

a sum paid down, and then taking himself away from the whole concern, but he saw that an increase of salary was all that he could obtain for his silence. Mr. Ferrol placed the required paper in the same hidden drawer of a cabinet which contained the private accounts of the firm—that little compartment where lay the skeleton of the banker's house.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

It is stated by Hume, in the "History of England," that when the Spaniards who escaped from the dispersion of their fleet returned to their own country, they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of the ocean which surrounds them. True indeed it was, according to the medal struck on this occasion—"Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur"—"God sent out his blast, and they were scattered." The whole circumference of the island bore witness to their defeat; and some of their ships, driving past the Orkneys, rounded the north of Scotland, and were wrecked among the stormy Hebrides.

Early one morning, before the overthrow of the Armada was known in Scotland, one of the baillies of Anstruther, a maritime town on the south-east coast of Fife, appeared at the bed-side of James Melville, the minister of the parish, and informed him that a ship filled with Spaniards had entered their harbour; adding, however, that they were come, not to give mercy, but to ask, and that the magistrates desired his advice how to act towards them. It was agreed, after consultation, to give audience to the commander, and that the minister, who had some knowledge of the Spanish language, should convey to him the sentiments of the town.

Intimation of this having been sent to the vessel, a venerable old man, of large stature and martial countenance, entered the town hall, and making a profound bow, and touching the minister's shoe with his hand, addressed him in Spanish. "His name was Jan Gomes de Medina; he was commander of twenty hulks, being part of the grand fleet which his master Philip, King of Spain, had fitted out to revenge the insufferable insults which he had received from the English nation; but God, on account of their sins, had fought against them, and dispersed them by a storm; the vessels under his command had been separated from the main fleet, driven on the north coast of Scotland, and wrecked on the Fair Isle; and after escaping the merciless waves and rocks, and enduring great hardships from hunger and cold, he and such of his men as were preserved, had made their way in their only remaining bark to this place, intending to seek assistance from their good friends and confederates, the Scots; and to kiss his Majesty's hand, (making another profound bow,) from whom he expected relief and comfort to himself, his officers, and poor men, whose condition was most pitiable."

The minister then addressed the admiral as follows:—"On the score of friendship, or the cause in which they were embarked, the Spaniards (he said) had no claims on them. The King of Spain

was a sworn vassal of the Bishop of Rome, and on that account they and their king defied him; and with respect to England, the Scots were indissolubly leagued with that kingdom, and regarded an attack upon it as the same with an attack on themselves. But, although this was the case, they looked upon them in their present situation as men and fellow creatures, labouring under privations and sufferings to which they themselves were liable, and they rejoiced at an opportunity of testifying how superior their religion was to that of their enemies. Many Scotsmen who had resorted to Spain for the purposes of trade and commerce had been thrown into prison as heretics, their property confiscated, and their bodies committed to the flames; but so far from retaliating such cruelties on them, they would give them every kind of relief and comfort which was in their power, leaving it to God to work such a change in their hearts respecting religion as he pleased."

This answer being reported to the Spanish admiral by an interpreter, he returned most humble thanks; adding, that he could not answer for the laws and practices of his church, but as for himself, there were many in Scotland, and perhaps in that very town, who could attest that he had treated them with favour and courtesy. After this, the admiral and his officers were conveyed to lodgings which had been provided for them, and were hospitably entertained by the magistrates and neighbouring gentlemen, until they obtained a licence and protection from his Majesty to return home. The privates, to the number of 260, mostly beardless young men, feeble and hungered, were supplied with kail, pottage, and fish. Before their departure, the minister received a printed account of the complete destruction of the Armada, with the names of the principal persons who had perished in the wreck of the galliots, on the coasts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. On this being imparted to Jan Gomes, the tears flowed down the furrowed cheeks of the hardy veteran.

This adventure had a noble sequel, worthy of Spanish chivalry. Some time after this, a vessel belonging to Anstruther was arrested in a Spanish port. Don Jan Gomes was no sooner informed of this, than he posted to court, and obtained her release from the king, to whom he spoke in the highest terms of the humanity and hospitality of the Scots. He invited the ship's company to his house, inquired kindly after his acquaintances in the good town of Anstruther, and sent his warmest commendations to their minister and other individuals to whom he considered himself as most particularly indebted.

"The mind feels relieved," says Dr. McCrie, who relates this story, "in turning from the battle of the warrior, with its 'confused noise and garments rolled in blood,' to contemplate the image of Him who is 'a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a shadow from the heat, a refuge from the storm, when the blast of the terrible is as a storm against the wall.' It is pleasing to perceive the ardent zeal of our ancestors against Popish errors, not interfering with the calls of humanity and charity; and it is consolatory to find

that there have always been examples of generosity and gratitude in a country which superstition has chosen for her favourite abode, and where bigotry has so long maintained her intolerant, degrading, and most frightful reign."

LORD MACAULAY.

The year 1859 was singularly fatal to men of distinction in science and literature. Amidst a long and sad roll of names of lesser note, we have had to mourn the loss of Humboldt and De Tocqueville, Brunel and Stephenson, Washington Irving and Prescott, Hallam, and last, not least, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

"No death which we could chronicle," said the "Times," containing the startling announcement of his decease, "no death will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man. It is the loss of a great man who accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave, not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us for ever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly, and yet so carefully, that reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most—the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he knew, and thought, and felt."

A distinguished French writer paid a tribute of like force and eloquence in noticing a loss which is more than national.

"In this great historian, England has just lost one of her most illustrious citizens, and Liberty one of her most glorious defenders. Lord Macaulay was only fifty-nine years old. His death, then, is premature, and naturally awakens the most profound regrets of those who knew him, whether personally, or only through his works. A writer and critic of the first rank, he possessed an erudition as solid as it was various; his mind was a cyclopædia admirably arranged; everything was there, and everything in its place. He had that sort of universality which characterizes superior men of all kinds, that precision of thought and appropriateness of language which throws light upon all subjects of discussion. No one has more clearly proved that what stifles and obscures the mind is the confusion, not the abundance of its ideas. He possessed in the highest degree the intellectual and moral qualities of the true historian; he judged men and parties with an elevation of view, an im-

partiality and a rectitude which give a special authority to his eloquent and solid writings. He shows himself in general severe towards persons, and inflexible in matters of principle. We have more than once spoken of his beautiful 'History of England;' he leaves it incomplete, to our irreparable loss.

"As a politician, he had won and carried with him the esteem of all parties. In the course of an active life he may have been open to reproach for a few faults, but never for a single act which might give rise to doubts of the rightness of his intentions or the independence of his character. He always worked, and always by honest means, to insure the prosperity and greatness of his country. In the midst of party struggles and the vicissitudes of fortune, in power and out of power, he was constantly faithful to his party, to his opinions, and to his friends. He combated all abuses, and his name is connected with the most important reforms. Religious liberty, above all, never had in any country a more persistent or more brilliant advocate. A liberal in the true and grand acceptance of the word, an avowed enemy of all exaggeration, profoundly convinced that in politics all extremes are equally dangerous, he set himself, in his speeches and his writings, to prove that despotism and anarchy are inseparable, and that each tends to generate the other.

"We have before us," continues M. Peyrat, "while we write these lines, the portrait of Lord Macaulay, and when our eyes rest on it, we fancy we are again enjoying the rapid moments during which, five years ago, we had the happiness of seeing and hearing him. We are sure that no one who ever knew him, or ever read him, will dispute the justice of the homage we pay to his memory. Such men, whatever country they may belong to, are the glory of the liberal cause; and we believe that it is for the interest and the honour of Liberty to grave their names on the column which commemorates those who have sincerely loved and practically served her."

Again, we avail ourselves of the masterly *éloge* pronounced by the writer in the "Times."

Orator, essayist, poet, and historian—in all these fields of literary activity Macaulay has won for himself the first place, and, as it would seem, by the exercise of almost the self-same faculties. The same power of reasoning is found in the orator as the essayist, the same power of minute and picturesque description in the historian as in the poet, for his mind was well balanced and uniform throughout, without flaw or cloud; it made every subject its own, and imparted to it *its own clearness* and precision, whatever faculty was at work, whatever was the end in view. It is hardly too much to say that those who never had the privilege of meeting Lord Macaulay can form no adequate idea of the powers of the human memory or the vigour and the fecundity of the human intellect. He did not seek to lead conversation to his own subjects, but was ever ready for any discussion that might be proposed to him; and whatever question he discussed he never failed to display a fertility of argument, a profusion of illustration, an exhaustless