

might become famous for its history, Harrow for its modern languages, Rugby for its scholarship, Winchester for its law. There would, we imagine, be no disadvantage in this result.

But no such change as this would be possible without a corresponding change in the third stage of education—the university. Many boys do not pass from the public school to the university; but many,

on the other hand, do; and this remove must not be made impossible.

The universities ought in every case to be satisfied with receiving from the public school a certificate that a boy has at some time qualified himself in the rudiments of classics and mathematics, and they should then be prepared to allow him to continue the course of study which he has been pursuing at his school.

## THE MYSTERY OF COLUMBUS.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the New World will be celebrated in Europe and America as it could never have been celebrated before. The interest in these decisive events in history deepens as knowledge spreads and the intellect becomes more eager for exact information.<sup>1</sup> We are no longer satisfied with historic fables; we labor more than ever for historic truth. And hence the story of the man who first unfolded a new page in human annals before his contemporaries, who decided the chief question of his time, and led on his race to high achievements, will be read and studied anew with unëqualed interest. One man, it was said, gave a new world to Castile and Leon, or rather to Europe. It is to him that all eyes are once more turned. Columbus will rise before us more famous, more extraordinary, than when he sailed into the port of Palos in 1494 to relate his unparalleled discovery.<sup>2</sup>

What navigator ever accomplished so much? On him rests the history of a

continent. Yet when we ask who was this Columbus, and what were his character and aims, we find that we know even less of his private life than of the lives of Shakespeare and of Dante. With him everything is lost in doubt. Even his name can scarcely be said to be known. If we can trust the latest researches, "Columbus" was only a borrowed title—a *nom de plume*, or rather *de la mer*—and Colombo (the Dove) a sea term that covered up some early mystery. It was a name probably borrowed by the great Columbus from the two pirates or corsairs under whose flag he sailed, whom he claimed as his relatives, and with whom he fought and plundered on the high seas. It was a name hated and feared as that of the most merciless sea-rovers of the time—a name with which mothers terrified their infants, and from which every honest trader shrank in fear.

We first hear of the name Colombo in 1468. The publication of the Venetian State Papers by Mr. Rawdon Brown has thrown some faint light upon its origin. It was the custom for Venice to send yearly three or four huge galleys laden with rich goods and spices to London, Bruges, or Sluys;<sup>1</sup> they were known as the Flemish galleys, were probably more than one thousand tons burden, and were moved by oars and sails.<sup>2</sup> They sailed

<sup>1</sup> Vita di Cristoforo Colombo, per suo Figlio, tradotta da Alfonso Ulloa. London, 1867. Navarrete. Tom. i. Colección de los Viages, etc. Viages de Colon, almirante de Castilla. Madrid, 1827. Major Letters of Columbus. Hakluyt So. 1870. Venetian State Papers. R. Brown, Ed. 1874. Vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> See Istoria del Sig. Don Fernando Colombo—vera relazione della vita, & de' fatti dell' ammiraglio Don Cristoforo Colombo suo Padre. Milan (1614?). The first edition of the Vita was in 1571. The editor of the Milan edition, in some lines prefixed, addresses Genoa in terms very different from Dante, and celebrates Columbus:

"Poichè Colombo fù vera tua prole,  
Prole in alto valore simile a Dei."

The Venetian edition of 1685 is small and poor. HARRISSE'S attack on the authenticity of this Vita, though inconclusive, should be consulted. See Fernando Colomb., savie. Paris, 1872.

<sup>1</sup> Venetian State Papers, 1414, August 9th. And in 1417 four galleys were sent so early. See Goodrich. History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus—a valuable work to which I have often been indebted. I can not join with the author in his low estimate of Columbus.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 1488, November. "At present there are no ships of upward of 1000 tons burden," the Senate complain, and they offer a bounty of 2000 ducats for ships of 1000 tons "below-deck,"

down the Adriatic in the month of July, touched at Malaga and Cadiz, coasted along the bold shore of Portugal, and in the English Channel divided, two going to London, the rest to the Flemish ports. We may easily imagine the slow and heavy-laden fleet, rich with spices, wines and fruit, cloths, Persian and Italian silks, cotton goods from India, sugar from Sicily, gems and jewels, glass and earthenware, ducats and gold, making its way in two or three months from Venice to the English ports. But it was a hazardous enterprise, and proves the rare courage of these mediæval traders. Storms, wars, pirates, and above all, the famous sea-robber Columbus in 1468, seemed to threaten ruin to the adventurous fleet.

In July of that year the Venetian Senate had received warning from their consuls at London and Bruges that Columbus the pirate was lying in wait on the Flemish seas to waylay their unprotected ships.<sup>1</sup> This is the first time we hear the name Columbus. It is not that of the discoverer, but of a famous corsair who had long been the terror of the European seas. Columbus calls him his relative, and may have sailed with him at this time. The Venetian galleys escaped by the timely warning. But again in 1470 Columbus the sea-rover is mentioned as watching for the Flemish fleet,<sup>2</sup> and the Senate order a convoy of two ships of war, the *Malipiera* and the *Squarcia*, to defend them from the "pirate," as they call him. From this time we hear no more of the Columbi on the Venetian records for fifteen years. But in 1485 they appear again in a painful and terrible light.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchantmen, trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguises, would prey upon all around them.<sup>3</sup> No mercy was shown in these fearful con-

and a proportional sum for larger ones. Hence we may infer that in 1468 there were ships of 1000 tons.

<sup>1</sup> Venetian State Papers, 1468, July 20th (p. 122).

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 1470, May 17th. The Senate decree that the war ships protect the galleys, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 1491. The Doge Agostino Barbarigo resolves to "extirpate" the pirates. They infest the wine fleets to Candia particularly, pretending to be merchantmen.

tests. Between the sea-robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccaneers. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at two hundred thousand ducats—perhaps two millions of dollars—and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.<sup>4</sup>

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care.<sup>5</sup> We have the decree of the Senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Mocenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo Minio captain, with a salary of six hundred ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3500 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice.<sup>6</sup> This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month.<sup>7</sup> Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No deck-loads of tin or pewter ware are allowed,<sup>8</sup> no currants nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Sluys or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore.

<sup>4</sup> Ven. State Papers. The amount can only be estimated, so different was the value of money. Yet it is evident that four ships, of 1000 tons each, supplied the whole northern trade. We see how small the trade was that seemed so great to the writers of the day.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid., 1485, April 12th. Commission of Doge G. Mocenigo to the noble Bartolomeo Minio.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., 1485, April 12th.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid. The directions are minute and prudent, proofs of commercial sagacity.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid. The tin and pewter ware came from England, its first rude productions.

The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griegos were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. But with him in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage, and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seaman, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea-fight off Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians.<sup>2</sup> It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavy-laden and unmanageable, compared to their swift assailants. The Colombi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems, to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archives. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unflinching courage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to

hand. They used, we are told, artificial fire, and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. Then no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the discovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only resource left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.<sup>1</sup>

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water.<sup>2</sup> He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. Wearied, half inanimate, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself.<sup>3</sup> But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seaman, to the Portuguese capital. Here began a wonderful change in his character and fortune. Some Genoese, his countrymen, received him, and helped him in his distress. He abandoned his piratical life, and, as his son tells us, lived "honorably."<sup>4</sup> At the church where he attended mass he saw a fair maiden, Donna Felipa Moniz, the daughter of Perestrello, the discoverer of the Madeiras. The admiral, his son says, was of fine appearance and honorable life; the lady was charmed with him, and married him. He lived with his mother-in-law, the widow of Perestrello, in great harmony<sup>5</sup>—a most rare and worthy mother-in-law, who showed him her husband's maps and charts. He studied carefully the Portuguese annals of discovery, when suddenly there broke upon him the new revelation of the world that lay beyond

<sup>1</sup> The story is told with such accuracy of detail that it could only have come from Columbus himself. *Ma, essendo l'ammiraglio grandissimo nuotatore, e vedendosi due leghe o poco più discosto da terra, prendo un remo, etc.*

<sup>2</sup> The Venetian Papers say nothing of the loss of a ship by fire; they rather indicate that the galleys were all recovered. But they may have passed over the fact.

<sup>3</sup> *Benchè stato stanco e travagliato dall' umidità dell' acqua che egli stette molti dì a rifarsi, etc.*—Could this be invention? It seems impossible.

<sup>4</sup> *E perciocchè si portava molto onoratamente ed era uomo di bella presenza (p. 19).*

<sup>5</sup> The doubt that rests upon this narrative is well shown by HARRISSE.

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, p. 47. He calls the captain Columbus "a great man on the sea." *Questi fu chiamato Colombo il giovane a differenza di un altro, che avanti era stato grand'uomo per mare.*

<sup>2</sup> *Venetian State Papers*, 1485. Fernando Colon leaves out some particulars, but is generally accurate. See *Life*.

the dark Atlantic. The Portuguese, in their plans of discovery, he saw, sailed to the south; he would seek the Indies in the west.

Such is the narrative told by Fernando Colon, and evidently taken down from his father's lips. Mr. Major says it has "an apocryphal aspect." Irving and the later biographers evidently think it incredible.<sup>1</sup> They notice it faintly or pass it over. The story is in plain contradiction to many of the preconceived notions of Columbus's life. If he came to Lisbon in 1485, how could he have corresponded with Toscanelli in 1474, or planned the discovery as early as 1470? The contradiction only deepens the mystery that surrounds all the earlier period of Columbus's life. But the chief interest that attends this romantic story comes from the new light, in connection with the Venetian records, it throws upon the name and origin of Columbus. If his son is to be believed, Columbus was closely allied to the two Columbi who were well known to the Venetian traders and Senate, under the name of Griego, as the most dangerous of pirates. Columbus the discoverer sailed with Nicolo Griego, or Columbus the younger, for a long time before the sea-fight off St. Vincent. He tells us himself that he was of that family and name. He boasts that he was not the first admiral of his family, and Columbus the younger was known as the admiral of the French king. But to the Venetians he was known only as Nicolo Griego the pirate; the true name of the Columbi was therefore Griego, or the Greek, and it is quite impossible that the acute Venetians, the most intelligent traders of the time, could have been mistaken in the names of their chief foes.

In the Venetian despatches the story of the naval contest off Cape St. Vincent is told as follows:<sup>2</sup>

"On the 18th of September news came that on the 22d of August our four Flanders galleys, Bartolomeo Minio captain,

having left Cadiz, fell in with Colombo—that is to say, Nicolo Griego—captain of seven armed ships, under the flag of King Charles of France. It was at night, but at daybreak they came to blows. Three hundred of the galleys' crews were killed. The battle lasted from the first to the twentieth hour. At length Columbus was victorious, captured the galleys, and took them into the port of Lisbon." Here he set on shore the captain Minio, two masters, and the merchants, and left them stripped of everything.<sup>1</sup> They had, the account says, "scarcely clothes to their backs." The merchandise Griego placed in his own ships, and sailed away. But the King of Portugal, remembering some former kind acts done by the Venetian Senate to his ancestors, clothed the distressed captain and the merchants, and sent them home. For this the Venetian Senate despatched an embassy to Lisbon to return thanks for the king's generosity.

The pirate Griego, the despatches relate, made off with his rich plunder. But he was not permitted to enjoy it long. The Venetian Senate appealed to Charles VIII.<sup>2</sup> of France. The king summoned Griego before him. "Nicolo Griego," the records say, "who is called Colombo Junior [Colombo Giovane], wanted to obtain a safe-conduct to the king for three weeks to arrange a compromise." The king, it appears, consented, heard his defence, and decided against him. The goods and the ships were given back to the Venetians.<sup>3</sup> Two hundred bales of spices, one hundred and fifty butts of Malmsey wine, thirty bags of cotton, forty casks of currants, etc., were found at Harfleur, the rest in Biscay. Thus the pirate Nicolo Griego was deprived of his plunder, and from this time disappears, like his father, from history. The Venetians seem to have begun a keen war against the pirates. Piracy ceased to be profitable, and Columbus the discoverer, Griego's near relative and companion for many years, now apparently married, and keeping house at Lisbon, began to make known to his contemporaries his fanciful project of crossing the impassable Atlantic to Cipango and Cathay.

<sup>1</sup> But if we reject this part of the son's "Life," what part shall we believe? See Major, Letters, Int., p. xl. The story of "Casanueve" or Colon is told by Zurita, libro 19, De los anales de Aragon. He notices the sea-fight at St. Vincent, and calls Colon the younger, Colon, capitán de la armada del Rey de Francia. See Major, Int.

<sup>2</sup> Venetian State Papers, Sept. 18, 1485. *Deliberazioni Senato secreta*. This account, it is remarkable, says nothing of any ship having been burned, and the later accounts give no countenance to the story.

<sup>1</sup> Ven. State Papers. Sept. 18, 1485.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* The Doge and Senate to the ambassador at Milan, Hieronimo Zorzi. He is "to go with all speed" to the French court.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, April 9, 1486. "Letters received from our ambassador in France, Hieronimo Zorzi, that he has recovered from the captured Flanders galleys 200 bales spices," etc.

But who was this famous navigator, and what were his character and aims? The common legend paints him in saint-like and superhuman colors. No man was so wise, gentle, learned, studious, humane. To several of his recent biographers he is without a fault, a Numa, a Washington, with even a higher aim. With more than chivalric austerity he prepares himself for his rare achievements; Heaven guides him on his way; he works miracles; sorrows and afflictions follow him; majestic and godlike, he passes away from among men, without a blemish and without a fault. Such he is to De Lorgues, Belloy, and the Abbé Cadoret. Irving's delightful biography<sup>1</sup> admits his faults, but softens them into venial errors. His hero is clothed in the fairest drapery of his matchless style. The common legend has filled all modern histories, until the whole story of Columbus is wrapped in a cloud of falsehood.<sup>2</sup> And yet there is some truth in the picture. Columbus possessed an unrivalled strength of character and will, a mind of rare power and sagacity. He was strong as Hercules in forcing his way into distant seas, but, unlike Hercules, rather committed than redressed wrongs. Never was there a more striking difference than that between the traditional Columbus of the biographers and the Columbus of true history, of his contemporaries.

When Columbus first appears in the light of true history he was a storm-beaten sailor, worn with the toils of many years. He relates in one of his letters that he had been forty years upon the sea. For twenty-three years he had scarcely ever left the unsteady deck. It is probable that he was nearly sixty years old. He was poor, obscure, neglected—so obscure that all the years of his early life were unknown and unrecorded. It is remarkable that no authentic portrait of him remains. The various likenesses, engravings, paintings, and busts all differ

<sup>1</sup> Yet Irving, book viii., c. 4, admits the cruelty of sending 500 Indian slaves to Spain as "a foul stain on his character," but defends it by the usages of Church and state at the time. So, 8, 7, "Columbus knew that gold alone would satisfy the avaricious dreams of Spain," and he obtains it by dreadful deeds. "The natives, weak, indolent, unused to labor of any kind," perish (8, 7). They sang melancholy ballads of the happy days before the white men came. Peter Martyr, iii., 9, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Belloy, Columbus, with fine illustrations continues the delusion. Isabella is "the noblest of women," Columbus a saint, almost a martyr.

from each other, and are supported by no safe authority.<sup>1</sup> We have among us a portrait of Columbus;<sup>2</sup> it is accepted in the European collections. But his son tells us his father's hair turned white at thirty, and we notice that the hair of the portrait is black.<sup>3</sup> It is plainly a work of the imagination. He was tall, his son says, fine-looking, polite, with light—perhaps gray—eyes, aquiline nose, and gray or white hair and beard.<sup>4</sup> But this is all we know. Dante, two centuries before, had his Giotto; Spain abounds in portraits of the contemporaries of Columbus; but no one cared to preserve the name and features of the most eminent man of his time.

Columbus left no clear record of his own life, although his journals and letters show that, had he cared to do so, he could have written excellent memoirs.<sup>5</sup> He became an admirable writer. His rare adventures over the summer seas are told with extreme clearness in his journal. He describes the storms of the tropics with Cooper's accuracy. His own sorrows and misfortunes, the ingratitude of his age, and the neglect of his contemporaries he tells with poetic energy and simplicity. But of his earlier life and adventures he never cared to write. He seems to have sought to hide them in obscurity. The only account of his life is that written apparently by his son Fernando. It was no doubt inspired by the father. It is known to us only in an Italian translation; the original is lost. Some doubts have been expressed of its authenticity. But this peculiar life of Columbus, composed in part under his own eye or taken down from his own lips, is wanting in most of the details that mark all other biographies. It tells neither when nor

<sup>1</sup> Major, Int. Letters of Columbus, lxxxviii., says, "Not one of the so-called portraits of Columbus is unquestionably authentic." They differ from each other, and cannot represent the same person.

<sup>2</sup> In the New York Historical Society.

<sup>3</sup> Nella sua gioventù hebbe i capelli biondi, benchè giunto che fù a trenta anni tutti gli divennero bianchi, Vita, cap. iii. It is worthy of note that no portrait of Cervantes remains. Spain's two chief benefactors owe little to their ungrateful age.

<sup>4</sup> Translators have usually made the hair "gray." But the true translation is "white." Both editions of the Vita, that of Milan, 1614, and of Venice, 1685, agree in *bianchi*. Baret's dictionary makes *bianchi* white, not gray.

<sup>5</sup> See his touching letters in Mr. Major's translation, his acute defence of himself, his appeal to the justice of future ages.

where he was born.<sup>1</sup> One would suppose that Columbus would have given his son some clear account of his parents, his birth-place, his relatives and early friends. Not one of these is alluded to except the two corsairs, Columbi or Griegos. There is no genealogy or family record. Fernando Columbus evidently did not know the names of his grandfather and grandmother, nor of any near connections. One other relative, John Anthony Colon, is mentioned as commanding a ship under Columbus. Columbus himself tells us that all his family had been traders on the sea. It is plain that he could not have been the son of a wool-comber at Genoa,<sup>2</sup> and the story commonly told cannot be true. The mysterious relationship to the two Columbi is all that is known, and the questions may well arise—was he the son of the elder Colombo or a nephew? was not his father some bold sea-rover like himself? was he not Greek rather than Italian? These questions are still to be answered.

The Columbus of history is one of its least pleasing characters. He was evidently a sea-rover and a buccaneer. He sold his services to René of Anjou or Charles of France indifferently. A rude uneducated seaman,<sup>3</sup> he joined in the barbarous sea-fight off St. Vincent, and aided in the massacre of honest traders and useful men. Time somewhat softened his harsher traits, but his early impulses never left him. He became familiar with the slave-trade in Portugal, and introduced it to the New World. He treated the natives of the new land with pitiless severi-

ty. He threw them into chains, cut off their hands and feet, or sold them as cannibals to misery and death. He probably invented the fiction of the Caribs only to destroy them.<sup>1</sup> Las Casas thought that the judgments of Heaven had fallen upon the merciless discoverer. In almost every trait of moral excellence Columbus seems equally wanting.<sup>2</sup> To the Spanish settlers in Hispaniola he was a hated tyrant, a cruel usurper. He threw Moxica over the walls of his fort with his own hands, and spurned him as he fell. His victims, hung by the neck, shocked the humanity of Bobadilla. It was believed that Columbus and his brothers planned a new empire in the Indies, and hoped to throw off the yoke of Spain; in later years Columbus engaged in a treasonable correspondence with Genoa. His ingratitude to the Pinzons, his betrayal of Beatrice Enriquez, his falsehoods, his fierce bursts of rage, his avarice, his revenge, his wild ambition, his pious frauds, his fanatical faith, can never be forgotten; they may be forgiven. Harsh, fierce, severe, the features of Columbus look down upon us over the flight of four centuries, the symbol of his cruel age.

Columbus found the natives of America full of the passion for gold. The glittering particles had for them an irresistible attraction, as to so many of what are called the educated races. They searched in the rivers and sands for gold, and when they had found it hung it in their ears and noses. Sometimes the more highly cultivated beat it into plates, which they fastened around their necks. It was their chief and almost only ornament, almost their only dress; they used, too, paint, feathers, and strings of pearls. The universality of this strange passion for the ductile metal in civilized and savage man is without an explanation; it is natural. We are told that there are ants that heap together glittering particles of precious or colored stones; it is their instinct. In Columbus the passion raged with a violence

<sup>1</sup> The curious capitolo ii., *Chi fossero il padre e la madre dell' ammiraglio*, tells the name of neither father nor mother. It seems written only to avoid telling them, or Fernando Columbus has nothing to tell. Conti, *Estratto di note sulla, Crist. Colombo, etc.*, 1846, notices this omission, and says: nessuno però lo fece, e la ragione è ben chiara; perchè Colombo non era nato in Genova (p. 4).

<sup>2</sup> The story of the wool-comber Dominico Colombo is adopted by most biographers. Conti shows its absurdity. *Estratto di note, etc.* He says: F. Colon was in Genoa; why was he not told where his father was born? He certainly must have known. That he was not the son of a wool-comber Columbus himself has told us. Fernando came to Genoa in 1537, per chiarirsi del vero appoggio a Genova, e si ha ragione a credere che il figliuolo di sì renomato e benefico uomo venisse accolto con gran onore, etc. Yet no one explained the mystery. Non si trovò quivi alcuno che gli sciogliesse ogni dubbio, etc.

<sup>3</sup> See Mr. Goodrich's severe criticism, but in most cases true.

<sup>1</sup> So Señor Armas thinks. *La Fabula de los Caribes*, Havana. See too Darling, *Anthropology*, a paper read before the Oneida Hist. So., for a summary. Mr. Darling finds man-eating among the American Indians, pp. 40, 41, in Brazil, p. 37, but does not refer to Columbus's narrative.

<sup>2</sup> The slave-trade flourished at Lisbon in all its early enormity in 1466; 100,000 slaves were imported from Africa annually; often hundreds died on a single passage. Slaves were cheaper at Lisbon than cattle or sheep. See *Bohemian Travels*, 1466.

seldom known. He dreamed of golden palaces, heaps of treasure, and mines teeming with endless wealth. His cry was everywhere for gold. Every moment, in his fierce avarice, he would fancy himself on the brink of boundless opulence; he was always about to seize the treasures of the East painted by Marco Polo and Mandeville. "Gold," he wrote to the king and queen, "is the most valuable thing in the world; it rescues souls from purgatory and restores them to the joys of paradise."<sup>1</sup>

It was something of his early pirate life that stirred him in his plans of discovery. He was always the buccaneer; he was always a slave-trader. He selected the port of Navidad because it seemed a convenient harbor for slave-ships. He made slaves wherever he went. In his fierce avarice, when he found the naked Indians had little gold, he proposed to sell them, and thus establish a wide source of profit. Gold he must make by some means. He urged upon the king and queen his infamous project. They seemed at first to disapprove, and afterward countenanced it. They could scarcely fail to see that hunting the helpless natives through the islands and the continent to sell them into slavery was not a Christlike trade. They gently rebuked the discoverer, but soon after we find them lending him their approval. "Let him be informed," they wrote, "of what has transpired respecting the cannibals that came to Spain. He has done well," etc.<sup>2</sup> Soon every Spaniard who sailed to America became a slave-trader. Ojeda and Americus Vesputius filled their ships with "cannibals," and the brothers of Columbus followed the example of the admiral. A boundless horror settled upon the new-discovered lands. Las Casas thought the sickness and pains that fell upon Columbus a judgment for the woes he had inflicted upon the helpless Indians.

In nothing does Columbus seem less consistent than in his account of these native races. At one moment he paints them as the gentlest and fairest of men. They live in idyllic peace; they are kind, benevolent, good. But the next we are told that the islands are constantly at war with each other; there is no peace in all

the fair circle of the Bahamas. Then we are told of the islands of cannibals, and last Columbus describes the natives in words probably nearest the truth. "They eat," he says, "all the snakes, lizards, and spiders and worms they find upon the ground, so that, to my fancy, their bestiality is greater than that of any beast upon the face of the earth."<sup>3</sup>

Columbus was filled with the wild fancies of the fifteenth century, and tells as extravagant falsehoods as Marco Polo or Mandeville. One of these, his account of the cannibals and Amazons of the New World, has been carefully exposed in a learned treatise, *La Fabula de los Caribes*, by Señor Armas, read before the Havana Anthropological Society. On no point does Columbus insist more strongly than that the Caribs were man-eaters. Señor Armas shows that they fed only on fruits and insects. In his first voyage Columbus says, "I saw a very large island whose inhabitants the other islanders are very much afraid of, because they eat men."<sup>2</sup> He sees the Caribs everywhere, at least in fancy. But he never produces any proof of having detected them in their horrible feasts. Señor Armas denies that there were any cannibals in the West Indies, and proves his case by a learned argument. He suggests that the only instances of man-eating discovered in the New World were when in their horrible distresses at times the Spaniards fed upon each other. The Indians of the West Indies, he thinks, were almost unacquainted with animal food.<sup>3</sup>

But the reason, the fatal cause, that led Columbus to spread this falsehood, Señor Armas suggests, was his avarice or his fear. The cost of his expedition had been great; he must have gold to satisfy the claims of his friends, his creditors, and the king and queen. Among the innocent and feeble natives he had found little, and he was forced to become a slave-trad-

<sup>1</sup> Letter I, Major, p. 68.

<sup>2</sup> "I vido tierra i era una isla muy grande—a que llama—ban *Bohio*, poblado de jente. De esta jente diz que los de *Cuba* o *Juana* i de todas esotras islas tienen gran miedo, porque diz que comian los hombres." Armas, p. 8. Jour. Colon, 5 de Diciembre.

<sup>3</sup> Armas. *La Fabula de los Caribes*, p. 15. Los unicas casas autenticas de antropofagia en la conquista fueron cometidos por los mismos conquistadores, etc. Señor Armas, in some of his views on the "artificial deformation of the Indian skulls," has been opposed in a very learned treatise by Dr. José R. Montalvo, of the Havana Academy of Sciences, etc. Our Havana *savants* are not idle.

<sup>1</sup> Letters, p. 96.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 83. Directions of the king and queen. Memorial on the second voyage. The story is told by Dr. Chanca. There is no account of this voyage by Columbus.

er to satisfy the avarice of his employers.

But Columbus, with all his errors or his crimes, was at least in advance of his contemporaries. His contemporaries were still the cruel tyrants of the Middle Ages. Kings, priests, and nobles shared in the boundless profligacy and cruelty of the time. A Borgia, gifted but remorseless, sat in the chair of St. Peter.<sup>1</sup> Louis XI. and Charles VIII. were the kings of France; Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. covered England with endless horrors. It is strange to read in the Venetian despatches the congratulations of the Senate to Richard III. on his marriage with the hapless Anne, whom he soon after poisoned. Next we read of the battle of Bosworth and the death of the murderous king. Columbus was born not long after the death of Joan of Arc; he saw the restoration and the misery of France. From his Spanish sovereigns he could have learned only lessons of profligacy and crime. The researches of Bergenroth in the archives of Salamanca have refuted all the traditional legends. The saintly queen, celebrated by Prescott and Irving, is transformed into a cruel mother, a hated wife, the oppressor of the hapless Jews, the author of the Inquisition. No pity had she for the countless Hebrew women and children she drove from her realm; she even robbed them in their flight of their jewels and their gold. The king, worthy of his wife, left his daughter Katherine to suffer from want in England; he was cold, cruel, immoral; a faithless husband, a treacherous ally, a dangerous friend. Among his contemporaries, Columbus the sea-robber seems almost humane.

One king was an exception to his order. René of Anjou, nominal King of Jerusalem, Naples, and Sicily, was closely connected with the two chief discoverers of the New World.<sup>2</sup> He was painter, poet, architect, student, and everything but a king. He was father of that fierce and cruel Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. of England, whose vigorous will prolonged and added new terrors to

<sup>1</sup> The fearful story of the Cenci was a century later, 1599. The Cenci kill their father, one of the Santa Croces her mother. Violence and cruelty marked the conduct of all classes. See Bertolotti, Cenci, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Œuvres choisies du Roi René, Paris, 1849, avec une biographie et des notices. Par De Quatrebarbes. René I. was born 1408, died 1480.

the wars of the Roses. But René shared none of his daughter's savage instincts. He preferred his painter's easel to a crown; he built curious castles and palaces; he travelled often from Angers to Aix; he adorned his capitals with gardens, and founded a menagerie that was the wonder of the age.<sup>1</sup> He wrote verses and illuminated his own manuscripts. He sang, and played on the viol. He corresponded with many of the learned men of the time. But his chief claim to our attention is that he employed the young Columbus in some expedition against Tunis. It is possible that among the archives of Anjou, part of which are now removed to Paris,<sup>2</sup> some trace of the discoverer may be found.

René II., the grandson of the first, probably fixed upon the New World the name of America. He had been educated by the uncle of Americus Vesputius. Americus was his fellow-student, and to him Americus addressed his four voyages, and claimed the discovery of the continent. To René II. was written Waldseemüller's letter giving the name of America to the New World.<sup>3</sup> The connection of the two Renés with the two chief discoverers is at least curious. The records of Aix, Angers, and Saumur may reveal the secret of the name and birthplace of Columbus.

One great thought fixed itself in the mind of this mediæval pirate and buccaneer, and transformed him into a hero, the benefactor, the discoverer. But whence came this sudden inspiration, whence did Columbus borrow his new impulse? Here, too, is one of the mysteries that mark his career. An uncultivated, half-barbarous seaman, he could scarcely have found it in study. He had no example to incite him. He had only the skill and daring won in his wild adventurous life, in his wanderings over the sea from the Gulf of Guinea to the shores of England and the distant peaks

<sup>1</sup> See Roi René, Comptes et Mémoires, Paris, 1873. Par De la Marche. Here we have the king's accounts in part, and a record of his many useful labors. He burned one Jew, Astorge, for blasphemy.

<sup>2</sup> Roi René, pref. The archives of Anjou were removed to Paris.

<sup>3</sup> Major, Letters. See Navarrete, tom. iii., p. 183 et seq. Vesputius writes to René II., quod olim mutuum habuerimus inter nos amicitiam tempore juventis nostræ cum grammaticæ rudimenta imbibentes, etc.



of the Ultima Thule'—perhaps Iceland—in his strong intellect and iron frame. His son Fernando gives several chapters to this peculiar theme. He shows that the idea of a passage over the Atlantic to the coast of Cathay had long been the subject of speculation or of hope in Europe. But nothing that he says explains the obscurity that rests upon his father's enterprise, or indicates why he alone should have made the idea a practical one. Men hung in terror beside the swelling waves of the dark ocean, timid, irresolute; Columbus led them over.

It is probable that in Portugal he first conceived or found the idea. I have met with a tradition that seems to have escaped the notice of writers on this theme.<sup>1</sup> It is from the very interesting journal of some Bohemian travellers—Prince Leo, Tetzel, and Schassek—who in 1466 visited Portugal and Spain. They had passed from Prague to Bruges and Flanders, crossed into England, where they were received with great amity, and kissed a thousand times by all the fair ladies of the court of Edward IV. From London they crossed into France; saw Louis XI. in his fortress cowering and timid; visited the gentle René of Anjou at Saumur—the artist who was painting a partridge when the news came that he had lost the Kingdom of Naples, and who went on with his painting. At last they came to Spain, saw its misery and despair, its starving, sullen people, its corrupt priests, its savage kings, made a pilgrimage to Compostela, and reached the ocean at the bold headland of Cape Finisterre. Here they stood on the mighty rock that guards the extremity of Europe and repels the fiercest surges of the Atlantic. Before them spread the boundless expanse of the mysterious ocean, the sky, the infinite heavens; and here they were told the legend of three ships that had once crossed the sea, only one of which had returned. They had been sent out by a King of Portugal. For three years they had wandered over the ocean. The

ship that came back brought a wasted and decimated crew, who told of the strange lands they had discovered in the Atlantic, and of the monsters and the wild men who filled its distant shores. This legend was told in 1466, long before Columbus could have projected his voyage of discovery.

It was to the Arabs and the Jews that we probably owe the discovery of America.<sup>1</sup> From them the Spaniards and Portuguese learned all that they knew of civilization. The Arabs from the ninth to the twelfth century were the rulers of the sea, the founders of European commerce. Edrisi, the Arab historian, describes the harbors of Almeria, in Spain,<sup>2</sup> filled with the ships of the East and of Lisbon (Eschbona), the centre of wealth and trade. Two Mohammedan travellers, or one, who visited China in the ninth century, found its ports frequented by the vessels of their countrymen, who sailed around the coasts of India. Edrisi, again, describes the China seas, unknown to Greek and Roman, and the Chinese ships as the finest of their kind.<sup>3</sup> The adventurous Arab sailors were found on every sea. It is from them that Portugal and Spain learned the art of ship-building, as most of the other arts. Our Bohemian travellers in 1466 found the Spaniards everywhere clothed in Arab dress, imitating the Arab manners, riding Arab horses, and the kings surrounded by Arab guards. Splendid Cordova and matchless Granada still ruled the taste of the peninsula.<sup>4</sup> Even the chief terms of business and of naval affairs, of police and finance, the Spaniards borrowed from the Arabs.<sup>5</sup> The maravedi, an Arab coin,

<sup>1</sup> Conde, *Hist. Dom. Arabes en España*, describes the splendors of the Moorish dominion, their arts, learning, etc. He complains of the loss of Arabic manuscripts in the fire at the Escurial in 1671. Navarrete, *i*, int. v., vii., *los Arabes merecen particular consideracion—among geographers.*

<sup>2</sup> One merchant of Almeria, Ibn-abba, was worth many millions of dollars. His library contained 80,000 volumes.

<sup>3</sup> Edrisi's picture of the China seas is clear, but full of improbabilities of monsters and fishlike islands. *I*, p. 96: "Tous les navires chinois, grands et petit, sont solidement construit en bois," etc.

<sup>4</sup> So, in his patriotic ardor, Edrisi describes *ii*, 52, les jardins qui environnent Toledo and Malaga—une ville très belle. Le territoire environnant est planté en vergers de figuiers produisant des fruits qu'on expédie en Egypte en Syrie dans l'Irâc et même dans l'Inde; ces figues sont d'une qualité parfaite.

<sup>5</sup> See Dozy, *Glossaire arab.*, and Engelmann, *Amirante, Amiral*, etc. Engelmann thinks ammeral

<sup>1</sup> Columbus boasts that he had sailed three hundred leagues beyond Iceland—an improbable story—that he had seen mermaids in the African seas, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par des Étrangers. Par Isidor Hye. Ghent, 1847. See Nouvelles Annales des Sciences Géographiques, 1842, and Commentarius brevis et jucundus Itineris atque Peregrinationis susceptæ, Barone de Rosmital et Blatna, 1844, Stuttgart, etc. Of the scarce original of 1577 one copy is in the British Museum.*

was used in the time of Columbus to express all their moneyed transactions. It was at Lisbon that Columbus first planned his voyage. But long before, when Lisbon was a flourishing Arab city, intelligent and splendid, Edrisi relates that an expedition was sent out from its port to explore the dark and unknown ocean.<sup>1</sup> The commanders were brothers known as the Almagrurins, or the Wandering Brothers. They must have set sail before the year 1150. They crossed the Atlantic, it is said, visited unknown islands, and discovered new lands. After a weary voyage of many months they returned in safety. A street was named after them in Moorish Lisbon, called the street of the Almagrurins.<sup>2</sup> Possibly the attempt might have been renewed, and a Moorish city might have sprung up in Cuba or Hispaniola, at Philadelphia or New York. But soon the conquering Christians took Lisbon, and checked its advance in knowledge. For many centuries it was given up to war and chivalry. At length it revived the Moorish instincts of trade and commerce. Lisbon became the centre of discovery, and Columbus learned in its traditions, perhaps, the story of the Almagrurins.

But Columbus could have found no certainty in the vague traditions of the past of Arab or of Portuguese. Where did he obtain his assurance that the Atlantic was not altogether impassable? Whence came the perfect faith that convinced so many, and won the friar Perez Santangel, and the shrewd sailors the two Pinzons, to his side? His contemporaries, in explanation of the mystery, told the story of the pilot. "Some say," Oviedo relates, in his history,<sup>3</sup> "that a

from Al Emir; Dozy doubts. Algebra, alchemy, and many other terms suggest themselves—alguazil, gabelle, etc. The *maravedi* was once gold, then silver, then copper. In its last form it was worth less than three cents.

<sup>1</sup> Humboldt, Ex. Crit., ii., 137-8, etc., relates the story of the Almagrurins. They could not penetrate à l'extrémité de la mer ténébreuse (l'atlantique). He thinks they reached only the Gulf of Guinea. But the tradition and the length of the voyage might well have taken them to Brazil or Hayti.

<sup>2</sup> Edrisi, ii., 26-7, tells the story of the Almagrurins and of the street named from them. "It exists yet," he says—about 1153.

<sup>3</sup> Oviedo's Hist. Gen. and Nat. de las Indias, cap. ii. Quiéren decir algunos que una caravela que desde España passaba para Inglaterra cargada de mercaderias é bastimentos assi como vinos é otras cosas, etc. The pilot and the seamen died, but they left

caravel in passing from Spain to England was driven far off upon the ocean, and came at last to the unknown land." "It came," says Eden,<sup>1</sup> "to a haven, but many of the crew died; only the pilot and a few seamen survived. All writers agree that they came to the house of Columbus at Madeira, and died there, leaving him their charts, writings, what they saw on the ocean, and the elevation of the pole at the new discovered land." After the pilot's death, Columbus, possessed of his secret, resolved to follow the path he had indicated; he evidently believed it was the pathway to the Indies and Cathay. This story of the pilot is told by nearly all the contemporaries of Columbus. It explains the persistence with which he asserted his faith in the possibility of crossing the Atlantic.<sup>2</sup> The story is rejected by all the later biographers except Mr. Goodrich, who asserts its truth. Irving treats it as a fable. Fernando Colon does not mention it in his "Life." But the testimony of Eden is confirmed by many circumstances and repeated by many writers. I think we may assume that Columbus had some certain guide to lead him on his unparalleled voyage.

The most interesting of all these questions—these mysteries of Columbus—is, where did he first land? No one apparently can tell. I confess that I can never read even the simplest, plainest narrative of that memorable voyage—the most important of all voyages—without a thrill of intense feeling. The poor half-shattered ships; the crews of criminals and convicts; the jealous Pinzons; the chief Columbus, hated, feared, the pirate and corsair still; the soft and favoring winds; the friendly ocean; the *salve regina* chanted at evening over the quiet sea; the keen watch for each trace of the coming land—at last a floating flower (a dogrose) and some fresh green grass told that it was near.<sup>3</sup> But had Columbus faltered,

with Columbus their secret. But Oviedo says: Que esto passasse assi ó ne, ninguno con verdad lo puede afirmar.

<sup>1</sup> Eden speaks of the story as well known and true. See Hakluyt, Supplement, page 370.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid (Hak., Supplement, page 370) is in doubt where Columbus was born, but it was in the territory of Genoa. He had gained the secret of the new world, and "told it to John Perez de Marchena," and resolved to follow the pilot's directions.

<sup>3</sup> Thursday, October 11th. "Those of the caravel *Nina*" saw a little stick with a dogrose. "The men

had his strong will and fierce resolution yielded to the common weaknesses of men, he would long ago have turned back, and we should not have been here. In the first light of the October morning—the 12th Old Style or 21st the New—the ravishing sight broke upon the Spaniards of an island fair as any the sun ever shone upon.

“It was very large,” says Columbus, “and has green trees and abundance of water. There is a very large lagoon in the midst of it, but no hills, and all is covered with verdure most pleasing to the eye.” It was filled with a cinnamon-colored people, the gentlest of their kind; it abounded in the fruits on which they fed.<sup>1</sup> Columbus landed with gracious ceremonies on the verdant shore, and kneeling down beneath his banner of the green cross, took possession of what he seemed to think a gift from Heaven. He sailed in a boat around or along his new property. It contained a harbor large enough to hold all the navies of Europe. It was the fairest of islands; he named it San Salvador; the natives in their musical tongue called it Guanahani.<sup>2</sup>

But it would seem that it could only have been a delusive dream of the discoverer.<sup>3</sup> No such island exists to-day along the Bahama reefs. The islands are all barren banks of sand; no verdure or trees, no lakes, no water, and no traces of inhabitants, can be found on them. It is quite impossible that the picture drawn by Columbus can have applied to them. The one called San Salvador on the maps and Cat Island by the English is usually pointed out as the place of landing. It is a sandy, barren spot, without fresh-

of the *Pinta* saw a piece of cane and some other grass, which grass grows upon the land.”

<sup>1</sup> Puestos en tierra vieron arboles muy verdes y aguas muchas y frutas de diversas maneras. Colum. Journal. See Fox, p. 11. Navarrete, 1, 20.

<sup>2</sup> Venuto adunque il giorno videro che era un' isola di 15 leghe di lunghezza, piana, e senza montagna, Vita. F. Colon. cap. xxii. Columbus says he came á un isleta de los Lucayos, que se llamba en lengua de indios Guanahani. Primer Viage. This is the most stirring passage in all the annals of the New World. It is the first.

<sup>3</sup> The picture of the islands in the *Life* is equally fanciful. The other islands Columbus describes as all beautiful. Por ende yo miré por las mas grande, —y será lejos destadi San Salvador cinco leguas y las otras dellas mas, dellas menos, sin montana y muy fértiles y todos poblacos, y se hacenguema la una á la otra.

water, trees, or any trace of the charming scene that entranced the first discoverers.<sup>4</sup>

Lady Brassey, in her *In the Trades, the Tropics, etc.*, thus presents the question and decides it: “To the southeast of Eleuthera,” she says, “is Cat Island, long believed to be the first landing-place of Columbus in 1492, and to have therefore been called by him San Salvador, by which name, I believe, it is still known to Americans. We English, on the contrary, after much consideration of Columbus's somewhat imperfect journal, and comparison of his charts with those of the present day, have come to the conclusion that a much smaller island<sup>2</sup> farther to the southward and eastward, called Watling's Island (but now also known as San Salvador), is the historical landing-place. The three reasons that lead to this conclusion are, first, that Watling's Island lies more in the track of Columbus than Cat Island could have done; secondly, that he specially mentions having rowed around San Salvador in a single day, a feat that could easily be accomplished as regards Watling's, while it is practically impossible at Cat Island; thirdly, that he mentions a large inland lake, which exists in Watling's, whereas there is no water on Cat Island.”<sup>3</sup>

Four islands claim, or, had they any inhabitants to speak for them, would claim, to be the scene of the historic landing. Their advocates at least maintain their pretensions with long and vigorous arguments. They are Turk's Island, Watling's, Cat or San Salvador, and Samana. Several others have been suggested.<sup>4</sup> Navarrete, the most careful of all the students of the Columbus papers, prefers Grand Turk, and Mr. Gibbs sustains him after an actual survey. But there seems no possible connection between this

<sup>1</sup> San Salvador in the *Life* is—senza montagna, piena di alberi molti verdi e di bellissime acque, con una gran laguna in mezzo, popolata da molta gente, che non con minor desiderio concorrevano alla marina tutti stupidi, etc.

<sup>2</sup> On the English charts the name San Salvador is now given to Watling's Island; within a few years, on the American, Cat Island is still Guanahani and San Salvador. At least the musical name Guanahani, the first known to Europeans of all the new world, should be preserved.

<sup>3</sup> Brassey, *In the Trades, etc.*, pp. 364–7. She says, “I am told that at San Salvador the remains of an Indian temple may still be seen, and that curious implements and idols are occasionally found there.”

<sup>4</sup> Señor de Varnhagen (1864), in his *La Verdad* Guanahani de Colon, indicates Mayaguana.

barren reef of salt-pits and lagoons and the fair vision painted by Columbus. The English authorities since 1856 unite upon Watling's Island. It is called San Salvador on all their maps. Mr. Major and Captain Becker defend this change, and Muñoz, as early as 1793, suggested it. But Watling's Island is only twelve miles long, filled with low wooded hills and salt-water lagoons. The island described by Columbus was very large—*bien grande*—he tells us, and nearly fifteen leagues in length. It had no hills. Watling's is too small and barren to deserve the name of San Salvador.

Humboldt, Irving, and Slidell Mackenzie have fixed upon Cat Island, long known as San Salvador on the English and American charts—at least from 1650 to 1850, or two hundred years. It is forty-two miles long, according to Mr. Major—thirty-six by another account—and has the loftiest hill in the Bahamas.<sup>1</sup> In length it would seem to approach nearer the fifteen leagues of Columbus. It is treeless and without water. There is no lake in the interior.<sup>2</sup> Barren, deserted, waste, its lonely scene can little recall the bloom and beauty of the Indian isle. Was this the fair Guanahani, the home of innocence, the land of flowers? We are lost in conjecture. It is possible that the fresh streams, the rich verdure, the trees, the fruits enumerated by Columbus, may have faded with the gentle savages they nourished. But it seems incredible.

The latest study of this interesting question is by Captain G. V. Fox, of the Coast Survey. He has carefully compared the journal and letters of Columbus, and endeavored to trace the exact path of the discoverer. His laborious essay deserves the highest praise, but its conclusions cannot be held final. He fixes upon the island of Samana as the landing-place. He objects that from Cat Island no others are seen, and forgets that Columbus set sail, *di la vela*,<sup>3</sup> before he saw the countless islets around him. Mr. Major makes a similar mistake. Columbus, he says, called San Salvador "a

small island," but in his letters Columbus says it was *bien grande*—"very great."

The chain of islands that lies in front of Nassau is full of undying historical interest. Along them sailed the first ships that crossed the unknown ocean; on one Columbus landed; which of them was Guanahani? The question can perhaps be answered by a new and careful study of the islands themselves. Some of our active inquirers might well devote a few months each winter to the examination of their opposing claims. The wonders of the Bahamas are endless. The corals of rare colors and form; the fish, tinted like the rainbow, that caught the eye of Columbus; the waters so limpid as to reveal their lowest depth; the caves, the sea-flowers, the sea-monsters, described by the discoverer, are still there. Lady Brassey tells of the remains of an Indian temple and a burial-place on San Salvador—she means Watling's Island, and there could be no more exciting study than that of the real condition of these memorable islands, and of that most important question, on which of them did Columbus land?

The last great mystery we may notice that enfolds this memorable life is the disgrace and poverty in which it closed. "Weep for me," Columbus cries in a moment of agony—"weep for me who ever has charity, truth, and justice. I did not come out on this voyage to gain for myself wealth or fame, for all hope of such things was dead within me." His abject fall and distress are unaccountable. Admiral of Castile, Viceroy of the New World, the owner of one-tenth of all its revenues, Columbus was so poor that he complains he had no money to pay his reckoning at a tavern. He had been brought home in chains from his imperial rule. His fierce, aspiring spirit was broken. His last two voyages were undertaken in a kind of mad despair. His letters describing them are filled with improbable tales and wild conjectures. It is plain that his great sorrow had clouded his active mind. Yet never was his intellect greater. These last voyages, borne down by sorrow, pain, disease, shipwreck, old age, seem more wonderful even than the first.

<sup>1</sup> Major, Int. Johnston's Dic., 1855, English, gives Cat Island as San Salvador. The recent American charts call it only Cat Island. They are timid.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gibbs says, there is no tree or lake on Cat Island—San Salvador.

<sup>3</sup> Yo miré todo aquel puerto y despues me volví á la nao y *di la vela*, y vide tantas islas que yo no sabia determinarne á cual iría primero, etc. Captain Fox's is the most recent attempt to solve this

It is in this light that we are to view question by careful observation; it is honorable to the country that owes most to the discoverer. Nav., i, 25.

Columbus. He was not a man of the nineteenth century, but of the fifteenth; he shared the semi-barbarism of his contemporaries. But his strong intellect achieved for mankind what none had done or could have done before. It is this power of endurance, this heroic energy, this herculean strength devoted to the welfare of posterity, that places him above a Cæsar or an Alexander—a master intellect among men. It matters little, except for the historical interest, what were his name and lineage, whether he were corsair or pirate, Italian, Greek, or Jew, we stand filled with admiration before him, overwhelmed with sympathy for his fate. His dying appeals sound over the New World like

the wail of Hercules in the shirt of Nessus, of Prometheus torn by his vulture. With Prometheus he seems to cry, "I that gave a new world to men am tortured for my services to mankind."

The fittest homage we can pay to the great discoverer on the four-hundredth anniversary of his voyage is to study anew his wonderful career. Let us see him as he really was. The historical truth will only add to his real greatness. It is the man we wish to see; and if by a transcendent effort he sprang from the corsair's deck or some obscure employment, from ignorance, from error, to become the benefactor of men, it will only redouble his unequalled merit.

### SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

**I**F on the thorns thy feet be bruised to-morrow,  
And far the fierce sands glare,  
Unbind thy temples! thank life for its sorrow,  
Its longing and despair.

With love within, what heart shall fail and wither,  
Athirst for rivered hills?  
Moaning, "Mine, mine! what hate hath led me hither  
Unto a sky that kills!"

Unworthy thou! if faith should sink and falter;  
Blind hand and blinder eye  
Bind the blind hope upon thy doubt's old altar  
And stab it till it die.

Think not hast hugged no happiness and never  
Communed with lovely sleep;  
Had night before thine eyeballs—night forever  
To lead thee to the deep.

Aye! wouldst thou have thy self-love for a burden,  
A fardel bound with tears,  
To sweat beneath and gain at last as guerdon  
From hands of wasted years!

Coaxing lewd stars to light thee, feebler, thinner  
Than phantoms in the moon;  
Dead stars and all the darkness of the inner  
Self's deader plenilune;

To see at last—beneath Death's sterner learning—  
Through sockets sealed with frost,  
The awful sunsets of red heavens burning  
God's baffling pentecost.