

usual paleness of his father's face, who laid his hand upon his breast, and endeavored to hide from Catherine a bloody foam which was rising to his mouth.

Nevertheless the captain continued his tale, only pausing now and then, when his pains became too severe.

"The Fox was not able to use his battle-ax, and therefore caught hold of the English captain, and held him in a strong embrace, in order to take him with him on his journey to the other world. More than a hundred Englishmen were on our deck, and the Fox cried out to my father incessantly, 'Into the magazine! into the magazine!' My father was as quick as possible, but could not get on well, on account of the corpses that blocked up the way to the magazine. At last he reached it, and suddenly I felt—I was, as I have already said, wounded, and was still fighting with two red-coats, armed with halberts, on the quarter-deck—suddenly I felt a horrible concussion, and my senses left me. The coldness of the water, into which I had fallen, at last brought me to again, and I found myself upon a beam, which I had grasped quite mechanically. On looking around me, I saw English sailors rowing about, and picking up those in the water. They took me on board of one of their boats. I asked after my father—he was dead; after the Sea-fox—he also had perished; of our crew only two were left; of our brigantine only a few boards. But also of the two English frigates but one was left, and she a wreck; the other one had sunk when our brigantine blew up. During the fight the convoy had reached Dunkirk in safety, and I was obliged to go to England as prisoner, in company with the two sailors. Thus was your grandfather, my son . . . thus was I also . . . Follow our example . . . and . . ."

But this vivid narration had exhausted the captain's strength; he sank back into his chair, pale and almost motionless.

"Holy Virgin! Holy Virgin! he is dying!" cried Catherine.

"My father! my father, also, have the English murdered!" cried the child.

"Help! help!" cried Frau Bart, and pulled at the bell-rope. But it was too late—the hero had ended.

The next day Dunkirk surrendered to the King of France.

#### THE QUEEN OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

SOME years ago I was in the island of Grand Canary, and during my sojourn there visited many towns on the island, and found many Moorish legends still prevalent among them, some of which possess interest which renders them well worthy of preservation; and especially the story of ANDAMANA, a Moorish maiden, and the first Queen of Canary. History has recorded many a name less worthy of celebrity, but, except in unwritten tradition, hers is unmentioned. The account I send you is, I believe, the first attempt to record it, where it deserves to be, among the heroines of history. In the story I have related,

I have endeavored to adhere closely to the information I was able to collect. I regret that my stay there was too brief to enable me to obtain fuller records. The story is not one of fiction, however inaccurate it may be in its details, in consequence of the length of time elapsed since the date of Andamana's reign, and the corruption to which legendary tradition is subject; but I believe can be relied on for the truth of its principal incidents.

The island of Grand Canary embraces about six hundred square miles, and was peopled by the Moors, and under an independent Moorish dynasty, until its conquest by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century. Its earliest government was that of petty chiefs or patriarchs, and continued so until a woman reduced it to a sovereignty. Each town or village—of which there were then, as now, a great many on the island—was governed by a chief, selected from among the oldest and most influential men, who acted as governor, legislator, and magistrate: each town was independent of the others, and made and enforced its own laws; the constitution of society was simple, and the people peaceful.

Tradition has preserved no record of the previous history of the family of Andamana, and it seems probable that its previous history presented nothing remarkable. It is said she was very beautiful, and when very young her genius and wisdom became subjects of notice. As she grew up, her opinions on any and every subject on which she expressed them, showed such remarkable sagacity, that she was consulted constantly by the people of her village, and often by deputations from other towns also, where her fame had spread; and the invariable wisdom of her decisions, and the success which always followed their observance, soon led the people of her district to look upon her sayings as oracular; and she was often consulted by the old men and rulers of the village, especially in cases of difficulty, to obtain the benefit of her judgment, until custom seemed almost to have given her the *right* of a public counselor—a right, at any rate, which she soon assumed, and insisted on; for the frequent reference of matters of public importance to her judgment, seems to have awakened ambition in her breast. She was almost worshiped by her immediate associates and the people of her own village, and was often sought in marriage, but ambition with her was stronger than love, and she rejected all matrimonial offers. Her great popularity prevented the chief and other men of her town from making any opposition to her assumption of power, until, in addition to the right she had previously assumed, and which seems to have been tacitly yielded, of giving advice as a counselor even in public matters, she assumed that of giving judgment also as a magistrate, and citing cases before her when not previously referred to her by the interested parties. The legal magistrates considered this an infringement of the laws of the community, as well as a usurpation of their prerogatives; but fearing to take measures against her on their own respons-

ibility, called a council to take the matter into consideration. Andamana seems to have had a spirit and genius that controlled the minds of all with whom she came in contact. She heard of this step so dangerous to the success of her ambition. The council met; when, to the amazement of those assembled, the door of the council-chamber opened, and Andamana, splendidly attired, and radiant with beauty, entered, and passing through the midst, calmly assumed a seat as presiding chief of the assembly. The council was struck dumb! No one uttered a word, until Andamana herself spoke—asked them how they *dared* to question her authority? challenged them to cite one instance where, in her public acts or decisions, she had been swayed by any other motive than public good; and ended by upbraiding them as unworthy of all she had done for them. The assumption of this tone of superiority was a bold stroke of policy. No one attempted a reply, and she again rose and pronounced the council dissolved. No further attempt was made to dispute her authority, which she henceforth asserted with regal sway; the rulers acknowledged themselves to be her servants, and in all things obedient to her will. Thus did she, by the power of a determined will alone, become the sovereign ruler of the community to which she belonged.

Her first act now was to issue a new code of laws: the old code was very defective—she revised it, abolished many laws which she did not approve, altered others, and introduced many new ones; defined the punishments of different offenses, which before were left to the discretion of the magistrates; defined the duties of those officers, and established punishments for bribery or perversion of justice.

Pursuing the same course of assumption of power which had been so successful in her own district, she sent copies of her code of laws to the surrounding provinces, directing its observance in their future administration of justice. In her own province she was almost idolized; but her influence was little felt, and altogether unacknowledged, beyond it. Her messages and instructions were treated with scorn, and, in some cases, her messengers with punishment. But her ambition was not to be thus checked: very likely she foresaw this result, and had decided on the course she intended to pursue. Immediately on the return of her messengers, she called her people to arms; they responded with enthusiasm, and she then published to them her intention to unite herself in marriage with a man named Gumidafe (pronounced *Gumidarfeh*), celebrated above all in the island as a warrior of intrepidity and courage. The rites uniting them being performed, she invested him with the military command of the forces, but rode on horseback herself beside him.

In this way, headed by herself and Gumidafe, the army of Andamana swept down on the offending provinces, spreading before it terror and consternation. Where the people submitted without resistance, she not only forbore to strike, but

invited them to join her forces, so that her army augmented as she advanced, and she soon overran the whole island, and returned in triumph to her native village. Every province had acknowledged her supremacy, and she proclaimed herself *Queen of Canary*. The island continued to be a monarchy, governed by her descendants, until it was captured by the Spaniards. A new kind of wine raised on the island is called "Andamana," in memory of this heroine. W. B. W.

#### GOOD ADVICE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following letter from Sir WALTER SCOTT to Mr. W. F. DEACON, who has since achieved distinction as an author—written in reply to an application for advice as to his future course of life, has but just been published:

"SIR—I received your packet only two days since, and this may apologize for any delay in reply, as it happened to be addressed to my house in Edinburgh. The favorable idea I am inclined to form of your talents, from the specimen you have sent me, induces me to regret much that I see no chance of my being useful to you in the way you point at. I have no connection with Mr. Blackwood's Magazine, in the way of recommendation or otherwise, nor do I know by whom it is conducted, unless it be by Mr. Blackwood himself. I know him, however, sufficiently to send him your productions, but I dare hardly augur any very favorable result. London, the great mart of literature, as of every thing else, is the only place where it is possible for a man to support himself by periodical writings. In our country an editor can get so much gratuitous and voluntary assistance, that he hardly cares to be at the expense of maintaining a regular corps of laborers. I shall be happy if Mr. Blackwood makes a distinction in your favor, were it but to give you some time to look round you, and to choose some more steady mode of life than the chance of this precarious mode of employment, which must necessarily make your comforts, if not your existence, dependent on the caprice of the public and tyranny of booksellers and editors.

"An expression in your letter leads me to think you have in your option some commercial situation, which you reject in consequence of your love for the Muses. If this be so, let me conjure you to pause and to recollect that independence, the only situation in which man's faculties have full scope, and his mind full enjoyment, can only be attained by considerable sacrifices. The commencement of every profession is necessarily dull and disagreeable to youths of lively genius; but every profession has its points of interest when the mind comes to view it divested of its technical details. I was as much disgusted with the introductory studies of the law as you can be with those of commerce, and it cost me many a bitter hour before I could bend my mind to them. But I made a virtue of necessity, and was in due time rewarded by finding that I could very well unite my love of letters