

Literature, &c.

British Magazines for May.

Dublin University Magazine.

LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

[This periodical contains a highly interesting article, a review of "The Life of Sir Francis Drake," by John Barrow, Esq. We have marked a large portion of it for publication, a portion of which we give below.]

Continued from our last.

It was in 1577, that is, four years after his return from America, that Drake commenced his voyage round the world. His objects in setting out were, to trace out that mysterious entrance into the Pacific, once passed by Magellan, and which the Spaniards had given out to be closed and the whole region haunted by storms and every terror; and once in the South Sea, he was to endeavour to get back to Europe by a north west passage. These objects mark the enterprise of his character; but coupled with them was another not less dear to him, that was, the carrying on what he called his war with the king of Spain, a contest in which he had been hitherto the gainer. This remarkable undertaking was fitted out at his own expense, or on his credit, unassisted by the government. It consisted of five ships, the Pelican of 100 tons, commanded by himself; the Elizabeth of 80, Capt. John Winter; the Marigold, a bark of 35 tons; the Swan; the Christopher, a pinnace; and he took out four smaller pinnaces in frames. These ships were well found, and the furniture of his own, sumptuous; all the vessels for his table, and some even for the cook room, being of silver. He had also a band of musicians. We may add that they took out with them a chaplain, Francis Fletcher. This is one of the few particulars in which we still fall short of our predecessors. In none of our later voyages of discovery was there a single chaplain, and this, from what we know of their personal characters, arose, we may confidently say, not from the wishes of the commanders, but from the defective arrangements of the admiralty. There are constantly, in our service, frigates three years at sea without their crews having once had the advantages of clerical assistance. The adventurers sailed from Plymouth on the 13th of December, 1577. On the 30th January, they captured, off the Cape de Verd islands, a Portuguese vessel carrying passengers. Drake let the crew go, but retained the pilot, because he was well acquainted with the coast of Brazil. This man, named Nuno de Sylva, was with him for a great part of his voyage, and published a narrative, which is given in Hakluyt. The general, as Drake was called, put some men into the Portuguese prize, and gave the command of her to Thomas Doughty, who had joined the expedition as a volunteer; but this person being charged with having taken involuntary presents from the Portuguese prisoners, was removed, and the bark given to Thomas Drake, the leader's brother. After leaving the Cape de Verd's, they were nine weeks out of sight of land, "often meeting with unwelcome storms, and less welcome calms, being in the bosom of the burning zone." As they approached the equator, "Drake," says Camden, always careful of his men's health, "let every one of them blood with his own hand." Early in February, they made the coast of Brazil, and the natives seeing their ships far at sea, had fires along the coasts, and practised conjurations, in the charitable hope that the vessels might be wrecked. This the sailors learned from Da Sylva, the pilot, and were assured for their comfort, that the incantations were always successful.

The Portuguese bark being leaky, was now broken up, and the fleet, reduced to three ships, the Pelican, the Elizabeth, and the Marigold, sailed from Port San Julian on the 17th of August, and on the 20th made the Cape de las Virgines, at the entrance of the straits of Magellan. As they entered the straits the vessels struck their topsails in honor of the queen; and Drake changed the name of his ship, calling her, in compliment to Sir Christopher Hutton, the Golden Hind, which was we suppose, the crest, or heraldic device of the chamberlain. Magellan, or, as his true name was Magelans, discovered these straits in 1520, and called them at first the Patagonian straits. An attempt was made to call them after his ship, the straits of Victoria; but a sense of justice soon fixed on them their present title, and the name of Victoria, since become so august, was reserved for discoveries made under far greater difficulties. A few years afterwards they were entered by Loyasa; and in 1558 Juan Ladrilleros examined them carefully, by the direction of the Spanish government. Drake was the fourth commander, and the first Englishman who performed the passage; and he had no information to guide or to encourage him beyond the fact that they had been passed. On the contrary, the Spaniards had carefully given out that the passage was full of dangers, haunted by evil spirits, and almost certain destruction to any one who attempted it. The real dangers are considerable. The tides, which set in from both sides, are irregular, rise and fall thirty feet, and run like a torrent. The channel, as Drake entered, was about a league broad, and varies from that to about four leagues in width. Its length was about one hundred and ten leagues, and the land on both sides is mountainous and steep. Drake made the intricate navigation of these straits in sixteen days, which even now with all the advantages of knowledge and improvements, it takes, as Mr. Barrow observes, one of our square rigged vessels a fortnight to ac-

complish. On the 9th of September, reaching the other entrance, he attained his long wished for hope of sailing an English ship on the south sea. They had little reason to call this new ocean the Pacific, for soon after they entered it, a gale came on from the north-east, which drove them to 57 degrees south latitude and above two hundred leagues west of the straits. In this storm the Marigold was lost. The other ships about a week afterwards gained a small bay, where they hoped for shelter, "it being a very foul night, and the seas sore grown;" but the harbour was dangerous, and the cable of the Hind giving way in the night, she was driven out to sea. The Elizabeth made no attempt to follow her. Wearied by the disasters they had encountered, Winter made for England, and reached it with the reputation of having been the first Englishman who passed the straits from the Pacific—an honour which he little enjoyed, as it was more than counterbalanced by the imputation of having deserted his commander. Meantime, Drake was driven to 55 degrees south, and found for two days shelter, and herbs, and water on the coast of Terra del Fuego. But the gales returning, he was again forced from his anchorage, and with the further misfortune that he lost sight of his pinnace, with eight of his men in it. The poor fellows had but a day's provisions; but they gained the straits, and reached the La Plata. Some of them were seized by the Indians in the woods. One only, and after a period of nine years, returned to England, and had the honor of relating his adventures to Queen Elizabeth. Drake driven on by the storm, fell in with "the utmost land towards the south pole," and thus became the discoverer of what was afterwards called Cape Horn. The storm, after continuing for fifty days, ceased, and they anchored at the southern extremity of the land. Drake went ashore, leaned over the promontory as far as he could, and returning to his ship, told the men that "he had been upon the southernmost known land in the world, and more further to the southwards upon it than any man as yet known." To the land and the small islands about it, he gave the name of the Elizabethides, in honor of the queen.

About forty years afterwards, two Dutch mariners, Schouten and Le Maire, entered the Pacific by this promontory, and were the first to double it. They named it Cape Horn, or Hoorn, from the town of Hoorn in West Friesland—the birth place of Schouten. On the 30th of October, the wind being fair, the Golden Hind sailed northward until she reached the island of Macho off the coast of Chili. Here while filling their water casks, a crowd of Indians sprung from an ambush, killed two of the seamen, hurt every member of the party and wounded Drake under the right eye. He conceived that they took them for Spaniards, and on that account forgave them. They now made search along the coast for their missing ships, as it had been agreed that, in the event of separation, they should look out for each other about this latitude. On one occasion, an intelligent Indian came on board who spoke Spanish, and taking them for Spaniards, offered to take them to Valparaiso, only a few leagues off, where, as he said, there was a Spanish ship at anchor. The proposal was accepted, and the next morning they were in the harbour of Valparaiso, alongside the Grand Captain of the South for so was the Spanish vessel named. She had on board 60,000 pesos in gold, jewels and merchandise. These Drake and his crew with an easy virtue appropriated. After plundering the town, they made for Lima, taking from the Grand Captain a pilot to bring them there. In their intermediate visits to the shore they had many adventures. At Coquimbo, their watering party hardly escaped from a large body of horse and foot, and one sailor was killed. At another place, they surprised a Spaniard, with an Indian boy driving eight llamas, each laden with silver. At Arica they gained further spoil; and on the 15th of February, 1579, they had the hardihood to enter Calao, the port of Lima, then the residence of the viceroy. Despatches, relating the ravages of Drake, had been forwarded to him over land; but the difficulties of travelling in that country at this period were so very great, that Drake appeared in the Harbour before they arrived. He found there seventeen Spanish vessels, small, we suppose, as they allowed themselves to be rifled. The plunder was not great, but they gained the important intelligence that the great treasure ship, the Cacafuego, had sailed for Payta but a few days before. This became his immediate object, and the wind failing, the Hind was towed out to sea. Meanwhile, the viceroy, Don Francisco de Toledo, repaired to Calao with a large force, and in sight of the adventurers, who were becalmed, equipped two vessels with two hundred chosen men each, to capture them. Fortunately for Drake a breeze sprung up, and he got to sea. He was closely followed; but it turned out for their further good fortune that the Spanish vessels were by an oversight not provisioned, and were thus compelled to return. The governor next sent out three ships well armed in the direction of the straits of Magellan, to intercept the rovers there. On the 1st of March, they got sight of the Cacafuego, near Cape St. Francisco. The Spanish Captain taking the Hind for one of their own ships made towards her. He soon saw his mistake; but though he was unarmed, refused to surrender, until he was himself wounded and his mainmast shot away. They found in her treasure enough "to ballast a ship," and took besides diamonds and other gems, thirteen chests of reales of plate, eighty pounds weight of gold and twenty six tons of silver. The uncoined silver alone, valued at five shilling an ounce, amounted to £212,000. Their ship, as they said themselves, might now be well called the Golden Hind. Having taken all they could,

Drake called for the register of the treasure, and to the amusement of his men, wrote a receipt in the margin for the whole amount. The was then dismissed, and Drake gave the captain a letter of protection, addressed to Winter of the Elizabeth, if they should meet, and which, under the circumstances, is remarkable for the phenomenon of its religious tone.

Having gained so much treasure, they now determined to make for England; and whatever may be thought of Drake's doings in the Pacific, there can be but one opinion as to the course he proposed for returning home, that is, that it was a signal exhibition of the spirit of enterprise. He could not, it is clear, return through the straits of Magellan, as the Spaniards, with an armed squadron, would surely be watching for him. A new route by Cape Horn was open to him, but this was liable to nearly the same objections. There was another coast not open to like dangers; that was, to try the passage made once before by Magellan's ship, cross the Pacific, and thus returning, to secure both his fortune and his fame. It is to his honour that he preferred a wholly new attempt, and was willing to peril all on the chances of an untried exploit. He proposed a north-east passage home; that is to seek a passage round the northern extremity of America, hoping to find the Atlantic and Pacific oceans united as he had seen them off Cape Horn. An impression had long prevailed, that there was an open communication between the Northern Atlantic, and the Pacific. Sir Hugh Willoughby had sought a north-east passage from Europe to the Indies; and in 1576, a year before Drake sailed from England, his personal friend, Martin Frobisher, had returned after a similar attempt, "commended of all men," and "specially famous for the greater hope he brought of the passage to Cathia." Drake had therefore some reason to hope that though taking a different direction he might find a clear northern communication between the oceans. From all that has since been done and learned on the subject, there is an increasing probability that such a communication does exist; and the honor sought by Drake, and so many of our boldest navigators since, may be reserved for one who, we may deliberately say, is equal to any of them in enterprise, and second to none in acquirements and experience—we mean Sir James Ross, leader of that recent, and in all its results most important undertaking—the Antarctic expedition.

Although Drake's proposal was not altogether rash, it evinced, as we have said, a high degree of daring. The course secured him from the chances of Spanish vessels, but it brought him into certain dangers for which he was ill prepared. His crew was small, much worn by toils, they had now no medical assistant; and his frail ship carried all his wealth and all his fortunes of every man who was with him. We are also enabled to see at this moment his influence with his crew. He was not in the habit of making his plans known, but from the interest which every one had now in the ship, he found himself on this occasion obliged to consult them. He therefore called them together, declared his views, and they one and all adopted them. Before, however, entering on so great a voyage they resolved to avail themselves of the first opportunity of repairing their ship. On the 6th of March they reached the small island of Casno, near the coast of Nicaragua, and made their repairs. While here they seized a prize, and got possession of some "sea cards," or charts, which were afterwards of service to them. They sailed again on the 24th of March, and after some further adventures we find them in another month entering on their Arctic voyage. On the 3rd of June, they had reached the latitude of 42° north. Here, even at that season they describe the weather as intolerably severe. The meat was frozen the moment it was taken from the fire, the ropes and tackling were stiffened, and the men suffered so much as to be nearly unfit for duty. Having arrived at 43° north, they ran into an ill-sheltered and fog-covered bay on the American coast, but were soon obliged to leave it, and to the great joy of the men, were driven by storm a good deal south. They next entered what is believed to be the bay of St. Francisco on the coast of California.

Our mariners remained at this place, which they called Port Drake, for five weeks and then abandoning their search for a passage round North America, resolved on attempting to cross the Pacific, and seek their way home by India and the Cape of Good Hope. They accordingly weighed anchor at the close of July, the friendly natives lighting signals from their cliffs as long as they were in sight. They steered for the Moluccas; and after sailing for sixty eight days without seeing land they fell in with some islands which, from the conduct of the natives, they named the Island of Thieves, and which are supposed to be the Pellow Islands. They remained there but two days, and holding their course still to the westward, made the Philippines on the 16th of October. They visited several of these Islands, and anchored for some days at Mindanao. Sailing again on the 22nd, they kept a southerly course, and on the 3rd of November, saw the Moluccas. They first steered for Tidore, but a boat coming off to them from another island, told them in broken Portuguese, that, driven from Ternate, the Portuguese had taken possession of Tidore, and learning that they were no friends of that nation advised them to go to Ternate. This was good news for Drake, who, sending some presents to the king of that Island, followed the advice. The Sultan of Ternate, at this time, was an intelligent and even an able man. Fuller calls him "a true gentleman pagan." He came with his suite to meet Drake. Every canoe had a gun, and the men were well armed with targets, bows, and spears. There

were in his train some Turks, an Italian, and a Chinese. The sultan formed a high opinion of Drake and his crew, supplied them with all they wanted, and made an offer of an exclusive trade to England. The son of this chief wrote to James the First, representing the friendship of his father with the great captain Drake, and soliciting the aid of the English against the Portuguese in preference to a Dutch alliance. Leaving this capital of the Moluccas on the 9th of November, they on the 11th, landed on a small uninhabited island, forming one of the Celebes. There they remained some weeks, living ashore in tents, and setting up a forge repaired their ship. They saw here fire flies, showing a beautiful light, and bate "as bigge as large hennes," and cray fishes, "one where of was sufficient for four hungry stomachs at a dinner, being very good and restoring meate." These are land crabs, which live "like coines" in the earth, and proceed to the sea in great bands at certain seasons of the year. On the 12th of December, 1579, they once more put to sea, and finding themselves in danger among the shoals of the Celebes, changed their course from west to a more southerly direction. Soon afterwards, they experienced the most dangerous and nearly fatal accident of all their perilous voyage. At evening, on the 9th of January, 1580, they were going in, as they thought, a clear sea, with full sail before the wind, which was blowing moderately fresh, when they came suddenly on a rock and stuck fast. The boats were got out to draw the ship off into deep water, but they could find no bottom to place an anchor. She was not leaky, but there she remained all night, and in the morning their efforts were unavailing.

"It was to God's special mercy that they were alone beholden to their preservation, which no human effort could avail. In a state which was hopeless as well as helpless, the crew were summoned to prayers; and when that duty was performed, they tried what could be done by lighting the ship. Three tons of cloths were thrown down, eight of the guns, and a quantity of meal and pulse, but none of the treasure, though that was the heaviest part of the cargo. No visible benefit was produced. The ship had grounded on a shelving rock, where she lay there was on one side six feet depth at low water, and to float her it required thirteen. The wind blowing fresh directly against the other side, kept her upright during the time she was left by the tide; but when it was nearly at the lowest the wind slackened and the ship losing this prop, fell towards the deep water; her keel with a shake was freed from the rocks, and not less to the surprise than to the joy of every one on board, she was once more afloat. Thus were they delivered at the very time when the tide was least favourable and when all efforts were thought useless."

From the Illuminated Magazine.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE THAMES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

We love the Thames in all its conditions, in all its aspects, in all its phases—as the tiny rannel amid the hills which the cockney dammed up with his hand, and sagely wondered what the folks were saying at London Bridge about the sudden disappearance of the river—in its character of a still, postoral stream, slipping gently by amongst green meadow and corn fields, and nourishing the roots of gnarled old oaks, and fostering the green branches of drooping willows, had sterling past quiet farms and almost as quiet villages, and old manor-houses; where no railroads are, and where the surge of a steamer never waves the primroses on the brim;—and we love it, too, as the town river, the river of London—having busy wharfs—reflecting piles of merchandise heaped upon quays and piers—rushing by crowded bridges—foaming with the track of steamboats—alive with London's industry—bearing upon its bosom the freights of a world's wealth!

How difficult it is to stand on London Bridge—amid the continuous roar of traffic—with the vast city spreading away on every side until it is lost in the smoky distance—glancing, too, at the river beneath you—shadowed by dingy piles of warehouses, and almost hidden by anchored fleets—the tortuous passage left midway in the stream, ever and anon almost choked up by careering squadrons of steamers—shooting hither and thither, from end to end of the town—hissing, smoking, sputtering, and, as it seems, avoiding collision with each other by miracle—how difficult it is to see and hear all this, and realise to the mind the picture of the same spot, before London was—when the space occupied by its streets and squares, and pouring thoroughfares, was a vast desert of primeval forest—when the Thames flowed and ebbed amid the silence of a wilderness—its waters creeping where Southwark now stands, amid the rank vegetation of an unwholesome swamp—where the wild water-fowl built its nest undisturbed, and the heron kept its lonely vigil—when the Strand was a strand indeed—when a little stream came flowing through wooded dells to join the main river—a stream which was not then the Fleet Ditch—and when the stillness of the lone waste was only broken by the voice of the winds and the waters, the rush of waves, the groans of wind swung branches—and occasionally, perchance, by the whoop of a painted savage as he followed the pining deer, and drove his flint-headed arrow through his victim's flank—as, after swimming the river, it bounded up that eminence on its bank—now crowned by Saint Paul's Cathedral!

From looking to the past, the mind naturally springs forward to the future. The space where London stands was once a wilderness—will it ever be a wilderness again? Will it ever be a waste of ruins—broken pillars, and the debris of ancient streets and squares, overgrown with vegetation, and affording cover,