeting was then held, which all the inferior servants of the household were ordered to attend. Penn gave a full account of his life, at her request, which occupied him till late in the evening, they having supped at the palace. The next and last day, another meeting was held, during which the princess was so deeply affected, that when she bade Penn farewell she could scarce find utterance to her words.

Penn, with his friends, continued their travels, often meeting with kindness, and preaching at every opportunity, and seeking out the religiously inclined. On making inquiries, they heard of a young countess, the daughter of the Graef or Earl of Falchensteyn, who was severely treated by her father, on account of the religious bias of her mind. Learning that she spent her Sabbaths at the house of the minister of Mulheim, they hastened to see her, but arrived too late to find her. They wrote her a letter,

requesting to see her; to which she replied, "she would willingly meet them at her minister's house, but she was not her own mistress."

Soon after this, as they were walking near the castle, the Graef came out and met them. Observing their strange dress, he inquired who they were; to which they courteously replied. As they paid no homage to him, his attendants asked —

"Do you know in whose presence you stand? Why do you not pull off your hats? Is it respectful to stand covered in the presence of the sovereign of the country?"

To which they replied:

"It was their practice so to do in the presence of their own sovereign, and they never uncovered their heads except in the performance of devotion to the Almighty."

"We have no need of Quakers here," said the Graef; "get out of my dominions — you shall go no further."

And, though they mildly expostulated with him, he ordered his soldiers to take them away from his borders.

The soldiers left them to travel through a dreary wood of three miles; after which, they reached the walls of Duyeurg, but too late to enter the city, the gates being shut, and were therefore obliged to remain in the fields till morning. They wrote a letter to the countess, encouraging her to continue in her belief, and endure with firmness the persecution

which had just begun. They also addressed a letter to the Graef, kindly expostulating with him, and wishing him all good in return for his unkindness.

After three months thus spent in traveling and preaching, they returned to England, but not without a dangerous voyage. Once more united to his family, Penn enjoyed a few weeks rest from his labors.

During the following years, 1678 and 1679, his time was fully employed in preaching and writing, in public controversies, and the continued management of New Jersey. He had, for a long time, however, had his thoughts fixed upon securing a tract of land in America, to which the persecuted Quakers might emigrate and establish a form of government founded upon the strict principles of justice, truth and love to all mankind. In a letter to a friend, he said "that he desired to obtain the new land, that he may serve God's truth and people; that an example may be set up to the nations; and that there was room in America, but not in England, for such an holy experiment." Another object, too, which was predominant in his thoughts, was the conversion of the poor, wild Indians.

A debt of sixteen thousand pounds being due him from the crown, he solicited its payment in a tract of land in America; and his petition to Charles II. for the grant of it, after great opposition, on account of his being a Quaker, was finally acceded to. The idea of "a colony of Quakers among the savages of America" was ridiculed, but gave way to the considera

tion of disposing of a sect about whom they had, given themselves so much trouble. The king gladly acquiesced in the plan, not only to get rid of the debt, but to gratify Penn, for whom he had a high esteem. Upon hearing the news of his success, Penn hastened to the palace to make acknowledgments to his sovereign.

King Charles sat in his royal robes, in his stately and gorgeous apartments. The heavy, rich hangings of velvet, the ornamental gilding, the luxurious lounges, the soft, noiseless carpet — all gave an air of ease and majesty. A crowd of noblemen, in rich and elegant court dresses, surrounded the throne of the monarch, who from time to time received petitions of his subjects, or turned with a light jest to some of his favorites. The low hum that ran through the circle was hushed as William Penn was ushered in their presence, and they quickly made way for his approach. Without kneeling, or doffing his hat, he gracefully saluted the monarch, while all gazed upon his extremely plain garb — plainer for the contrast with the showy trappings of royalty — and noted the benignant and firm expression of his countenance, through which his soul gleamed in joyous emotion, so widely different from the traces of care, passion, and dissipation, that were strongly delineated in the face of the king.

He was graciously received, and Charles himself delivered the deed to his respected subject, with a few conditions. Penn accepted it, with simple, grate

ful thanks. He hastened away, and with trembling hands opened the precious document; and, to his surprise, found his province named Pennsylvania, meaning "the woody land of Penn." Too modest to accept the title, he hastened to the recorder, who happened to be a Welshman, and begged him to change the name.

"Well, then, what name would hur like to give to hur province?"

"New Wales," replied Penn.

"But," rejoined the Welshman, "though hur should be well pleased to hear hur province called New Wales, yet hur has no business to alter the present name."

Penn offered him twenty guineas to change it; but being still refused, he repaired to the king, who replied that "he had given it a very good name, and should take the blame upon himself."

Penn immediately published the liberal terms on which he would dispose of the land; which, together with the freedom of religious worship, and the just and democratic principles upon which his constitution was founded, caused great numbers to determine to seek new homes in the Western wilds. Much excitement prevailed throughout Great Britain, and many of different denominations, confiding in the good name everywhere given to Penn, offered to share the good and ill awaiting them in the far-off land.

Three ships, laden with adventurers, were soon sent off, and the fourth, in which Penn was to sail, was

nearly ready. Hastening to London, he paid a farewell visit to the king, and from thence returned to his wife and children. He was deeply pained to be so widely separated from them, and perhaps forever. But the constitution of the fair Gulielma was too frail and delicate, to attempt the hardships necessarily to be endured in a new home in the wilderness. With a tearful and tender parting, he bade them farewell, and committed them to the Almighty. Before leaving port, he addressed them an affectionate and beautiful letter, in which the spirit of love, hope, and faith, shone brightly forth. At length the ship *Welcome* set sail, and, with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, Penn saw the shores of his native land fade away in the distance. But his spirit was brave, and fitted to battle with the obstacles that lay before him.

After a voyage of six weeks, they neared the capes of Delaware Bay, and with shouts, and tears of joy, welcomed the sight of their adopted land. With wondering gaze, they looked upon the long, dark line of forest, and watched the narrowing bay till it became a majestic river, its waters gliding peacefully on between shores covered with rich verdure, and in the distance the vast woods sweeping away in their unmolested grandeur, far as the eye could reach. The ship, with its joyous burden, glided over the quiet waters, till, in the clear sunlight, they beheld the little town of Newcastle, nestled on the borders of a wide plain. As they neared it, the inhabitants gathered on the shore and gave them a heartfelt greeting

With gratitude to God for their safe-keeping, they landed for a few weeks, and then resumed their voyage up the river. After sailing about forty miles, they reached a beautiful river, that, winding in graceful curves, poured its silvery waters into the Delaware, through a mouth nearly hidden in the high, waving grass. Therefore, the Dutch called it Schuylkill; the Indian name was Manajung.

A little further up the river the waters wound gently into a half-circle, leaving a mossy, green island on the right. On the other side, the shores were pleasantly elevated, and studded with huge old oaks that cast a wide shadow upon the sunny banks. Beyond, lay two Indian villages, close to the water's edge — one named Coaquanoc, the other, Shackamaxon, upon the site where Philadelphia now stands.

Soon as the ship anchored, a boat was sent to the shore, which was already crowded with the half-frightened natives. The interpreter delivered Penn's message, that he would have a "grand talk with his red brethren the next day, when the sun was at the half-way house in the sky."

Accordingly, the next day, a great assemblage of Indian warriors and their people gathered to wait the coming of the pale-faces. Some stood in groups along the shores, watching with curious looks the great ship that had sailed up their river, like a giant swan; while others brandished their weapons and tried their skill in arrow-shooting. The adventurers looked with keen eyes and trembling hearts upon

the strange, dusky forms that filled the woods in such warlike array ; but Penn with bold firmness entered the boat that was to convey them to the shore, and was soon followed by his companions.

Curiosity overcame stoicism, and the Indians crowded about the group of new-comers, examining their apparel with eager wonder ; for, though they had seen the Dutch settlers, they had never beheld the strange garb of the Quaker. They were taken by surprise, too, in seeing them unarmed ; and, savage as they were, appreciated the bravery and good will with which their guests had thrown themselves among them, unprotected.

Some weeks before, commissioners had preceded Penn, bought the land of the sachems, made a treaty of peace with them, and told them to be in readiness to ratify the treaty upon his arrival. The appointed time had come ; and as soon as they had welcomed "Father Onas," as he was styled, they repaired to a wide-spreading elm tree, that reared its rich foliage to a towering height, and threw its branches to a far-reaching circle, that shielded them completely from the sun. Beneath this old forest tree, the chief sachem and Penn approached each other. Penn was distinguished in dress from his companions only by a light blue sash of silk net-work about his waist, and held in his hand a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. On his right hand was his relative, Col. Markham,

who was also his secretary, and behind him followed the remainder of his friends.

Some presents and articles of merchandise were spread on the ground before them. The chief sachem then bound upon his swarthy brow a chaplet, to which a horn was attached, and which was the emblem of superiority. Immediately the Indians dropped their bows and arrows, and in silence gathered themselves around their chiefs, in the form of a half-moon, on the ground—the warriors in the front circles, the young men behind them in the same order, and further back the squaws and their children. As soon as stillness prevailed, Penn addressed them in an eloquent speech, full of benevolence and kindness; and when he had finished, he advanced, and placing the roll of parchment in the hand of the chief who wore the chaplet, he told him and his brother sachems “to preserve it carefully for three generations, that his children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.” The chiefs pledged themselves to “live in love with him and his white children as long as the sun and moon gave light;” and replied to his address in words which are indistinctly brought to us, being transmitted only by tradition. But the words of “Father Onas” were never forgotten, for the Indians were ever ready and eloquent upon the theme of his goodness. The treaty was sacredly preserved, and as late as 1722 was shown by several tribes to Governor Keith, at a conference.

The old elm tree was always guarded from destruction; and so much was it venerated, that, during the Revolution, when the surrounding trees were cut down for fire-wood, a sentinel was placed under this, that not a branch should be broken. But it was finally blown down, and the wood was made into cups and various articles, to be preserved as memorials.

A monument now occupies the spot, but is referred to by an English authoress as "a neglected outcast." She says: "It is in a timber-yard, in the dirtiest suburb of the town, and looks like a gate-post, being a plain stone obelisk, about five or six feet high, with an inscription upon it."

After the conclusion of the treaty, Penn went up the Delaware, to see a mansion, then building for him, under the direction of Colonel Markham. It was delightfully situated on the banks of the Delaware, a few miles below the falls of Trenton, and upon a "treble island, the river running three times round it." The building was large, and neatly elegant, a spacious audience-hall being among its apartments. This wild and beautiful retreat among the woods and waterfalls, was called Pennsbury, and was intended for the home of his loved wife and children, when they should join him.

He next selected the site of Philadelphia, the "city of Brotherly Love," upon the spot where the Indian villages stood. It was surveyed, and laid out in streets, which retain their names and places to the present day. Busy hands toiled in the young city

and soon house after house started up like magic, though rough and unseemly. Before the end of three months, twenty-three ships arrived, bringing more than two thousand persons, who were scattered throughout the province, and made hasty preparations for the approaching winter. Those who could not provide themselves shelter, were obliged to dig caves in the banks of the river, and remain in these strange habitations till the opening of spring. But, freed from persecution, they were happy even there. Time passed on, and the city grew prosperously. Penn remained nearly two years, during which, peace, good-will, and prosperity, prevailed. But he soon received letters from England, urging his return, that he might use his influence at court in preventing the persecutions, which were more bitter than ever against the Quakers. Before leaving, he made treaties with many tribes of Indians, and feared not to leave his colony unprotected, for he confided in their friendship, and not without reason; they looked upon him with a reverence and strength of attachment which never died out.

Bidding farewell to the English, Dutch, and Swedish settlers, who equally regretted his departure, he set sail in the ship *Endeavor*, for England, where he arrived after a voyage of seven weeks. Once more in the midst of his family, after so long a separation, he enjoyed a short repose from his cares.

Charles II. died at this time, 1685, and was succeeded by the Duke of York, his brother, who be-

came James II. This determined William Penn to renew his friendship with him, hoping to secure his leniency towards the Quakers, as he believed him to be a friend to liberty of conscience. Accordingly, he removed with his family to Kensington, that he might be near the king. His time was almost entirely employed in benefiting the Society of Friends, avoiding politics, except when called upon to use his influence in allaying some difficulty. He was so highly esteemed by James II. that none could so readily obtain access as himself, and there were none whose petitions were so readily granted. Thomas Clarkson quotes the following words of Gerard Croese :

“ William Penn was greatly in favor with the King — the Quakers’ sole patron at court, on whom the hateful eyes of his enemies were intent. The King loved him as a singular and entire friend, and imparted to him many of his secrets and counsels. He often honored him with his company in private, discoursing with him of various affairs, and that not for one but for many hours together, and delaying to hear the best of his peers, who, at the same time, were waiting for an audience ; for which they told him, when with Penn he forgot his nobles. The King made no other reply than that ‘ Penn always talked ingeniously, and that he heard him willingly.’ Penn, being so highly favored, acquired thereby a number of friends. Those who formerly knew him, when they had any favor to ask at court, came to, courted, and

entreated Penn to promote their several requests. He refused none of his friends any reasonable office he could do for them ; but was ready to serve them all, but more especially the Quakers. Thus they ran to Penn without intermission, as their only pillar and support, who always conversed with and received them cheerfully, and effected their business by his interest and eloquence. Hence, his house and gates were daily thronged by a numerous train of clients and suppliants, desiring to present their addresses to his majesty. There were sometimes two hundred or more. When the carrying on of these affairs required money for writings, he so discreetly managed matters, that out of his own, which he had in abundance, he liberally discharged many emergent expenses."

The king's extraordinary favor towards him brought him many bitter enemies ; and even those whom he had kindly assisted, joined in the cry now raised against him, of being a Papist and Jesuit. His wide views of liberty of conscience led him to defend the Papist as readily as the Quaker ; and therefore he was suspected, even by his own sect, of endorsing their opinions. His intimacy with the king, who was considered a Papist also, led the mass to believe their united intention was the subversion of the religion of the kingdom. For more than a year the hue and cry continued ; but these suspicions were removed when, by his constant efforts and persuasions, he finally obtained from the king a public proclama-

tion, granting liberty of conscience to all sects, and liberating from prison all who had been confined on account of their religious belief. About fifteen hundred Quakers were thus restored to their families, some of whom had been imprisoned for years.

During several succeeding years, various causes combined to render Penn unpopular, and he was unjustly accused on repeated occasions. In 1688, James II. was obliged to abandon the throne and flee to France, and was succeeded by William, Prince of Orange. Penn regretted the loss of his friend, and during his exile continued a correspondence with him, which gave rise to suspicions of a conspiracy. His letters were intercepted, and he was twice arrested and brought to trial, but no proof whatever could be obtained against him; and his candid and eloquent defence secured his release on both occasions. He now retired from court, and returned to Worminghurst with his family, where his time was spent in the occupations of his ministry.

Finding himself free, he now turned his thoughts to America, and commenced preparations for a voyage, intending to take his family with him. This was not to be. The cup of bitterness had been but tasted—he had yet to drain it to the dregs. But he depended upon his God; and his strong soul, that had so long struggled for freedom, though bowed low, was the more purely chastened, and remained unbroken through the long struggle.

He had nearly finished his arrangements for the

voyage, when he was arrested by a proclamation, which included others of rank, as conspirators in favor of James II., and issued in consequence of an expected invasion by the French. Penn was thrown into prison, and, after some weeks, being brought to trial, was honorably acquitted, as before.

Once more he continued his preparations for going to America, and had appointed a day to sail. At this time George Fox died, and Penn being present at the funeral, addressed nearly two thousand persons, who were assembled, thus paying the last respect in his power to his deceased friend. His enemies were not idle; for, even while attending the funeral, messengers were sent to arrest him, on a charge brought against him by a person named Fuller, who afterwards proved to be a cheat and imposter.

With suppressed emotions of pain and indignation, at this unjust charge, Penn sent his ships, already laden with emigrants, to Philadelphia, but he himself was obliged to remain behind. His affairs in America were greatly entangled during his long absence; and as he had been constantly expending his fortune for the benefit of his province, without receiving a farthing in return, he began to suffer embarrassments in consequence. But he was obliged to submit to a prolonged absence, being unwilling to leave England with a stain resting upon his character. For more than three years he remained in complete retirement, having taken private lodgings in London. During these years, sorrow upon sorrow continued to crush

him to the earth. Banished from society by false charges, obliged to continue absent from his disordered colony, unable longer to advance means for its improvement, the government of it taken from him by the king, his hopes of establishing a model state defeated, the displeasure of many of his own sect incurred without just cause, and, more than all else, oppressed by the near approach of his wife's death — none but a Christian, and a man relying upon his own innocence, could have endured such an accumulation of affliction with mild and hopeful resignation.

Sitting by the bedside of his dying wife, in a plain and obscure retreat, and endeavoring to infuse his own hope and cheerfulness into her mind, so burdened with anxiety on his account, he received the glad news of his complete restoration to society, and the removal of all charges against him. Joy and sorrow were mingled then, during the last hours of his beloved companion. Peacefully and happily she breathed away her life, and her pure spirit fled to its joyous home without a cloud shadowing its departure.

Penn returned with his three motherless children to their former home. He remained with them for a length of time, during which he employed himself in writing, and in the exercise of his ministry, having been completely reconciled with his Society. He was more venerated than ever by them, and they endeavored by every method to recompense their former unkindness and injustice. The succeeding year, 1694, the government of Pennsylvania was restored

to him by King William, in an honorable and gratifying manner. For two years longer he continued preaching, writing, and exerting his influence at court, for the benefit of the Quakers.

In 1696, he married Hannah Callowhill, the daughter of an eminent merchant of London, who belonged to the Society of Friends, and returned to Worminghurst, where his family had remained since the death of their mother. A new trial awaited him here. His eldest son, Springett Penn, then in his twenty-first year, who had long been suffering from disease, died a few weeks after his return. His genius and uncommon virtues had made him very dear to his father from childhood, and his striking resemblance to his mother, in person and character, caused his loss to be more deeply felt.

Penn was little from home during the same year, except on the occasion of a visit to the Czar of Muscovy, afterwards Peter the Great, then on a visit to England. The Czar was very curious to know why the Quakers did not take off their hats, and of what use to their country a people could be who would not fight. He was so much interested in Penn's explanation of their doctrines, that, whenever opportunity offered, during his travels, he attended Quaker meetings, and commended their views, by saying that "whoever could live according to such doctrines, would be happy."

In 1699, Penn once more made preparations to return to America. Taking his wife and children, he

embarked at the Isle of Wight, and after a tedious voyage of three months, and an absence of sixteen years, he arrived once more in the land where his hopes and aims were centered. He was welcomed with acclamations of joy. Proceeding to Philadelphia, he immediately called the Assembly, and hastened to restore order to the government, which had gone sadly amiss during the long years of his absence. The severity of the season allowed but a short session. Penn, therefore, with his family, retired to his home at Pennbury, that stood alone on the banks of the Delaware, amidst the luxuriant forests, whose stillness was yet unbroken by the busy sounds of civilization. King Charles and his courtiers would not have wondered now at his audacity in carrying his Quaker principles even among the wild savages of America, if they could have beheld the strange and uncouth, but sincere, expressions of joy and gratitude, with which the Indian warriors greeted their forgotten "Father Onas." He received the sachems in the audience hall of his mansion, and renewed the treaties of years gone by, which, though not ratified by an oath, were faithfully kept. They told him they "never *first* broke their covenants with other people: for," as said one of them, smiting his hand upon his head three times, "they did not make them there, in their head; but," smiting his hand three times on his breast, said "they made them there, in their hearts."

Time and trouble had whitened the flowing locks of the venerated Penn, but peace and thankfulness light

ed his face, as he rested in his old oaken arm-chair, amidst the Indian chiefs gathered around him, with their rude but generous offerings, and welcoming him to the land of their fathers; and his heart beat quick and high with the hope of bringing them to Christianity and civilization. He gratified them, too, by returning visits, and witnessing sports, and partaking of their simple food, while seated upon the mats and highly wrought feather mantles, which they spread in honor of his presence. He never mingled with them without leaving the "good seed of the word." Their gratitude and affection knew no bounds, for he had treated them with kindness, and given them equal privileges with the other people of his province.

The second year after his arrival, he made arrangements for the benefit and protection of the Indians and negro slaves. A few of the latter had been imported in 1682, soon after the planting of the colony, and continued to be brought. In 1688, the Quakers, at a yearly meeting, resolved "that the buying, selling, and holding men in slavery, was inconsistent with the tenets of the Christian religion." They, therefore, began to treat them differently, considering them part of their own families, giving them religious instruction, and admitting them to worship in the meeting-houses with themselves. Penn, during this second stay in America, in order to secure the welfare of the slaves and their final freedom, by a legislative act, drew up bills to that effect, and placed them before the Assembly. But, to his surprise and disappoint-

ment, the Assembly refused to pass them. After two years of constant effort to improve his colony and benefit the Indians, he received letters from England, which informed him of jealousies existing there, and of an intention of dissolving the various governments in America, and bringing them under the entire control of the king. But Parliament had been solicited to defer their proceedings till the arrival of Penn, "to answer for himself, as one of those whose character the bill affected."

With deepest regret, Penn and his family took leave of his people, and with sorrow and anxiety, bade farewell to the Indian chiefs, who had assembled at Philadelphia, to pay him a last visit—the news having gone far and near among the swift-footed race, that their white father was going away to his own country. Assuring them he had done all in his power to secure their welfare, and giving and receiving the promise of continued friendship, they exchanged presents, and parted. The Indians returned to their forest homes, in silent sorrow for their lost benefactor, and Penn launched upon the deep, and left behind him the loved land he was never more to see.

A voyage of six weeks brought him again to the shores of England. But, upon his arrival, he found that the bill, which had caused him so much anxiety, had been dropped entirely, and, therefore, his voyage had been to no purpose.

Queen Anne succeeded to the throne about this time. Penn was held in high esteem by her, and she

frequently held long conversations with him about his occupations in America. He now again resided in Kensington, but his time was mostly spent in writing, preaching, and publishing various works.

In 1707, six years after his return from America, he was involved in a law-suit with the executors of his steward, Ford, who had deceived and defrauded him to a large amount. This was pending for a year or more, part of which time he was obliged to live within the rules of the Fleet; which probably led Burke, in a speech of his, to state that William Penn died in Fleet prison. To get rid of this embarrassment, Penn was obliged to mortgage his province of Pennsylvania for six thousand pounds, which released him from his difficulties.

In 1712, he resolved to part with his province, and offered it to government for the sum of twenty thousand pounds, being but four thousand more than the debt for which he had accepted it, when it was an unbroken wilderness. His plan was not executed, however, on account of his serious illness. His last troubles had broken the spirit that had so long and so manfully struggled against the most severe trials. Old age had come upon him, and stolen the vigor of his prime, and he could no longer battle with the storms of life. Apoplectic fits continued to impair his strength, and obscure the brilliancy of his mind. His memory became indistinct, and he could converse but upon the one subject of his God. Everything else lost its reality and interest to him, and upon

this theme, only, was he eloquent in his last days. He forgot all else but God and eternity, and with these glorious thoughts brightening his dying hours, he passed away early on the morning of the fifth of July, 1718, at the advanced age of sixty-eight.

His work was finished, and he had indeed "set up an example to the nations." While Virginia was suffering the horrors of Indian massacres, famine, and disturbances of every description, Pennsylvania remained in tranquil repose in the very midst of the savage bands who meted out destruction and death everywhere but among those who slept free from fear, beneath their very tomahawks, and without forts, sentinels or soldiers to protect them. They could safely traverse the whole extent of forest, alone and unarmed—their simple Quaker garb being a passport to the kindness and hospitality of the grateful savages. The different effects of peaceful and warlike measures are now strikingly contrasted; for "Captain Smith's city, (old Jamestown,) built by violence and blood, is now swept away from the face of the earth, scarcely a broken tombstone remaining, to tell where it stood. But Philadelphia, established by justice and brotherly kindness, though founded a long time after the other, has grown up to be one of the glories of this western world."

This fair city, with the surrounding province, was left by Penn's last will to his second wife and her heirs, together with eleven others. His estates in England and Ireland were given to William and Le-

titia, the surviving children of his first wife, Gulielma — that being considered a far more valuable property at that time.

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