

## Literature, &amp;c.

## British Magazines for May.

Dublin University Magazine.

## LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Continued from our last.

AFTER being upwards of four years ashore, Drake was asked to engage in another expedition. Spain again threatened an invasion, but our government had now acquired so much confidence, that they determined to send a main portion of their fleet to the West Indies to harass the enemy in their possessions there. They gave six of their best ships to the expedition, and the remainder, amounting to twenty, were supplied by adventurers—the usual mode, as we have seen at this time. Drake and Hawkins were the chief contributors. Drake was appointed admiral, Hawkins, vice admiral, and Sir Thomas Baskerville general of the land forces. Drake had already acquired honour, and wealth, and fame, and was now about to hazard all and his life in a doubtful undertaking. The Spaniards, taught by experience, were better prepared along the main than in his former visits, and Philip, with an energy that does him credit, had supplied his losses of the Armada by ships of an improved build, more manageable, and carrying a greater weight of metal. The adventure, therefore, was not a promising one, and it has been a matter of some wonder that Drake engaged in it.

On reaching the Canaries, they reduced the chief island of that group, and then made for Dominica. When off that island, one of their frigates, chased by five Spaniards of large size, was captured. A greater misfortune soon followed; Sir John Hawkins took ill, and on reaching the headland of Porto Rico, breathed his last. His death is generally attributed to chagrin at the frigate; but that is not in the least likely, and the climate, which afterwards caused such mortality in the squadron, is cause enough for the death of a man of eighty. On that night they were preparing to attack the town, and while at supper the guns from the fort opened on them, and a shot piercing the grand cabin struck the stool on which Drake sat, from under him, killed Sir Nicholas Clifford, mortally wounded a Mr Browne, and hurt some others. Drake was attached to Browne, who had the strange name of "Brute," and taking leave of him when going forward to the assault, he said, "Ah, dear Brute, I could grieve for thee! but now is no time for me to let down my spirits." The attack was made with desperate courage, but firmly resisted, for the Spaniards were well prepared, and had sent away their treasure, and women and children. After considerable loss on both sides, Drake drew off his men, having gained no object beyond that of destroying some shipping. They afterwards attacked other places, took Rio de la Hacha and Nombre-de-Dois, and Baskerville landed the troops, and attempted to make his way to Panama through the passes of Darien. In this their great object they were disappointed. They were harassed by ambuscades of Spaniards and Indians, were assailed with musketry from the woods, and after a march, "so sore as never Englishmen marched before," they found themselves opposed by recent and unexpected fortifications, and were compelled to return to their ships. Drake is said to have felt deeply the failures of the expedition, which are usually ascribed to his own wilfulness in invading one of the Canary islands against the wishes of Hawkins. The delay, however, if at all against the advice of Hawkins, was not material, as there was but little time lost there. The real mistakes appear to have been a want of information as to the preparations of the Spaniards on the main—that Drake relied with too sanguine a confidence on the co-operation of his former friends, the Simerons—and that the operations were commenced at the unhealthy season. A fatal sickness now spread in the fleet—the chief surgeon was carried off, two of the captains died, and Drake was himself attacked. Defeated in his hopes—he was, perhaps, the more susceptible of disease. After a few days' illness, he died on board the *Defiance*, off Porto-Bello, on the 28th of January, 1596, in the 53rd year of his age. He received, in those regions where he first made his reputation, a seaman's funeral—his remains, enclosed in a leaden coffin, were committed to the deep, with the solemnities of the Church of England service, and the mournful signals and firing of the fleet.

The questionable acts of Drake are, to a great extent, palliated by a consideration of the circumstances and state of feeling of the time; but, whatever may be thought of them, we are bound to extol his talents, and to honor him, for the services he rendered his country. By his early voyages, he made known the great tracks of trade—dispelled the alarms which, to his time, had closed the passage into the Pacific—showed, as we have seen, that the "Portugals were false," in ascribing such horrors to the route by the Cape of Good Hope—and this led to the establishment of our commerce with the East. He awakened the desire for foreign trade—stimulated it by the wealth he gained, and by the accounts he gave of the riches—and made it the more practicable, by the improvements he introduced into the merchant service. He was, undoubtedly, the main founder of our navy. It was at his suggestion, and at that of Hawkins, that it was placed on a more regular footing—the Queen assigning a yearly sum of £5070 for keeping it in repair. He was, we are told, the first who introduced the aid of astronomy into practical navigation—the first, too, directed

anything like attention to the importance of discipline, the practice of gunnery, the finding of ships, and the preservation of the health of crews. Showing our sailors the value of good seamanship, he taught them to disregard the large ships of Spain—and finally, he gave to our flag that far spread fame, which from the days of the Armada, to those of our recent victories in Syria, it has maintained with increasing honour.

## LOVING AND FORGIVING.

Oh, loving and forgiving—

Ye angel words of earth,

Years were not worth the living

If ye too had not birth!

Oh, loving and forbearing—

How sweet your mission here;

The grief that ye are sharing

Hath blessings in its tear.

Oh, stern and unforgetting—

Ye evil words of life,

That mock the means of living

With never ending strife.

Oh, harsh and unrepenting—

How would ye meet the grave,

If heaven, as unrelenting,

Forbore not, nor forgave!

Oh, loving and forgiving—

Sweet sisters of the soul,

In whose celestial living

The passions find controul!

Still breathe your influence o'er us

Whene'er by passion cross'd,

And, angel-like, restore us

The paradise we lost.

## A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

BY TOM HOOD.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes,"—OTHELLO

I HAVE read somewhere of a traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine dagger, a cutlass, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W—, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting knife, owed his existence to a wig. He was specimen-hunting (for W— is a first rate naturalist) somewhere in the back woods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him—not a panther or catamount—but, with terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W—'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing knife; his left, the frizzle top-knot—and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk's tight grasp.

W— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian restraint and sedateness were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houyhnhams from the men, it passed to the squaws; and from them down to the least of the urchins; W—'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer's sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable greybeard: he examined it very attentively, and after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue, but procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwags, his body daubed with their body colors of the most honorable patterns; and he was given to understand, that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by his chance of war, been overcome and lifted; but, that, whether by valor or stratagem, each equally estimable among the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dalilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind among the squaws, and from thence became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight, by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and when the tomahawks sought for him, he was on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

## New Works.

HILDEBRAND; OR, THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is a difficult thing to tear the affections from one who, in times past, has been their stay and centre; and it may be doubted whether the heart can ever wholly alienate a cherished object; but that love, which comprehends the softest feelings of our nature, bound together, by the most tender memories, should be proof to a continuous succession of outrageous assaults, and survive all fellowship and reciprocity, seems almost impossible. Yet Dame Shedlock, in her attachment to her husband, realized this seeming anomaly. After a life of ill-usage, she still clung to him as fondly as devotedly, and even as passionately, as on the day that, glowing with maidenly confusion, she first surrendered to him her hand and heart. He might be a bad man; she might know that, in his dealings with the world, he often committed very unscrupulous acts; but yet her bosom found him an excuse, or awarded him a justification. Such a deed might appear evil in her eye, but it had, no doubt, a sanction in the practice of the world, or was called for and justified by the circumstances of the times. She would not acknowledge that the absolute possessor of her most precious sympathies, on whom she reposed her happiness here, and her wishes of hereafter, was stained and defiled with the hideous colours of guilt; even if he were so, it was not by her, the wife and partner of his bosom, that his actions were to be questioned, or his conduct condemned. In short, despite his ill-usage, and the grovelling selfishness of his nature, which he seemed to pride himself in making apparent, she loved him; and this explains in one word, every trait in her conduct that appears singular or unnatural.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE EARL OF ESSEX.

The courtiers swept back on either side; and Elizabeth, leaning on the Earl of Leicester, and followed by her ladies, passed down the saloon between them. As she proceeded, her eye glanced wisely round, and seemed, in the course of its survey, to take note of every face. Thus progressing to the door, she came opposite to the Earl of Essex. "Aha!" cried Elizabeth, suddenly pausing, "here is this fair youth grown into a man, and we have hardly marked him. By my troth, a proper man, too—a marvellous proper man!" "What an exceeding sweet face!" whispered one of the ladies of the bedchamber, loud enough to be heard by all. "The eye of Mars!" observed the other in the same tone. "Hush, for shame!" resumed Elizabeth. "Do ye not see," she added, as her eye fell on a light gold chain, of the most chaste and delicate workmanship, which was turned into the Earl's vest, "he has lost his heart, and hath his lady's image guarding it? By my troth, I will know who this fair one is!" "Your pardon, my liege," replied Essex, with some confusion. "Nay, Sir Earl, I will know it," returned Elizabeth, angrily. And, seeing that the Earl was not inclined to satisfy her, she rudely seized the chain herself, and drew it forth. The portrait of a female, set in diamonds, was appended to the end of the chain, and, as the Queen drew it forth, all pressed round to see who it represented. A deep blush mantled the face of the Queen, and her eyes, which had just before worn an angry expression, sparkled with pleasure; it was a portrait of herself. "A true lover! a true lover!" she cried. "Now could I swear, by bell and candle, the fair youth would have died of his love ere he could have spoken it! Dost think us so cruel? Well, well, we must not leave thee hopeless. My lord of Leicester, how awkwardly thou walkest of late! There, there, drop thine arm! Give me thine, my fair Lord Essex, give me thine!"

## ESCAPE FROM CADIZ HARBOUR.

The ship entered the narrow channel of the harbour, and the crisis which Hildebrand had mentioned approached. On one side of the channel stood the principal puntal, or fort, called St. Lorenzo, which guarded the harbour's mouth, and the garrison of which had evidently been alarmed by the explosion of the gun-boat, and were now on the alert. The other side was the mainland, and presented a lee shore, lined with breakers, which the sea, in its progress to the strand, covered with boiling surf, whiter than snow. In order to avoid the cannon of the fort, Hildebrand was obliged to steer straight for the breakers, and "hug" a shore which threatened destruction. The breeze, though fresh, was not violent, and he thought that, if the ship were tacked on the instant he directed, they might weather the breakers successfully. All eyes were turned towards the fort as the ship entered the narrow channel. The moon was now up, and the tall masts of the cruiser, with every stitch of canvas expanded, and pulled out with the wind, seemed to offer a good mark to the puntal's guns. The crew were not left long to conjecture whether those guns would be brought to bear upon them. Directly they got fairly into the channel, a bright flash, like a tongue of fire, shot out from the nearest battery, and the ear shook under the boom of the cannon. The shot fell short of the ship, on its larboard bow; but on the starboard, the lee shore, at less than a gun-shot distance, seemed to menace her with instant destruction. Though cannon after cannon was now discharged from the fort, every eye turned involuntarily to the opposite shore, where the roar of the breakers, and the thundering din of the surf, which shot into the air in a thousand fountains, almost silenced the report of the artillery. The stoutest heart quailed as the milky foam drew nearer and nearer; lips that had never uttered the name of God from their childhood upward, except to profane it, convulsively gasped to Him in prayer: eyes that had often looked down steadily from the trembling topmast, through the rage and conflict of a tempest, turned giddy before the

prospect; and the most stubborn bosoms were sensible of a thrill of dismay. They approached closer and closer to the shore: it seemed impossible, when one ventured to glance to leeward, that they could ever weather it, even if they did not strike immediately. The stillness of death was over the crew, when, just as destruction appeared inevitable, the voice of Hildebrand rang through the ship. "All hands jibe ship!" he cried. The wind thundered through the canvas; the "hoi, hoi" of the sailors pulling the balyards, pierced the ear like a fife; the tall masts groaned again; and the rush of feet over the deck, the hauling of ropes, the shrill whistle of the pulleys, the boom of the cannon, and roar of the breakers, all mingled together, constituted a din too terrible to dwell upon. For a brief space the fate of the anxious crew was uncertain. It was an awful interval, though so brief, and the most resolute hearts felt a thousand fears. The sails, right through the ship, fore and aft, had been veered instantaneously; but for a moment they backed to the wind. In this fearful juncture, all eyes were turned towards the ship's stern. The tall figure of Hildebrand, towering over that of Tarpaulin, who standing before him, was there distinguished at the helm, and the hopes of the crew revived as they saw their destiny in the hands of their commander. The gallant ship answered her helm. After a short pause, the canvas caught the breeze, and gradually bellied out. The ship bore away from the breakers, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, gained the clear water.

Narrative of the Voyages and services of the Nemesis. From Notes of the Commander W. H. Hall. By W. D. Bernard, Esq. M.A.

At the close of the year 1840, the Nemesis, after a voyage of eight months, arrived in the Chinese waters, and at the commencement of 1841 took an active part in the attack on Chuenpee. Here the difficulty of getting the Chinese to understand the European practice of giving and receiving quarter led to a sad and unnecessary waste of life.

Now is to be seen the horrors of war which when the excitement of the moment is over, and the interest as well as dangers of strategim manoeuvres are at an end, none can remember without regret and pain. The Chinese, not accepting quarter, though attempting to escape, were cut up by the fire of our advancing troops; others, in the faint hope of escaping what to them appeared certain death at the hands of their victors, precipitated themselves recklessly from the top of the battlements; numbers of them were now swimming in the river, and not a few vainly trying to swim, and sinking in the effort; some few, however, perhaps a hundred, surrendered themselves to our troops, and were soon afterwards released. Many of the poor fellows were unavoidably shot by our troops, who were not only warned with the previous fighting, but exasperated because the Chinese had fired off their matchlocks at them first, and then drew their away, as if to ask for quarter; under these circumstances, it could not be wondered at that they suffered. Some again barricaded themselves within the houses of the fort, a last and desperate effort; and, as several of our soldiers were wounded by their spears, death and destruction were the consequence.

The Nemesis took the lead in the destruction of the Chinese squadron in Anson's Bay, and during the engagement an accident occurred, which produced on a small scale the same effect as the blowing up of L'Orient at the battle of the Nile.

One of the most formidable engines of destruction which any vessel, particularly a steamer, can make use of is the congrue rocket, a most terrible weapon when judiciously applied, especially where they are combustible materials to act upon. The very first rocket from the Nemesis was seen to enter the junk against which it was directed, near that of the admiral, and almost the instant afterwards it blew up with terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling round, and even portions of dismembered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear the stoutest heart that looked upon it.

Finding that the war junks were unable to cope with the British ships, the Chinese began to build gun boats on what they considered European models.

But the most remarkable improvement of all, and which showed the rapid stride towards a great change which they were daily making, as well as the ingenuity of the Chinese character, was the construction of several large wheeled vessels, which were afterwards brought forward against us with great confidence, at the engagement of Woosung, the last naval affair of the war, and were each commanded by a madarin of rank, showing the importance they attached to their new vessels. This too was so far north as the Yangtze Keang, where we had never traded with them, so that the idea must have been suggested to them by the reports they received concerning the wonderful power of our steamers or wheeled vessels. To anticipate a little, it may here be mentioned, that the vessels had wooden wheels, very like an undershot mill-wheel, which were moved by machinery inside the vessel, worked by a sort of capstan by manual labour, the crew walking it round and round, just like walking up an anchor on board a man of war; the horizontal revolution was turned into the upright one by strong wooden cog-wheels, upon regular mechanical principles.